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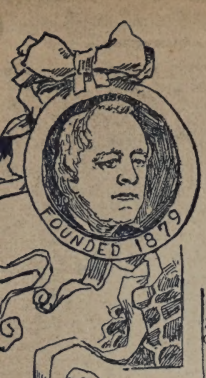

CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1892

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE

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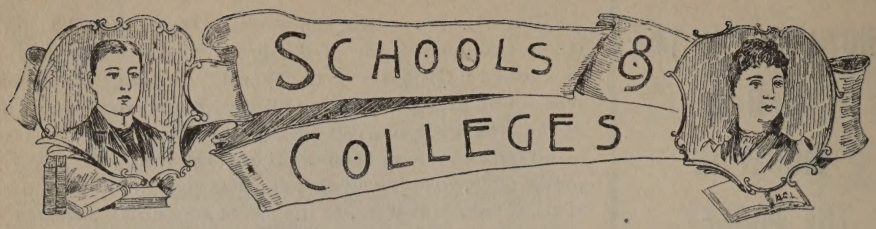

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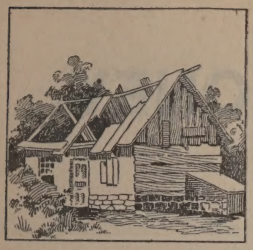

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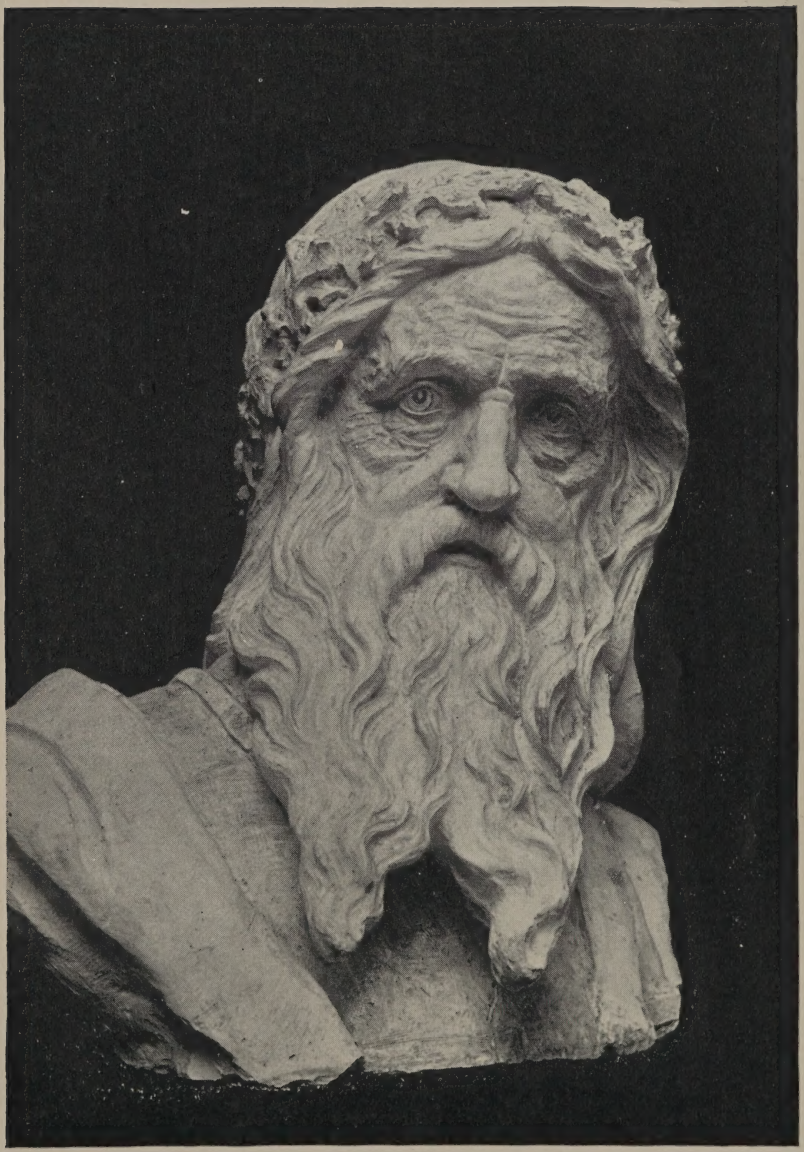

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Donahoe's Magazine.

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CATHOLIC CHRISTMAS MUSIC.

BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

THE "Feast of Lights" Christmas is sometimes designated. It typifies the dawning of a new light upon the world, the Sun of Righteousness, before whose brightness all other systems pale. It is still more distinctively the Feast of Music, and in this respect it has its foundation in the beautiful story so simply told in the Gospels.

Over those very fields where, only a little more than a thousand years before, David had tended his flocks and played his harp, where Ruth had heard the songs of the harvesters in the fields of Boaz, in that peaceful, fertile land, so redolent with poetic and historic memories, were "shepherds watching and keeping the night watches over their flock. And behold," says the sacred narrator, "an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them, and they feared with a great fear. And the angel said to them: Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people; for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: you shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

The song sung by the heavenly host, echoing through the skies on that wonderful midnight, has, in a sense, never died away. It has been the inspiration of thousands of devoted men, who have brought to bear all their knowledge and genius to

render audible to others what their attentive spirits have heard of the angels' song.

In the Scriptures there is almost nothing to determine the date of the birth of Christ. Neither the year nor the month is designated. At least a hundred and thirty-eight years passed before Bishop Telesphorus first celebrated the day. He ordained that the *Gloria in Excelsis* should be sung on the eve of the Nativity. But the date was variable, and it was not until 337 that December 25 was taken authoritatively. This date was properly settled from Rome, since there were kept the records of the enrolment of the Hebrews, at the time when Joseph and the Blessed Virgin, his espoused wife, went up to Bethlehem.

St. Chrysostom called Christmas the "metropolis of all festivals;" but in his day it had been celebrated only about ten years at Antioch. Antioch, as is well known, was where the followers of Jesus were first called Christians. It is not so well known that it was at Antioch that St. Ignatius, the disciple of St. John, is said to have seen a vision of Heaven opened, and heard the angels praising the Trinity in antiphonal song. Socrates, in his "History of the Church," asserts that Ignatius, whose long life was crowned with the martyr's death at Rome, in 107, first introduced the practice of antiphonal singing in the churches of Antioch. Still, the practice could not have become general even there. It was revived by the monks Flavian and Dioros, about the middle of the fourth century. At Alexandria the primitive Christians are said to have sung songs at their love-feasts, or celebrations of the Lord's Supper. They accompanied themselves with flutes. But afterwards, at the Church services, only voices were permitted. This may have arisen from the fact that, owing to persecutions, when the meetings were held often in hiding-places, and it would be inconvenient or dangerous to have instrumental accompaniments, the desuetude became a custom.

Song, however, was characteristic of the primitive Church. As early as the time of Pliny the Younger the Roman Christians used on certain days to gather before sunrise, and sing hymns in honor of Christ. There is a beautiful fitness in the Church regarding St. Cecilia as the patron saint of sacred music. She was a maiden of patrician birth, and suffered martyrdom, under Marcus Aurelius, in the year 177, but not before she had converted her lover, Valerianus, a young man of senatorial rank, by her constancy. She was undoubtedly musical, but it is impossible that she should have been the inventor of the organ. That instrument was of far earlier date. Her grave was much honored, and in the vestibule of her tomb the pilgrims from earliest times used to lift their voices in song.

The idea of a Catholic liturgy — that is, one that should be in use in all parts of the world, and bind the Church together in sympathy, arose as early as the second century. Clemens, of Alexandria, who calls the *Logos*, the Divine Reason, "a singer who sings the eternal harmony and reconciles the conflicting elements of the world," Tertullian, and Origen all describe these efforts. But the plan came to its full flowering under Constantine, and Helena, his mother. They built and splendidly furnished many churches; the three Christian graces — Architecture, Painting and Music — joined hands. Choirs were appointed, and singing was regularly taught. At the Council of Laodicia, in 367, it was for the first time formulated what should

be sung, and in what order. The *Gloria* was made a constituent part of the Mass.

Pope Sylvester is said to have founded a singing-school in Rome, about 400. Nothing definite is known about the methods of teaching or singing in these schools. They doubtless helped to preserve and hand down many traditional melodies

RAPHAEL'S "CHERUBS."

of the Greeks, and even of the Hebrews. Secular and heathen influences constantly threatened to take root in sacred song, and vitiate its purity. St. Hieronimus, whose long life closed in 420, warned his congregation against such practices. Music had reached such a low ebb that he declared that a Christian virgin ought not even to know what a lyre or a flute was, or to understand their uses. But just as Palestrina became the restorer of music in the sixteenth century, so St. Ambrosius, bishop of Milan, settled towards the end of the fourth century the course of music for two hundred years. He restored four of the fifteen Greek scales — the Phrygian, D-d, Doric, E-e, Hypolydian, F-f, and Hypo-Phrygian, G-g. Each of these had its characteristics, just as our modern major and minor scales have. It is possible that music has lost expressiveness by confining itself to only two modes. His melodies have perished, but the Ambrosian song was probably a kind of musical declamation in which the words ruled the accent; it is supposed that the traditional chanting common to the Catholic Church throughout the world is derived from it. At all events, it must have been not without great effect. St. Augustine heard it in the cathedral at Milan, and speaks

in his Confessions of the tears which the songs of God's Church had caused him to shed at the outset of his newly recovered faith. He introduced it in his church at Hippo, in North Africa.

The next great step toward musical development in the Church was made by Pope Gregory the Great, whose reign is easily remembered from its coincidence with the last decade of the sixth century. He added four more to the four Ambrosian modes, and freed melody from the chains in which it was kept by ancient prosody. The Gregorian chant is no longer a musical declamation; it is a genuine soaring song. It is marked by splendid earnestness and majesty. It was essentially choral, and thus might be sung by whole congregations of the faithful. Indeed, it was called the *Cantus Chevalis*. Pope Gregory established suitable melodies for all the texts of the liturgy, and for use throughout the world. The antiphoner due to him — a splendidly decorated codex, containing the new ritual — was fastened by a chain to the altar of the ancient St. Peter's, and became the fountain, as it were, of Christian song.

It is interesting to note that the Church celebrates only three birthdays: that of Our Lord Jesus Christ, that of the Blessed Virgin, and that of John the Baptist. All the Saints' Days are those of their birth into the heavenly life. There ought not to be any idea of sadness connected with the death of the Just, but joy is characteristically associated with the birth of Christ, and the music and all the ceremonies of the day reflect this brightness.

The early Christmas customs at Rome are interesting. The Liberian Basilica, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary in the fourth century, and decorated with splendid mosaics representing the events of the Nativity, was especially devoted to the celebration of Christmas. It was often called Sancta Maria *ad præsepe*, St. Mary's of the Manger. According to the ancient procedure, the Pope there celebrated the midnight Mass. At sunrise he and his cardinals proceeded to the Church of St. Anastasia to early Mass, thence to the Vatican, where the chief Mass of the day was performed at St. Peter's. It became too serious a burden to keep up all this ceremonial, and Pope Benedictus composed the *Romanus ordo*, materially shortening it. When Pope Sixtus V. built the new and splendid chapel at the end of the right nave of Santa Maria Maggiore, the Manger was established in the hollow space under the high altar, and there for many years were worshipped the wonder-working remains of the Manger of Bethlehem, enclosed in the *santa culla*, a silver receptacle covered with glass.

Here came Pope Gregory with the choir which he himself trained, and splendid must have sounded the midnight Mass, with its sequences sung to those marvellous themes which have ever been the admiration of all true musicians, and with the modulations of the organum, in which the voice was supported by instruments at intervals of fifths or octaves. In the Gregorian music still left there can be felt not a little of the peculiar charm which it must have afforded an ear uncloyed by the unhealthier and more complicated harmonies of modern times. For there is much testimony to the effect that there was far more variety in the Church keys than we suppose, and that the mediæval hearers were peculiarly lifted by those tones that are technically called "authentic" and "plagal." Moritz Carrière says that

RAPHAEL'S ST. CECILIA.

the authentic tone represents the motion of the divine life proceeding from itself, and returning to itself, whereas the "plagal" represents the upward yearning for rest and peace. The authentic tone has been compared to the expression often seen in the faces of angels and saints in mediæval pictures, as they sit enthroned on the clouds looking down unmoved by earthly turmoil and care.

Gregory brought about great improvements in the arrangements of the Mass, dividing the *Kyrie* into three parts, and introduced the Angels' Hymn after the reëntry of the *Kyrie*. His school soon enjoyed great fame, and the so-called *cantus Romanus* spread into all lands. In 604 Roman singers were sent to England. In 660 Pope Vitalian commissioned certain monks to teach the Gregorian song throughout Britain. About a hundred years later Pipin the Bow-Legged asked for teachers, and Pope Paul sent to him two singing-masters, so that before very long the Roman liturgy and method of performing the Mass were established both at Paris and Metz. A few years before, Winfried, known as Bonifacius, the Apostle of the Germans, introduced it at Fulda and at St. Gall.

If we could be transported back through the ages there would be nothing more delightful imaginable than spending the Christmas season with the monks of that famous cloister, most picturesque and beautiful in its surroundings. This was the spiritual home of the young monk Ekkehard, whose poem, descriptive of the battle of the Huns — one of the greatest battle-songs of the world — has happily come down to us. Ekkehard must have often heard, and perhaps participated in, the singing of those sequences composed by the musical genius, Notker Balbulus. His splendid death song, *Media Vita*, was for generations sung by Christian armies going forth to victory. The greatest of his Christmas sequences has come down to us in the German choral, *Gelobt seist du Jesu Christ*. Forty-four of his sequences are still preserved among the manuscripts of St. Gall.

Technically, a sequence is described as "the prolongation of the versicle of the *Alleluia*, instituted in order to give the deacon time to reach the pulpit to chant the Gospel." That definition seems rather narrow, and they were known long before Notker or Alcuin. It is pretty certain that they antedate even Gregory, and were originally merely prose additions to any part of the liturgy, with the idea of allowing the congregation to take part in the musical services; but afterwards, when the idea of congregational singing fell into disuse and the choir was given a more important part in the liturgy, the sequences were limited to the *Kyrie*, the *Amen* and the *Alleluia*. From the fact that they were in prose they were called *prosæ*. The last syllable of the *Alleluia* gave an excellent chance to prolong the musical sound, and from that open, trumpet-like vowel came the jubilant character of the *Alleluia* sequences so characteristic of the Christmas music.

There must be something peculiarly divine in some of the sequences on holydays at the Sistine Chapel at Rome, when these themes, handed down for more than a thousand years, are given forth by the trained voices of that marvellous choir, and, as Naumann says, make the listener imagine that he hears the young shepherd David on the mountain heights singing a joyous and yet solemn psalm in praise of the Almighty.

The retention of those ancient

CHRISTMAS MORNING IN NORMANDY.

songs in the service of the Church is very beautiful and significant.

Charlemagne heard them when he was in Rome, in 790. He was so delighted that he established singing-schools at Soissons, Orleans, Sens, Lyons, Cambray, Toulon, and Dijon. Like Frederic the Great, he was passionately fond of music, and used to drill the choirs, and when he found a recalcitrant pupil, or one unable to sing, did not disdain to apply his staff in royal correction.

A royal composer of sequences

was King Robert of France, who died in 1031. His Pentecostal Sequence,

> Veni Sancte Spiritus
> Et emitte cœlitus
> Lucis tuæ radium,

is still preserved. He was one of the first, perhaps the very first, to introduce rhyme into the Latin Church hymns.

Next in fame to Notker was Adam, choir-master of the famous old Abbey of St. Victor, near Paris. It is not known whether he was a native of Britain or Brittany, it being possible to translate his designation *Brito* in either way; but France would be jealous of giving him up; she also had her Hildebert, Abelard, and Marbod! Adam entered the religious foundation of St. Victor early in the twelfth century and spent certainly forty, and possibly sixty, years in its sacred retirement, where he was inspired to write that wonderful series of sequences which place him, in the estimation of many critics, in the very front rank of mediæval hymn-writers, his best work falling below only the *Dies Iræ*, the *Stabat Mater*, and *Jerusalem the Golden*. His poems were preserved in the library of St. Victor's until the French Revolution, when, at the dispersion of the monks, the precious manuscripts were transferred to the National Library of the Louvre, where, with the exception of the thirty-seven published in 1515, they were discovered about fifty years ago by M. Gautier. Out of the one hundred and six surely known to have come from his pen seven are on the subject of Christmas.

They have great varietyof rhythm, and are melodious to the last degree. The music to which they were set must have been also thoroughly delightful. They were accompanied probably by organs, for long before Adam of St. Victor's day organs were common in churches. To judge from the contemporary prints that have come down to us, they must have been very crude instruments, whether they were hydraulic or filled by bellows worked by boys. On great festivals such as Christmas, these were supplemented by other instruments, as the harp, the flute, psollerinm, and the organistrum. The organistrum was a queer-looking three-stringed instrument, like a huge guitar, with eight movable frets. It required two manipulators. Another strange instrument was the psalterium; still another, the rotte, the forefather of all fiddles. Tuotilo, another of the musical monks of St. Gall, a poet, painter and sculptor, used to play on these instruments.

The Church has always regarded certain of the episodes of Christ's life, particularly the beginning and the close, as essentially dramatic. It is often called the "Sacred Drama." All the resources of the sister Arts are reverently employed to bring to men's minds the tremendous consequences to mankind. The eye and the ear have been channels to reach the heart. A thousand painters have depicted those striking scenes which will never cease to stir the highest emotions: the shepherds in the fields; the cattle which, finding themselves in the same shelter with the new-born King, are said by ancient tradition to have knelt before him and warmed him with their sweet hay-scented breath; the coming of the Magi laden with the costly treasures of the East, which, if they seemed incongruous with the humbleness of the place, have ever justified all the splendors that kings and emperors have lavished upon the Holy Grottos.

The plastic representation of the Manger has been attributed to St. Francis of Assisi. In order to in-

struct the common people by bringing the very scene before their eyes, it is said that he erected a stable in a field and had all the simple details represented in a most realistic manner, even the ox and the ass, — making it even more touching and beautiful. It must be remembered that the word *præsepe* (translated "stable") must stand for something quite different from our modern ideas of a barn. We are apt, like the mediæval painters, to transfer our own environment to different scenes. As the day was in December, we think of it as cold; but the climate of Judea was mild even in winter, and instead of a closed stable the manger where Christ was born was undoubtedly one of those four square enclosures such as are still common in the East, uncovered and open. At the present day, on the traditional spot where our Saviour was born there are two grottos, and above them stands the church erected by Constantine and St. Helena.

In 590 Antoninus described these holy places as decorated with gold and silver, and lighted day and night. A double staircase leads to the Grotto of the Nativity from the choir of the basilica. The smaller grotto is believed to have contained the crib in which the Blessed Virgin laid the Christ Child. This, says the Abbé Drioux, was taken twelve hundred years ago to the Liberian Chapel of Rome.

It was only a step from the plastic representation of this wonderfully touching drama to an even more vivid and vital one. Even now the Pastorella, or "Office of the Shepherds," is performed dramatically in some of the churches of Southern Europe in the form of a dialogue sung between the choir-boys and the choristers. But in the Middle Ages a far more complete and theatrical representation was given. Let us in spirit go back to the cathedral of Metz, for example; for here was a great school for music and the *cantus mettensis* was famous all over Europe. In all the houses of the town there has been great preparation. We hear the words: "*Noël! Noël! Noël!*" ringing through the streets.

The *bûche de Noël*, corresponding to the Yule log of England, and having an interesting significance as the "poor man's candle" in line with

THE SANCTUARY CHOIR.

the Feast of Lights, is kindled on hundreds of hearth-stones from the preserved charcoal of the preceding year's log. Just before midnight the bells are heard ringing out their joyful peals. We join the throng hastening to the Cathedral. . . . The noble building is brilliantly lighted, the altars splendidly dressed. The celebrant begins the Mass so that the Consecration shall coincide with the exact stroke of midnight.

After the choir have sung the solemn strains of the *Te Deum*, a young child representing an angel,

announces that Christ is born, with the words of the text, "*Nolite timere.*" When this thrilling voice has died away in the arches of the church, seven boys placed on high, sing the *Gloria in Excelsis.* . . . Thereupon, priests dressed to represent shepherds, carrying genuine crooks in their hands, march up through the church to the choir, where the Manger stands. As they go, they sing at the top of their voices the following sequence: *Pax in terris nunciatur — In excelsis gloria — Terra federatur — Meditate gratia — Mediatur homo Deus — Descendit in propria — Ut ascendant homo reus — Et admissa gaudia — Eia! Eia!* The shepherds reach the choir, mount the steps, and as they cross the space that separates them from the Manger they continue singing, still in Latin, "Let us go to Bethlehem and behold this Word which hath been made flesh, which the Lord hath made and hath shown unto us." They are met by two clerks singing, "Whom seek ye in this Manger, shepherds, tell!" and they reply: "The Saviour Christ, the Lord wrapped in swaddling clothes, according to the angels' word." Thereupon (in accordance with an early Byzantine tradition at first echoed by that of the West, though afterwards replaced by the more beautiful and striking belief that Christ was born into the world as a ray of sunlight passes through the purest glass), certain women, called in the old Latin text *obstetrices*, pull aside a curtain and display to their adoration the sleeping Infant and sing: *Adest hic parvulus cum matre sua de quo dudum vaticinando Isaias dixerat propheta,*— "Behold, here is the young Child with his Mother, whose coming the Prophet Isaias predicted."

Then pointing to the Blessed Virgin they sing once more: "Behold a Virgin shall conceive and shall bear a Son. Go ye and announce that He is born!" The shepherds salute the Virgin in a sequence beginning with the words, *Salve Virgo singularis*, a sequence adapted to music on a level with the beautiful sentiment of the poem. When they have contemplated the face of the sleeping child they turn to the choir and cry, "*Alleluia! Alleluia!* For verily now we know that Christ is born into the world." . . . After this confession of their faith the regular midnight Mass begins, the same priests who have represented the shepherds directing the choir and singing the *Gloria in Excelsis*, which is followed by the Epistle and the Tropes, the tropes being in the form of another sequence. After the Mass is over the celebrant turns to the shepherds and begins a very beautiful antiphony, two of the shepherds in response singing the Gradual, and two, of greater dignity, the *Alleluia* and the words of the Psalmist: *Sede a dextris meis.*

It is interesting to note that in this ancient service the Mass sequence gives quite explicit explanations of how the music was performed: *Nato canunt omnia — Domino pie agmina — Syllabatim pneumaata — Perstringendo organica — hæc dies sacrata — In qua nova sint gaudia — Mundo plene dedita — Hac nocte præcelsa — Intonuit et gloria — In voce angelica.*

All the ranks of the faithful sing unto the Lord, while the lungs of the organ are at each syllable compressed.

Which means that there was to be no frippery accompaniment upon the organ, but that the voices were to be solidly supported in all dignity.

The midnight Mass ends with a second address, made by the officiating priest or bishop, who bids the

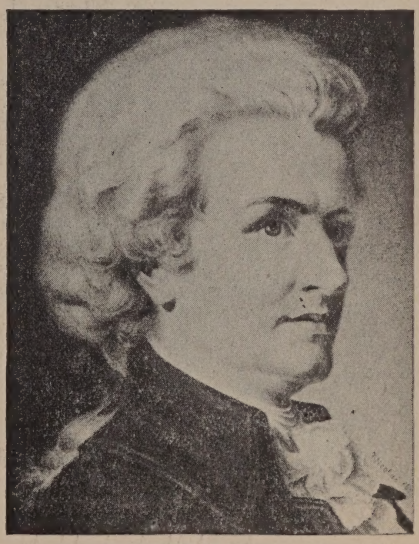
shepherds tell what they have seen and to announce what has appeared to us on earth," and the shepherds respond: "We have seen the birth of the Lord and heard the choirs of the angels chanting his praise. *Alleluia! Alleluia!*"

Then when the *laudes* are ended, the shepherds, in place of the *Benedicamus*, sing a beautiful hymn beginning *Verbum Patris hodie — Processit ex Virgine — Venit redimere.* The service is then brought to a conclusion by all the shepherds singing *in pulpito* the antiphony: "Behold all things are brought to pass spoken by the angel concerning the Virgin Mary."

With great breadth, simplicity and grandeur such a sacred drama must have appealed powerfully to the imagination of the people gathered at the midnight hour. It would be interesting to follow the families home and witness the other ceremonies of the night and the following day, for all those mediæval customs, some of which, such as the hanging of stockings, are still retained, are extremely quaint and curious.

At Rome it was the custom for many years to celebrate Christmas with a peculiar ceremony at the famous Church of St. Mary in *Ara Cœli*, near the Capitol. A statuette about eighteen inches long, carved by a Franciscan monk in the sixteenth century, from a tree of the Garden of Olives, and called *il santissimo Bambino*, is shown lying on straw in a manger, covered with a white silken robe and adorned with pearls and precious stones. Hither on Christmas Day come young children with their parents and friends to praise the Holy Child. Standing on a *palco*, or chair, one at a time, they utter little orations which are full of poetry and beauty.

In thus hastily skimming over some of the interesting celebrations of the day in the past—a vast subject worthy of a volume — it would be sad to forget the ministrations of St. Filippo Neri, founder of the Oratorians, whose services in the cause of art, and especially music, will never die. His *Chiesa di Santa Maria in Valicella*, sometimes called the New Church, witnessed many wonderful Christmas celebrations. Here Giovannii Animuccia, his *maestro di Capella* (who died in 1571), caused the day to be celebrated with a sort of oratorio composed of dialogue with solos.



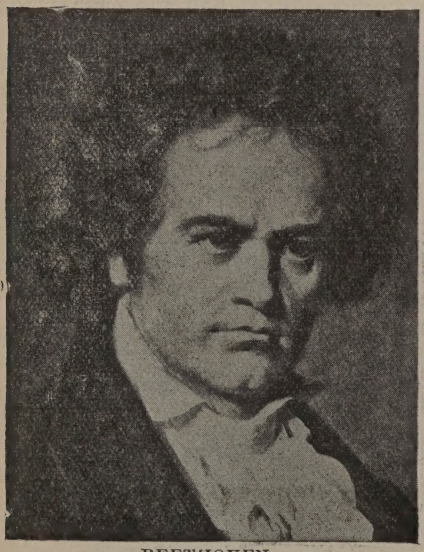
MOZART.

Here the great Palestrina, the prince of music, brought out his oratorio Santa Maria, performed by Neri's catechumens, who sang their parts in the costume of pilgrims from afar.

What might be called the theatrical celebration of Christmas which, when performed reverently and with dignity, was altogether worthy, and set in vibration a genuine chord in the human heart, was in time overladen with unworthy elements. The sequences when sung to the spiritual Gregorian tunes aroused only holy thoughts, but when they were adapted

to popular street melodies often associated with lewd or at least vulgar words they lost their legitimate effect. Moreover, in these theatrical liturgies the spirit of satire too often made its entrance and lack of taste brought incongruities. The Passion Play and Miracle Plays were doomed.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that music, like water, has a power of self-clarification. In time men forget the words unworthily wedded to intrinsically beautiful themes.



BEETHOVEN.

We come to hear the arias of even low operas without thought or knowledge of their original setting. Music itself is divine.

Thus the trivial sounds of the Italian *pfifferari* are transmuted by Handel into the exquisite pastoral symphony in the oratorio of *The Messiah*, which, not to the composer alone, but to every devout hearer, seems to show the heavens opened and the angels of God descending upon the wonder-stricken earth. Such alchemy has the power of music.

The modern church celebration of Christmas is musically associated with all that is brightest and most stirring in the works of the great masters. It is allowable to enforce this spirit of good cheer with grand organ and full orchestra as well as with the richest vocal talent in soloist and choir. For that reason, and because the modern ear demands something fuller than voices unaccompanied, the perfect harmonies of the earlier masters — Palestrina, Lasso, Benevoli, Carissima, Cavalli, Stradella, Scarlatti, Porpora, Galuppi, Jomelli, Zingarella, Ockeghem, Hucbaldus, and many others, are left in abeyance.

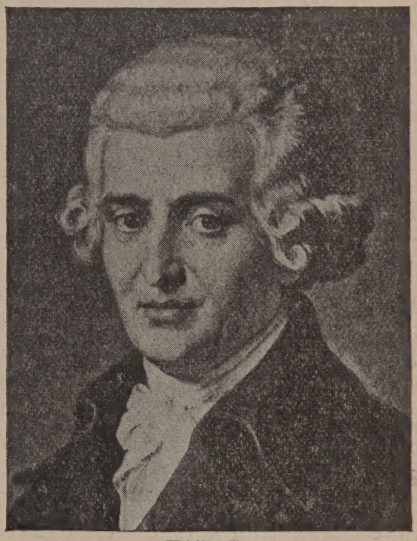
But there is a marvellous store of glorious joyous music by such masters as Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. Particularly suitable for Christmas by reason of their beautiful accompaniments and their fresh inspired joyousness of temperament, may be mentioned Haydn's First, Seventh, Fifteenth and Sixteenth Masses, composed for his patron Prince Esterhazy, whom he served so long and so faithfully. Haydn's muse was, above all, joyous, and in the Sixteenth, which is the very queen of Masses, it shines forth undimmed by a cloud.

Mozart's Seventh and Twelfth best represent that brilliant young genius's loftiest inspirations ; the latter is the most frequently chosen for the Christmas celebration. Its richness, its splendor of movement, its joyousness, its dignity, make it fully appropriate. Beethoven's Mass in C, with its gorgeous orchestration, and its complete melodiousness, is another favorite. Perhaps less often heard, but not less inspired with beauty, is Carl Maria von Weber's in G, the *Sanctus* of which is a gem worthy to crown the day ; the Mass in E flat is also worthy of Weber's fame. Hummell's Mass in E flat has some of the loveliest of themes.

Giambatista Pergolesi, who died when he had scarcely more than entered upon young manhood, left an oratorio on the Nativity and five Masses. Cherubini, who had so many names that he was only known by his last, wrote a Mass when he was thirteen. The *Kyrie* and *Gloria* in his Mass in F are sometimes sung at Christmas. It is questionable whether the quaint *Musicle de Noël*, by Gui Barôzai, who was known to the French Academy as Bernard de la Monnoye (he was born at Dijon, in 1641), has ever been given in this country; it would be worth attention. Some of his Christmas songs in the Borguingnon dialect are very beautiful.

It would be impossible even to enumerate a tenth of the composers who, in recent times, even within fifty years, have written music suitable for the Christmas season; and yet, strangely enough, the list of pieces composed especially for Christmas is not long. We often hear selections from Whiting's Mass in C minor, and from Farmer's in B flat. Nor must we forget Kallioda's in A, or Witska's in G, or the Ave Maria from Battmann's "Convent Mass." Concone's Mass in F will recur to some readers; also Leonard's in E flat. One need mention only the names of Lambillotte, Mercadante, Nidermeyer, Ressiger, Wels, Ewing, Guilmant, Kümin, Rosewig, Schmid, Fiske, Pilcher, Bordese, Stoeclin, Peters, Flotow, Barnby, Dressler, Ganss, La Villa, Thayer, Short, Barton, Rink, Sieg, Meluzzi, Battmann, Carr, Buhler, Cross, Dumont, Greith, Southard, St. Saens, Stehle, Riga, Costa, Marenzo (*Hodie Christus natus est*) Brosig, to show that there is enough music to delight the Christian world for generations to come.

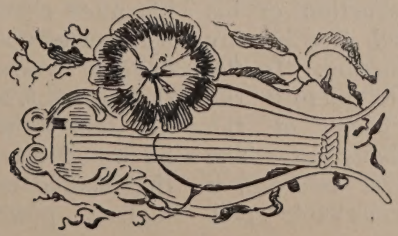
As for songs and anthems, there is



HAYDN.

the never-to-be-forgotten *Adeste Fideles*, which has come down the ages to us. There are beautiful works by hundreds of composers of the second rank, besides the undying works of Mendelssohn, Gounod, Rossini, Novello and Meyerbeer.

The joyous season has inspired many beautiful works, but after all one comes back with ever-renewed delight to the Palestrina's Christmas Noël, to the standard Masses of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and other great masters of the Catholic faith.



CYRUS COBB'S "CELTIC BARD."

BY LELAND MASON.

THE dramatic story of Erin's griefs has found repeated expression in literature. Every tragic episode has been sung in dirge of woe, and every triumph celebrated in pæans of joy. The heroes of the fading night, as well as the heroes of the approaching dawn, — their characters and their deeds, — have been painted again and again, until the world knows by heart the story of the thrilling centuries. But it does not lie within the power of historian, poet, orator or dramatist to give expression to the deepest and most central facts. The genius of a nation is too subtle and elusive to be transfixed in the poet's song or represented by the historian's dates and names, and the artist's brush and sculptor's chisel give us clearer glimpses of life than the author's pen. Out of the fragments of a nation's literature, masterpieces though they may be in themselves, we cannot form a completed picture of that nation's life and character which shall speak to us in universal language as a great statue or a great painting speaks.

What Phidias did for Grecian history and Michael Angelo accomplished for Christianity has been essayed for the Celtic race by Cyrus Cobb, a Boston sculptor, in his colossal head of the "Celtic Bard." How great a measure of success has attended his effort is not to be judged by any reproduction of his work on canvas, much less by any photographic reproduction. In the flat surface of the picture the grandeur and the power of the original are almost wholly lost. The plaster-cast itself must be seen, if one would feel its remarkable spell.

The history of the origin and development of the Celtic Bard involves the life story of one in whose veins no Irish blood flows, but whose ancestors are traced, through father and mother, back to the Pilgrims of the Mayflower. The narrative is one of absorbing interest, but it can be told here only in outline. Mr. Cobb first conceived in his early youth the idea of a great painting of a Jeremiah lamenting the woes of humanity. As he grew older he realized that the sufferings of Ireland were typical of the sufferings of the human race, and so the conception of the prophet of humanity gave place to that of the Celtic Bard. In the sketch for the painting, which Mr. Cobb first made more than thirty years ago, the bard was represented as seated on a lonely cliff, his listless hand hanging over the broken strings of his harp, and thus he was contemplating with prophetic vision the future desolation of his native land. It was a sublime conception, and most effectively wrought out. Mr. Cobb painted the head on canvas, and then his labors were interrupted by the outbreak of the Civil War. The Celtic Bard was the last work his brush touched before he went to the front. Coming home, after his enlistment, to bid his family farewell, he went up into his chamber in the evening to take a last look at his most cherished design, which he had borne upon his heart night and day for years. Standing there in the gaslight, an inspiration came to him that if he should fall in battle he would leave behind him a work that should be the expression of his highest powers, and, seizing his

palette, he repainted the head of the bard with bold strokes in black, Indian-red, and white. The effect was wonderful. "It seemed to me," said Mr. Cobb, in speaking of that evening, "as if I had mixed the colors with my very blood and marrow." On the field of battle, on the dreary march, and in the tedious weeks and months of camp-life, the conception of the bard was Mr. Cobb's constant companion.

Returning from the war, he renewed the studies in sculpture which he had previously made under John A. Jackson, and subsequently modelled the bust of Shillaber, and designed and built the Cambridge Soldiers' Monument. In directing his powers to sculpture Mr. Cobb did not feel that he was acting in bad faith with the muses, or was "disobedient unto the heavenly vision" that had called him to the arts, for three of the greatest artists of the world — Phidias, Michael Angelo, and Thorwaldsen — have been both sculptors and painters. Thus there came to Mr. Cobb the idea of an heroic statue to embody his conception of the Celtic Bard.

It became necessary, however, for him to relinquish his art work altogether for a season in order that he and his brother might be enabled to remain faithful to their high ideals and not debase their art by appealing to a low taste. So for ten years he concentrated all his energies on the law, but through his struggles and triumphs at the bar, and through all the distractions of a busy legal career, as in that field of effort, the image of the Celtic Bard was not obscured. Returning to art after his purpose in the law had been accomplished, he still cherished the plan of finishing the great work, not on the perishable canvas, but rather in enduring marble or bronze.

When Mr. Gladstone, however, first undertook the great work for Home Rule, Mr. Cobb regarded his ultimate success as certain, and at once changed the motive of the bard accordingly. He now saw the Spirit of Ireland pointing as with the finger of Gladstone to the breaking dawn. The Celtic Bard should no longer be the personification of Erin's anguish and dark despair, bearing in his soul the brave but hopeless sufferings of a race, but on the dim and far horizon he should see a gleam of light. Thus, in a certain sense, Mr. Gladstone has been a co-laborer with Mr. Cobb in the creation of the Celtic Bard. Had it not been for the great leader, Mr. Cobb's original conception would have been carried out, and we should have had the heroic statue of the bard with the broken harp-strings, symbolic of Ireland's desolation.

The head of the bard was modelled by Mr. Cobb about five years ago, and is now in his studio, in Pemberton Square, Boston. If a casual glance at the accompanying illustration, the first published picture of the bard, should convey to any reader a suggestion of Michael Angelo's "Moses," or of the classic bust of Homer, the idea that the head is a copy of any other work will be quickly banished by one look at the cast. Mr. Cobb drew his inspiration from the same source from which Michael Angelo drew his, and from which all true artists must draw — that is, from nature All great works of art speak the same simple language, record the same elemental facts, and there is the same resemblance among them that there is between Faust and the "Book of

Job, or between the Inferno and the Odyssey.

The Celtic Bard has a majesty of countenance, a sublimity of aspect, which is all its own, and which cannot be reproduced on canvas or on paper. He gazes down through the centuries, and in solemn anticipation foresees the coming struggles and all their attendant pain. The Spirit of Ireland touches him on the shoulder, and bids him behold the break of day for his anguished people. But the grief of generations has eaten into his soul; his eyes, grown dim with watching for the morn, can scarce discern the light, and he hardly realizes that hope has come at last. There is the strength of the strong Celtic race in his rugged visage,— the strength of the Celt who saved Europe at Waterloo, and of the three Celts, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, who shaped the destinies of the New World. Of this power Mr. Cobb has endeavored to make the Bard a representative, and that he has succeeded in a marvellous degree no one who has seen the cast will venture to deny. But there is vastly more than strength in the face; there is that broad humanity which transcends the narrow boundaries of race and color and creed, and holds all men and all human hopes in its sympathetic arms. Profound in thought, prophetic in look, benign and noble in aspect, it is the face of one who "in his own body" has borne the sorrows of a race, and, like the Ionian father,—

A million wrinkles carve his skin;
A hundred winters' snow upon his breast,
From cheek and throat and skin.

A Boston artist's enthusiastic comment when he first saw the head was: "If that had been exhumed at Rome it would have been ascribed to Michael Angelo." John Boyle O'Reilly, too, quickly saw in the Celtic Bard the touch of a master hand, and presented the sculptor with a large photograph of Tom Moore's harp to use in the modelling of his statue.

Now that the realization of Ireland's long dream of liberation seems near at hand, and her history as a nation about to begin anew, what could be more appropriate to commemorate for future generations the eventful era than the erection of an heroic statue of the Celtic Bard, not only epitomizing the history and genius of a race, but profoundly suggestive of the world-old Titanic struggle of man for freedom?

THE COLDEST YET.

K. M. R.

THE winter's frigid breath ne'er brings
So shivering a chill
As that from icy heart which springs
At beck of selfish will.

The mercury can gauge the cold
The winter may impart,
But ne'er thermometer has told
The coldness of the heart.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

True Attitude of the Catholic Church.

BY THE VERY REV. WILLIAM BYRNE, D.D.

A PUBLIC school is one supported wholly or in part by taxes levied on the community, and conducted by properly qualified teachers, under the direction of officers appointed by the State or the municipality.

Public schools are either Protestant or Catholic or neutral. The two former are usually called denominational and the latter non-sectarian. Denominational public schools prevail in Canada and in some countries in Europe. In England until recently, when the so-called Board Schools were established by law, the public schools were denominational, and they still flourish side by side with the neutral schools conducted by the Board of Education.

The National schools in Ireland were, till quite recently, in theory at least, neutral schools. Practically, they had become in so many cases unmixed or denominational schools that, with the sanction of the Government, the National School Board has taken the first step to admit into the system Catholic and Protestant schools alike, with no restriction as to religion except that no pupil will be allowed to be present at any religious instruction not sanctioned by the parents. This will bring the schools of the Christian Brothers and the parochial schools taught by religious orders under the supervision of the School Board, and allow them to draw a large portion of their support from the public taxes and Government grants. No doubt the teachers of these schools will qualify by submitting to such examinations as may be prescribed by the School Board. An amicable arrangement as to text-books will be made.

This very satisfactory settlement of a long-standing difficulty has been brought about by the vigorous and persevering efforts of Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, and has the approval of the whole body of Irish bishops. It does not entirely do away with neutral schools in Ireland. They will have to be tolerated in such places where only one school can be maintained, and that school is frequented by both Catholics and Protestants.

The attitude of the Irish episcopacy, hitherto one of mere toleration, will now become one of approval of the National school system. The friendly coöperation arising from this cannot fail to advance the interests of popular education and religion alike.

It is a triumph of common sense over cast-iron theory, a victory of fair play over injustice, and of good judgment and liberality over prejudice and bigotry. We hope that the day is not far distant in the United States when the same qualities of public opinion will bring about the same happy results among us.

Taking for our guide the utterances of the Holy See, the decrees of the Council of Baltimore, the

pastorals of several bishops, and the tolerated usages of many dioceses, we venture to define the attitude of the Catholic Church towards popular education and public neutral schools in the following manner: —

The Catholic Church is in favor of popular education. History, the existence of Catholic educational institutions, and the labors of numerous religious orders specially devoted to teaching secular as well as religious knowledge, abundantly prove this. Nor is the Church adverse to private or public schools taught by lay teachers, as long as they are conducted with due regard to the interests of the souls, as well as the temporal welfare of the young. Where parental care or private benevolence fails to provide sufficiently for the proper education of the young, the Church rejoices to see the defect supplied by the state.

If the state adopts and puts in practice a system of popular education that is free from serious danger to faith and morals, the Church will not object to the citizens making it open to all classes who choose to avail themselves of it, and taxing themselves for its support. Where the system is denominational, and hence does not sever secular from religious education and training, the Church goes further: she approves such public schools. That this opinion is not in conflict with the views of the Holy See is evident from the declaration of the mind of the Pope on this subject, recently made by his delegate, Mgr. Satolli, to the archbishops assembled in New York.

"The Catholic Church," says Mgr. Satolli, "and especially the Holy See, neither condemns nor ignores public schools as such, but rather desires that, by the coöperation of civil and ecclesiastical authorities, there should be in every State public schools suitable to the condition of the people, the promotion of useful arts and of the sciences.

"The Church, however, shrinks from such features of public schools as are adverse to the truth of the Christian religion, and to morality. As these, however, are removable, not only the bishops, but the citizens also should, in the interest of morality, labor to remove them." . . .

"It is greatly to be desired and would be a most happy result if the bishops can arrange with those having the care of the civil government, or with the School Board, a plan whereby the school may prosper under the joint care of both, and with due regard to their mutual rights."

With regard to neutral schools, which, by their very nature exclude religion from their course of instruction, the Church takes a different stand. While willing to tolerate them where they are a necessity, Catholic schools being impracticable under the circumstances, she characterizes the system as dangerous to faith and morals, and when that danger becomes, from one cause or another, proximate and grave, she forbids her children to frequent them.

Hence her attitude is one of disapproval of the system itself as defective and dangerous, of censure of the manner in which, in many places, it is put in practice, and of solemn warning to pastors and parents as regards the dangers either inherent in the system itself or foisted on it by the devices of men unfriendly to the Catholic religion.

This is not to be mistaken for positive condemnation of the system itself as something intrinsically evil, and therefore not to be used or

tolerated under any circumstances. Neither is it a general approval.

The only school for youth that is worthy to receive the approbation of the Catholic Church, or of any member thereof, is the Catholic school; that is, the school that recognizes the authority of the Catholic Church as far as faith and morals are concerned, and which, under the beneficent oversight of the ecclesiastical authorities, blends religious with secular education in one harmonious whole. The tone and tendency of such a school will be in accord with the truths of the Catholic religion, and a direct aid in the salvation of souls. This is demanded by common sense, natural ethics, the principles of Christian morality and the decisions of the Church.

"Common sense perceives that any system of schooling for the young which does not, by itself, provide for the development and right training of the moral faculties and the religious elements in man's nature, is incomplete, and, like all ill-balanced development and one-sided culture, likely to work mischief. It is like piling in the whole load into one pocket of our saddle-bags; it is pulling a boat with one oar. Our seeming progress is movement in a circle. It is cleansing the outside of the platter while the inside is left foul. Trim the vine if you want grapes. The leading minds of the world, Catholic and non-Catholic, are agreed on this, that all education, to be true and useful, must bring out the moral as well as the intellectual faculties; that it is of little avail to develop our powers if we do not at the same time know how and have the will to use them aright. Knowledge is not wisdom. Mere ability is not virtue. It is ability directed to worthy ends through moral motives that is useful to society and the individual."

Most men are agreed that there can be no efficient code of morals that does not draw its sanction from religion, and that, therefore, education to be moral should be religious. This is needful even for the temporal happiness of mankind. There can be no justice nor peace, no human felicity unless men learn to restrain selfishness in behalf of the common good, to curb the impulses of the passions when they tend to what is unlawful, to practise the virtues that make the good man, the worthy citizen, the faithful doer of duty in whatever walk of life he may be placed.

Religion alone furnishes motives and sanctions powerful enough, in general, to determine free will to follow the path of duty when present pleasure tends to draw man aside. Get rid of conscience formed on the law of God, and what becomes of parental and civic authority, filial duty, conjugal fidelity and the rights of property? Guizot declared that the state could not do its proper work without the aid of religion—the teacher of morals. "God and eternity," he exclaims, "are needed to make humanity moral." The same author asserts that "religion ought to be the fundamental principle of popular education." Even Cousin declares that the "religious as well as the civil authority ought to be represented in the education of the young." "Religion," he asserts, "has the same right to her place in the school as in the sanctuary."

Indeed, as man has eternal as well as temporal interests, and as both are affected by education, the Church, whose office it is to guard the eternal interests of the soul, is impeded in

her work if excluded from the school. In the execution of her divine mission it is necessary that she should make her influence felt at every stage of man's growth, and preside over the processes by which the moral character is developed, habits of thought and action formed, and faith in religious truth implanted. On these processes depend, in a great measure, the eternal welfare of man. The formative time is the school age, and the school has as much to do with the quality of the results as the family.

Professor M. Bluntschli, of the University of Heidelberg, says: "The school should not confine itself to the cultivation of the mental faculties alone; it ought also to stimulate and ennoble the soul, bring into action the sentiment of religion and faith, and invigorate all the virtues. It is here that the action of the Church should come in. As family education is the work of both the father and the mother, so public popular education should be the result of the joint action of the Church and the state. The disjunction of these two influences is as fatal in education as discord between man and wife is in family discipline." ("Le Droit Public," page 302.)

That the fundamental principles of morality ought to be taught in our common schools is the opinion of all our American authorities, of any note or weight, on this subject. Superintendent Eliot has, in one of his reports, expressly asserted this as his opinion. To quote his own words: "It is in the public schools that the great body of the nation is to receive its intellectual and moral training. Without moral principles the best instruction is in vain."

He also observes that our system provides poorly for the formation of character, and in his second report, after visiting all the schools of Boston, he declares that he "saw the need of improvement everywhere." We have made a step in advance when it is no longer treason to our institutions to assert that they are not perfect. Nay, men have been found who before a legislative committee made bold to point out some of the defects of our school system.

Dr. Bartol asserted before the committee on education that "the birthplace of a large part of crime is this idleness which is fostered by our system of education, which, while it teaches to know, does not teach how to do."

Thos. J. Gargan declared unchallenged that "one of the ungrateful results of our school education is that thereby children get the idea that manual labor is not honorable."

Pres. Eliot, of Harvard University, in last month's "Forum," says: "There is serious and general disappointment at the results of popular education up to date. . . . Why is it possible to doubt whether any appreciable gain has been made? I think I perceive in popular education as generally conducted till recently, an inadequacy and a misdirection which supply a partial answer to this disquieting question."

The complaints of the working of a somewhat similar system in England are like the foregoing, if we may judge from the following extracts from an article on "Schools and Schoolmasters" in one of the numbers of the "London Quarterly Review": —

"No man," he says, "whose opinion is worth anything, now doubts the advantages of education, but to look to a complete national education as the certain harbinger of a millennium of social improvement is nothing but madness. Such hopes are enter-

tained by some, but few are found bold enough to attempt to confirm them by reference to facts. It is not true that crime is diminishing. Juvenile delinquency is as great a problem as ever. In the training of manners, which is closely allied to morals, our Board School system, if it is to be judged by its results, has utterly failed."

The reviewer concludes with this reflection, which we fear is as true here at home as it is abroad: "We doubt if all this ardor is purely educational. The everlasting battle of the sects has been rekindled over our educational legislation."

Let us turn again to our home authorities. Thirty presidents of American colleges, according to Bishop McQuaid's lectures, at the second annual meeting of the Central College Association resolved: "That education not based on Christian truth is of questionable value." Dr. Anderson addressing the Baptist Educational Convention, said: "All instruction unfolding the laws of science, literature and history should be permeated with the warmth and light and glory of the Incarnate Redeemer."

Gov. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, formulated the opinion of many when he remarked, "Nowadays certainly your prime rascals have been educated rascals."

The opinion of Pope Pius IX. on this question will be undoubtedly of much greater weight among Catholics than any of those already quoted. These we can gather from his letter of July 14, 1864, to the Archbishop of Freibourg. We append the substance of this somewhat celebrated letter: —

"Human society will be exposed to grave injury whenever the salutary influence of the Church is alienated from education. Then will be lost that Christian spirit which renders stable the foundations of public order, wisely guides the progress of civilization, and aids man in attaining eternal salvation. An education that tries without the aid of Christian doctrines and the moral law to form the minds of youth, so plastic and so easily turned to evil, can only result in pride of intellect and the unrestrained indulgence of the passions and the greatest calamities to the family and the state.

"Religion should hold the place of prime importance in the schools of the people, and should so animate all instruction with the presence of its spirit that the young would thereby be trained to piety, integrity of morals, and honesty of life. The Church has always been solicitous for the proper education of the young.

"The exclusion of the control of the Church is inspired by hostility to her, and shows a desire to extinguish the divine light of our holy Faith among the people. The separation of Church and school inflicts the greatest penalty on her and the gravest injury on them. In all places where schools for Catholic youth are withdrawn from the authority of the Church, and youth thereby exposed to the danger of losing the Faith, it is the duty of the Church to make every effort to procure for the young the necessary Christian training and education, and also to warn the faithful that they cannot in conscience use such schools, designed as they are to subvert the Catholic religion."

Add to this the proposition on education condemned in the Encyclical of Dec. 8, 1864, and we have a complete expression of the mind of the head of the Church on this matter. It runs as follows: —

"The good constitution of civil

society requires that the public schools be entirely free from the authority and influence of the Church, and subject only to the will of the political power, and moulded in accordance with the so-called spirit of the age."

In condemning this proposition, Pope Pius IX. declared that the good constitution of society required no such thing. From the 48 Prop. of the syllabus, it is plain that no Catholic can approve a system of education for Catholic youth which is dissevered from the Catholic religion and the authority of the Church, and which concerns itself with temporal things only or chiefly.

DECLARATION OF POPE LEO XIII. ON THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

Letter to the French Bishops, Feb. 8, 1884.

It is of the greatest importance that the education of Catholic youth should be ever united with religious instruction. To separate them is, in effect, to teach the young that religion is a matter of indifference. Such teaching is false, and is most pernicious in the case of the young, as it surely paves the way to infidelity and bars out the influence of religion at the time most needed. Parents are bound to teach their children the precepts of religion, and take care that the schools shall not weaken their faith or corrupt their morals. Both the divine and natural laws bind them to this duty. The Church has always condemned schools of a mixed or neutral character. Without a knowledge of the chief truths of religion, the development of intelligence can only lead to evil results.

Several things are evident from the teaching of the Councils of Baltimore: —

That the Church is zealous for the education of the young both in religious truth and secular knowledge;

That she does not approve of a school system that seeks to give secular knowledge only, and that, too, apart from the oversight and influence of the ecclesiastical authorities;

That the supervision of the education of the young comes properly within the scope of the pastoral office and pastoral solicitude;

That the public school system in vogue here is defective in theory and in practice tends to evil results;

That the manner in which these public schools are in most places conducted renders them a source of danger to the faith and morals of Catholic children frequenting them;

That our public school system by its very nature tends to indifferentism in matters of religion, and, in the hands of designing heretics, may easily be, and often is, made an engine of perversion and proselytism;

That the evils of the system should be as far as possible corrected; and where they cannot be entirely removed they should be counteracted to the best of our ability;

That the best remedy for these evils is the Catholic parochial schools;

That pastors and parents, where the public schools are thus dangerous, and especially where these evils are great, should, to the best of their ability, labor to establish Catholic schools;

That the false opinion that the support of the school concerns only those who have children should be carefully rooted out.

The good fruits of the school redound to the good of all. The true Catholic layman will esteem the school as next in value and importance to the Church itself. He knows that it is the chief agency in the preservation of the faith and the safeguarding of the morals of the children, and a source of joy and comfort to all.

"The laity will seriously fail in their duty if they do not provide as far as they can for the care and expense of Catholic schools."

CATHOLIC PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

Declaration of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.

Knowing, as we do, by the testimony of friend and foe, by sad experience, and the very nature of the case, that the number of Catholic youth who have fallen away from the Church chiefly through the influence of the public schools is so great that it furnishes ample grounds for rejoicing to our enemies, and the most urgent cause of grief and sorrow to ourselves, we not only exhort with paternal affection, but command with all the authority we possess, all Catholic parents to provide for their children a Christian and Catholic education in parochial or other suitable Catholic schools.

Decrees.

1. A Catholic school must be established in every parish within two years, unless, for grave cause, it is postponed by permission of the bishop.

2. The pastor who by negligence delays beyond that time the building and support of a parochial school may be for that cause alone deprived of his parish.

3. The parish, likewise, that, by sluggish indifference or culpable negligence, prevents the pastor from providing parochial schools, will be severely censured by the bishop and urged by every method that may be at the same time prudent and effective to furnish the means to provide such schools as soon as possible.

4. All Catholic parents will be bound to send their children to these parochial schools, unless they are manifestly providing for the Christian education of their children, either at home or in some other Catholic school or academy.

The exceptional cases when it may be necessary to expose Catholic youth to the dangers of non-Catholic schools must be referred to the bishop, who will decide as to the sufficiency of the excuse and the efficiency of the means used to counteract the danger. (Third Plen. Council, page 101.)

A few observations on these propositions to impress the matter on our minds and vindicate the wisdom of the Church will not be out of place here.

The bishops evidently watch, as, having to give an account of the souls committed to their care, they are deeply solicitous for the spiritual welfare of the children in their charge. Their tone is of grave admonition to parents and pastors to protect in every way in their power the faith and morals of Catholic children attending the public schools. They know full well that the education given to youth is the prime factor that will help to determine their future happiness or misery. Wherever immortal souls are imperilled, the pastors of the Church cannot be deterred from going to the rescue.

There are strong grounds for anxiety and solicitude, wherever children are submitted to the influence of a system which, faulty in theory, is manipulated in practice by men who, for the most part, are either indifferent to religious truths or positively hostile to the Catholic Church.

The duty of parents to see to the religious education of their children by home teaching, training and influence is always pressing. It becomes doubly so where, owing to the unfortunate exigencies of the case, the children must be exposed to the chilling influences of common schools, from which religion is excluded. It is a grave injury to the child when, trusting to any school, its religious education ceases to be a

part of the family discipline and training. The best of schools cannot fully make up for this gross neglect of one of the primary duties of parents. None can be excused except the utterly incompetent, and even those should see that their deficiency be supplied by some friend of the family, if possible.

We see in too many places that a system professedly neutral as regards religious differences is converted into something positively harmful to Catholics by being administered in the interests of the evangelical sects. In too many cases, the spirit that gives vitality, energy and longevity to the public school system is not so much patriotism or zeal for education as the lurking hope that thereby the youth of Catholic parentage may be detached from the faith of their fathers and withdrawn from the influence and guidance of the Catholic Church. There is, unfortunately, a deep-seated feeling in the minds of many of our fellow-citizens, fostered sometimes by ignorant rant, sometimes by political knavery, but more frequently by the reading of a literature that either falsifies or shamefully distorts the facts of history, that the organization and doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church are inconsistent with civil liberty, and a menace to the free institutions of republics.

The error is great, but alas! it is as fruitful as it is baseless. As long as this error prevails so long will the influence of the Church and her ministers in the public schools, even in the education of Catholic youth, be resented and repelled. Men will take counsel of their fears and seek to counteract that influence by every means at their command; and some will honestly think they are doing the state a service by withdrawing the young while their minds are easily moulded from the discipline and training of the Catholic Church. It then becomes a duty to give a non-Catholic and, if possible, an anti-Catholic tone to the public schools.

The subtile effluvia engendered by these fears and working on minds poisoned either by heresy or infidelity is made to permeate the atmosphere of the school, and thus penetrate the child's mind, inevitably cooling its love for Mother Church, weakening faith in her divine mission, lessening respect for her authority, and sapping the foundations of that filial trust the child once reposed in her, and in the more mature minds raising the horrid suspicion that she is not the immaculate spouse of Jesus Christ, the fair daughter of Sion, without spot or wrinkle, which the innocence of childhood and the natural confidence of youth once conceived her to be.

Sad examples of these baleful effects are not wanting to us. We meet them only too often. They are to be expected. Note the conduct of some of the teachers in the public schools. They know the efficacy of the dark insinuation, the sly hint, the polished jibe, the polite but withering sneer, the pitying smile. The deprecatory shrug of the shoulder, when some doctrine or religious practice of Catholics is alluded to, produces as much mental confusion and shame in the pupil as perhaps the most subtile sophism or logical argument.

The open scoff, the ribald jest, the scandalous story, the gross perversion of the facts of history, or the direct assault on the Catholic religion are now rarely heard, we are assured, in the public schools. We are thankful for that. The street, the playground, and the Protestant

press and pulpit furnish enough of that style of warfare.

Ours is an unsectarian system, we are told; and teachers are under rules and orders not to wound the religious susceptibilities of any scholar, and especially not to put them to confusion and shame because of their religious beliefs, in the presence of their fellow-pupils. But what of the playground conduct of the non-Catholic pupils themselves? Are they under rules and orders out of school? Coming, as many of them do, from their Protestant homes steeped in anti-Catholic bigotry and saturated with detestation of the Pope of Rome and his, as they suppose, deluded followers, is it any wonder that their language and conduct towards Catholic children should be found in practice what in theory we can fancy it to be — intensely anti-Catholic?

Truly, the fathers of the Council of Baltimore were right in declaring that the public schools were dangerous. This is far from saying that the system is bad in itself. If it is the duty of the state to devise and administer a system of popular education (which many doubt) we confess that it is not easy to find a system other than a secular one that will work with less jar and friction in a community like ours, so broken into sects on religious matters, although a solution of the religious difficulty has been found in other countries. Yet, in truth, such a system robs education of half its value. It only educates half the man; it reaches and develops the intellect, but leaves the moral nature uncultivated; it fills the head with knowledge of earthly things and worldly aspirations and ignores heavenly things; it stores the mind, but leaves the soul to starve for want of the Bread of Life that comes down from Heaven.

When the defects of this system are not adequately supplied from other sources (something very difficult to do) such an education as this is no real benefit to humanity. Ability without morality is sure to be abused. The religious capacities of man being left void, his end is barrenness. He may be a worldly success, but, taking his relations to both time and eternity into account, he is an awful failure. He may make and save money, but he will not save his immortal soul. It is necessary for man's temporal and eternal happiness that, from childhood up, his character should be formed to virtue on the basis of Christian truth and morality. Progress in the knowledge and love of God, and God's truth, should keep pace with progress in the knowledge of the truths of the natural order. At least as much care should be taken to stimulate the desire to attain heavenly happiness as is given to fostering the desire for temporal felicity. That man is the creature of God, and accountable to Him for the moral rectitude of his acts, and that this earth is only a place of probation, are truths that should form the very pith and marrow of all popular education.

There is practical unanimity on this point among all who recognize a code of morals or any right or wrong in the quality of human acts. There is a conflict of opinion as to the moral guide to be accepted. Some hold the extreme view that the state is competent to determine and teach the moral law. Most Christians, however, insist that the office of teaching morals belongs to the Church.

As between Catholics and Protestants, there is a dispute as to which body of Christians constitutes the Church. The Catholic Church has always maintained that she is the

Church founded by Christ, hence the authoritative teacher of Christian morality. To her was given the commission to teach all nations. She can never, without abdicating her office, neglecting her duty, and disobeying the Divine command, concede to the state or any organization the right to set itself up as the moral teacher of mankind. In the midst of these conflicting views, it would be better for the state to refrain from interfering in education, except in so far as to oblige parents to give such an education to their children as will fit them for the proper exercise of the rights of citizenship and the performance of the duties man owes to the state and to civil society.

Our system of public schools being so defective and the dangers inherent in it so manifest, the question arises, Can we use it at all, even in the absence of a better?

There is no doubt about the duty of Catholics to send their children to Catholic schools, where such exist, in preference to the public schools.

The doubt arises where there are no Catholic schools accessible, or where such schools are not competent to give an education suitable to one's condition or prospect in life.

Here we are brought face to face with a matter of principle and a matter of fact. The principle is easily determined. It lies fairly within the domain of the moral teacher, and has in fact been stated over and over again by approved authorities in morals and even by the head of the Church himself.

Two technical terms which to laymen may need some explanation are used in the solution of this question. These are the expressions proximate and remote.

A proximate occasion is one which, by its very nature, or because of human frailty in general, or some special weakness of the individual, induces a probable danger of sin.

It is manifestly never lawful to expose one's self voluntarily to such a danger.

A remote occasion is that in which men ordinarily, and for the most part, do not yield to the temptation.

A prudent man, for sufficient cause, may risk such an occasion. There is danger in crossing the Atlantic, but it is so trifling that no man is accused of rashness, if, for cause, and using the ordinary means of safety, he takes the risk of the voyage.

The application to our case is this: If the danger of damage to faith or morals arising from the public schools is proximate, and cannot ordinarily be made remote, they are to be avoided at all hazard and at whatever cost, "For what will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?"

When the schools are not positively harmful, and the danger is remote, we are not obliged, under grave inconvenience or to our serious loss, to avoid them, although we are bound to take prudent precautions to guard against the danger.

Where Catholic schools are accessible there would rarely be a sufficient excuse for incurring even this danger. There may be exceptional cases where parents, for just cause, are allowed to send their children to public schools not positively harmful; and these are only the more bound to provide in some efficient way for the education of their children in the faith and morality of the Catholic religion. A lesson or two a week recited from the catechism, in the Sunday school, and supplemented with little or no explanation, will hardly suffice for this.

When the Catholic week-day

school is not used, the parents, by themselves or through some competent person, are bound to provide for the religious education of their children.

Where suitable Catholic schools exist in a parish, certain persons, by reason of their social position, authority or influence, may be guilty of giving grave scandal by sending their children to the public schools, even where the danger of perversion is small, unless a cause proportionately grave exists to justify such a course. What would constitute such a cause must be determined by the bishop of the diocese.

This is, you perceive, a conditional decision, and is of no practical value till the doubt as to the matter of fact is cleared up. For us in this country the matter may be said to be clouded with some degree of doubt except in so far as tolerated usage may be taken as a basis of judgment. Judging from this, we may conclude that the danger in many places is not so great but that, for sufficient cause and with all due precautions, a prudent man may take the risk without fault or blame. Rome has given no decision as to the amount of danger incurred by frequenting our public schools. Whenever referred to on this subject she has invariably confined herself to stating the principles which should control the decision, and has remitted the matter of fact to the judgment of the bishops in council or to each bishop in his own diocese.

Beyond the general statement that the system was defective, and the public schools, as for the most part conducted, dangerous, no decision has been given by a Plenary Council in this country. Several bishops in and for their own dioceses have decided that the obligation of withdrawing Catholic children from the public schools is of such prime importance that, as a rule, the establishment of a school should precede, or at least accompany, the building of a church in every parish.

The matter being thus left open, it is within the competency of any person to inquire as to what extent the decisions of the Holy See and the strictures of the Council of Baltimore are applicable to our public schools, whether here in Boston or elsewhere. To some of them, especially to those in places where they are still what undoubtedly they were originally — that is, practically, seminaries of Protestantism, these censures wholly apply.

To others, especially where Catholic influence has made itself felt, and the positive evils have been removed to a great extent, and the danger made remote, they only partially apply.

The schools we are warned against are those in which the use of the Protestant Bible is imposed by rule upon the children, where the Catholic religion is openly or covertly attacked, and efforts made to undermine the faith of Catholic children; where the facts of history are falsified to blacken the character of popes and bishops and calumniate the Church, and where the doctrines and institutions of our holy religion are decried and reviled. Apart from the danger inherent in the system, most of these evils are absent from our schools. Although we know the spirit of proselytism is abroad, little or no effort is made in our schools to pervert the minds of our youth, some of our reformatory schools excepted. The books in use have been pretty thoroughly purged of all sectarian leaven, and the mouth of the reviler and calumniator of the Catholic Church has been pretty effectively

closed by the force of public opinion and the watchfulness of the Catholic and other fair-minded members of the School Board.

Music Hall may resound with applause when a certain notorious lecturer proclaims the startling discovery that parochial schools are hot-beds of disloyalty, and that a second Protestant reformation is or will be needed to rescue the public school, as it once rescued the Bible; but neither the press nor the public at large echo this applause, knowing, as they do, that these rhetorical outbursts are but the empty sound of the brazen tocsin of the false alarmist.

In the meantime, no Catholic can consistently with the principles he professes and the decrees of our councils, approve the system of public schools that obtains here, although as a matter of necessity he may tolerate and use it, and even coöperate in its improvement. To withhold approval is not necessarily to utterly condemn.

Some will doubtless object that our use of the schools or any coöperation in carrying them on, even with the view of diminishing their danger, constitutes an approval. This objection is not well taken. If I have to journey to my destination over a poorly-built and badly-cared-for road because there is no other available, I cannot be said to approve either the poor construction of the road or the ruts that infest it. Sufficient for me that I do not incur any grave risk of life or limb, and that it is, at all events, passable. If I had the authority and the means, it would doubtless be my duty to set it in order forthwith.

Let no man suppose from all this that we consider the public schools as so free from danger that we should rest content with them. Catholic schools in every parish would be far safer. In some of our parishes there are more pressing and immediate needs, which, for the time, necessarily command the attention and absorb the activity, zeal, and means of both pastor and people. As soon as the burden of church debt is lifted, the orphan, the sick, and the hungry provided for, the labors of the priest and the means of the faithful will be combined to carry forward the great work of educating Catholic children in our own Catholic schools, unless in the meantime the public mind, now rapidly growing more fair as it becomes better informed on this subject, shall haply discover some way to so amend our common-school system as to render it acceptable to Catholic minds and entirely safe for Catholic consciences.

That the problem is not unsolvable we know from the fact that other countries in somewhat similar circumstances carry on a common-school system that does justice and gives satisfaction to all noteworthy and distinctive shades of religious belief and practice. The arrangement recently made in Ireland, with the mutual consent of the Church and the state, and described briefly in the beginning of this article, might furnish us a model. Under the most favorable conditions, the neutral school is open to the grave objection that it discredits and belittles religion, by either ignoring it or putting it under the ban of open exclusion.

William Byrne '05

RAPA NUI.

BY FREDERICK STANSBURY.

ALONE, and lifting its head above the foam-capped waves of the boundless Pacific, a hoary volcanic rock is lapped and washed by their ceaseless ebb and flow.

Huddled together near an inlet on its eastern slope, a group of natives may be seen in various attitudes of graceful indolence. They appear lighthearted, merry and careless, and oblivious to the fact that they are quietly awaiting their doom.

The rock is covered with the richest of tropical foliage, and the climate is as nearly perfect as man could wish for. The invigorating freshness of the southeast trade winds, filtered through the brilliant rays of a tropical sun, falls pleasantly upon this solitary isle, bringing with it a suggestion of the frigid circle southward, whose chilling rigors this favored region may laugh to scorn. These zephyrs bring life to the inhabitants, and cause a picturesque restlessness among the waving palms, hibiscus and other foliage.

What, then, is this island — for to term it a rock is perhaps too much of a poetical license — and what peculiar interest has it for the student or general reader?

Briefly, its history is written on its face in language as plain as that of ancient Egypt, but, until the student of Polynesia develops the erudition of the Egyptologist, exact and certain knowledge of it will be lost in a maze of interesting conjecture.

Rapa Nui, or Easter Island, was discovered by Roggewin in 1721. It lies in twenty-seven degrees, eight minutes south latitude and one hundred and nine degrees, twenty-four minutes west longitude. It is absolutely alone in the Pacific, the nearest land being fifteen hundred miles away, if we except its peculiar sister, Pitcairn Island, one thousand miles away. The Chilian coast is two thousand and thirty miles to eastward. Navigators having reported that there was great scarcity of water, and also because it lies out of the ordinary course of ships, the island has been seldom visited. Cook landed here in 1774, and described the place as it appeared to him, in his quaint way. He naturally fell into many errors, especially those of nomenclature. Other navigators have touched here, from time to time, and their accounts of the place and its people vary greatly. Mendaña says of the natives that they were physically superior to the Spaniards, being tall and well formed. He found them slightly copper colored, while some were perfectly white, having red hair. Their features were European in cast, the women being particularly handsome and attractive. Roggewin's description is much the same. The brilliant and unfortunate La Perouse landed upon this enigma of the ocean and left fruit-trees and other indications of European civilization among the people.

All accounts agree in describing the natives as attractive, good-tempered, fond of adornment and delighted at the approach of strangers, notwithstand-

ing some bitter experiences. They live in thatched houses of grass, and are very clever in making plaited articles of the same material. They are fond of carving wooden figures, using obsidian knives, but there is no indication of their having ever been idolators. Before the advent of French Roman Catholic missionaries among them they were simple Deists.

Mr. Palmer, R. N., who was here in 1868, as surgeon of H. M. S. *Topaz*, describes the people as being the most happy in the world. He estimated their number at nine hundred, of whom three hundred were women. They are rapidly dying out. They did not care to work, and their ration of animal food at that time was reduced to half a rat a day. There is, however, an abundant supply of bananas, yams and sweet potatoes. There is, also, an

Colossal Stone Figure, *Hoa-haka-nana.*

Back View, *Hoa-haka-nana.*

(Now in British Museum.)

ample supply of sugar cane, a very nutritious food, and the ocean teems with fish.

The origin of its name is thus simply given by the natives: Ages ago a large migration to Easter Island took place from an island nineteen hundred miles due west, known as Rapa-iti (small Rapa), and the emigrants, on account of the increased size of their new home, gave it its present name of Rapa Nui, or great Rapa. It is triangular in shape, one side being twelve miles in length, the other two about nine miles each.

That which renders Rapa Nui unique among the islands of the Pacific is the large number of gigantic stone images with which the island is literally strewn, varying in size from a few feet in height to forty, and all having the same general character. The most perfect specimen extant is probably that which stands under the colonnade of the British Museum to the right of the main entrance. There is also a very perfect one in our National

Museum at Washington, which was secured by Commander B. F. Day of the U. S. S. *Mohican* in 1886.

Rapa Nui is undoubtedly of volcanic origin and abounds in extinct craters. The largest of these forms the centre of a cone which rises to a height of eleven hundred feet. It is called *Terano-Kau*, and the oldest inhabitant remembers no tradition of its activity. It is about seven hundred feet deep, the bottom being flat and marshy, with here and there a deep pool of fresh water. In this crater Captain Bornier, a settler, had formed a farm garden in 1868. It is an interesting spot and lies at the southeastern angle of the island.

Terano-Hau, a smaller crater more inland, contains the red tufa of which crowns were made for the stone images. Many of these crowns in various stages of completion are still in this crater.

At the western angle stands the crater of *Otu-iti* (little hill), and here abounds the trachyte, or gray lava, from which all the images are made. They are here very numerous and large. Some are still upright, others lying around in various positions indicative of neglect and decay.

Between Terano's *Hau* and *Kau* stands a hill of obsidian, rounded, like most of the hills here, and capped with white clay. Thus if we suppose these remarkable images a necessity of man, nature has here placed a great workshop with materials to hand and tools to shape them with. One crater furnishes the gray lava which forms the trunk of the figure which, when carved and placed upon its pedestal, was ready to receive a crown of red tufa from the other. Eyes of obsidian were doubtless then inserted in the deep sockets, and the curious whole stood forth for future ages and strange races of men to wonder at.

The tools used in shaping the images were doubtless bowlder pebbles, in shape and size like a rolling pin ground flat at the end, the fine edge being produced with the aid of obsidian dust. There are some excellent specimens of these stone chisels in Mr. Thompson's collection in the National Museum.

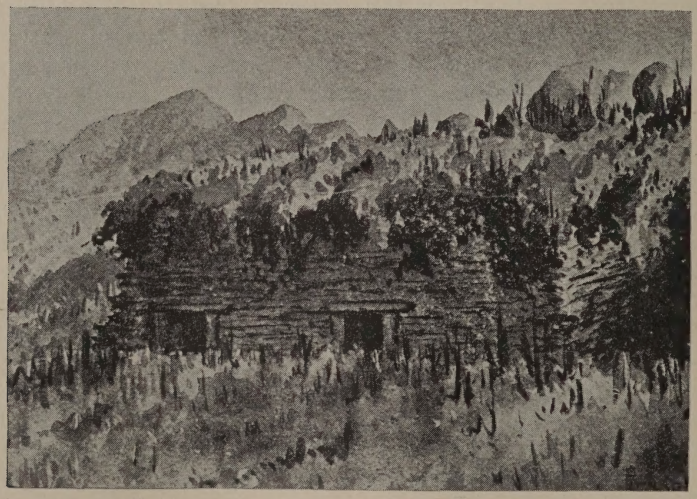
The images formerly stood on terraces built of large blocks of stone, true and regular enough to suit the requirements of modern masonry. Curiously enough, this stone does not appear to be indigenous to the island, and as the nearest land is fifteen hundred miles away, this fact is somewhat startling.

Here, then, these gaunt, gray figures, now fallen, and lying as they fell, stood, their hard, disdainful faces always turned from the sea. How many there were it is impossible to say, but there are still traces of hundreds. They consist of but one piece of trachyte from *Otu-iti*. They vary much in size, the average being about sixteen feet in height. The form is that of a flattened trunk terminating at the hips. The arms and hands are sculptured in low relief, the latter folded complacently over the abdomen. The expression, however, is not one of pain, but rather of uncompromising philosophic calm. The tendency of the countenance is always upward.

It is reasonably conjectured that the flat top of the narrow head was surmounted by a crown of red tufa. Many of these detached crowns are still lying about. In form they are mostly truncated cones, some of them being cylindrical.

The eye sockets are very deep, the space between the eyes and crown short. It is surmised that obsidian eyes were fitted into the sockets, which would account for their great size.

Thus we have in imagination, the image of Rapa Nui complete as, when the world was some ages younger, it stood on the stone terrace looking inland with its dark, obsidian eyes. But for the action of moisture and disintegration disturbing the centre of gravity, it would probably have remained so gazing for ages to come. What are they, why are they sculptured with such care, and why do they resemble one another so closely? Everything points to the fact that they are not idols. They are of no interest to the present natives, although each image has a name given it by them.



Stone Building in which Large Stone Image was Found.
(From a Rough Sketch.)

The prehistoric Rapa-Nuian appears to have possessed a mania for carving. The rocks on the edge of the cliff at *Terano-Hau* are carved *in situ* into rude forms. Queer faces like gargoyles are cut upon some, and others are made to represent huge turtles. Here also are platforms of stone used for cremation and low stone houses of great age. From one of these, the large image *Hoa-haka-nana*, in the British Museum, was taken. Half-buried in the earth it was shielded from the ravages of time, and hence is in an excellent state of preservation.

In 1863 disaster fell upon the natives of Rapa Nui. A number of ships, apparently Peruvian, came to anchor off the shore. They were soon surrounded by canoes full of laughing natives, ready to trade, talk, or lend a hand if wanted. Suddenly the strangers seized them and stowed them below in irons. The unfortunate prisoners, formerly so happy, were taken to Chincha Islands to work the guano, where most of them perished. When the Peruvian Government, all too late, caused the survivors to be taken back

to their island home, many died on the passage, whilst those who survived introduced the small-pox, whose ravages rapidly reduced the stricken population.

Since this nefarious outrage, the handful of natives who constitute the population have all lived near Cook's Bay, an inlet on the northeastern slope. Here, although simple-hearted and merry as before, they await inevitable extinction.

There is little or no timber on the island, although the mulberry and mimosa formerly grew here. In sheltered spots the edwardia and hibiscus reach a height of twelve feet or more. There is an abundant supply of fresh water, the craters containing deep pools of it. Near the beach the natives had constructed a cistern to hold a supply, while at Winipoo there is a subterranean reservoir.

Animal food is scarce. Cook left pigs here, which have become extinct after flourishing for many generations. The native fondness for roast pig cut off these European colonists in the flower of their youth.

The South Pacific furnishes a rich field for paleontological research. Doubtless the mystery of the Easter Island terraces and images will one day be satisfactorily solved. Terraces like those at Rapa Nui are seen at Tahiti. Somewhat similar images are said to be found in Peru and to have obtained along the Western American Continent as far north as British Columbia.

Paymaster W. J. Thompson, U. S. N., in his excellent collection from Rapa Nui — now loaned to the National Museum — has tablets of hieroglyphics which are beautifully clear and as distinct as those which have solved many a mystery of old Nile. When deciphered, what may they not reveal to us of this island —

"In the dark backward and abysm of time?"

DEMOCRACY.

BY GODFREY EGREMONT.

As Gideon answered Israel, "Neither I
Nor son of mine shall over you be king,
The Lord Himself shall rule," we answering
To you who drag the rusted chain, yet ply
The praise of Monarchy, shall still deny
All right divine to such a paltry thing,
So palpable a Cheat, whose rose-wreathed ring
Conceals not gem but gyve; until the sky
Uncloses for our Lord, no throne is set
Here in America for any man;
The purple His who wore the thorn — and yet
In what is best of life we lead the van
Among the peoples! Crown and Coronet,
There is no place for ye in Freedom's plan.

SEPARATION.

[AN ETCHING.]

SHE sent them all away, begging to be left alone with him this one night — possibly the last.

Outside the rain had been falling heavily, and the steady drip, drip from the eaves sounded like the slow fall of heavy tear-drops from eyes unaccustomed to weep.

Inside, where Death was waiting to enter, the silence of death already reigned, the only sound being the faint, irregular breathing of the sick man.

Beside the bed sat the sorrow-stricken wife, motionless, her wan face bent over the still form, unconscious of fatigue, of passing hours, her heart, her soul absorbed in an intense longing that he might look at her, speak to her, once more.

Oh, what dread loneliness had already begun to enwrap her! Oh, what a wide gulf of separation seemed already to open between these two, who for ten happy years had scarcely had one thought, one desire apart from each other!

The dim light from the shaded candle brought out the haggard, death-like features, pinched and changed with suffering. The long dark lashes lay upon the marble cheeks.

Did an eyelid flicker? Is he rousing at last?

"O, God!" she prays, "grant me one more smile from the dear face; one last glance from the loving eyes; one word — one blessed word — from the closed lips, to be treasured up like gold in the dark days to come!"

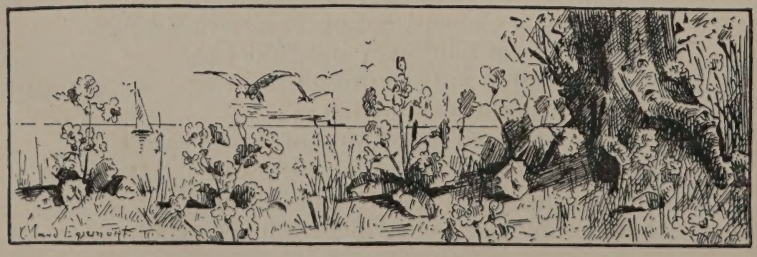
No; he has not moved. He sleeps still.

Her breath grows short and hurried; her heart beats painfully. Is it her fancy, or has the face before her grown more ghastly? Does she only imagine that the breathing has changed, or is it really growing fainter?

The watcher leans forward until her head rests beside that on the pillow. She listens intently — then, suddenly, a shrill scream brings the watchers to the bedside.

Two senseless bodies are lying there — one will never rouse again to suffer or to enjoy; but the other, alas! must awaken soon to realize the keen anguish of a heart rent in twain; a vine robbed of its support; a soul that has known the brightest and best companionship earth could give, left to wander through the remainder of life's journey, desolate and alone.

—— From Short Stories.



THE PRIEST IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY CHARLES S. O'NEILL.

As an angel of light to a continent in darkness — aye, as an envoy of the Most High, bearing the message of hope, mercy and love from a beneficent Creator — came the priest to America. In one hand he bore the symbol of salvation; in the other the olive branch of peace and human brotherhood.

To a priest was Columbus indebted for asylum and encouragement in the Spanish monastery of La Rabida; to a priest did he owe his audience with Ferdinand and Isabella; and in the priests at the dual court of Aragon and Castile he found the warmest advocates of his plans and his most powerful pleaders for the favor of the reigning sovereigns; and with the blessings of a priest upon him and with the echoes of *Te Deums* still ringing in his ears, westward his little fleet set sail out of the harbor of Palos into the unknown, trackless waste of waters.

However, it is of the priest in America that this paper proposes to treat. The great Columbian achievement is too familiar to need but passing mention, for the celebration of the quadri-centennial anniversary of the discovery of America has refreshed the memory with the history of an event which added a new and mighty continent to the known earth, linking a new world to the old.

In the ruined remains of the first settlement founded by Columbus,* which had to be ultimately abandoned on account of its unhealthful location, are still to be seen the dismantled and crumbling walls of the first church erected on American soil, and in which the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered, over a hundred years before the English founded Jamestown, Va., and over one hundred and fifteen years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock.

The command, "Go forth and teach all nations," as surely directed and actuated the priests who were in the West Indies with Columbus as it did the Apostles of old, and they went forth among the untutored children of the Western World, as their successors have been doing ever since.

The glory of conquest or the thirst for gold might draw the early adventurer; not so the priest. To the latter the gold of redeemed souls as an offering to the Master was the magnet that drew him from sunny Spain to the fastnesses of the American wilds, giving to Mexico the saintly Las Casas; to California the indefatigable Father Serra and his band of pious Franciscans. Later, in the North, with Champlain came the devoted children of St. Ignatius to Canada and thence into New York, and in their eagerness for the salvation of the Indians of that region, suffering all sorts of privations, and at length laying down their lives as the grand final tribute of their devotion to God and their sacred calling, anointing the soil of the New World with the sacred blood of a Father De Brébeuf, and a Father Jogues. "The blood of the martyr's the seed of the Church;" and verily the blood

* The town of Isabella, the ruins of which still exist, though nearly four hundred years have elapsed since its abandonment.

of the devoted De Brébeuf has proven fruitful seed in Catholic Canada.

Nor was it the wild, untutored savage that monopolized the spirit of fiendish cruelty toward God's anointed missionaries, for New England fanaticism attained its height of demoniac gratification in the murder of the apostolic Father Ralé, in Maine, who fell riddled with bullets at the foot of the cross which he had reared in the wilderness, defended to the last extremity by the devoted Indians whom he had led into the fold of Christ. A sweet and touching tribute to the zealous labors of this martyred missionary is that referred to by Rev. John De Cheverus, afterwards Boston's first bishop, who, visiting the scene of Father Ralé's ministrations many years after the latter's death, found the Indians had preserved their love for the "Black Gown," and had treasured the Gregorian chant and prayers he had taught them.

Still the work of the priest went on. No trial dismayed him, and no danger deterred; and whether it was to die in the loneliness of the hitherto untrodden wilderness, as did the great Marquette, or to be tortured to death, as was the heroic De Brébeuf, it mattered not. Life held out to him a worse terror than death, and that was the fear that a soul which might be saved would die neglected. The same spirit that animated the pioneers of the Catholic faith in America still vivifies their successors, and has ever been a distinguishing characteristic of the Catholic priesthood, and has dotted this broad land with churches from one end of the continent to the other. The sun's first rays, as the great luminary rises, as it were, from the bosom of the Atlantic, imprint a kiss upon the cross surmounting the temples dedicated to the honor and glory of God, and its last departing beams, as they bid a luminous good-night to the great American Continent, bathe in golden glory the same symbols of man's redemption that crown the shrines of Catholic faith and devotion on the marge of the Pacific. These churches, dotting North and South America, from the shores of Northern Labrador to those of far Southern Patagonia, and from ocean to ocean, — these are the monuments to a zealous Catholic priesthood.

So much for the priest as a missionary, and the way he has planted the Cross in America. Let us see what his influence has been in other directions, and to what extent he has honored this country, and been honored by it.

Look at the lesson of toleration taught by Catholic Maryland. Here the broad-minded spirit of the priest prevailed, for the Rev. Andrew White was the chief adviser of Sir Leonard Calvert, Maryland's Catholic Governor; and the great Jesuit who had suffered for his faith in England was not the man to inflict similar punishment upon others. So, while the Puritans of New England were visiting all sorts of punishment upon those who differed with them, banishing Roger Williams to Providence, and Ann Hutchinson to Manhattan, Catholic Maryland offered freedom of conscience to all who believed in Jesus Christ, and no Protestant was there disturbed in the exercise of his religion. Persecution had driven Catholics and Puritans alike from England; yet one body accorded in its colony the liberty of which it was deprived at home, while the other set an example of intolerance as blind and rabid in its bigotry as was that which had caused its members

to seek an asylum along the shores of Massachusetts Bay. Here you see the influence of the priest compared with that of the parson; and it is easy to determine which influence was the inspiration to the liberty of to-day.

When the Colonies were engaged in sundering the tie that held them as a dependency of the English crown, and when it became important to ascertain how the great body of Catholics in Canada would stand, in view of the conflict, the hope being entertained that they would join with their brethren south of the St. Lawrence in throwing off the English yoke, Rev. Father John Carroll, afterwards the first bishop of Baltimore, was solicited by the Continental Congress to use his influence in that direction. He went to Canada as a member of the commission that had charge of this errand; but his efforts were rendered futile so far as any direct assistance from Canada was concerned, and so rendered through American bigotry that had so outraged the sensibilities of Catholic Canadians that they would take no part in the struggle. The miserable vaporings of the fanatics of those days lost to the Colonies a powerful auxiliary in their struggle for nationhood.

Both at the time of the Mexican War and of the Rebellion, the authorities at Washington were glad to call upon a Catholic prelate to use his good offices. This prelate was New York's great archbishop, Most Rev. John Hughes, of blessed memory. In the Mexican matter he could do nothing. Nearly twenty years later, in the darkest days of the Rebellion, when England had shown herself in favor of the cause of the South, and France appeared to be about to incline in the same direction, Archbishop Hughes received an appeal from the Government to hasten to Europe and do what he could to prevent France from giving aid and encouragement to the Confederacy. He was in poor health, and it was an inclement season of the year when the request was made of him; nevertheless, the patriotic archbishop loyally answered the summons and embarked for Europe. How much his services on the other side of the Atlantic contributed to the accomplishment of the end desired the records of the State Department at Washington will show. France remained neutral, and the venerable and venerated envoy returned to receive the grateful acknowledgments of the national authorities.

It seems scarcely necessary to speak of the broad humanity of the priest as shown in the time of pestilence or virulent disease. When was the priest ever known to consider his own personal convenience or bodily health when there were those who needed his spiritual ministrations? Let the records of New York tell how Rev. Father William O'Brien, who, in the beginning of the century, was the solitary Catholic priest in that city, and who, when the yellow fever was raging there, was the one clergyman who remained to spiritually care for the stricken people; for the other shepherds were among the first to forget duty and everything else in the mad rush to escape the dread visitor. As it was in New York, so it has ever been the case before and since — in the close, contaminating sick-room and on the battlefield,— wherever Death is reaping its grim harvest, there is found the priest ministering to the departing soul, and emphasizing by the eloquence of his devotion the integrity

of his credentials as an ambassador of Christ.

We have seen the priest as a missionary in the early days; we have seen him setting a standard of Christian toleration; we have seen him as an angel of mercy in the time of pestilence, and we have seen him as the trusted envoy of this country on an important and delicate foreign mission; but great as these achievements honor him, his chief distinction in American history comes from the lives of the people whom he has guided in the way of obedient children of God, and consequently good citizens. He has sown broadcast the seed of Catholic devotion and Catholic honor, and the nation has reaped the fruit in a loyal, God-fearing, patriotic people. This he has done, this he will continue to do; and the influence of his ennobling personality, his single-hearted, self-sacrificing devotion to his sacred calling will continue to illumine American history through the medium of the devoted children who will reflect in their lives the high standard of honor and fidelity he has inculcated, and who will, in turn, reflect that honor upon their country. Blatant bigots, their minds befogged by the impenetrable mists of prejudice, may fume and rave like the irresponsible little puppets of clay that they are, America will honor the priest for what he has been, what he is, and what he ever will be, the Heaven-appointed alchemist, who brings forth the gold in those who make up the chief dependence of the national life.

MAN'S MAJESTY.

BY ELLA DARE.

SEEK in and through thyself, and by the seeking learn
The limitless height and depth of thine own being;
The boundless possible, that meets at every turn
The powers that waken at thine own decreeing!

Past all the surface measurements of earthly plan,
Out into the spaceless provinces of proving,
Soul and its selfhood, essence of the living man,
Dwells within the centred life and force of loving!

Product of Divine commandments, divine art thou!
Stop, and for a moment ponder o'er this meaning —
Prince art thou of power, creator and builder now —
Rise, then, and rule thy heritage, and cease thy dreaming!

Mysteries that meet thee shall yield at thy command,
And give up their secrets, thy least will obeying;
Whilst by thy side nature, with marshalled hosts, shall stand,
Eager to enter service without delaying!

Eternal things shall fit themselves to thy behest,
Melting and flowing into thy channelled courses;
Till those that seemed the bad shall turn into the best —
Thus from the evil wresting God's righteous forces!

Ruler and king by virtue of thy sovereign might,
Master of unfolding power ever increasing,
Set like a star emblazoned on life's height,
Reign on, in thy truth and majesty increasing!

[Carl Bitter, Sculptor.]

RELIGION.

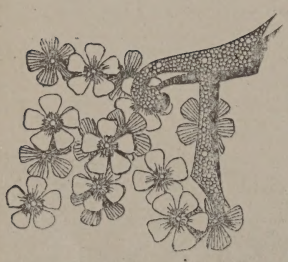
Group designed for the Administration Building, Columbian Exposition, Chicago.

MADAM DESMOND'S GHOST.

A STORY OF KILMONA CASTLE.

BY VICTOR O'D. POWER.

Author of Bonnie Dunraven, Kildoona, The Heir of Liscarragh, etc.



HE sleepy little village of Kilmona, hidden away amid the hills and glens of the Western highlands of Carbery, was roused up to sudden life one day by the startling rumor that the gray old castle overlooking the murmuring Lia River was haunted, that the spectre of old Madam Desmond was appearing there night after night!

It was not one only, but half a dozen persons who had seen the apparition, among them "the oldest inhabitant" of the district, Dermod Maguire, a silver-haired man, who had attained the venerable age of one hundred and five, and was still able to hobble about by the aid of a pair of stout blackthorn sticks.

"And it was the old Madam herself, sure enough," Dermod said, in Irish, which, however, I beg leave to translate here — "I remember her well, God rest her soul! And you may say she was the beautiful lady in her day. Oh, the red cheeks of her and the laughing blue eyes and the rosy mouth always smiling! She met with an accident, poor dear, and was killed opposite her own door by reason of a young d——l of a colt to kick her; and she used to be seen for a couple of years after, every night on the beech walk. But that's eighty years ago now, and I thought she was at rest, but, God save us all! I saw her last night again, with my own two eyes, as I was going to Brady's wake."

The village forge was the scene of old Dermod's ghostly tale, and one by one, all those who had witnessed the spectre dropped in, confirming the rumor beyond yea and nay.

There could be no doubt of the fact. The beautiful beech-tree walk, sweeping along by the winding river, was once again, after a lapse of eighty years, haunted by poor Madam's unquiet spirit.

There, in the purple dusk of evening, she was to be seen, pacing to and fro, a grayish hood about her head, her hands sometimes clasped on her breast, and sometimes wrung together, as though in anguish unutterable; and once or twice the affrighted beholders had heard low moans issue from her lips; but none of them had dared to ask her "what was a trouble to her soul?" *

"I wonder what will Neil M'Clean, the agent, do now?" said Thady

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* It is believed by some in the South of Ireland that when ghosts "walk," their eternal happiness is in jeopardy, and that when directly questioned as to their "trouble," they can explain it, and by the aid of the prayers of the living, restitution of money or goods, or some such atonement, obtain everlasting peace and rest. — *Author's Note.*

Donovan the smith, as he swung his ponderous hammer above the ringing anvil. "I believe he was to go take possession of the castle next month. He's at work at it, doing it up since May last. Faith, it's my opinion old Madam Desmond won't let him in, and my blessing to her!"

"Oh! then, Amen to that, Thady," chimed in the voice of old Dermod Maguire. "T 'would be a mortal pity, so it would, if Neil M'Clean ever lived at Kilmona Castle, where the brave old stock were once so happy and so charitable to all! Sure, 'twas their goodness that broke them in the end. I hear that poor Miss Eva, the darling little lady, is in France teaching music in a nobleman's family, and poor dear Master Gerald is away in America."

"They're the last two of the Desmonds of Kilmona," the smith said. "Aren't they, Dermod?"

"Ay, ay," responded the old man sorrowfully. "Their father was the last Gerald Desmond that lived up at the castle. He left it, you know, when he married, and lived at Bawn-a-luna, at the other side of the river. But it's often I heard poor Master Gerald — his son — say, that some day or other he'd open the old place again, and himself and Miss Eva would live there. God help us! they're far apart now."

The forge was not the only place in Kilmona wherein the ghostly rumor was discussed on this breezy October evening.

Up at Carne, the fine old residence of the Deasys, the family had gathered about the tea-table, while the talk of the village passed round from lip to lip, and various opinions were exchanged as to the apparition on the lonely beech walk by the river.

"At first I really pooh-poohed the thing altogether," Mr. Deasy said, a jolly-looking, blue-eyed country squire; "but when so many declared that they had seen the apparition, I began to waver a bit; and now I am inclined to be as credulous as any of them."

"Mrs. Maxwell says she saw the figure on the beech walk a few evenings ago," Nellie Deasy, a pretty little girl of fourteen, said, turning her blue eyes as she spoke upon a refined-looking lady with blue glasses, a black lace cap and wavy hair, now almost white, arranged neatly upon her temples. "What was it like, Mrs. Maxwell?"

"Well, it was a female figure, dear, and it was gliding along under the trees, the hands clasped before the face. When it came near the old bridge it vanished amid the shadows of the little grove of oak and hazel."

Mrs. Maxwell was Nellie's governess. She had come to Carne a month before, and already was beloved in the Deasy household.

Her story, as she told it to Nellie one night, was a sad one. Her husband had deserted her the year after their marriage, and since then — many years ago now — she had earned her bread as a governess.

She led a very secluded life at Carne. She appeared to dislike intensely to meet strangers, and the Deasys soon understood Mrs. Maxwell's pet antipathies, and did all in their power to respect her feelings.

She was accustomed to take long walks by herself, generally in the twilight, and it was during one of these walks, a few evenings previously, that she had seen the mysterious figure under the beech-trees by the river.

"Strange — strange," Mrs. Deasy said, as she did the honors at the

head of the table. "What will the M'Cleans do now, I wonder? They purposed to remove to the castle very shortly; but they are the most nervous people alive, and if this doesn't scare them away, I don't know what will."

"Small pity if it did," returned the squire. "I, for one, shouldn't relish seeing Neil M'Clean, or any of his clan, in poor old Kilmona. I'm not surprised, faith, at Madam Desmond's leaving her grave at the very thought of such a violation of all the traditions of the castle! The Desmonds were a grand old family. Poor Gerald was one of my best friends, and his son was as fine a lad as I ever met. Miss Eva, too, was a sweet girl. Halloo!" the squire broke off, as he glanced through the window. "Here comes George Ferguson. He's just in time for a cup of tea."

Mrs. Maxwell rose suddenly, a glow of color in her face, and murmuring an apology, glided hurriedly out of the room.

"Poor thing!" Mrs. Deasy said; "she's all nerves. She hates to meet any one."

A minute later Mr. George Ferguson was announced, and, apologizing for looking in at such an hour, he shook hands all round and sat down in the chair which Mrs. Maxwell had just left.

A week before Ferguson had come to the village inn and had there met Squire Deasy, the two men becoming all at once, in true Irish fashion, excellent friends.

George Ferguson was, he said, making a tour through the South of Ireland, and as Squire Deasy knew everybody and every place in Southern Munster, his conversation and company were charming to Ferguson, who was promptly invited by the hospitable squire to pay a visit to Carne.

Since then he had looked in every day at the old house, and was already considered a privileged "friend of the family."

But Mrs. Maxwell had always avoided Ferguson. Upon first hearing of his arrival in the village she had grown pale to the very lips.

"George Ferguson!" she had almost gasped, the words wrung from her in spite of her, it seemed. "George Ferguson — here at Kilmona!"

Now when she hurried away from the dining-room she hastened to her own department and burst into tears.

For half an hour she wept; then, as the shadows of night began to gather down over the hills and woodlands, she stole away from Carne and started on one of her long, lonely walks.

"Have you heard all these odd stories about the Kilmona ghost, Mr. Ferguson?" Mrs. Deasy was saying, in the meantime. "The village is a-thrill with supernatural excitement just at present."

"Yes; to be sure I have," was Ferguson's reply. He was a fine-looking fellow of about seven and twenty, with brilliant dark eyes, a bronzed face and the easy, unaffected and attractive manners of the man of the world. "Who has not, I should like to know? I was talking to Miss M'Clean just now. She says her people are already beginning to waver about going to live at the castle. An old superstition of the place declares that the apparition of Madam Desmond on the beech-walk is a sure signal of ill-luck, if not absolute ruin, to the occupants of the castle. So Miss M'Clean informed me; and, judging from what she said, I think it extremely unlikely that her family will venture to the uncanny spot at all."

"Thank God!" was the solemn response of the squire. "You may wonder at my earnestness, Ferguson," he added, a moment later; "but in truth I cannot overcome a prejudice I have against such people as those M'Cleans' presuming — yes, faith, presuming! — to take up their residence in a place like Kilmona Castle. They are wallowing in riches to be sure; but, confound it! riches and vulgarity nearly always go together. Empty pockets and refined minds, poverty and blue blood, are usually arm-in-arm companions, alas! at least in our Green Isle. And really, when I think of the Desmonds, when I think of that noble young Gerald and his dear little sister Eva fighting against the world abroad, upon my soul, man, I could blow Neil M'Clean and his crew to Kamschatka, with the sincerest satisfaction!"

As Squire Deasy spoke, George Ferguson's eyes glowed, and the man quivered from head to foot. He was impulsive, and he was also in love; he was, consequently, unnerved a bit, and more impulsive on this account, than even nature had made him; so up he jumped and wrung the squire's hand, and I think his brilliant eyes were dim.

"'A rale ould Irish gentleman, and one of the rale ould stock' spoke there, sir!" he said, laughing, although his voice was full of the pathos of gratitude. "You may wonder now, sir, at my vehemence," he added, with an irresistible impulse to tell his heart's secret there and then. "Well, here goes for a clean breast of it! I met Eva Desmond in France half a year ago. I fell in love with her, and asked her to marry me. And what do you think? her foolish pride, poor love, wouldn't allow her to accept my offer.

"'You are beginning life,' she said, with her beautiful Irish gray-blue eyes fixed on my face, 'and I am only a poor governess — with the aspirations of a princess, however!' she added, with a flash of the eye, and the blood of all the Desmonds of Kilmona glowing in her face. 'It would be a most unfair, unequal marriage. It never can be, Mr. Ferguson.'

"A week later, sir, I lost sight of Eva, and I have been searching for her ever since. I found out at last that Kilmona was her birthplace, and I came on here, hoping to glean some information as to her whereabouts. There, you know all; and by Jove, sir, I feel a happier and a lighter-hearted man for having spoken out to a true friend."

Squire Deasy wrung Ferguson's hand for a minute or two in eloquent silence, and plump, rosy, gushingly good-natured Mrs. Deasy was brushing away a tear which had stolen down by the side of her nose.

And after this, the Deasys and George Ferguson were faster friends than ever, and the squire promised to do whatever he could in the way of ferreting out Miss Eva Desmond.

"Mr. Ferguson is such a dear, nice young man," Mrs. Deasy said, when she was telling Mrs. Maxwell (of course in strict confidence) all about Ferguson's romantic love story. "Oh! really, his eyes softened when he spoke of Miss Eva, and his poor voice quivered."

Mrs. Maxwell was looking down at her own clasped hands (the two women sat in the breakfast parlor) and there ensued an awkward little pause.

It was a relief to the governess when Nellie burst into the room,

brandishing the old leather post-bag, and drew therefrom a foreign letter, which she handed to Mrs. Maxwell.

"From America," Nellie said, and the governess started and stared, and then colored to the temples as she tore open the letter.

How eagerly she read it! Her bosom heaved visibly, and her eyes, Mrs. Deasy was sure, beneath the dark blue "goggles," were full of tears.

"Thank God!" she murmured under her breath, and thrust the letter into her pocket, and then turned to Mrs. Deasy.

"Forgive my secrecy," she said, her musical voice quivering, her lips trembling. "Some day soon I can tell you all."

Then she cried outright, and vanished from the breakfast parlor, and Mrs. Deasy could only stare at her daughter and repeat her customary formula: "Poor thing! she's all nerves."

. . . . . .

The days and weeks slipped by, and the Kilmona ghost almost ceased to be a theme of horror in the village; for custom can reconcile us to almost anything — even a spectre!

Everybody had seen Madam Desmond, and there could be no longer a shadow of doubt as to the facts of these supernatural appearances.

Neil M'Clean and his family shuddered at the thought of going to the castle now, and, indeed, were making preparations for a flitting to Dublin for a month or two, and there arranging their subsequent movements.

When this piece of news reached Squire Deasy's ears he uttered a prolonged "Phew!" and cracked his thumbs in high satisfaction.

"Bravo! upon my faith, I shouldn't be surprised if poor Gerald's pet dream of coming to live at the castle some day would be realized after all! Neil M'Clean has a horror of the place now, and no wonder."

That same evening, as George Ferguson lounged, smoking, on one of the window-seats in the old-fashioned sitting-room of the inn, a "jaunting-car" jolted up to the door and a tall, dashing-looking son of Anak jumped down.

Ferguson started and stared with all his eyes. Good heavens! how vividly this stranger's face reminded him of somebody!

His heart beat and his temples throbbed, and when the stranger entered the sitting-room a moment or two later, George Ferguson, obeying one of his unconquerable impulses, leaped to his feet, crossed the room in a stride or two and said breathlessly:

"Pardon me, but you are, you *must* be — *are* you Gerald Desmond of Kilmona Castle?"

The stranger laughed outright and colored, and his glorious Irish eyes, violet-gray and beaming with life and sympathy, softened wonderfully as Ferguson spoke.

"I am Gerald Desmond," he replied. "I must have met you somewhere, I suppose; but, really, I cannot call your name to mind just now."

"No; you never met me," Ferguson said. "I knew you from your striking likeness to your sister Eva, whom I met in France."

In two minutes they were seated side by side in the window-seat, talking earnestly together. The conversation lasted for an hour at least; then Gerald Desmond suddenly leaped to his feet.

"Come, Ferguson! by Jove, we'll go and see what this ghost is really like. I've often heard of my respected ancestress, and I'm naturally anxious to have a look at her."

They hurried away from the inn, and found themselves ere long walking by the banks of the winding river Lia. There before them were the gray turrets, the ivied walls and battlements of beautiful old Kilmona, surrounded by its ancient woods of oak, beech and sycamore, and away behind it a noble amphitheatre of blue hills, melting into dreamy azure outlines against the primrose and pearly tints of the evening skies.

When they arrived at the beech-tree walk, they paused and drew back into the shadow of the trees.

The purple twilight was closing down over the hills, woods and murmuring river, and there was no sound in the silence save the dreamy purl of the water over the mossy stones and beneath the ivied bridge.

"Dear, dear old place!" Gerald Desmond said tenderly. "I have often seen it in my dreams abroad. And there is Bawn-a-luna at the opposite side of the river — the house I was born in"—

"Hush!"

The word came suddenly and excitedly from George Ferguson's lips.

At that instant a female figure had appeared at the far end of the beech-walk — a stooped, strange figure with a gray hood about the head, the hands wrung together, a low moan issuing now and then from the spectral lips.

"Come away, come away, Desmond!" Ferguson whispered; "the truth is — I feel horribly creepy!"

"Why so?" Gerald returned, and he was laughing nervously. "Poor old Madam Desmond —'Mother Hubbard,' as she was called by her dutiful family — had the reputation of being one of the most harmless women in the South of Ireland. Why should we shrink from her? Come along, Ferguson, and I'll introduce you."

But Ferguson shrank back, and with a laugh and a shrug of his handsome shoulders, Gerald Desmond strode forward to meet the ghost.

The figure was still but dimly visible as it emerged from the shadows at the lower end of the walk, and Gerald Desmond hastened down the path while George Ferguson watched the scene with dilated eyes, and, or so he declared afterwards, "his hair standing erect on his head."

On went Gerald, while the ghostly figure slowly drew nearer to him; then suddenly a strange thing occurred.

The ghost paused, drew back, and seemed about to fly. Gerald bounded forward, there was a wild cry of joy unutterable, and lo, and behold! Desmond had flung his arms about the spectre, and was straining the shade of his ancestress to his heart!

Ferguson stood spell-bound. Could he believe his ears or eyes? He heard Gerald's voice speaking rapidly; then the murmur of another voice; then laughter; and then a confused talking going on eagerly again.

But now, as his first bewilderment passed away, and he was enabled to listen more intently, a voice reached his ears which thrilled him with immeasurable gladness.

And yet he could hardly credit his senses. Was this indeed the liquid,

musical voice of Eva Desmond, the girl of whom he was in search during all those weary months gone by?

"Ferguson! I say, Ferguson!" George Ferguson hastened down the path, his heart beating, his eyes fixed upon the figure standing beside Gerald Desmond.

But alas for his hopes!

To his unutterable bewilderment, this was no other than Mrs. Maxwell, the Carne governess whom he had seen once before in the village. In her hand she held the gray hood which had enveloped her head and neck a few moments before.

As Ferguson approached she hastily averted her face, and Gerald Desmond burst into a merry peal of laughter.

"Come, come, Eva! no nonsense. You've met this gentleman before. He told me so in the village inn. Ferguson, this is my sister Eva, of whom you spoke an hour ago. For pity's sake, Eva, remove these terrific disguises!"

There ensued a playful struggle. The black bonnet, cap, wig and blue "goggles" were triumphantly captured by Gerald; and lo! beautiful coils of golden hair rippled over the shoulders of the ghost, and a pair of wonderful, blue-gray eyes were turned shyly upon Ferguson.

"I am very happy to meet you again, Mr. Ferguson," the girl said, blushing painfully. "My brother will explain all this to you in a moment."

"The 'explanation' is simply this," Gerald Desmond added. "My sister heard in England that Neil M'Clean was about to take possession of the castle and she formed a desperate, and, as it has turned out, a very successful scheme to frighten him away from the house for the present. She always knew that I should make a fortune some day in California and realize my old dream of clearing off the mortgages and living in the old home. . . . Well, Ferguson, she succeeded in obtaining a situation as governess in the neighborhood here, passing herself off, by the aid of these disguises, as 'Mrs. Maxwell,' a lady with a melancholy history! By Jove, Eva, you did carry out the thing admirably! When you told me about the project in that letter of yours from London, I was certain it would end in an absurd fiasco!" . . .

"Living so near the castle here, you see, Ferguson, my sister had little difficulty in playing the ghost. . . . A few weeks ago I wrote to her from America, telling her I was about to start for home, a wealthy man at last, thank God! for I was singularly fortunate at the gold fields. But my sister tells me she still took her twilight walk under the beech-trees here. You see she could not feel safe until the M'Cleans had left the neighborhood and I had returned. . . . You know all now, Ferguson, and the evening has grown chilly, so we may as well get back to the inn."

. . . . . .

Eva Desmond's little piece of *diablerie* was never known in the neighborhood.

On the day following Gerald's return Mrs. Maxwell went away from Carne (drove off before the gaze of the entire village) and the blue goggles, black cap and gray wig were seen no more in Kilmona. A few days later Miss Eva Desmond, radiant with youth, beauty, life and happiness, arrived

and was received most warmly at Carne, where Gerald had put up for the present, pending arrangements for his moving into the castle and fulfilling his long-cherished dream.

The Deasys had of course been told all about "Mrs. Maxwell," and the true story of the ghost, and the squire was delighted beyond measure at Eva's cleverness and enterprise.

'Ah, I wouldn't doubt the 'ganius' of the Desmonds of Kilmona!" Squire Deasy said, as, for the twentieth time, he applauded Eva's daring venture, on the night of her return to Carne in her own proper person. "And now, my dear, I have a request to make of you which I know you'll not refuse."

George Ferguson was seated near one of the windows, talking to Mrs. Deasy. As the squire spoke he took Eva's slim hand in his, and led her to this window.

Then the girl started and blushed prettily, and her lovely eyes flashed; but, to her credit be it recorded she never flinched from the ordeal.

"Take the lady's hand, George," Squire Deasy said. "Squeeze it, man alive! Are you afraid it will burn your fingers? That's right. I promised I'd find your lost sweetheart for you, and I think I've done my share of the business now. My request is this, Eva: you will be good enough to become the dutiful helpmate of my friend, Mr. George Ferguson, as soon as possible! And now, 'blessings on ye, my children!'"

UNCLE SIDNEY'S VIEWS.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

I HOLD that the true age of wisdom is when
We are boys and girls, and not women and men;—
When, as credulous children, we know things because
We believe them — however averse to the laws.
It is faith, then, not science and reason, I say,
That is genuine wisdom — and would that, to-day,
We, as then, were as wise, and ineffably blest,
As to live, love and die, and trust God for the rest!

So I simply deny the old notion, you know,
That the wiser we get as the older we grow,
For in youth, all we know we are certain of. Now
The greater our knowledge the more we allow
For skeptical margin; and hence I regret
That the world isn't flat, and the sun doesn't set,
And we may not go creeping up home when we die,
Through the moon, like a round, yellow hole in the sky.

—— From the Indianapolis Journal.

A PROVISIONAL ENGAGEMENT.

PERHAPS the most novel romance on record for any young girl is the provisional arrangement said to have been entered into several years since by Miss Patten, eldest daughter of the late Mrs. Patten, California, to Señor Rafael Gana, whose brother at that time was Minister from Chili to America.

The foreigner, though the senior by many years of Miss Patten, yet hoped to somewhat equalize all such difficulties by the wealth of which he expected to be master upon the sale to an American syndicate of his silver mines in Chili. Señor Gana did not speak one word of English, while his lady-love was as gloriously ignorant of Spanish, but they met upon the common ground of French, and each sought in this way to finally overcome the obstacles to a perfect understanding in their respective native languages.

The plan decided upon in the matter of the engagement was that it should be held by both in the most liberal sense as provisional. That is, for a period of six months they would be outwardly all devotion to each other, and though all public announcement was to be avoided, they were virtually to consider themselves engaged for the space of time agreed upon.

Señor Gana was to be the attendant of Miss Patten on all occasions, should provide her with flowers and bonbons *ad libitum*, should secure choice seats at the theatre and opera, should carry her bouquet and fan at parties, and quietly obliterate himself during the round of dances, to appear again as surely at supper time.

In return the young lady was to hold herself in readiness upon all occasions to forego such social pleasures as conflicted seriously with the sedate disposition of her elderly lover. She was, moreover, to meet and walk with him every fine day, and when inclement weather precluded the enjoyment of pedestrian exercise, was to entertain him after the most approved fashion in her own home. Here the hours were to be whiled away with music, the reading of some interesting books, or, when fancy so dictated, time was to be forgotten in desultory conversation.

At the end of six months each was to be strictly honest with the other and state what progress this intimate degree of friendship had made on the royal road to love, and whether, all things considered, a continuance was to be desired.

Strange as it may seem, the two held their vows of absolute candor, but the end was that they mutually preferred friendship to marriage.

—— From the Brandon Bucksaw.

THE IDEAL OF GIRLHOOD.

A DEPLORABLE sign of the times is the importance which most of the leading journals attach to the interest which, it is supposed, the average woman has in the freaks and foibles of the "society queen." We have had for several years regularly in the Sunday newspapers nauseating accounts of milady's looks and gowns, her face-powders and diamonds, her imported *lingerie* and other nameless boudoir mysteries, the sumptuousness of her entertainments and the regal magnificence of her bathroom, the size of her shoe, the circumference of her waist, and her favorite manner of dressing the hair; the quality of her French accent, her love of art and penchant for literature, more often imaginary than real; we learn from her how the trembling *débutante* should enter the drawing-room, how she should manage her train, and what gracious replies she should make to congratulatory assurances; we find her actually in print, with autograph articles on the proper manner of addressing by letter a married woman, what an unmarried woman should or should not do if she would attract men, and at what age the low neck and abbreviated sleeve may be adopted by a marriageable girl. To this task of enlightening her sex and otherwise elevating the human family, the social queen lends her energies with a heroism worthy of a better cause, and as she holds up before the eyes of budding womanhood the mirror of her own shallow and artificial nature, it would seem that the destiny of the American race of young women rests not in the nurturing care and the homely teachings of their own mothers, as used to be the fact in the good old-fashioned days, but rather in the pernicious examples of the women of the upper ten thousand. The moral of it all is that the virtues with which the name of woman has always been associated are out of date, and that affectation and love of display, the frozen smile and the cultivated warmth of feeling of good society, the vaporings and the nothings and the good form of drawing-room standards, are more to be desired in the social education of the modern young woman. She must stifle the womanly qualities of purity and innocence, and modesty and sympathy and pity, and train herself in the art of appearing worldly, of being what, by the limitations of her condition, she is not and never can hope to be. This involves a serious question, which the social reformers would do wisely to consider with a view to remedy; as for the journals themselves which are responsible largely for the existence of these tendencies, it is questionable whether they would lose anything either of prestige or pecuniary profit by banishing the society queen forever into the bottomless pit of journalistic oblivion. The education of our young women constitutes a fruitful theme for discussion, and affords opportunities for experiment, many of which are in the right direction. But in any contemplation of the subject, the obvious fact must be that before the American girl is fitted to be educated at all, she must be taught to look to her own mother for her

ideals, and not to the wives of millionaires; she must learn her place in the world at her mother's side, and neither imitate nor emulate the fancied superiority of the "nobility."

THE IMMORTAL SOUL.

Victor Hugo's Memorable Impromptu Reply to the Atheists.

At a dinner given to Victor Hugo in Paris, some years ago, says *L'Univers*, he delivered an impromptu address in which he gave expression to his faith in the Infinite and in the soul's immortality. His friend, Houssaye, who was present, says:

"Hugo at that time was a man of steel, with no sign of old age about him, but with all the agility, the suppleness, the ease and grace of his best years." He was contradicting the atheists, and his friend says "his face was bright with the heavenly halo and his eyes shone like burning coals."

"'There are no occult forces,' he said; 'there are only luminous forces. Occult force is chaos; the luminous force is God. Man is an infinite little copy of God; this is glory enough for man. I am a man, an invisible atom, a drop in the ocean, a grain of sand on the shore. Little as I am, I feel the God in me, because I can also bring forth out of my chaos. I make books, which are creations; I feel in myself that future life; I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down: the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever.

"'I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the result of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. There I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses as at twenty years ago. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me.

"'It is marvellous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is historic. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song. I have tried all, but I feel I have not said a thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, I have finished my day's work, but I cannot say I have finished my life. My days will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open on the dawn.'"

HARMONY AND HOME RULE FOR IRELAND.

BELIEVING that without harmony in Ireland and the subordination of factional differences history may repeat itself in the defeat of Irish hopes at the moment when their chances of fulfilment seem brightest, and knowing that the most positive step in the direction of harmony is a thorough knowledge of those differences, that an intelligent understanding may be reached of the steps necessary to the unification of Irish effort in behalf of Home Rule, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE secured the subjoined expressions of opinion. Messrs. Larkin and O'Callaghan are both well-known journalists, who represented prominent Boston newspapers in Ireland during the late Parliamentary election, and their knowledge of the situation is based upon personal study and observation in the Emerald Isle, while Rev. Father Halpin is one of Ireland's most patriotic priests. The three contributions to the discussion of the vexed question follow, and present all the different phases of the situation.

IRISH PRIESTHOOD VINDICATED.

BY REV. JAMES HALPIN, C. C.

SOME months ago I had occasion to say something to define and vindicate the action of the priesthood of Ireland during the late lamentable crisis. For various reasons, I am induced to return to the subject at present. The leaders of faction in Ireland are beginning to protest — that is, at times and in places when such protestation suits — against the calumny of their hostility or opposition to the Church or to its priesthood.

Even the bitterest among them seem now to recognize the fact, that the priests of Ireland are to remain in their wonted places, in spite of them, and to profess, with great energy, that they had always been dutiful children of the Church. In their speeches and in their papers, and particularly in a little evening paper circulating chiefly among the people of Dublin, there has been one long series of attacks on the priesthood or on Catholic institutions. I refer to such attacks chiefly for this reason, that in a great many instances no notice has been taken, or contradiction made, no matter how unfounded or gross the charge.

As a type of the attacks on priests, I shall refer at some length to one which attracted a good deal of notice some weeks ago in the public press. It was on Fr. Scanlan, of Kilrush, in the County Clare, and generally on the priests of that town, and embraced the usual stock-in-trade charges of intolerance, dictation, tyranny, etc. It was contained in a letter to the Dublin organs of faction, purporting to be a report of some meeting in the town. Readers of these papers would of course conclude that the reverend gentlemen referred to were guilty of very unclerical and over-

bearing conduct, and that such was the opinion of the community, or of a large and influential section of it. The value of such reports, however, may be gauged from the fact that when the good people of Kilrush had read the malicious charge, a large and most representative meeting of the townspeople assembled, and passed unanimously resolutions denouncing the charges.

Some scribbler sends up his report to the *Independent;* the report is eagerly copied by the London evening papers; but just as people are reading with horror of the doings of this clerical dictator, the intelligent inhabitants of the town referred to come together to proclaim the whole story a scandalous libel, and to say that there is no "more whole-souled priest in Ireland" than the man thus libelled.

Instances of a similar kind might be multiplied; but I shall add only one more, in which I was myself made to take a part. In the late election contest, I am glad to say, the people in this place were practically unanimous, though the party of faction thought it well to contest the place. On the occasion of the visit of their candidate, he and a small party who accompanied him were rather fiercely attacked. I need hardly say that I have but little sympathy with the principles or the tactics of that party; yet I did not hesitate to rush to the relief of their representatives. Many people blamed me for saving them; the police who were present acknowledged that my interference was most timely and necessary; and yet my recompense was a paragraph in next day's *Independent,* in which it was stated that I had led mobs and incited to violence!

Nor was it priests down in the provinces merely that were libelled; the range was much wider. The Church it was that had fought against and defeated faction; and faction will revenge itself against the Church in its every member, no matter how sacred, and in its institutions, no matter how noble. Archbishops were talked of as "hypocrites," and most popular priests described as "tyrants," while the following is a type of the teaching of the *Dublin Independent* and *Herald:* "It is a sad thing," writes the *Independent,* "to find Irish priests so degraded and intimidated." . . .

"It is, if possible, a sadder thing to find Irish bishops acting as a sort of private detectives." The Orange editor of the *Herald* is not to be outdone; and so that paper speaks of "blasts of scurrility, of political falsehood, and of ecclesiastical despotism."

What is noteworthy about those gentlemen and their utterances is the difference of tone according as circumstances of time and place vary. William K. Redmond held a meeting lately, under police protection, in Scariff, where the people are stanch in devotion to Faith and country, and he thought it prudent to be very explicit in his disclaiming any hostility to religion or to the priesthood; but he was well aware that at the same time, in an evening paper supported by him and his clique, an Orange editor was day by day engaged in what was to him a labor of love,—an endeavor to vilify the bishops and priests of Ireland. Nay, more: the same individual himself, soon after his election for East Clare,—an election, be it remembered, largely due to the moderation and abstention of a large portion of the priesthood of that county,—made a speech in Dublin, which, if I have been rightly informed, was scandalous, and unworthy of a Catholic.

I often find myself asking the

question, Who are those men against whose charges we are called on to defend ourselves? They are the scions of little broken-down aristocratic families, who just a few short years ago thought it everlasting disgrace to be called a Nationalist.

And who are the priesthood of Ireland that they should be called on at this day to answer to the revilings of such as these? A priesthood whose devotion to their people in weal and in woe, in past and present, has been heard of throughout the world; who have come from the people, and are bound to the people by a thousand ties, that must make treachery or selfishness impossible, and who have won even from the most hostile critics the warmest tributes of praise. "What English clergyman," says Mr. I. T. Rogers, to take one recent example from a thousand, "has a thousandth part of the influence possessed by the Irish parish priest, and freely conceded to him? In the history of the world, I know nothing so unwearied and so sedulous as the labor of the Irish priests has been, from the dark days of the Penal Code to the present time."

Roscrea, Ireland, Nov. 13, 1892.

"THE MAJORITY SHOULD RULE."

BY P. O'NEILL LARKIN.

In what way can the Parnellite faction, represented by nine members of Parliament, unite with the great majority of the Irish people, represented by seventy-one members, and how soon may such a union be reasonably expected?

The answer to that question seems to me to be a very simple one. The union can be accomplished in just one way, viz., through the absorption of the minority by the majority; and as this process has been proceeding with considerable rapidity since the general election held last July, it is safe to predict a practical union of all the national forces by the time the next general election takes place, which is quite likely to occur in from twelve to fifteen months from the present time. My reasons for this answer are, first, the Parnellite faction has now no sound reason for existence, if it ever had any; secondly, it is a vicious protest against the democratic principle of majority rule, and, thirdly, the individuals which it comprises are neither knaves nor fools. Indeed, I hold that Parnellism, like Boulangerism, a species of hero-worship, has never had any other reason for existence than the ignorance of its adherents of democratic principles and methods backed by a feeling of personal loyalty to a leader who had rendered splendid service to the Irish cause. I will point out the salient features in the brief record of the Parnellite faction to justify and support the statements which I have just made. After the exposure in the divorce court, and the declaration by Mr. Gladstone that he could not coöperate with Mr. Parnell as parliamentary leader of the Irish party, Mr. Parnell was deposed by a decisive majority vote, the members in his favor being twenty-nine, to fifty-four opposed. Eschewing all trivial technicalities of procedure in Committee Room 15 of the House of Commons, Mr. Parnell was deposed by a vote of fifty-four to twenty-nine, and Mr. McCarthy elected in his place. It should be distinctly borne in mind right at this point that every member

of the Irish parliamentary party had solemnly signed his name to a pledge by which he bound himself to sit, act, and vote with the party, to be governed by the voice of the majority, and to hand in his resignation as a Member of Parliament whenever requested to do so by the majority of his colleagues. Mr. Parnell and his twenty-eight adherents refused to be controlled by a nearly two-thirds vote ; they totally disregarded their written pledges, and thus the Parnellite faction was ushered into life.

The deposed leader then issued a call to the Irish people in which he appealed to them to save him "from the British hounds," and from his colleagues, who voted for his deposition, at British dictation, as he alleged. The appeal was powerful, adroit, and most skilfully made, and, in a certain sense, made to the proper tribunal, the great court of last resort in a democracy—the sovereign people. In the bye elections which followed he was worsted ; that is to say, the majority of the voters were against him. While still battling with the great odds arrayed in opposition, death struck him down suddenly. A great leader was no more. The day of his funeral in Dublin was taken advantage of by some of his colleagues to inflame the minds of his followers against his opponents, who were denounced as murderers, and threats of vengeance were freely made by the rabble of the Irish capital, who, although of very uncertain caliber, as Irish Nationalists, were Parnellites to a man.

It was hoped, however, by the friends of Ireland outside the arena of strife, that the death of Mr. Parnell would end the deplorable conflict. But the Members of Parliament who had supported him substantially declared such should not be the case. They would still vindicate his name and memory to the discomfiture of all his enemies. They had the majority of the people of Ireland on their side, they proclaimed. Their speakers and the few newspapers which they controlled continued their denunciation of Gladstone as "the grand old spider," the Liberals of Great Britain who had espoused the cause of Home Rule as hypocrites and knaves, and the great majority of the Irish members who had remained true to their solemn pledges as subservient tools of the Liberal party. The Catholic clergy also were bitterly denounced.

The general election of last July arrived. Then the opportunity came to test the democracy of Ireland on the burning questions which had agitated the country for two years. It also came to test, under most crucial circumstances, what, in my opinion, was of as much if not more importance — the voice of the British democracy on the question of self-government for the Irish people. I was in Ireland at the time holding a special commission as correspondent from two Boston newspapers, and witnessed the whole of that bitter election struggle. It was intensely bitter. The Parnellite rowdies of the cities and large towns, and of some of the rural districts, most of whom were non-voters, made it extremely hot for the supporters of the majority party. They carried out fully Mr. Timothy Harrington's public declaration, that they would "make it hot in every sense of the word" for their opponents. Every speaker of the majority party really took his life in his hands when he went to address a public meeting. Michael Davitt was struck down with a stone thrown by some ruffian in

Meath. John Dillon was assailed in Ballaghdeerin; William O'Brien so severely injured in Cork that his life was trembling in the balance for some weeks; David Sheehy, who contested Waterford with Mr. Redmond, was beaten into unconsciousness on the street within thirty feet of his headquarters, receiving wounds the marks of which he will carry to his grave; and similar treatment was received by many others. The drunken Parnellite rowdies, stimulated by porter and whiskey, paid for not from their own resources, were aggressive, active, and unmolested by the constabulary. The latter were evidently inactive through special instructions from Dublin Castle. I saw a group of constabulary men on election day in the square outside the market-house in Dundalk looking quietly on at an assault made upon a number of Nationalist voters, one of whom, an old man named Mackin, was killed before their eyes.

In not a solitary case were the Parnellite speakers molested by their opponents. It is quite clear Mr. Harrington and his colleagues had all the forces on their side who knew how to advance the cause of Home Rule by "making it hot" with sticks and stones. Notwithstanding this sad state of things, the voice of Ireland was emphatically heard when the result of the elections was announced. The Irish National party returned seventy-one members, a solid, compact phalanx, each pledged in writing to sit, act, and vote with his party as a union, and to abide by the decision of the majority on all national questions, while the Parnellite faction returned nine members pledged to nothing; each at perfect liberty to follow his own sweet will.

The saddest feature of the bitter contest, however, was the assault made on the Catholic clergy of Ireland. They were charged by the Parnellite press and speakers with intimidating the voters and dictating to them for whom they should cast their ballot; in a word, with prostituting their sacred office by coercing men to vote otherwise than as their consciences directed. Stories of clerical intimidation were published, not sufficiently clear as to persons and particulars to serve as the basis of actions for libels, but sufficient for the purpose of inflaming the public mind against the priests, more especially the anti-Catholic mind. Those stories were told from hundreds of platforms in Great Britain by a cloud of campaign speakers from the North of Ireland, chiefly Orange and Tory clergymen, who claimed that the stories were true because they were published by Catholics, and, being true, it followed that Home Rule in Ireland meant Rome Rule, and the feet of the Catholic clergy on the necks of the Irish Protestants; and the speakers implored their fellow-Protestants of Great Britain to save their co-religionists in Ireland from such a fate by voting against Gladstone and the Liberal candidates. These appeals had a very serious effect in keeping the Home Rule majority down to forty when between eighty to a hundred had been reasonably expected; but the British democracy as a whole refused to believe the Parnellite and Orange stories; they stood to their guns like men during that most crucial test, and voted for justice to Ireland.

Did the priests of Ireland dictate to or intimidate the people? As far as I know they did not. I examined quite carefully into seven or eight cases of alleged clerical intimidation set forth in the most flamboyant language in a Parnellite

paper of Dublin and found they were fabricated,— gotten up for election purposes, as I charitably supposed. A few of the priests lost their temper under the foul abuse poured upon them, and said things which they regretted in their cooler moments, and these foolish things were magnified, twisted, and distorted, and thus sent before the British public — and indeed the whole world — to blacken the character of the Irish priesthood. Let me say, the Catholic clergy of Ireland are not recent converts to the Home Rule cause. As long ago as the fifteenth day of September, 1873, the bishop and priests of the diocese of Cloyne in their famous Declaration for Home Rule said : "The time has arrived when the interests of our country require from us as priests and as Irishmen a public pronouncement on the vital question of Home Rule. We suggest the holding of an aggregate meeting in Dublin of the representatives of all interested in this great question — and they are the entire people without distinction of creed or class — for the purpose of placing, by constitutional means, on a broad and definite basis the nation's demand for the restoration of its plundered rights." From that time to the present the priests have been in the very vanguard of the Home Rule movement, contributing liberally of their means and their services to its support, and many have proudly gone to prison for defending its principles. Last summer, whenever I read or heard the bitter calumnies hurled at them, the voice of our dear dead singer, John Boyle O'Reilly, spoke in reply,—

"Yea, they lied, they sinned,— not knowing you, they had not gauged your love;
Heaven bless you, priests of Ireland, for the wisdom from above!

. . . . . .

"Let the words be carried outward till the farthest lands they reach;
'After Christ, their country's freedom do the Irish prelates preach.' "

Again, the position of the leaders of the Parnellite faction relative to the funds raised in the United States and Australia for the support of the evicted Plan of Campaign tenants is very singular, to say the least. Mr. Parnell, one of the trustees of the fund, immediately after the divorce court proceedings, refused to allow the funds to be disbursed among the tenants, assigning, among other reasons, that he never countenanced the Plan of Campaign. At his death, his widow, instigated and aided by the Messrs. Redmond, Harrington, Kenny, and others, kept the funds still locked up, and they are locked to the present day. These evicted tenants — the bravest soldiers of the Irish Land war,— with their families, might starve, and go naked, or go to the poorhouse, if they depended upon the Parnellite leaders. But the party of the majority — the Irish National Federation — came to their relief. I quote from the report of John Dillon, trustee. He says, from Jan. 1, 1891, to Dec. 30, 1891, $226,100 was spent upon the Plan of Campaign tenants. Three thousand five hundred and ninety-five families, numbering about 35,000 persons, were relieved from absolute want with this money. From Jan. 1, 1892, to Aug. 1, 1892, the sum of $100,500 was disbursed among the evicted tenants; and of this last-named sum every cent was contributed by the branches of the National Federation in Ireland. The Parnellite newspapers and speakers did everything in their power to dissuade the people from contributing to this fund, declaring that it would be used for political purposes, and not for relief. They would raise no money themselves for

the purpose, nor permit any to be raised, if they could.

The sober second thought of the Parnellite voters has been considering these points which I have crudely stated, since the late election. The more they are considered the smaller the faction will grow. The process of absorption is rapidly going on. Let me say, I do not question the sincerity of the Parnellite leaders, one of whom I count as a dear and valued friend, no more than I question the sincerity of the late Jefferson Davis and his associates, who tried to disrupt our Union. But the majority must rule in Ireland, as in Massachusetts: it is the democratic method and principle. Faction in Ireland will be short-lived. It did its worst damage during the last election; it will have practically vanished by the time the next general election comes round.

"THE MINORITY HAVE SOME RIGHTS."

BY JOHN O'CALLAGHAN.

THREE months will not have elapsed until Ireland is brought face to face with the solution of the problem how she is to be governed in the generations to come. To bring the question of Home Rule within the region of practical politics O'Connell thundered from the hillsides of Erin until his "aged eyes grew dim." For the same purpose Smith O'Brien stood within the dock and heard with composure the sentence which condemned him to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; in a vain endeavor to secure the rights of their down-trodden country, Mitchell, Meagher, McManus, and others of the '48 men became unwilling exiles; for it, too, the men of '67 left their homes and bared their breasts against the mailed hand of England, and to the same end the efforts of constitutional agitation for the past fifteen years have been devoted. That end has now been attained.

In the present condition of affairs in Ireland, it would not be wise, nor do I think it would be profitable, to stop to inquire through whose efforts this has become possible. Men's passions have been too much stirred within recent years to render an impartial verdict on that point possible at the present time. When the feelings and prejudices engendered by the unfortunate controversy of the past two years have to some extent subsided, some historian of "our own times" will doubtless do justice to all concerned. Till then it is better left alone.

In attempting to deal with current politics in Ireland, one thing, in my judgment, should be kept steadily in mind,— the necessity of saying nothing which could add to the bitterness already existing between the rival sections of Nationalists. To do otherwise is to add fuel to the flame; and, where the struggle has already severed many life-long friendships, divided families, and even set brother against brother, to further embitter it would be little less than criminal. It is not to-day a question of what some men did two years ago, or others failed to do, or even what they did last month, so much as it is a question of what they will do six months hence. Irish leaders, like

those of any other country, are human, and therefore not infallible. "To err is human," but we can at least profit by those errors ; we can gain experience from them, costly though it may be. It has been, and doubtless will continue to be, argued that the division is now practically ended, that the country has spoken decisively, and rejected the claims of the men who are to-day admittedly in a minority. If it were so, and that the country quietly acquiesced in the decision, I do not say that there would be much to quarrel about in it. Whether either party completely crushes the other, — though that is a result which I trust will never come to pass,— or there is a fusion of both parties, as I sincerely hope we may soon see, so long as there is union on any basis it does not, to my mind, matter a great deal how it is brought about. But I maintain that a union *in some form* of the warring Nationalists is as necessary to the success of the Home Rule cause as is a majority for the Home Rule bill in the House of Commons.

To men who feel that the triumph of the side whose cause they have espoused is all that is worth striving for, there is little use in appealing, but to those who believe that the future of Ireland ought to be paramount to the personal feelings of any man or set of men, it is hardly necessary to say that it were better that the entire Parliamentary representation of Ireland to-day *of both sections* should be swept from public life, and never more be heard of, than that Ireland should face the crisis which is before her torn with internal dissension. If the supersensitiveness of perhaps a dozen leaders, or their desire to pay off old scores, interferes — as it has done up to the present — with the promotion of a better feeling throughout the country, then I say that Ireland can dispense with the services of the few rather than the solid support of the many. She is not so poor in talent that she cannot find eighty men within her borders who will at least do what lies in their power for her, and not make the country one huge battlefield, in return for the privilege of having them to represent her at St. Stephen's. My belief, however, is that it is not necessary that even one man should sacrifice his seat in Parliament in order that peace should reign throughout the land. But debating at length, criticising the speeches, and exploiting the weak points in the arguments of opponents will not hasten a reunion of the forces, which I believe is absolutely necessary to success. Better admit at once that neither side has been entirely free from mistakes, that each has something to forgive and to be forgiven for, and not be too punctilious as to which shall be the first to make the admission.

I hold no brief to defend either side, nor am I an apologist for the blunders which may have been committed ; but I am no believer in the theory that if men happen to be in a minority everything they do must necessarily be injurious, while the excesses of the majority are to be charitably overlooked on the broad principle that might is right. The minority have not always been as guarded in their language as they might, perhaps, have been, but the charges, many of them unfounded, and not a few of them unjust, which have from time to time been levelled against them, have not been such as to make men cautious as to the language they use. I no more sympathize with the absurd cry of "Priest-hunt-

ers" and "Home Rule Wreckers," raised against Mr. Redmond and his followers, than I do with the epithets, "Whig," "West Briton," etc., flung at men like John Dillon and William O'Brien by some of the more irresponsible among their opponents. Bandying such expressions as "Factionist" and "Pledge-breaker" in one unending chorus is a poor way to serve Ireland. Any man of even mediocre ability can do that. It is time that a better feeling should prevail between men who ought to be friends, and who, united, would be invincible. It is because I believe in some other argument than that of big battalions that I venture to say a word, even at the risk of being misunderstood, for the men who are to-day underneath in the contest, but who to-morrow may prove to be the most far-seeing politicians in the country. That is the principle against which Ireland has contended since Englishmen first set foot upon her shores; it is the principle against which she is struggling to-day. Five years ago she flung back in Mr. Chamberlain's face the brutal taunt that Ireland would be denied Home Rule because England was thirty millions strong, while Ireland was but four. Her public men waxed eloquent in her defence, and called for the moral support of the rest of the world in their resistance to the odious declaration. Can these same men ask the world to-day to sanction a policy of proscription against a minority of their own countrymen, their colleagues, and fellow-workers for years, and far more powerful proportionately, in numbers, because they happen not to join with them? It will doubtless be said that in extending any toleration to the minority a person identifies himself as a thick-and-thin supporter of their policy. This is not necessarily so. I believe the minority are entitled to fair consideration; first, because it is but common justice; secondly, because not until Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule bill is introduced can anybody tell whether or not their policy was not absolutely necessary to safeguard the rights of the country; and, if we are to judge by the outlines of the forthcoming bill, which have been cabled to this country as authentic, it will not be long until they have many men who are to-day opposed to them on their side, if an attempt is made to force any such measure on the country as final. The bill outlined in the cablegrams would give Ireland four provincial or enlarged parish parliaments, and is almost identical with Mr. Chamberlain's County Councils bill, which Parnell and Ireland scornfully rejected eight years ago as a settlement of the question. But I shall, perhaps, avail of the opportunity to speak on that subject later, and point out some of the dangers arising therefrom. I am opposed to crushing out the Parnellites. Thirdly, because, despite all that has been said to the contrary, they have a large and determined following throughout Ireland. More significant even than the numbers of that following is the fact that their supporters are chiefly to be found among the young men, and the artisans and mercantile classes in the cities and large towns — the men who have been the backbone of every national movement from the Volunteers to the Land League. They have reaped but little financial benefit from their connection with the Land League movement; many of them lost heavily by it, and in taking the stand they have taken within the past two years they have not been swayed by mercenary motives,

but by an honest desire to serve Ireland as they deemed best, according to their lights.

Men like Mr. Meade and Mr. Shanks who have been elected to the high office of Lord Mayor of the Irish metropolis, and like Alderman John O'Brien of Cork, who was thrice honored by an election as chief magistrate of the Southern city, and hundreds of other men of similar standing in the community, do not lose their respectability or their love of country in a day because they happen to differ with a majority.

It is hard to blame them for protesting if they see men who held aloof from the movement when it was dangerous to be identified with it, lauded as patriots and ideal Nationalists to-day because they espouse a certain side, while they, who took the blows and stripes, endured ignominy, and, in many instances, sacrificed their liberty when it was not fashionable to be Nationalists, are held up as traitors to their country and enemies of her welfare. We had better ask ourselves before we denounce them as "Factionists" and "Tories in disguise" what we would have done if we were in their places. There are two courses, and two courses only, open: these men must be either treated as friends, or as enemies. Which is it to be? I do not believe that any one has yet been found with hardihood enough to claim that Home Rule could be carried, or, if carried, successfully put into operation in opposition to the will of the Parnellites. They constitute a force which must be reckoned with, whether we wish it or not. Ministers may walk out of the House of Commons while John Redmond is speaking, as I have seen Mr. Gladstone do, but the fact remains that no Nationalist representative has yet found courage to declare that Ireland did not want what the Parnellites have claimed for her. On the contrary, the majority have, through one of their ablest men, subscribed to the demands of the minority; and he has counselled a policy of toleration which it would be for Ireland's benefit to have pursued to-day. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., speaking in Liverpool as late as April 9 of the present year, said:—

> I have heard and read a great many of the speeches made by the leaders of the Parnellite party, and I have attempted to glean from them what their principles are. And, gentlemen, I must honestly confess, that there is not a single one of their principles that I think an Irish Nationalist is not only ready but bound to accept. For instance, take that supreme point, the nature of the power and the authority of the Parliament that is to be created in Ireland. I listened with the utmost care to the speech which Mr. Redmond delivered on that point, and, for myself, I not only found nothing to condemn but everything to commend in his observations upon it. . . . What they want is the power and authority of the Irish Parliament to decide and control the affairs of the Irish nation within the shores of Ireland. Without one moment, or without one word of hesitation, I accept that demand to the fullest extent. I will go further, and say that any English Liberal who is not ready to say "Amen" to that demand of Mr. Redmond and his colleagues does not know the realities and the consequences of his own policy.

Will anybody accuse Mr. O'Connor of treachery to Ireland for having given utterance to such sentiments six months ago? He is to-day one of the most trusted men in the councils of the majority, and deservedly so. But is it treason for men who are not members of Mr. O'Connor's party, or Parnellites of any class, to cling to the opinions of which he was then such an eloquent defender? He, I know, would not excommunicate them for clinging to such opinions; but it is to be feared that other men in his party are not as tolerant, as fair-minded, or as far-seeing as he. In the same speech

he gave expression to one of the soundest political principles inculcated during the entire controversy, and one of the most beneficial to Ireland. He recognized what others have either failed or were not inclined to do,— that his opponents were sterling Nationalists, differing honestly from him as to the best means to be pursued in order to win their country's rights, and he was ready to treat them accordingly. He said: —

> I am ready to recognize their apprehensions, and to allow these apprehensions vent and expression in the House of Commons. An Irish party ought to be representative of all sections and shades of Irish Nationalist feeling. . . . If at the back of the crowds which rejoice at the restoration of Irish freedom there stand a group of our fellow-Nationalists, sulky, angered, suspicious, seeing in what ought to be a great national triumph nothing but the victory of a party, and of certain men whom they hate and distrust, it will be deplorable. The people of Ireland will have plenty of difficulties to face when they start afresh in their national life with their new Parliament. Is it not the sacred duty of every Irishman to diminish these difficulties so far as he can, to unite the different sections of the people, to allay their passions, and to smooth their misapprehensions?

I would reëcho the words of Mr. O'Connor: "Is it not the sacred duty of every Irishman to unite the different sections of the people so far as he can?" That was the work in which Davis wore out his brilliant intellect forty years ago; that was the spirit by which he was animated when he sang,—

> We do not hate, we never cursed,
> Nor spoke a foeman's word
> Against a man in Ireland nursed,
> Howe'er we thought he erred;
> So start not, Irish-born man,
> If you're to Irel:.nd true:
> We heed not race, nor creed, nor clan,
> We've hearts and hands for you.

Thus far I have written from the standpoint that it is bad policy, as it is unnecessary, to prolong a quarrel which can do no one any good, and which has been, and will be if it is continued, of incalculable injury to Ireland. If it is continued it will not be because the people — the calm, conservative, reflecting people of the country — wish that it should continue, but for reasons of which they know nothing, or next to nothing. The people, as distinct from the politicians, want peace, and they are not going to stickle as to the means by which it is brought about. I take it that no one who professes to be desirous of seeing Ireland succeed in her efforts to win her freedom will assert that the continuation of the dispute between the rival sections of Nationalists is likely to hasten tha tsuccess. How, then, can the quarrel be brought to an end? That is a question which the leaders on both sides will have to settle for themselves; but recent events have shown that, with a desire to promote reunion, it is perfectly possible. After quarrelling for two years over the release of the "Paris fund" without reaching any agreement, the leaders on both sides have concurred in securing it, on one simple practical suggestion being offered by Archbishop Croke looking to that end. Is not a similar result possible in regard to the other questions involved in the dispute if they are only approached in the proper spirit? I believe it is. But if it is sought to make men scapegoats because they saw fit to stand by Parnell while he lived, and have advocated his principles since his death, then I say that reunion is impossible, and the success of the Home Rule cause is improbable. The Parnellites, no matter how small their representation in Parliament may be, are too strong a power to be ignored, and if their opponents persist in endeavoring to force them to the wall, and making them crouch

before them, and cry *peccavi*, or stand up and fight, there is not a shadow of a doubt that fight they will. A truce with these men is possible: conquest of them will not be a task of one year or of two, if it can ever be accomplished. It will not only take one or two but half a dozen general elections to materially alter the strength of the Parnellite minority, for the worse at least, unless the circumstances change very much. Where would Home Rule be by the time that question would be settled, if men will persist in settling it? Beyond the power of the Parliamentary party to aid it, in my opinion. The total number of votes cast for each side at the last general election is a sufficient indication of this. There were forty-four constituencies in which Parnellite and anti-Parnellite candidates were pitted against one another. Of these forty-four, the anti-Parnellites carried thirty-three, yet in the entire forty-four contests the vote was: Parnellite, seventy-two thousand seven hundred and two; anti-Parnellite, one hundred and eight thousand, six hundred and ninety-eight. That is, on a total vote of one hundred and eighty-one thousand four hundred and sixty, the Parnellites were in a minority of only thirty-five thousand, four hundred and thirty-six. It is certain that they were weaker proportionately in the uncontested seats, but, nevertheless, do the figures I have quoted afford sufficient reason or encouragement for endeavoring to crush out a minority which can receive such support under admittedly adverse circumstances?

The Democratic party in Massachusetts at the recent election cast about the same number of votes for governor. What would be thought of the wisdom of men who would advocate a strife in the Democratic party in Massachusetts which would weaken it to the extent of seventy-five thousand votes? Would they be regarded as sane men, or men animated by a desire to see their party successful? The people of Massachusetts would be very likely to say to the men who would continue such a suicidal strife, "A plague on both your houses!" There has been too much seen of the disastrous results of the policy of "divide and conquer" among Irish leaders in the past to lend any encouragement to it in the future. We are sometimes asked, "What's in a name?" In the case of Ireland at the present day there is a great deal in a name. A man may be of any other shade of Irish National politics he wishes to-day, and be made none the less comfortable, but let him proclaim himself a Parnellite, and, no matter how great his past services have been, he is at once stigmatized as a traitor and a renegade. Ireland cannot afford to see history repeat itself in this respect. It was true in Grattan's time, it was true in O'Connell's time, as it is true to-day. Barrington, in his "Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation," says, regarding the quarrel between Grattan and Flood, similar in many respects to that we witness in Ireland to-day: "It was deeply lamented that at a moment critical and vital beyond all former precedent, an inveterate and almost vulger hostility should have prevented the coöperation of men whose counsels and talents would have secured its independence."

And there can be no more painful study to Irishmen than the pages of young Ireland, in which Sir Charles Gavan Duffy tells the story of the ruin brought upon the country by the rupture between O'Connell and

the Young Irelanders. He says: "A nation rarely changes its character, and in Ireland, hitherto, history has repeated itself with the fidelity of a stock piece at the theatre, where nothing is changed from generation to generation but the actors. The same mistakes in policy are committed over and over again, and a faithful narrative of one eventful era is like a mirror, in which the Irish people may see things reflected which it greatly behooves them to understand." Does any Irishman look on O'Connell as a traitor to-day because he disagreed with the Young Irelanders? On the other hand, who regards Mitchell, Duffy, Martin, Dillon, or McGee as any the worse Irishmen because they all happened to quarrel with O'Connell? Forty years hence the people who come after us will look upon the men of to-day on both sides as we look on the men of '48,—as honest men, who, if wiser counsels had prevailed amongst them, would have righted the wrongs of their country. In the belief that they are too good Irishmen to be long divided when they see their country in peril because of their senseless quarrel, I would close by saying, with the sweet singer of the *Nation*,—

> There's not a man in all the land
> Our country now can spare;
> The strong man with his sinewy hand,
> The weak man with his prayer;
> No whining tone of mere regret,
> Young Irishmen for you,
> But by your deeds show England yet
> What Irishmen can do.

BLASTS FROM THE RAM'S HORN.

Love is always a miracle worker.
When you want to see angels, look up.
Self-love is the worst kind of idolatry.
The man who does right will feel right.
The smallest sin may hide the face of God.
The foot of the cross is the highest place on earth.
No man's religion is worth any more than it costs him.
Law wears iron shoes, and never turns aside in pity.
The surest way to be rich is to learn to be contented.
God has never expected anybody to have charity for sin.
To lead a little child by the hand is to command an army.
The religious home is the greatest foe the devil has on earth.
Do your best when you expect to get help from Heaven.
No man gets such great pay as the one who does God's work.
The devil is always after the man who never gets discouraged.
You can't make the man poor who knows he is rich in God's love.
The great thing is not how long we are going to live, but how.
There is no Christ for the man who is not willing to bear the Cross.
It is not the last drink that makes a man a drunkard, but the first.
The devil can't do much with a man until he can get him to quit work.
People who grumble do a good deal of work for the devil for nothing.
The man who believes that God loves him will always respect himself.

OCTAVIUS, OR THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY REV. JOSEPH V. O'CONNOR.

Mary! our comfort and our hope,
Oh, may that word be given
To be the last we sigh on earth,
The first we breathe in Heaven!

IT was the first Christmas Eve. Two Roman officers, attended by soldiers and slaves, were engaged in taking, in the environs of Bethlehem, the census ordered by Cæsar. The younger of the officers, who acted as secretary, was still in early manhood, and his courteous demeanor to the Jews was in marked contrast with the rough and insulting mien of the older officer. The latter, Quadratus by name, disliked the merely civil duty of enrolment, and he was in bad humor when he gave the command for the party to march into the town of Bethlehem itself.

Octavius, the young officer, rode forward, sunk in a profound revery. He had been stationed for some time in Palestine, and being a man of thought and study, superior to the rough soldiers, his companions, he had been deeply impressed with the religion of the Hebrews, and his imagination had been charmed with their dreams and prophecies of their expected Messias.

"I see before us," cried Quadratus, "an old man and a woman, walking slowly to Bethlehem. Let us overtake them and hurry their pace. These cursed Jews take delight in annoying us. You, there!" he shouted to a Hebrew slave who formed part of his escort, "perhaps that feeble old man is the Messias, who is on his way to Bethlehem to take possession of his throne."

The Hebrew started violently, then stopping short, he cast a look of mingled hate and disdain upon the Roman officer. "Perhaps!" said the slave, and then, with a bound, fled.

"Thou art crucified if we catch thee!" cried Quadratus after him. "Let him go," he added to a soldier who was preparing to give chase; "the fellow was not worth his salt."

"*Perhaps*," repeated Octavius, and a strange emotion made the young man's heart beat faster. The road was narrow and difficult. With a dozen paces the horse of Quadratus overtook the two travellers on foot.

"My good man," asked Quadratus, "who art thou?" The one addressed turned, and revealed a countenance of great sweetness and mildness, but withal manly and dignified. He saluted the Roman officer respectfully, and uttered some words in Hebrew, a language which Octavius understood.

"He says," interpreted Octavius, "that his name is Joseph, and that he goes to Bethlehem with his wife, to be enrolled, in obedience to the command of Cæsar."

"And what is her name?" queried Quadratus.

"My friend," said Octavius to Joseph, "he asks thee what is the name of her who seems rather to be thy daughter than thy wife?"

The stranger again spoke in Hebrew. "Her name is Mary," said Octavius to Quadratus, "and she suffers."

The brutal old pagan gave expression to an insulting remark, which filled the young man with indignation.

"Silence!" he commanded in a tone which brooked no parley.

The movements of the horses at this moment separated the two strangers. Joseph found himself at the side of Quadratus, who addressed him several rude and stupid questions. Octavius found himself trembling before the young maiden. His lips strove to utter ideas for which he could find no words. A holy emotion seized him, and, bending before her, he said in Hebrew:

"O thou who callest thyself Mary, whoever thou art, I know not what feeling urges me to ask of thee the secret of my destiny. O daughter of the Hebrews! I have read the writings of thy prophets. Divided between my despair and their hopes, I ask you in the name of Heaven, if you have a word to enlighten my soul, oh, speak it!"

The Virgin did not disdain the prayer of the Roman. She turned to him, and allowed his eyes to fall upon her face. Who shall describe the beauty of that divine vision? She was pale, but a seraphic light seemed to irradiate her. She did not raise her eyes, but, in a low, sweet voice, she uttered the words, "Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God."

After these words, Octavius did not seem to give further attention to what was passing around him. The strangers parted from the escort at the gate of Bethlehem, and the young officer betook himself to a chamber in an inn. From the ceiling hung a lamp. He flung himself upon a couch, and took from his bosom a roll of papyrus. The roll contained a copy of verses which had lately been composed at Rome, by a poet, the favorite of Augustus. The verses seemed to be a sublime prophecy, the longing of the world for God, rather than a simple eclogue:—

Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend!
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh, spring to light! auspicious Babe, be born!

Octavius read the poetry with a perplexed brow. It seemed to him to be the inspired strains of a sibyl. He reviewed the eventful day just closed — the departure from Jerusalem; the question of Quadratus to the slave; the latter's response; the strange impression made upon him by the two Hebrews, above all by the Virgin, more noble than a goddess, purer than an angel; her sweet name of Mary; the supernatural beauty of her countenance; the sound of her voice, more entrancing than music, yet impressive as eternity; her striking words, which penetrated his very soul, and dispersed the clouds of scepticism, doubt, sin, and sadness that had enveloped it; a vague sentiment of a destiny accomplished and of approaching death; all these passed through his mind.

Suddenly he arose. Darkness had long since fallen, and it must be near midnight, yet he beheld an extraordinary splendor filling the heavens. He ran to the terrace and gazed around. A celestial glory robed the earth. From afar came the echo of ineffable harmony. It bore to him the words, "Peace to men of good will."

The young Roman, amazed, started back to his room. He thought that

he was losing his senses. But the profound peace which filled his soul, the secret and unspeakable joy which took possession of his whole being, the consciousness that the true God was blessing him, soon dissipated all vain terrors and imaginations.

This divine peace was destined never to leave him. Two months after the completion of the census he died. His last word was the name of her whom he had met near Bethlehem. He expired in pronouncing MARIA.

They found a roll of papyrus among his manuscripts. On it, under a date which corresponds to our 24th of December, were the lines in his own handwriting, in Hebrew: "Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God," and a little lower down, a name — the name which he had uttered with his last breath — MARIA!

A KISS.

BY W. S. SNYDER.

IF thou lov'st me, send to me
  Something that shall live for aye;
Something that shall rapture be,
And confess thy constancy,
  Whether thou be far or nigh;
Something that the heart shall thrill,
  Make it pause, and start, and leap,
Trust and doubt, and warm and chill,
Faith inspire and hope instil,
  Share, and yet its sweetness keep;
Bring thee nearer in my dreams,
  When thy love enraptures me,
Than yon radiant Pleiad seems
  To the starlit mystery —
Send me something, dear, like this,
Nay, thou canst not — 'tis a kiss.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

J. T.

LIFE has its time for the smile and the tear,
  As onward its moments are flying;
Never a day nor an hour of the year
  But echoes with laughter and sighing.
Therefore let's call up the smile while we may,
  As sunshine to brighten our station;
Sighing is all very well in its way,
  But sighs never need invitation.

BOSTON COLLEGE.

Its History and Influence.

THE history of Boston College begins about the year 1860, when the Rev. John McElroy, S. J., after some opposition, caused by the lingering phantom of Know-nothingism, built that portion of the edifice which to-day faces on Harrison Avenue. The building was originally used as a scholasticate, or house of studies, for the Jesuit scholastics, but this was afterwards transferred to Georgetown College, and thence to the College of the Sacred Heart, Woodstock, Md.

On May 25, 1864, by an act of the Massachusetts Legislature, the Fathers of the Society of Jesus were empowered "to confer such degrees as are usually conferred by colleges in the Commonwealth, except medical degrees." Classes, however, were not organized until Sept. 5, 1864, when the doors of the school were thrown open to twenty-two students. The first name to be placed on the rolls was that of Arthur J. McAvoy, a priest of the Society of Jesus, at the present time connected with the Church of St. Aloysius, Washington, D. C.

Such was the humble beginning of Boston College. Undismayed, however, by fears of failure, the able men to whom the institution was intrusted during its infancy worked steadily and confidently, fully aware that the foundations of a great house of learning must be slowly and carefully laid. Their untiring efforts were rewarded, for within three years the number of students in attendance had passed one hundred. Each year now brought a permanent increase to the roster of pupils, and, what was still more to be desired, a steady rise in the standard of scholarship. In 1877, the course having been completely and firmly established, the first graduates were sent forth.

The work already accomplished being thus favorably placed before the public, the march up the pathway of success became more rapid, until, after the lapse of twenty-eight years, the number of registered students has risen from twenty-two to three hundred and seventy-six, and the faculty of six or seven is now a faculty of nineteen, five of whom are laymen, graduates of the College.

Boston College has been governed by eight presidents. The first was the Rev. John Bapst, S. J., who had previously been cruelly and ignominiously tarred and feathered during Know-nothing times, while ministering to a small flock, at Ellsworth, Me. He was succeeded, in 1869, by the Rev. Robert W. Brady, S. J., who was soon called to a more important office in the government of the Society, leaving his mantle to one who was destined to stamp his name indelibly on the pages of the history of Catholicism in Boston.

The Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., soon after his ordination, in 1861, came to Boston and lectured on theology to the students of the Society. When the college was opened he was appointed the first prefect of studies, and took such an active interest in the work that, after his long and successful career as

president, he came to be considered by many as the founder of the institution. On the departure of his predecessor, in 1870, Father Fulton was appointed to the presidency, and immediately set about making permanent and lasting the success of the first five years. Although classes were advanced to the grade preparatory to graduation as early as 1871, he postponed the conferring of degrees until 1877, when the course, complete in every detail, had been regularly established, and the high standard of scholarship could be maintained. In 1880, having accomplished his purpose, he relinquished his charge to the care of the Rev. Jeremiah O'Connor, S. J., and, at the call of the provincial, undertook the difficult task of relieving the Church of St. Aloysius, in Washington, of a heavy debt.

Father O'Connor's administration was marked by such vigor that the fame of Boston College soon reached every Catholic household in the vicinity. Military drill was started by him, and the *Stylus* was founded during his term of office. His successor, the Rev. Edward V. Boursaud, S. J., governed the school with the same energy and activity until 1887, when he, too, was called to more exalted honors. The late Rev. Thomas H. Stack, S. J., was next appointed to the presidency, but he died during the vacation, before he had time to assume active control of affairs. His sudden taking off was mourned by all the students, to whom he had endeared himself by his kind and gentle bearing.

The Rev. Nicholas Russo, S. J., took charge of affairs temporarily during the year 1887–88, and his administration was marked by a strong effort to elevate the standard of scholarship in all the classes. At the close of the year Father Fulton, after a successful career of six years as superior of the New York and Maryland Province, was again appointed to the presidency, and was welcomed back to the scenes of his early labors, whence he had departed eight years before.

Immediately upon the opening of the school year he turned his attention to the course of studies and set a higher standard of excellence. It had been evident for some time previous to his return that an enlargement of the school building would be required to accommodate the steady increase in the attendance. He therefore caused plans to be drawn, and during the spring of 1889 ground was broken for the new addition to be built, at a cost of about $125,000. The work, however, was delayed very much by the strikes which occurred during the month of May, and was not completed until the spring of 1890. Notwithstanding the many inconveniences resulting from this unexpected delay, the old students returned in great numbers in September, 1890, and with them came a large influx of new applicants, until three hundred were in actual attendance and new members were added to the faculty. The strain, however, was too much for Father Fulton, who was already sixty-four years of age. Finding his health impaired, on Oct. 15, 1890, when all the plans for the current year had been mapped out and set in motion, he started for Hot Springs, Ark., by the advice of his physician. His severe rheumatic trouble not being alleviated, however, the Rev. Edward I. Devitt, S. J., the present incumbent, was, in January, 1891, appointed to succeed him.

Father Devitt, who is a Boston boy,

soon familiarized himself with the duties of his office and made preparations for the large increase which was sure to come as a result of the erection of the new building. He devoted himself to the maintenance of the old standard in the study of the ancient languages, and set about bringing the first class of grammar down, are very large. In some cases they have been divided into two and three sections, which made necessary a further addition to the faculty. It is believed, however, that with the beginning of the new century — if not before — the graduating classes will be double their present size.

NAVE OF THE CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

course of mathematics up to the required standard. His severity in this matter has had a salutary effect the current year, having brought an increase of fifty over last year's daily attendance. This growth has not as yet begun to manifest itself in the graduating classes. These have not varied much during the past ten years, but the classes, from the

During the past fifteen years degrees have been conferred upon two hundred and forty-three students. One hundred and ninety-seven of these have received the degree of bachelor of arts; thirty-nine, the bachelor of arts and the master of arts; three, the master of arts alone; three, the bachelor of science, and one the master of arts (*honoris*

causa). Fourteen of the graduates are now dead. Eighty-nine entered the ranks of the secular clergy, and six became religious (five Jesuits and one Augustinian); twenty-five are doctors; thirteen, lawyers; thirteen, school teachers, and nine journalists. Of the remainder, forty-one are still pursuing ecclesiastical studies preparatory to ordination; eight are studying law and seven medicine.

Boston College is intended for day scholars only, but at the present time about fifty per cent. of the students come from the neighboring towns and cities by rail, returning to their homes in the evening. The course extends over seven years, three preparatory and four collegiate, during which time the student devotes himself to the study of the ancient and modern languages, mathematics, and the sciences. The classes are conducted from 9 A. M. until 2 P. M. daily, except Saturday.

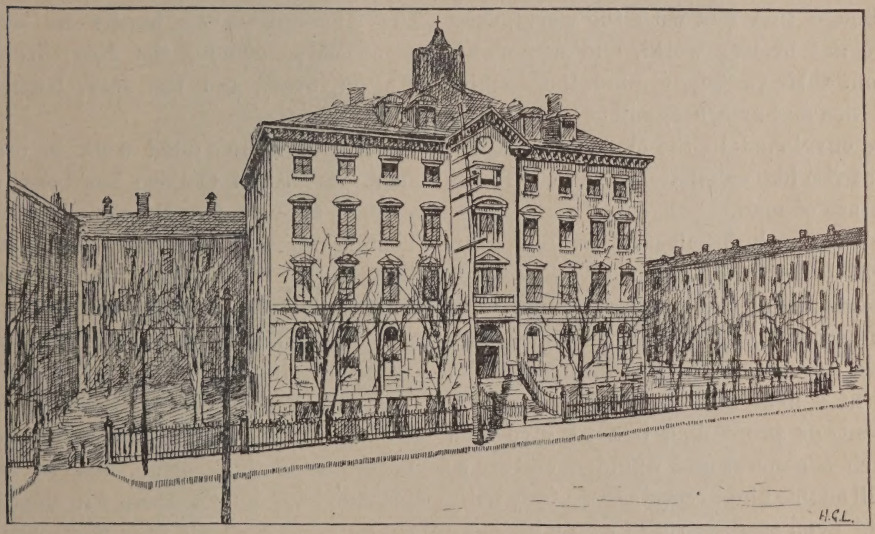
The system of education followed in Boston College is substantially that of all Jesuit colleges. Since the publication of the *Monumenta Germaniæ Pedagogica* by the German Government and the great Educators' Series by Scribner's Sons, those interested in pedagogics have opportunities of studying, either historically or scientifically, the Jesuit method of teaching. To these sources are referred readers who desire thorough knowledge on the subject. The purpose of this paper is to present in briefest outline the dominant features of the system, the general principles that give character to the method, the main object aimed at in teaching, leaving to any reader so inclined the task of studying in the above-mentioned works the detailed working and application of principles as they have been elaborated in the *Ratio Studiorum*.

Education is understood by the Jesuits in its completest sense as the full and harmonious development of all those faculties that are distinctive of man. It is not the mere communication of knowledge; the acquisition of knowledge, though it necessarily accompanies any right system, is a secondary result of education. Learning is an instrument of education, not an end; the end is culture. Clearly, then, the purpose of education will entail the choice of such instruments, that is, such studies, sciences, languages, as most effectively further its end. These studies, moreover, will be chosen only in proportion as, and in such numbers as they are sufficient and required. The election is not left to the student, who is unfitted to make a judicious choice; nor is the student forced in the short period of a college course to study all the "ologies" into which the vast world of modern knowledge has been specialized. If many sciences, for instance, give similar training to some mental faculty, those only are chosen which combine more effective training with the largest and most fundamental knowledge.

Education, therefore, is the development of the superior faculties of man through the instrumentality of knowledge, so chosen and communicated that the student shall gradually and harmoniously reach, as near as may be, that measure of culture he is capable of.

The faculties of man are classed under two heads, moral and intellectual. The purpose of a Jesuit education is to develop these faculties and to send forth men of sound judgment, of acute and rounded intellect, of upright and

manly conscience. The Jesuit system consequently does not share the conviction of those who seem to be hallucinated by one of the most grotesque of modern fallacies — that by the communication of mere knowledge men become better citizens; that vice is receding before the sunlight of science. Its central idea, on the contrary, is that a man possessed of vast information and high intellectual abilities, but destitute of moral control, is as powerless to attain his last end and perform his proper duties as is some great ocean-racer driven by powerful propellers but wanting a rudder; and that much of our modern education is doing for those who are so unfortunate as to be unreservedly submitted to its influence what the great war syndicate, as described by Stockton, accomplished against its numerous and powerful enemies — depriving them of a guiding and a controlling force. The principal faculties to be developed therefore are the moral faculties. Morality is to be taught not spasmodically or in chunks, but continuously. It must be the underlying base, the vital force supporting and animating the whole organic structure of education. It must be the atmosphere the student breathes; it must suffuse with its light all that he reads, illumining what is noble and exposing what is base; giving to the true and the false their relative light and shade. Only by precept and example conjoined can it be taught. None can teach it but those who practise it, whose lives radiate it. Those who do not possess it themselves cannot successfully simulate it. They may wear before their pupils a veneer of morality; they may speak elegantly of it, even persuasively perhaps, as did Seneca, but their descriptions of it are only analogous. The undefined magnetic attraction is absent; its effects cannot be produced by artifice.



BOSTON COLLEGE.

That morality is taught by precept

and example in Jesuit schools none but the ignorant deny. According to the *Ratio Studiorum*, the students of a Jesuit college are to be thoroughly instructed in the dogmas and duties of their holy religion, and are to practise its observances. The professors are to use their text-books not merely for the communication of knowledge, but to point a moral as well. They are by profession and prior training men who have but one object in view, — the advancement of religion and science. Though they mix with the world, they are not of the world, and can watch from their vantage-ground the conflict of men and measures and see when they are enveloped in the clouds of passion, that rise like exhalations from the lower nature of man.

The purely intellectual training, comprising the development of memory, of literary taste and expression, both oral and written, of the inductive and deductive powers of reason, does not claim to fit a man for some special employment or profession, but to give him such a general and rounded culture as will enable him to cope successfully with, and even surpass those who with more special training start with him in what has been rudely — perhaps truthfully — called the battle of life. While giving the mind stay, it removes that insularity of thought, that want of mental elasticity and suppleness, which is, perhaps, one of the most hopeless and disheartening results of specialism.

In fine, as Father Hughes very clearly expresses it, the purpose of the teaching of Boston College is "to lay a solid substructure in the whole mind and character, for any superstructure of science, professional and special; also for the entire building up of moral life, civil and religious."

Such in the abstract is the good influence that this college has for the last twenty-eight years been exerting upon the life of Boston through its Catholic members, who constitute so great a part of the population. Let us now consider its influence in the concrete. This is aptly illustrated by particular phases of its work, and by the careers of its alumni.

There have been at least two men connected with the faculty of Boston College, whose powerful influence on the community can hardly be overestimated; namely, the Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., and the Rev. Nicholas Russo, S. J.

Father Fulton's good work as president of Boston College has been described above. He did not, however, confine himself solely to the duties imposed by this office, but likewise took a lively interest in the future of the city, which he loves so well, and especially in the future of Catholic Boston. In 1875 he founded the Young Men's Catholic Association, connected with the college, and in 1890 provided for its members the magnificent quarters which they now occupy. To correctly estimate the influence that this society of Catholic young men has exerted and is daily exerting upon the life of Boston, one has but to read its history, which can be found elsewhere in this number. Moreover, he was instrumental in bringing many a convert into the true fold of Christ. In fact, since Boston College was opened, converts, averaging forty annually, many of them of the first social standing, have received through the ministry of the Jesuit Fathers the faith that was once the ancestral belief of all of us, be we descendant of Pilgrim, Puritan, or Catholic. Although not connected

with the college as an educational institute, yet this is an important point in estimating its influence.

Father Russo lectured on logic, metaphysics, and ethics for nine years, during which he established a strong course in these all-important topics, and would be difficult to enumerate all those of her graduates who have reflected credit upon their Alma Mater by their civic and religious virtues. More difficult by far would it be to name the countless others who sojourned within her sacred walls for

REV. ROBERT FULTON, S. J.

published a text-book which is now being used in nearly all the Catholic colleges of the United States. The effect of his training is not only noticeable in the success of many of his pupils who have remained in the world, but especially in the excellent standing of those who have joined the priestly ranks.

Even after such a short career, it a few years, drinking from [the] fountain of wisdom only to be reluctantly obliged to leave without the much-coveted diploma. They can be found in every walk of life, in our legislatures, in business, as lawyers or doctors, gladdening by their success the heart of their Alma Mater. Nowhere are they more numerous than in the ranks of Loyola's learned army.

Brief as the time is since the first student received his diploma, nearly the entire body of the younger clergymen of the archdiocese is made up of Boston College men, who are performing the duties of their sacred office with piety and zeal. Many of them are now being rewarded with pastoral charges, among whom are the Revs. John F. Cummins, A. M., '79, John F. Broderick, '77, and Patrick H. Callanan, '77. It is a well-known fact that to-day the classes at St. John's Seminary vary with the graduating classes at Boston College, and the Catholic Church in these parts would be very much hampered in its work were it not for the existence of this institution.

Let us now mention a few of the graduates who have made or are making reputations that redound to the credit of their Alma Mater:—

Dr. William A. Dunn, of the class of '72, entered the Harvard Medical School and was graduated with high honors in 1875, receiving the appointment of surgical house officer to the Massachusetts General Hospital, which he held for sixteen months. During the year 1876–77 he lectured on chemistry at Boston College, and on June 28, 1877, he received the bachelor's degree, when his Alma Mater conferred it for the first time. During the year 1879–80 we again find him at the college, lecturing on hygiene. Dr. Dunn's rise now became rapid. He was soon recognized as an able surgeon, being appointed assistant surgeon to the Carney Hospital in 1882, and in 1884 he became visiting surgeon to the same hospital, a position which he still holds. During the year 1886 he was elected to the school board, having been nominated by both political parties. He was reëlected when his term expired, and is a member of the board at the present time. The doctor has been honored by several governors with appointments to important public offices, and has also been an active member of the Boston College Alumni Association, of which he was one of the first presidents. He is now enjoying a lucrative practice, the result of indefatigable energy and acknowledged ability.

Another member of the class of '72, Edward A. McLaughlin, received the bachelor's degree from Loyola College, Baltimore, Md., in 1872. He was afterwards connected with the faculties of Loyola College and Seton Hall for several years. On returning to his native city he studied law at Boston University, from which he was graduated in 1877, receiving the A. M. from Boston College at the annual commencement in the same year. Mr. McLaughlin was soon afterwards appointed assistant clerk of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and in 1883 he was elected to the clerkship. This office he has filled with much credit ever since, and has become so popular that for several years past he has been reëlected unanimously. He is at present associated with the Hon. John W. Cummings, and enjoys a large practice in his chosen profession.

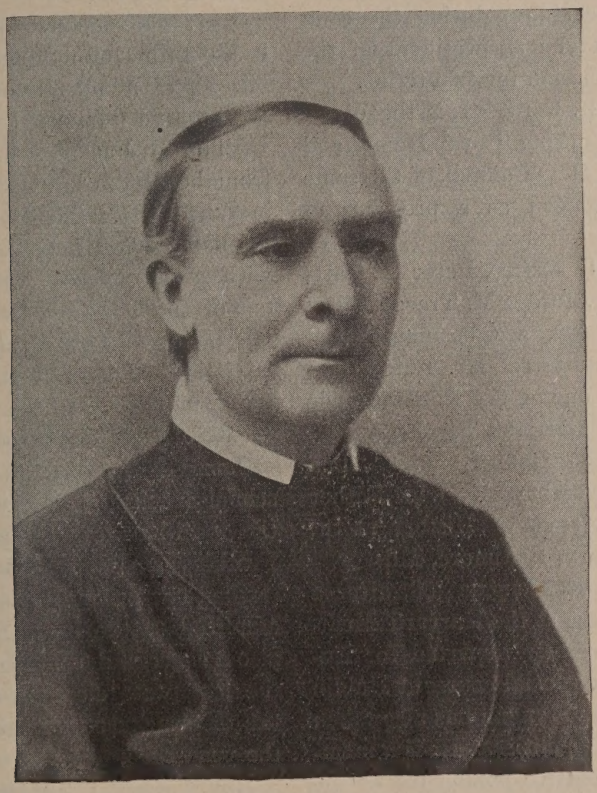
Dr. William G. Macdonald, '77, received his medical degree from Harvard University, and, in addition to a large private practice, is at present a medical inspector for the Board of Health. He has always been a very active member of the Alumni Association.

Rev. Nicholas R. Walsh, another member of the class of '77, is an assistant to the rector of the Cathedral, and has become favorably known on account of his eloquent sermons.

Richard Sullivan, '78, was graduated from the Boston University Law School in 1883. In addition to his law practice, he has always taken an active interest in politics. He served in the Common Council during the years 1887–88–89, and has just been elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

acknowledged literary ability, was just coming forward as a journalist when he fell a victim to the ravages of influenza in January, 1890.

Rev. Garrett J. Barry, '80, has, by his eloquence, won many laurels, to which he is daily adding others. He is considered one of the most eloquent



REV. EDWARD I. DEVITT, S. J.

Rev. James F. Talbot, '78, pursued his ecclesiastical studies at the American College, in Rome, where he gave evidence of ripe scholarship, being honored with the doctor's cap. Dr. Talbot is an assistant at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, and is the president of the Alumni Association, of which he has always been an active member.

James S. Manahan, '79, a man of

preachers among the younger Catholic clergy.

Edward F. Burns, '80, is a well-known journalist. He has filled several important positions on the staff of the *Boston Globe*, and is at present doing special work for the same paper, in which his literary taste has been found very valuable.

Hon. Edward J. Flynn, '81, was

graduated from the Boston University Law School in 1884. He soon took an active interest in politics, and during the year 1885–86 represented Ward 6 in the State Legislature. He was twice a member of the Governor's Council. Mr. Flynn was a candidate for presidential elector on the Democratic ticket at the last election, and rendered good service on the stump during the campaign. He served as president of the Alumni Association for two terms.

Rev. John F. Ford, '81, is the director of the Working Boys' Home, and Rev. William H. O'Connell, of the same class, is recognized as a preacher of much ability.

Augustine L. Rafter, Peter F. Gartland, and Rev. Joseph V. Tracey, all of the class of '82, are becoming well known as educators. Mr. Rafter is a sub-master of one of the Boston public schools. Mr. Gartland has been connected with the faculty of his Alma Mater for several years, and Father Tracey is Professor of History at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

Dr. Charles E. Mongan, '83, after a successful course at the Harvard Medical School, recently departed for Europe to make a special course at Dublin University. Dr. Mongan has also taken some interest in politics. He is a member of the executive committee of the Young Men's Democratic Club.

Mr. Hugh J. Molloy, '83, is another successful teacher. He is master of the Randolph High School.

James F. Aylward, '84, is a successful lawyer, and has served two terms as alderman in his native city, Cambridge.

George H. Brennan, '84, is very wel known as a journalist. For a time he managed the *Fall River Globe*, but is at present on the staff of the *Boston Herald*.

Timothy W. Coakley, '84, started in at newspaper work immediately after graduation, and sustained the high literary standard of which he gave promise while a student. Law later claimed him as one of her votaries, and he has recently won some important cases. Mr. Coakley also devotes his attention to politics.

Rev. Francis A. Cunningham, '84, is the author of "Songs for the Catholic Year," a collection of poems which has been very favorably received.

Philip J. Farley, '84, was graduated from the Boston University Law School in June, 1887. He opened an office in his native city, Lowell, Mass., and met with great success. Mr. Farley was one of the first presidents of the Catholic Union of Lowell, and is prominent in Catholic society there. He will also be a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives for 1893.

James E. Hayes, '85, began life as a school teacher, rising very rapidly to the position of sub-master in the Frothingham School, Charlestown. He studied law privately, and was recently admitted to the bar. Mr. Hayes was also a successful candidate for office at the last State election, and will sit in the Massachusetts Legislature during the year 1893.

Rev. Patrick J. Supple, '85, and Rev. Maurice P. Foley, '87, made their ecclesiastical studies at the American College, in Rome, and, after a successful course, were both honored by the faculty, receiving the title, doctor of divinity.

Henry V. Cunningham holds the proud distinction of having received the only honorary degree that has been conferred by the faculty of the college. At the last commencement he was awarded the master of arts (*honoris*

causa). Mr. Cunningham is a graduate of the Boston University Law School, and a successful practitioner.

Among the many non-graduates whose names must be added to the roll of honor, are the Revs. J. Havens Richards, S. J., president of Georgetown University; Thomas J. Gannon, S. J., president of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y.; Rev. William P. Brett, S. J., Professor of Theology at the College of the Sacred Heart, Woodstock, Md.; Col. James H. Carmichael, of Gov. Russell's staff; Hon. James A. McGeough, James R. Murphy, James F. Sweeney, and William B. Whall, all well-known lawyers; also the Revs. Arthur T. Connelly and Lawrence J. O'Toole, pastors in the archdiocese of Boston.

Here we have the fruit of twenty-eight years, a record that Boston College can well be proud of, when we consider that this has been accomplished in competition with the excellent public school system of Boston, and the heavily endowed universities, colleges, and institutes in this neighborhood. What can we not expect from the future, especially if the hopes of its founders are realized? Then would the institution, endowed by some generous hand, throw open its doors to all applicants, whether rich or poor.

THE Y. M. C. A. OF BOSTON COLLEGE.

BY D. F. SHEEHAN.

ANY attempt to sketch the growth of Boston College or to estimate its influence upon Catholic society in Boston would be incomplete did it not include that of the association of young men which bears its name, and which has become so identified with it in the popular mind as to be considered in many quarters as part and parcel of it. And in truth so it is, in many essential respects; for, while the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College is not composed of either students or graduates of the college, yet its institution was one part of the grand scheme of Catholic education and training for boys and young men which the founders of both the college and the association had in mind before the foundations of either were laid.

Acting upon the belief that in the school boy at his daily task, in the youth just budding into manhood, lie the future hopes of the Church, the Society of Jesus has always, from its formation, given its chief attention to the education and training of the young mind and heart.

Before the founding of Boston College it was a common complaint of our leading pastors that the young men of their flocks, the boys of promise in the grammar school and the Sunday school, were never heard from in after-life. They seemed totally to disappear. Talent was not wanting, but it sadly lacked fostering; and even genius, misguided, may prove a curse rather than a blessing. But that cause for complaint is no more. Where is the profession to-day that is not proud to own among its brightest lights some of our Catholic young men? Where the hall of legislation in our Commonwealth in recent years in which their voices have not been heard? In every walk of

business life they are to be found, and always the better citizen for the high standard of morality, the high ideal of the responsibilities of this life, which they drank in while surrounded with the atmosphere of Boston College.

But even with this work accomplished, even with the schools of Boston College well started on the road to success almost immeasurable, the work of the society was not complete. There were yet young men to be reached whom the college itself could not reach, young men whose school life was over, yet who needed watchful care and guidance even more than their younger brothers. I have often heard Father Fulton — chatting familiarly with "my boys," as he loved to call them, around the old reading-room table — tell how his attention was once forcibly drawn to this need. A woman was consulting him about a wayward boy, and, with other good advice which he gave her, he told her to look carefully to his companions; to see that he mixed with the right kind of society,— good Catholic young men of his own age, who would be apt to encourage him in the right path rather than lead him astray. "But, Father," the good woman answered, "where shall I find such society?" That question was a poser, and Father Fulton humorously though sadly, used to say that he was obliged to tell that woman that he really didn't know.

He determined, however, that if such society existed in Boston — and he never for a moment doubted it — it should be dragged out from its hiding-places and brought together where its members could be of mutual benefit. He felt that until this should be done, until the Catholic young man of Boston, gifted with intelligence and ambition, could find a place where he could meet on an equal social footing with others like himself,— where the friction resulting from good-natured rivalry would serve to stimulate and bring to the surface the latent talent and goodness within him,— the special work of education for which Boston College was founded would be incomplete. It was with this object in view that he decided upon the attempt to organize the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College; an association which, should it accomplish the ends he sought to attain, would round out and render perfect, humanly speaking, the work of Boston College.

The association is not so old but that many of its present members can remember distinctly that first meeting called by Father Fulton, in December, 1875, to organize the Catholic young men of Boston into a body, where he fondly hoped they might be surrounded with influences which would bring out whatever good was in them, and at the same time preserve them from the contamination of evil associates.

The announcement was made that the meeting would be held in one of the rooms of the college building. But as the hour approached it became evident that no room in the college would be large enough to hold those who were sufficiently interested in the project to attend the meeting, and an adjournment was made to the basement of the adjoining church. I can well remember entering the church that evening, and being surprised to find the large chapel more than half-filled with men, old and young, eagerly interested to know what was to come of the scheme. Father Fulton addressed the meeting and stated his plans, announcing that he had set

aside certain rooms in the college building for the free use of the new association, and furnished them at his own expense.

An organization was quickly effected, by-laws adopted, and the new association started on its career with a membership of about two hundred. It was but a few evenings after this that the members were invited to inspect and take possession of their new quarters. These were found to consist of a library and reading-room, a billiard-room, the use of the college gymnasium, and, when needed, of the large college hall, and of the lower hall, or lecture-room as it was called.

THE PARLOR.

The first board of officers was appointed by Father Fulton, and served until the first election under the by-laws, which took place in June, 1876. The president of the college was *ipso facto* president of the association, a vice-president being elected, who presided in his absence. As a matter of fact, the vice-president was, from the beginning, virtually the president except in name, and the chief executive officer of the association. The president of the college, it is true, held — as he does to-day — a veto power over any act of the association. This was rendered necessary by the close connection which existed between the association and the college, making the possession of such a power essential as a check upon any possible action of the former body which might in the future endanger the good name of the parent institution. But it has frequently been Father Fulton's boast that in all the years in which he presided over the college and the association he never found it necessary to use that power.

For the interim between the organization of the association and its first election, Father Fulton selected as its first vice-president Mr. James W. Dunphy, then associated with *The Traveller*, and now with *The Advertiser*. That the selection was well made was sufficiently attested by the harmony that prevailed among officers and members, and by the substantial progress that was made during what may be called the period of organization,— a period when the members were to a great extent strangers to each other.

Under the wise guidance of this first board of officers — the amount and character of whose work is too often underestimated — the young association developed naturally, until, when the time came for the first election, such progress had been made in the work of bringing the members into contact with one another that the first Board of Directors elected was a really representative one, its members coming from various sections of the city, representing different avocations, and yet thoroughly well acquainted and in harmony with one another.

At the head of the new Board of Directors was the late William J. McCormick, a man who was eminently the right man in the right place. Very practical in his nature, with a clear business head, of great executive ability, he had also the rarer faculty of being able to draw others around him as his lieutenants, and of selecting for each important position the man most eminently fitted to fill it.

In looking back over these early years of the association one is apt sometimes to wonder how it happened that the society so quickly became an important factor in Catholic social circles; how quietly and yet how firmly it planted itself among older organizations, and drew into or around it some of the brightest of the Catholic youth of the city and its surroundings; how steadily and surely it assumed an unquestioned position of leadership in Catholic society. That the little band of a hundred or more, who constituted the working strength of the association at this time, did bring it to this proud position is undeniable; and in looking back for the causes one must surely realize now, even more than was then apparent, how much was due to the untiring zeal and energy of Mr. McCormick.

The association of to-day, it is true, is in many essential respects a different body from that of fifteen years ago. From a small gathering of one or two hundred at the most, it has grown, till it now boasts of a membership of about one thousand. But some of those who have been with it and of it from the start cannot help feeling occasionally that in broadening the field of its work it has necessarily lost, to some extent at least, the close social, personal intercourse into which every active mem er was drawn with his fellow-members. Each one knew every other intimately soon found out his good qualities and perhaps thereby discovered his own shortcomings. In friendly contests in the various classes or departments of the association were often discovered latent talents which had needed just that stimulation to bring them to the surface; close friendships were formed which have only grown and strengthened with time, and which will in many cases cease only with life itself.

At no time in the history of the association was this more true than

during the two years in which Mr. McCormick presided over its destinies. In looking over the roll of officers of these early years one is confronted with the names of men whose own success in their various avocations leaves us no ground for wonder that the association to which they cheerfully gave their best energies should attain a high position in the community.

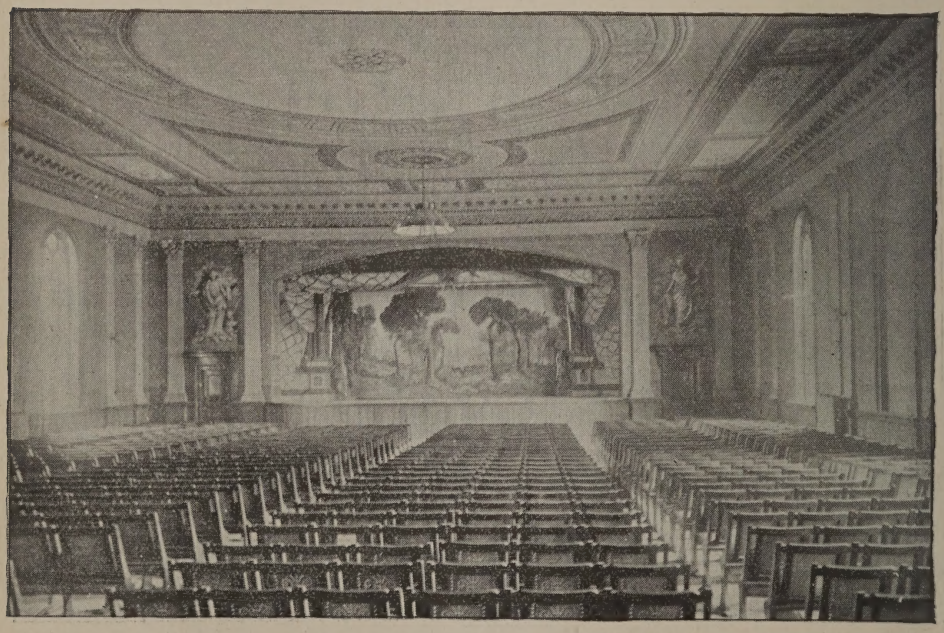
Its first recording secretary was Dr. Wm. A. Dunn, the handsome Prince Hal of our first dramatic performance, "Henry IV." Associated with him as financial secretary was George D. W. Lennon, whose sweet tenor voice was always in demand at the association concerts for many years after. Who that was present is likely to forget the Witches' Chorus in "Macbeth," led by George Lennon? The first librarian was Robert Morris, Jr., a man whose whole soul went into any undertaking into which he entered. Poor Bob Morris! shall we ever forget his famous minstrel show, or his argument in the Mock Trial? Always as good-natured as impulsive, he was ever ready to laugh at a joke even at his own expense. Few have had a more promising career brought to as sudden a close or have had their untimely death more deeply and sincerely regretted.

Associated with Mr. McCormick on the first two Boards of Directors elected by the members, were, among others, John F. Dever, now Alderman Dever, an earnest and faithful worker for the association from its start until the present day; James S. Murphy, whose great services upon the Boston School Committee and in other responsible positions are fresh in the public mind; P. J. Flatley, who ought to be called the senior counsel of the association, being probably the first of the long list

THE LIBRARY.

of legal lights who have been prominent in its membership; Thomas Fay, Jr., who, after the lapse of fifteen years, is not too busy even now, though with a considerable share of the responsibility of managing the city's finances upon his shoulders, to devote his time and his talents to the affairs of the association when occasionally called upon. And by the way! it will be seen under Mr. McCormick, one is saddened to read the names of at least three who, like their chief, have been called to their eternal account: Dr. John B. Foley, Dr. Chas. E. McGowan, and Gerald Griffin. What memories each name brings up to those who knew them!

As I have intimated, with such a brilliant gathering of congenial spirits,



THE ENTERTAINMENT HALL.

that I have already mentioned three of Mr. McCormick's counsellors who were afterwards, in their turn, at the association's helm themselves. And so one goes through the list, finding hardly one who has not left the stamp of his character and ability upon the association.

It would be strange indeed if in fifteen years or more death had not claimed its victims even among men as young as they. In the list of directors determined upon success, and with such support as was given by the faculty of the college, it is really no wonder that the new society sprang at once into popular favor and secured an enviable reputation. But even under such auspices, let no one suppose that the future story of the association is simply a record of success piled upon success. It has had its ups and downs, as perhaps every similar organization has had. Unlike many of its less fortunate sister

societies, however, it had an organization behind it which does not know what failure is. The association was to be a part of the educational work of the Jesuit Fathers; and though the clouds sometimes hovered over it dark and threatening, yet invariably the silver lining became visible, and the association emerged from its difficulties the better and the stronger for its trials

Too much praise can hardly be given to such men as James S. Murphy, P. J. Flatley, Thos. Fay, Jr., John E. Gilman, T. F. Duffly, T. M. Watson, F. J. McQueeney, and others associated with them, who during this period gave their time and abilities unselfishly, contending against lack of funds, lack of interest, and often adverse criticism from quarters where they should have looked

THE RECREATION ROOM.

and the experience gained through them.

In the years that immediately followed Mr. McCormick's administration, steady upward progress, increased prestige, and widening influence for good upon Catholic society, especially as represented in its young men, continued to be the result of hard and faithful work on the part of a few. But the work became harder as years rolled on, and the number willing to do it grew smaller.

for aid. Had it not been for the constant encouragement of the faculty of the college, especially of Father Boursaud and Father O'Connor, the association must have collapsed; and, indeed, it came near doing so, as it was. No more earnest or conscientious worker ever occupied the vice-president's chair than F. J. McQueeney — now a successful practitioner of medicine. Yet during his administration, in 1882, the lack of active interest on the part of

the members had reached such a point that the association was threatened with bankruptcy. A meeting of some of the most prominent members, including all of its past presiding officers, was called in November of that year to consider the situation of the association, and see what remedies, if any, could be applied.

At this meeting the question of paying up debts and disbanding was seriously considered. But finally it was decided to make one more determined effort to put the association on its feet and send it along on its career of good work. With this end in view, the meeting resolved itself into a committee of ways and means to get at the root of the evils that beset the association, remove them if possible, and in every practicable way coöperate with the regular association officers. The movement was not without success. I came across a circular recently which reads curiously now, looking at it from the standpoint of the present prosperous condition of the association. It is an appeal, issued in December, 1882, signed by every past vice-president, urging the members to take hold with a will and make the fourth annual reunion, to be held at Odd Fellows' Hall, in the following January, such a financial success as would put the association out of debt, and redound to its credit.

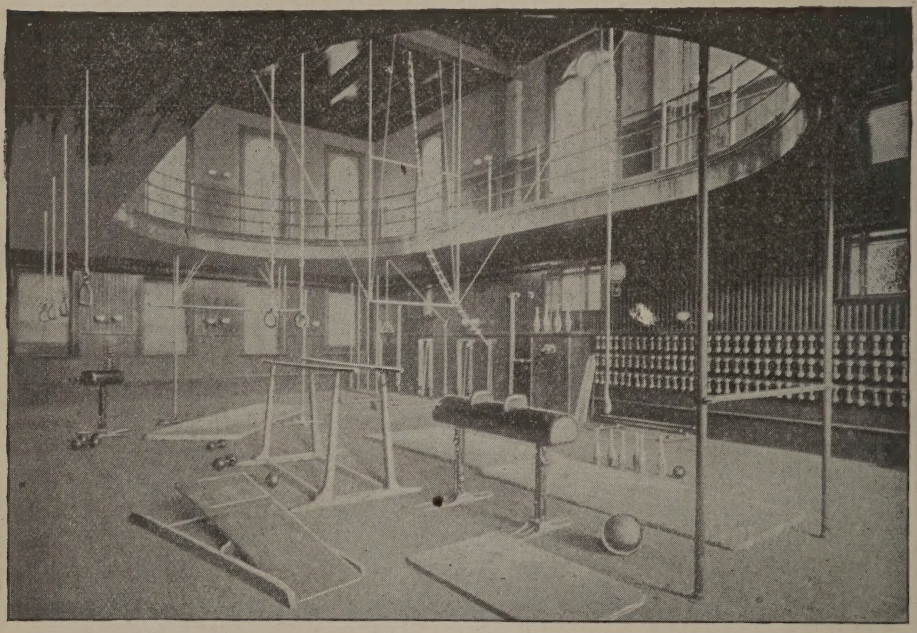
The effect of this kind of work, persisted in during the year, kept the association together and turned the tide, very slowly at first, but nevertheless surely in the right direction. Two years of hard and faithful work upon the part of the next vice-president, Thos. Fay, Jr., and a few of his directors, and the ground was prepared for the renaissance in Mr. Turner's administration. To any one familiar with the association's career and with the men who have composed it, even at this late day it seems a revelation of strength to look at the roll of his first year's board of officers. To begin with, Father Boursaud as president and Father Halpin as treasurer could a more ideal combination be thought of? Together, in perfect harmony and sympathy, with a common end in view, they worked devotedly. The association owes them a debt of gratitude which it can never repay. With them were associated A. A. Turner as vice-president; John E. Gilman and John F. Dever as secretaries; Henry F. McGrady as librarian, and John T. Wogan, Gerald Griffin, Rob't W. Hurley, Francis J. McLaughlin, Henry M. Blackwell, James H. Carney, John P. Leahy, Dr. Wm. A. Dunn, James McCormick, Jr., Edward A. McLaughlin, and John D. O'Connor, as directors. It was a strong board of workers and it succeeded. The association was fairly lifted to its feet and put on the road to success, — a road from which it has never since swerved.

It's more recent history is too fresh in the public mind to need rehearsing in any detail here. Its steady growth until the question of larger and better accommodations became a pressing one, whose solution could not long be deferred; the gradual drifting of the association into the hands of younger members, who fortunately proved themselves capable of grappling manfully and intelligently with the problems before them; the influx of new blood and the wonderfully rapid increase in its membership resulting from the agitation of the question of a building fund; the financial successes which followed to an extent never dreamt of under the old régime; the return of

P.J. Flatley 1878.
J. S. Murphy 1879.
J. E. Gilman 1880.
D. F. Sheehan 1881.
F. J. Mc Queeney 1882.
T. Fay, Jr. 1883 & 84.
A. A. Turner 1885 & 86.
T. F. Duffly 1887.
F. J. Mc Laughlin 1888 & 89.
J. D. Berran 1890.
T. A. Mullen 1891.
D. H. Mahony 1892.

PRESIDING OFFICERS OF THE Y. M. C. A. OF BOSTON COLLEGE SINCE ITS ORGANIZATION.

Father Fulton to Boston to build another annex to the college building, to meet its growing needs, and at the same time to provide a home for the association; the opening of that new home in all its splendor, and the present unexampled prosperity of the association — all these are matters which have



THE GYMNASIUM.

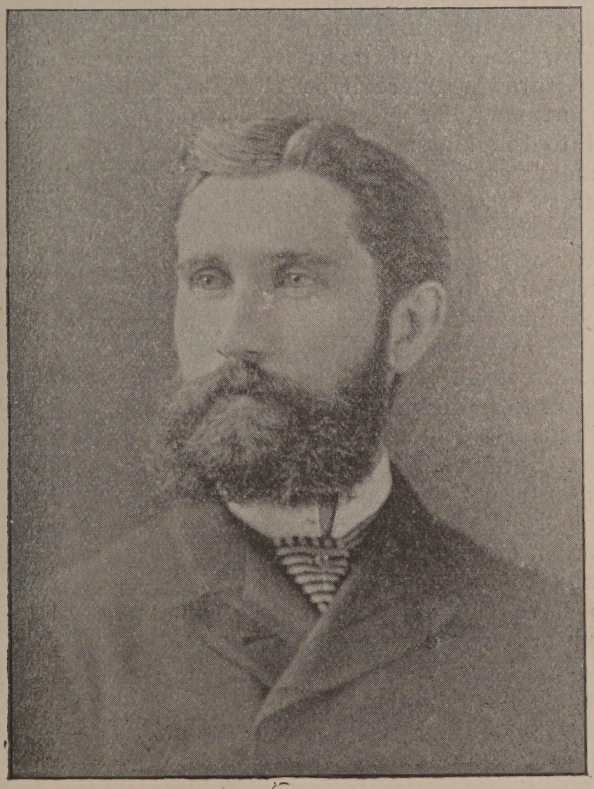
interested Boston Catholics so much during the past few years that they need but the barest mention here.

The association, we may sincerely hope, is yet in its youth, with a future pregnant with ennobling influences upon Catholic Boston of the future. Yet it has lived long enough to have borne fruit and to be judged in a measure by its results as well as its promises.

As it stands to-day, the association is a body of which the city and the Commonwealth may well be proud. Comprising in its ranks nearly one thousand bright young men from all sections of Boston and its surroundings, the flower of the Catholic youth of the city, representing every walk in life, breathing an atmosphere of culture and high standards of Christian morality, democratic in the best sense of the word in its aims and methods, it is an ideal training school for the future citizen, the true American.

Its future — who shall paint it? Who set the limits to its possibilities? We all know from experience what a few energetic men banded together in a common cause can accomplish; what apparently insurmountable difficulties they can overcome. The work of the few, as far as the association is concerned, has been done, and well done. The work of the future should be that of the many. Its work and its elevating influence during the past seventeen

years carry with them to the members of the present and of the future a grave responsibility. If a small gathering, such as constituted its membership until within a very few years, made such rapid and permanent strides without in the least lowering its standards, years that they build so well that coming generations may have even more cause than we fervently to bless those who conceived and carried out a project fraught with good, not only to those who took part in it, but to the cause of true Catholic citizenship. In



WILLIAM J. McCORMICK.
[Chairman of the First Board of Directors; since deceased.]

what may not reasonably be expected of the association as it stands to-day? With its magnificent membership, with its foundations well laid, the preliminary work done, the road open that should lead to future greatness, it is not asking too much of those who shall control its destinies during the next few the spirit of *noblesse oblige*, every member of such an organization should feel and act not only as if upon him depended its future greatness and glory, but as if, in his keeping, to be jealously guarded, had been confided its good name, fairly earned in a glorious past.

IRELAND'S RELIEF TO NEW ENGLAND.

Mr. Charles Deane, in a communication to the New England Historical and Genealogical Register of July, 1848, gives a copy of an original document, long in the possession of the Winslow family, and never before printed, throwing more light upon the opportune relief afforded from Ireland to the Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth colonies in their season of distress following the disastrous Indian conflicts just preceding the year 1676, often alluded to by anniversary orators. Mr. Deane also communicated in print for the first time in the same issue, from the Old Colony Records, the apportionment of the relief sent, and the names of those appointed to distribute it. Six hundred of the flower of the inhabitants perished at the hands of the Indians during the short war, as then officially reported. Half as many more victims are supposed to have thus met their deaths, under arms or were murdered with revolting cruelty. Twelve towns in Massachusetts, Plymouth, and Rhode Island were utterly destroyed in a single year. Six hundred buildings, mostly dwellings, are known to have been burned. Following is the document accompanying the donation from Ireland: —

"In behalfe of the contributors to this present releife sent to the distressed persons in New England by the Good Ship call'd the Katherine of Dublin, it is desired

1. That Mr. William Ting, Mr. James Oliver, and Mr John Hull, or as many of them as shall bee alive receive into their hands the whole cargoe by the Invoice sent herewith, and sell so much of it as to advance four hundred and fifty pounds sterl, which they are to pay for the freight according to the Charter party as appears more fully thereby.

2. That the remainder be given to the poor distressed by the late warr with the Indians; wherein wee desire that an equall respect bee had to all godly psons agreeing in fundamentals of faith & order though differing about the subject of some ordinances, & pticularly that godly Anti-peodo — baptists bee not excluded: wch wee the rather thus perticularly insert because sundry reports have come hither suggesting that godly psons of that pswasion have been severely dealt withall in New England, & also because divers of that pswasion in this Citty have freely & very Considerably concurred in advancing this releife

3. That it bee divided between the three united Colonys of Plymouth, Massachusets and Connecticot in such pportions as the Coms of ye said Colonys shall adjust. Or If they shall not be sitting at Boston between the Arrival & ye distribucon of it that then it be left to the Governour or deputy Governour & Magistrats of the Massachusets dwelling in Boston, Charlestowne, Cambridge, Watertowne, Dorchester & Roxbury to order the distribucon of it in such ppositions to the sd Colonys as they shall judge equall and Impartiall. And that the said Magistrats of the Six townes aforesd do with the Governour & deputy Governour of the Massachusets order the disposall of of that part which shal belong to their colony to be made by ye Merchants to whom it is consigned or any other as they shal think fit.

4. That if any of ye Indians in New England who have had adhered to the English in the present Warr bee brought to distress by their barbarous country men we desyre that they may by no means bee forgotton, but share, respect being had to their condicon in this present releife: Especially those of them that are of ye household of faith wee desyre may be singularly regarded.

5. That those English who possibly live not in any of the patents and jurisdicons aforesd, if in necessity & distress, be not Excluded from partaking in This Supply.

6. That is sent to the Colonys of Plymouth & Connecticot be disposed *of* as the Governour & any Two Magi*strats* of ye sd Colonys shall order.

7. That the Merchants to whom *it is* consigned & who shall re*ceive the same*, *be accoun*table to the *Governour* of Massachusets and the *Magistrats* that dwell in Boston, Charlestown, Cambridge, Watertowne, Roxbury & Dorchester concerning

the whole Cargoe that they shal receive and their disposal of it.

8. That if these above written Suggestions of our desires through our unacquaintedness with the present Condition and Circumstances which that country may possibly be in do not comport with the end desiyned, wch is the releife of the poor distressed in their psnt exigences wee leave it to the Wisdome and Integrity of the abovenamed Magistrats of Massachusets to vary therefrom as they shal find necessary in order to the Charitable end designed of releiving those that are in Distress.

Dublin Aug't 7th 1676.

NATH MATHER
WILL KEYES
WILL: JAQUE
ROBT: CHOMBRY
THO: HARRISON
TIMOTHIE TAYLOR
SAMLL BONNETT
SEM COXE."

[The letters above, in italics, are gone in the original, and are supplied by conjecture.]

As to the distribution of this opportune bounty, the following is copied from the Old Colony Records :

"March 1676 [i. e. 1677.] The order and Distribution of this Collonies pte of the Contribution made by divers Christians in Ireland for the releife of such as are Impoverished Destressed and in Nessesitie by the late Indian Warr was, as it Respects this Collonie Proportioned as followeth : "

Then follows the record of the way the relief was apportioned in the various towns, by whom disbursed and to whom given. The official record closes with the following :

BOSTON, Jan. 22, 1676 [i. e. 1677.]

Mr. Dean Taylor, Paul Dudley, — You are ordered to deliver unto the Selectmen of the several Towns Mentioned in this list, the Sums apportioned to them herein In meal, oatmeal, wheat, malt at 18*s.* per ball, butter 6*d.* and cheese 4*d.* per pound out of the Irish Charity in your hands, whose several receipts for so much shall be your discharge.

This order above written woss passed by the Govnor and magistrates this 25th January, 1676 [i. e 1677] for the distribution of the Irish Charity according to the lists on the other side as

Attest
Edward Rawson, Secretary.
By their order."

SUPERSENSITIVENESS.

A STORY TOLD OF THE GREAT AMERICAN POET-PAINTER.

A PERSON who has not done anything to distinguish himself is generally not allowed queer habits. Eccentricity is not for common people. But for Washington Allston, one of America's most noted painters, all things were right. His excessive sensitiveness was shown in many ways.

When India rubber overshoes began to be worn he was induced to purchase a pair for his health's sake, but he could never put them on or remove them except with a pair of tongs.

But that same delicate sensitiveness showed itself in another way. His scrupulous conscience was illustrated by an incident occurring in 1816, when he was in urgent need of money.

He had just found a purchaser for one of his pictures, but thinking the matter over alone in the evening he concluded that the subject of the painting was such that at some time it might have an immoral effect on some perverted imagination. He immediately went to his patron's house, paid back the money, took the picture home and burnt it. This was sensitiveness worth having.

CANADIAN ANNEXATION.

Looming into a significance portentous of mighty changes in the political complexion of this continent is the question of the Annexation of Canada. Small, almost as a speck on the horizon, it arose less than a decade of years ago. Now, it has assumed a substance that grows with the days and demands the attention, earnest and patriotic, of the people of two countries.

It is a subject the ultimate decision of which would mean much, not merely to Canada and to this country but to the entire British Empire. The transference of Canada to the United States would mean the loss to Britain of its greatest and, if we except the Isle of Newfoundland, which stands sentinel midway between two continents, its only territory in North America. True, her dominion over it is nominal to a large extent, but this very fact is what makes the question a practical one. Did Britain exercise her sovereignty with certain hand the cause would be fraught with difficulties that it might take centuries of work to surmount. Ever since the Confederation of the Provinces Canada has been practically left to her own resources. She pays England no tribute, receives from her no protection worth the speaking of, and has nothing in common with her but the flag.

She is very much more than a dependency usually is. For a quarter of a century she has been ambitious of taking a place in nationhood, of being up and doing with the foremost. Alliance with England has hampered her inasmuch as the treaty making right with friendly powers lay not with her, but with England. Her trade has been restricted in unnatural limits until her people, loving their own country better than Britain, are casting about where they may find opportunity to achieve their ambitions.

Personally, her people by the hundreds of thousands have annexed themselves. They have come among us and are welcomed as men of kindred tongue and blood, able and willing to do their duty in any sphere of action in which they may engage. Politically, however, the question is infinitely larger. Sentiment plays an important part in national as in individual life, and for years, for the sake of that sentiment, Canada has borne much that should not have been thrust upon her.

To-day, the question presented her is extremely practical. It is simply whether she will continue under difficulty and hardship, fettered by alliances for sentiment's sake, isolated because of her devotion to a nation on another continent, whether she will worry on, or, casting them all aside, will embrace the spirit of continentalism, and enjoy the benefits naturally her heritage as it ours. Such a movement must necessarily be of slow growth. That the people of Canada, through their newspapers, are seriously discussing it, is evidence that the question is one advancing a stage when decision of some kind must be made, and thinking

men to the north of us believe that that decision must be either independence or annexation. Imperial federation is preached by a few visionaries; but Canada has had all the Imperial federation her people will ever consent to.

In this country the subject of annexation is variously viewed. Now and then we have a Republican newspaper declaring that the annexation of Canada would mean the subversion of their party; while some Democratic newspapers believe that the policy of letting well enough alone is the fitting one. Some sectarian papers declare it would mean the complete ascendency of the Roman Catholic Church, and much more nonsense which bigotry invariably conjures up. The people of Canada will compare favorably, mentally and morally, with any on the face of the earth. They have well-defined ideas of politics both practical and theoretical, and are just as bitterly and as markedly divided in their opinions as are the adherents of parties in this country.

So far as the cry that the Roman Catholic Church would benefit by the change is concerned nothing could be sillier. The Roman Catholic Church has never needed political power, nor does she seek it. Men who have travelled through Canada by express or in imagination have told dread tales of the undue influence of the clergy, but there has always been a marked lack of specific instances. In the Province of Quebec, for example, where the Church is alleged to wield a potent power, and to exercise it, the parties were almost equally divided in the last general elections. It was a drawn battle between the Liberals and the Conservatives, and yet did the Catholics vote as a unit one of the parties would have been overwhelmingly triumphant. This, too, in face of the fact that the Conservative leader was an Orangeman, while the leader of the Liberals was a Frenchman, a native of the province, and a Roman Catholic. There is not a single province in the entire dominion in which the Catholics have voted as a unit, save when some question of legislation affecting their religious liberty was the issue made, and invariably that issue was made by their opponents.

The very fact that Canadians think of annexation proves them worthy of it. Were they an idle, listless people, content always to be simply hewers of wood and drawers of water, with no thought of the future, its rewards or its obligations, they would drift along, accepting circumstances as fortune presented them. The longing for a betterment of themselves and their country is one of the most worthy and wholesome ambitions that this continent has seen since the days of the patriots of 1775. Men of that stamp make good citizens; and a thousand times more valuable would they be than the immigrant who comes to our shores, foreign in tongue and in customs, and requiring a cultivation of years before he gains the spirit of the genius which has made our land great.

The statistics of this country show that the Canadians already in this land are thrifty, well-informed, and ambitious. They are of sturdy character and come of parent stock that must be pure. We welcome them. We would welcome as participators in our prosperity the land they came from, believing such a union would be not only natural but conducive to the best interests of both.

Canadians must of course make their own future; but whatever it be, whether

independence or annexation, every man will applaud their efforts looking to a nobler destiny, and a worthy one for their country. That they will choose wisely all will wish. They are factors in a political problem of tremendous interest which is fast forcing its way to a solution. That there is abundant loyalty to Canada everybody believes on this side of the line. Indeed, the Canadian who did not feel a fondness for his native land could not be a good citizen in any other. But loyalty to Canada is a mighty different thing to loyalty to England. The latter is of hot-house growth. It has been pampered by titles to men in power and small favors from the royal household; but to-day Canadians are discussing not what would England think but what would be best for Canada. The answer to that will make Canadian history, and make it, too, before another century will have long dawned.

Both political parties there admit that commercial atrophy does not fully account for the spirit of unrest which is about. They concede that the Provinces have entered into the stage of transition; that they have outgrown the swaddling clothes of dependencies and are looking to greater destinies. The Liberals charge that the Conservative party, by its policy of trade isolation, has been, and is, the greatest annexation power in Canada. The Conservatives charge that every Liberal is an annexationist. Neither may be true, but this charge and recrimination go to show that the subject of annexation is one of living interest.

ERIN'S DAUGHTER.

[A Study.]

TRUTH.

BY HENRY AUSTIN.

TRUTH, when you find it, outshines all treasures,
And its high reality stamps to the sod
All world-conventions and common measures
That would compromise with the inner God.

But what is truth, asks the modern Pilate
(As with him of yore it is not in jest),
And what, in a world of supreme illusion,
Grows the surer at every test?

You may question the sage in his cave ascetic,
Or the scholar who loads his brain with the past,
Or the scientist, trying with five small senses
To explain a universe vague and vast;

And these, because they are often shallow,
May stoutly endeavor to seem profound;
While the laughing girl at play in the garden
Hath a possible deep they could never sound.

And so at last, when the wise men tire you
With talk spun fine as a spider's web
And your reason reels at the gulfs before you
Where eons of atoms flow and ebb, —

At last, with your questions all unanswered,
Perhaps you escape from the learnéd clan
And meet some poet, who lives his poems,
Although he walks in the ways of man.

Then oh! how simple the wisdom seemeth
When once to the Child-man your heart gives heed!
And you laugh like the girl at play in the garden,
While the poet singeth his gentle creed:

"There is one thing real 'mid all illusion
And it gives to the world a perpetual youth —
Who loseth self in unselfish loving
Finds the deepest and highest truth."

TWO KISSES.

That Christmas Eve we were all seated cosily around the cheerful drawing-room fire; and as my eldest brother was then on his way from Liverpool, where he was engaged in business, expressly to spend Christmas Day at home, we children had been graciously accorded permission to remain up and await his arrival. In the corner of the broad fireplace, reclining in her easy-chair, grandma looked smilingly from one young face to the other, evidently quite prepared for the demand made upon her on all such special occasions. Nor had she to wait very long; for scarcely had mamma looked at her watch and announced that Richard might be expected to knock his usual loud "rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat" at the door in just forty-five minutes punctually from that moment, when little Nellie turned to the white-haired old lady in the arm-chair and exclaimed, clapping her tiny hands, "O, grandma! tell us a nice, pretty story."

"Yes, grandma, do!" we all chimed in.

"A lovely fairy tale," said Ethel, a young lady of nine summers.

"No, no, grandma," expostulated Master Ned, who was two years Ethel's senior; "let's have a ghost story — one that'll make our flesh creep."

"What rubbish!" said Ethel, contemptuously. "As if every sensible person doesn't know nowadays that there's no such thing as a ghost."

"Well, well, children," said grandma, "we won't discuss the question. Fairies and ghosts both have their merits, no doubt, especially from the story-teller's point of view, and I should be sorry to say a single word against either. But, as tastes differ, I don't think it desirable to make any of you dissatisfied, so I shall avoid both goblins and fairies to-night, and tell you a story about a certain old lady of your acquaintance."

"All right, grandma," blurted out Master Ned; "if it's not going to be creepy, I hope it's funny, that's all."

"I am afraid you will be disappointed, my dear," continued grandma, shaking her head, "for the story is about myself, and I don't think I ever did anything funny in my whole life.

"At the time I mention I was no longer quite a child, but could scarcely be considered a young lady — don't forget that I am speaking of fifty years ago, and that the girls of that period were by no means so advanced and so clever as those of the present day." (I half suspect this was intended ironically.)

"However, when I was fourteen," grandma continued, "I fancy I must have been still very simple-minded, for my existence, apart from my studies,

was wrapped up in two passions, love for my only brother, whom I worshipped, and an inordinate fondness for the game of battledore and shuttlecock, then as much in vogue as lawn tennis is now. Of course I loved and revered my father, who was then not far from sixty, and looked older, through grief at the loss of my mother, who died when I was an infant. My brother — whom I used to call 'my big brother' — was twelve years my senior, and we were Colonel Norton's only remaining children, a boy and girl having died before my birth.

"It was during the autumn holidays, one very rainy, unpleasant July day, and I was in the drawing-room, moping, instead of playing shuttlecock in the garden with my brother Frederick, who was always ready to do anything I asked, or, as he called it, commanded. I was dozing over a stupid book, when all at once I was roused by the sound of voices in the adjoining room, my father's study. In another moment I heard my father and brother in evident altercation, the former speaking in loud and angry tones — so loud, indeed, that I could hear distinctly every word he uttered — whilst my brother's voice, though pitched in a lower key, was quite audible through the thin partition which separated the two disputants from me.

"'Father,' said Frederick, respectfully but firmly, 'I am resolved to make Mary Cuthbert my wife, because she is in every way worthy to bear our name, and because I love her.'

"'And I,' replied my father, 'am equally resolved that you shall not have my consent to marry a penniless governess. Now, if you persist in your intention, you will know exactly the course I shall pursue.'

"'I understand you, father. I am deeply grieved to offend you, but if it must be so I shall leave your house. As I have already told you, I love Mary Cuthbert, she has consented to become my wife, and my word is pledged to her. I am twenty-six years of age, and you have no legal control over my actions.'

"'Very well, sir,' replied my father, after a painful pause. 'Do as you please, but bear in mind that from the hour of your marriage you and the woman you are about to force into my family are strangers to me forever.'

"'I hope, father, that time will convince you of the harshness and injustice of such a determination — that you will forget and forgive.'

"'Never, sir! Good-by!'

"In another instant the study door opened, and my brother appeared in the room where I sat trembling and bewildered. He was quite calm, but very pale. Perceiving me, he came at once and took me in his arms.

"'Good-by, darling,' he said sadly. 'I am going away for a long, long time, and I don't know when I shall see my little sister again.'

"He took me in his strong arms, kissed my quivering lips, and was gone.

"A fortnight afterwards Frederick Norton married the woman to whom he had given his heart, and now gave his name. It was a severe shock to my father, whose soldier's notions of duty and obedience were thus set at defiance by his only son. 'I will never forgive him,' he declared; 'never!'

"From that day the undivided affection of the proud, imperious, self-willed, but kind-hearted old man centred in me alone. I became his constant companion, and rather than permit me to be away from him even for a few hours each day, he took me from school, and engaged professors to continue my education under his own immediate direction, whilst he himself yielded to all my girlish whims and caprices with the most absolute docility. This commenced the hour of my brother's departure, and increased as time went on.

"To this paternal indulgence there was only a single exception, and on that one subject — my discarded brother — Colonel Norton remained as immovable as a rock.

"Often and often I essayed to bring about a reconciliation, and in furtherance of this much-desired end I exerted all the vast influence I knew I possessed over my father, and every feminine

artifice as well, but my efforts were totally unavailing. The moment I commenced the forbidden theme his brow darkened, and he commanded me to be silent.

"Well, time passed on, until between six and seven years had elapsed since my father and brother had separated in anger. A reconciliation seemed as far off as ever, and I was almost beginning to lose courage, when one day at a dinner-party given by a high functionary of that period, at which my father and I were present, an incident occurred that unexpectedly revived my drooping hopes.

"Amongst other subjects of dinner-table conversation, an allusion was made to a recent railway accident in which, it was stated, a young civil engineer who chanced to be a passenger in the train had saved many lives by his coolness and intrepidity. The gentleman who described the event was a stranger, seated just opposite to my father. He related how the engine-driver had been suddenly seized with illness, and the locomotive left ungoverned to rush on at full speed, when the young man spoken of had crawled along the footboards of the carriages, and, at the risk of his life, succeeded in stopping the train just in time to prevent a terrible catastrophe.

"'And who was the brave young fellow?' inquired my father.

"For a moment there was an embarrassed silence; then our host said quietly:

"'Well, Colonel Norton, I am pleased to tell you it was your own son!'

"'I am not surprised,' said my father simply. 'My son only did his duty.'

"But at the same moment I stole a glance at him, and saw in his face the quick glow of pride, which even he could not suppress.

"Women, my dear children, are not so dull of apprehension as some learned folks pretend they are. It struck me instantly that the cause I had so deeply at heart had that instant made a giant's stride, and I was not long in devising a plan to take advantage of the situation.

"I need scarcely say that my brother and I had always kept up the most affectionate communications with each other, and during the years which followed his marriage we had often met, though I carefully concealed the fact from my father's knowledge.

"I was well aware that my brother had made his way in the world by his own unaided exertions, and that he was highly esteemed by all who came into contact with him, socially or professionally. I knew too that in the help-meet he had chosen he had happily found a most excellent and devoted wife, admired and respected by all who were acquainted with her good qualities.

"We were just then at the beginning of Christmas week, and the greatest festival of the year fell on a Wednesday. On the previous day, my father, who was always most punctilious in the observance of the old-fashioned Christmas, including a substantial Christmas dinner, called me into his study.

"'Now then, Maggie, my dear,' he said, with a cheery smile, 'I want to consult my little girl on a matter of very serious importance. Of course you haven't forgotten that to-morrow is Christmas? Now, my pet, listen; I am going to ask your advice.'

"'*My* advice, papa? Surely you must be joking!'

"'Not at all. In fact, I don't mind telling you in strict confidence that I'm at my wits' end, and it will be very kind of you to give me the benefit of your sage counsel. An intimate friend of mine has a charming daughter — a gentle, affectionate, devoted little girl who loves him, and he is very anxious to make her a nice Christmas present. He doesn't quite know what would please her best, and has asked me to suggest something. What would you like, Maggie, for a Christmas-box? — there!'

"'Good gracious, papa! Am *I* the young lady you mean?'

"'What other young lady should I mean, you little puss? Come now, speak out, and don't be afraid! I feel in a prodigal humor this Christmas,

and you must take advantage of your old father's extravagance, my dear.'

"'This year I should like you to give me something very, very special.'

"'What is it, my love?'

"'You won't be angry?'

"'Angry?' said my father, with a tinge of sadness. 'Have I ever been angry with you?'

"'No, dear papa, never. Will you promise not to refuse me the Christmas-box I have set my heart on, whatever it may be?'

"'That's rather a strong promise, isn't it?'

"'Very well, papa. Then I don't want anything.'

"'Stop! stop! Humph! I will go so far as to promise you anything it is in my power to give.'

"'*Anything?*'

"'Anything.'

"'O dear papa, thank you!' And I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him on both his bronzed cheeks.

"'There!' I exclaimed. 'To-morrow, just before we sit down to dinner, I shall ask you for my Christmas-box.'

"'To-morrow, Maggie? How am I to buy your Christmas-box to-morrow? Why! all the shops will be closed.'

"'Ah, but what I shall ask you for is something you cannot buy! I see you are terribly perplexed, so I will relieve your anxiety by clearing up the mystery. For my Christmas-box, to-morrow you are to give me two kisses.'

"'Two kisses!' he exclaimed, delighted. 'I should rather think they are not to be bought, nor sold neither! If you like, my dear, you shall have them at once, and two to follow before dinner to-morrow. Kisses? That's not much of a Christmas-box for a girl of twenty!'

"'Never mind, papa; don't forget, I have your promise — the word of a soldier.'

"'Oh, I'll keep it, never fear!' And then, as he went away, I heard him mutter: 'But, by Jove! I haven't promised not to give the child a better Christmas-box than a couple of kisses!'

"The next day, punctually at four o'clock, dressed in my prettiest frock, I knocked at the study-door, and, in the most impressive tones I could muster, announced, 'If you please, Colonel, dinner is on the table.'

"'All right,' replied my father, with a smile of satisfaction; 'you see, I am quite ready; and I've got a roaring appetite, in order to do honor to the feast.'

"'I am delighted to hear it,' I answered. 'Now will you have the kindness to let me conduct you to the banqueting-hall?'

"'And now,' he said smilingly, "it only remains for me to give you the two kisses you asked me for yesterday.'

"'Ah, yes, papa! you are quite right; but I didn't say the kisses were for myself. Wait a moment and you will see.'

"Without giving him time to consider my meaning, I took his arm and led him into the dining-room. Scarcely had we crossed the threshold when a sweet little girl of four summers clasped my father's knee and lisped, "Merry Christmas, g'an'pa!' At the same moment a curly-headed, blue-eyed boy of six seized his coat-tail, and shouted, 'Merry Christmas, grandpa!'

"My father stopped short, turned sharply towards me, with brows contracted, and for a moment my heart sank within me. I thought my plan had failed. But the kind old man glanced at the two baby faces, and in an instant the threatened storm had passed away. Stooping, he lifted both the children in his arms and covered them with kisses, whilst I saw two big tears roll down the veteran's cheeks.

"'Now or never!' thought I, as I ran quickly to the door and returned, holding by one hand my brother Frederick, and by the other his young wife. I must admit it was a most anxious moment for me, as my father looked from me to his son and the woman who had been the cause of their long estrangement. My father's expression was by no means reassuring, and it needed all my courage to speak as I did.

"'Father,' I said, with desperate resolution, 'yesterday you pledged your word as a soldier that you would give me two kisses for a Christmas-box. I am here to claim the fulfilment of your promise.'

"For an instant he hesitated. Then, holding out both hands towards my brother, he exclaimed:

"'Frederick! My son!'

"'Father!' and they were locked in each other's embrace.

"Turning to where Mary stood, with her two little ones at her side, my father said, with deep emotion:

"'I know now that Maggie's Christmas-box was intended for you. If my white mustache doesn't frighten you, come!'

"She threw herself into his arms, and he imprinted two big, sounding kisses on her cheeks. 'Maggie's gift, my dear, and mine!'

"Mary cried, but her tears were tears of joy and thankfulness. I rather fancy, indeed, everybody cried a little, but my father pretended to blow his nose violently, and turned the matter off by taking Mary's hand and conducting her to the place of honor at the head of the table. And never was there assembled together a happier Christmas party than was gathered that day around my father's festive board."

As the old lady spoke these words a loud rat-a-tat-tat! came at the street door.

"Brother Richard!" we all shouted, in unison.

"And that," said grandma, "is the end of my story."

—— From the Strand Magazine.

Ole Bull's Christmas Present.

CHRISTMAS EVE, as a tall, dignified-looking gentleman was walking leisurely along one of the by-streets of London, his attention was attracted to a little boy who was looking in at a shop-window in which were displayed various articles (some of them apparently second-hand) for sale. As the gentleman, whose long thick hair fell far below his fur cap, approached the little boy, he saw that his gaze was fixed upon a beautiful-looking violin that hung in the centre of the window. Upon coming nearer he heard him singing a familiar melody in a pure, sweet voice, which he accompanied with rhythmical movements of his slender arms and fingers as if he were playing the violin. He stopped to listen, quite charmed at the innocent, childish spectacle. Just then the little boy looked up, and, abashed at being observed, ceased his performance.

"Do you think you could play as well upon that violin, if you had it, as you can sing, my little fellow?"

"I don't know, sir, but I would like to try," the boy replied.

"Come with me," said the gentleman, and together they went into the shop. "How much for the violin in the window?" he asked of the shopkeeper.

"Five pounds."

"Too much by half," said the gentleman. "Show me something cheaper."

After being shown five or six other violins, which he rejected after merely glancing at them (the little boy's big blue eyes looking more and more wistful all the time), the shopkeeper handed out a dingy, antiquated-looking violin, with the remark, "Here's an old fiddle that I got of a sailor. It needs fixing up a bit, but you can have it just as it is for £1, 10s." The gentleman scrutinized it closely, inside and out, remarked that it was very much out of repair, but said that he would give just £1 for it, which the shopkeeper, after some hesitation, accepted, and the money was paid him.

"Put on a string in place of this broken one," said the gentleman; "and furnish me a good bow — I will pay extra for it."

While this was being done the gentleman looked down at the little, pale, wondering face upturned to his, and said, "What is your name?"

The boy quickly responded, "Leo! and my father rings the chimes — if you hark, you can hear 'em now!" The gentleman listened for a moment or two, and as the sound of the grand

old bells died away the shopman handed him the violin and bow ready for use. After tuning the instrument carefully, he unbuttoned his fur-trimmed travelling coat, and placing the violin under his chin began softly and sweetly to play the tune which the Christmas bells had just rung out. For some minutes he continued to play, weaving the air into every conceivable kind of variation, and ended by playing the melody once more, accompanied with harmonics and brilliant *arpeggios*. After the violin and bow had been placed in the box he handed it to the bewildered boy, and, patting him on his curly head, remarked as he buttoned up his great overcoat: "Carry the violin home with you, and take good care of it; it is worth £100 at least. Learn to play the tune I heard you singing outside the window, and as many more as you can. Tell your father to get you a good teacher. You may keep the violin; *it is a Christmas present from Ole Bull.*" He opened the door for his little protégé, and passed out into the crowd just as the Christmas bells rang out again their merry chime.

A Word for the Boy.

THE manly, energetic boy is the one who asserts his right to be in the world, and who promises to be of still greater service when maturity has ripened his faculties to their fulness, and strengthened his mental and physical powers. Such a boy is the hope of the future, and he justifies that hope. He may not be an immature intellectual marvel, and it is far better that he is not, for these youthful phenomenons are usually a disappointment as they grow older, failing to realize the high anticipations they have aroused, and often, like too early ripening fruit, as quickly and unseasonably going to decay. There is a place in the world for the good, healthy, industrious boy, who is fond of recreation in its season, and who is helpful, courteous, and obedient at all times. Such a boy enters with as cheery a smile into the performance of the home chores as he does into the boyish games and pastimes, and his bright, cheerful disposition is like a gleam of sunshine to all who know him. There is a jocund ring in his voice and an honest sincerity in face and word. He is a natural, healthy boy, brimful of youthful spirit and enthusiasm, and of the buoyant, sanguine temperament that becomes his years.

He is not a self-sufficient miniature old man, who knows more than his parents. The latter is not a boy at all, however his years may classify him, for he has developed into a sort of nondescript, neither boy nor man, and a nuisance generally. All honor to the bright, helpful, spirited boy, the joy of the present and the hope of the future! He is the one who is properly fitting himself to take up the serious business of life when comes the time that we have to retire, and resign it into his younger and more vigorous hands.

Lessons of Thrift.

WE will teach your boys and girls, and pay them while they are learning. See our offer elsewhere.

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Devotion to the Catholic Faith is Loyalty to the American Flag.

A PERSONAL WORD.

A sincere regard for the future of this Magazine, as well as a natural desire at my time of life to lessen my own burden of business cares, has impelled me to entrust, henceforth, the active management of this Magazine to other and younger men. Naturally, I have not taken this step without earnest thought and solicitous care as to the character and capacity of those selected to conduct DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE in the future, and I am satisfied that the change will be in every way advantageous to the interests of this publication and of its readers. The enthusiasm, energy and ability now brought into its service will, guided by correct principles, force DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE into a broader and greater success than it has yet enjoyed.

PATRICK DONAHOE.

Now as Ireland is on the eve of receiving that justice so long denied, the attention of the whole civilized world is centred upon her, and harmony and unity is the imperative demand of the hour among her representatives. He who is faithless to her now will be pilloried forever in popular execration. Ireland's legislative emancipation is of such supreme importance as to overshadow every other consideration. Her cause is superior to the petty interests of any one man, or any set of men. Internal dissension, which has so oft dashed the cup from Erin's lips just as she was about to enjoy the nectar of freedom, can do so no more.

The spirit of justice is abroad, and the English voters have given evidence of their determination to make amends for the wrongs of centuries. Let Ireland's representatives at St. Stephen's stand as one man in behalf of their country, leaving all factional differences, if such differences there must be, on the other side of the Irish Channel. The great Commoner has announced it as his desire to confer Home Rule on Ireland as the crowning work of his long career as a statesman. There is no reason to doubt either his ability or his sincerity, and therefore, when his Home Rule bill is presented, it should receive the consideration of a united, temperate and just Irish representation, an Irish representation whose vision of Ireland's future is not obscured by factional clouds.

We have presented elsewhere in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE all the phases of the Irish situation, and, from the presentation of those phases, no valid reason can be adduced why Irishmen should not be united at this crucial hour. Then "get together," not as McCarthyites, not as Parnellites, but as Irishmen, with a common love for a common country.

"DEVOTION to the Catholic faith is loyalty to the American flag," for it is impossible to be true to the first and faithless to the second. The Catholic

Church has always insisted upon respect and obedience to legitimate authority, and the duties of her children to the Church never conflict with those which they owe to the land of their allegiance, but rather go hand-in-hand with those and all other duties.

To be unmindful of the duties of citizenship, to be cold, indifferent, or half-hearted in love of country and of its flag, is to be recreant to one of the cardinal requirements of the Church, and consequently degenerate and un-Catholic. Therefore, to be a good, practical Catholic is to be at the same time a good, patriotic citizen: "Devotion to the Catholic faith is loyalty to the American flag."

THERE is a trend in the literature of to-day toward the occult and mysterious, and the modern novelist is becoming a sort of speculative philosopher, dealing little with human motives and emotions, and presenting us with character types and incidents whose only claim to attention comes from their violation of all accepted canons and traditions. This reaching out into the mystic shows the mental drift of the times among those who are not anchored in the secure haven of Faith, and the novelist, in touch with the tendency, and disposed to trim his sails to catch the trade-wind of the hour, caters to the seekers after the unknown and unknowable. As literary freaks, the works of these novelists may have a value; they may astound for the time the reading public by their very audacity; but they can have no lasting worth, and after an ephemeral period of popularity they become an unsought encumbrance to the bookshelf, from which they eventually find their way to the junk-shop. The novel that is worthy of the name, and which is calculated to render a broader service than the pecuniary compensation of its author, is the one which takes the problems of life as they present themselves to us all, and by the example of the characters portrayed teaches us the way to their proper solution; that presents us with types of manly and womanly character that may inspire the reader to emulation of their excellences; and that is withal a natural, helpful, concrete story of a life or lives. Such a novel is worth all the literary freaks that ever have been or ever will be produced.

LET us anticipate one criticism that will be made upon this number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. "The articles are too long," will say some. And there's justice in this criticism from those who want to run while they read. But this Magazine is gotten up not for the race-course, but for the home. We believe that what our readers want to know they want to know well and entirely. Better take any other page, say we, than leave the reader with a great round question mark in his mind, and a doubt, wandering about like Banquo's ghost, in his heart.

APATHY in anything that concerns our well-being is neither an evidence of wisdom nor complimentary to our energy of character, while, if it is manifested in regard to our religious duties, it is not only deplorable, but reprehensible, for he who, professing a belief in an hereafter, has little concern in regard to it, can scarcely be expected to have much righteous regard for the duties of an existence which is but temporal.

Particularly should no suspicion of

apathy attach to one who knows, as does a professing Catholic, that means have been placed at his disposal to make that future existence an eternal happiness.

A Catholic should never forget the Church that is and has been so solicitous for the safety of his immortal soul, purifying it in infancy with the cleansing waters of Baptism, and strengthening it later with Confirmation and the Holy Eucharist. After this, for him to be apathetic or lukewarm is to confess his unworthiness of his Christian inheritance, and his faithlessness to his most helpful friend. Having proved himself faithless here, what guarantee can he give of fidelity in any direction?

Life is ours to-day, death may be ours to-morrow; and then — what? The answer must be found by addressing each his or her own conscience. Does that conscience give a satisfactory reply? If it does not, the reason must be found in that neglect, apathy, or indifference, and not a moment should be lost in rooting out the poisonous weeds that we have permitted to obtain lodgment in the garden of the soul, and in having it again abloom with the flowers of Faith and Devotion.

Without entering upon a panegyric of the late Mr. Gould, we may attribute the accumulation of his immense estate to the opportunities born of commercial conditions unparalleled in the history of the world, and to an unsurpassed constructive genius which enabled him to seize those opportunities and turn them to personal aggrandizement. He had all the qualifications of success, — diligence, sobriety, keenness, far-sightedness, executive ability, and courage of conviction; united with these was an unscrupulousness which led him to regard business as war, personal advantage as its legitimate aim, and those with whom he was associated as natural prey. In stock manipulation, his was the master-hand which made a corporation one day and unmade it the next; which squeezed the rich capitalist and robbed the struggling widow of her mite, with equal equanimity. With him the humanities played no part in the conduct of business enterprises; the Golden Rule, according to his philosophy, had no application to the laws of commerce. The survival of the fittest, by fair means or foul, epitomized the theory and practice of trade in all its relations. The influence of the example of him — the smartest, shrewdest, most mercenary of financiers of any age — made an impress upon the morality of the world of money from which it has never recovered. He it was who conceived and gave definite form to that phase of stock speculation in America which made it possible for unprofitable enterprises to pay a profit to those in control, which legalized stock-watering, encouraged inflation, and taught the professional operator how to pay a dividend that never was earned, in order to sustain a falling market.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum, says the ancient axiom, and though all history would be falsehood were the advice followed, still remembering it, we may say, truthfully, that Mr. Gould was associated with many enterprises which promoted the public welfare; that he frequently turned bankruptcy into solvency, and that his check often relieved distress. He was not a hypocrite.

The speculations of astronomers when they are inclined to have a prejudicial effect upon the weak and

simple-minded should not be given currency. The learned professors had better reserve their theories, when they take such a wild turn as they have recently in regard to the comet, than send them forth to distract the mental quiet of the weak-minded, and provoke the contempt of those of firmer and more rational mold.

"Look out" has come, in the parlance of the day, to be the warning words to all who need admonition. The warning is all right in its way, but it seems to a man up a tree that there is too much looking out already. Just "look in" for a while. Judge yourselves, and not your neighbors. A change does us good sometimes.

In a letter received at this office the other day was this sentence: "Your circulation is almost exclusively among Catholics, the majority of them Irish Catholics. You can never hope, therefore, to make a broad, great, patriotic magazine."

We are not afraid of harsh or unfair judgment. The most honest men are sometimes the most unjust. We like to know the most severe things that are said of us. Thus with the whole field before us, we know best how to direct our movements. We believe our readers agree in this idea, therefore we print the opinion quoted above. The way to resent insult to-day is not to retaliate in kind. One should be so armored that when the insult strikes it flattens out and falls to the ground.

Unjust ideas should not be hidden. Taken out into the air of American liberality and the sunlight of American honor, they surely will be bleached as white as Sahara sands. In our personal experience we have had absolute proof of this. Next to our love of the Catholic faith is our belief in the American spirit.

Is the opinion quoted above fair? We submit Donahoe's Magazine for the test. We are proud to say that its subscribers are "almost exclusively Catholics, the majority of them Irish Catholics." Never, so far as we can prevent, will this Magazine be a source of distrust or shame to them. On the other hand, never will any American citizen who is willing to accord to others the treatment he asks for himself have cause to question the loyalty or humanity of those whom Donahoe's Magazine represents.

Does any one who knows dare say that there is a higher type of generosity anywhere to be found than in the Irish nature? What can be broader than the Catholic faith, representing, as it does, the providence of God?

Making its base on these foundations, Donahoe's Magazine believes it is possible to build "a broad, great, patriotic magazine." Who doubts it?

The Chinese Exclusion Act evoked a large measure of condemnation immediately upon its quick and sudden transit through Congress; and the recent meeting in Boston protesting against it is an additional evidence that the people regard its provisions as unjust and arbitrary. Thus far but five Chinamen have come forward with the photographs and other requirements which all resident Chinese, according to the Act, must file with representatives of the Federal Government. This particular phase of the immigration

problem seems, therefore, not to be supported by public opinion. On the other hand, the Senate Committee on the Investigation of Immigration announce that they will favor the restriction of all immigration, excepting from Pan-American countries, for the period of one year. It is doubtful if this recommendation will be adopted in its full intent. The investigating committee's report should have to do only with those countries the immigrants of which — as shown by experience with them in this country — are both unable to support themselves and unfitted for the privileges of American citizenship.

No complaint has ever been made that the immigrants, for example, from Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy are objectionable; in fact, the larger part of the industrial classes of the United States are natives of these countries.

The only proper view of the question is that outlined by Mr. Edward Atkinson at a banquet in Boston a few evenings ago, when he said that immigration may very properly be regulated and controlled, but that it would be folly to restrict or prevent it. He showed that the incoming of the foreign workman "has added more to the resources of this country than it has taken away," and that the "slum population does not increase relatively as fast as the general city population." There is a vast difference between regulation and restriction: the one is the part of expediency, the other, of misguided wisdom. Because some of the branches of a tree are dying is not necessarily a reason for cutting the tree down: by sawing off the diseased parts, the rest of the tree may live, and take on a new and a stronger growth.

In the inevitable rush of business in this workaday world of ours a man's time represents more of value to him when it can be systematically employed, and more of loss when it is wasted, than was the case when affairs moved on at an easier pace. Therefore, while we are so careful to husband our own time, and make it as fruitful as possible, we should remember that the time of those with whom we are brought in contact is likewise valuable to them, and we should do nothing to militate against its value. When we have business appointments they should be rigidly and punctually kept; and we should insist upon the same punctuality in engagements with us. There is a time for business and a time for sociability, and the one should not be permitted to conflict with the other. Particularly is it true of professional men that their time represents just so much of monetary value to them in their working hours, and we should be no more tempted to needlessly intrude upon and waste that time than to pick their pockets.

It has been well said that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and we see its danger illustrated often in the assumed importance of some young men whose intellectual vanity is out of all proportion to the extent of their knowledge. They will talk with the self-sufficient authority of a savant, solving, apparently to their own satisfaction, the most abstruse problems of religion and science, and so blinded by the egotism of "a little learning" as to fail to see what targets for ridicule they make of themselves.

There are so-called Catholics who are given to this species of vanity, and who presume to play the rôle of critics,

sparing neither the Church nor anything sacred, in their desire to air their assumed intellectual importance, and to pose as knowing more than their fellows. When they shall awaken to the fact that there are things they do not know, there will be hope for them. Readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, hasten the day!

IN sending a special personal representative to this country, His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. has evinced in the strongest possible manner his interest in and concern for the Church in America. The exact nature of Mgr. Satolli's powers in the settlement of questions that would otherwise have to be referred to Rome is not definitely known; but the fact that one of the most distinguished members of the Pope's household is here at the request of His Holiness is an earnest indeed of the Holy Father's loving concern for his children in America. As regards the exact mission of Mgr. Satolli, it is well for the laity to wait until that distinguished ecclesiastic has described it over his own signature. It is not the practice of Catholics to receive, except *cum grano salis*, the opinions of those not in authority. Nor does the exact nature of Mgr. Satolli's mission concern them to any great extent, as that belongs to the bishops and priests. Therefore the conflicting stories in regard to the work that has been delegated to him are not worthy of notice. When the proper time arrives all necessary authentic information will be given.

In the meantime all can view with satisfaction the coming of Archbishop Satolli as additional proof of the growing greatness of America and the comprehensive wisdom of the present head of the Catholic Church.

COURTESY, like charity, should begin at home. Of course one does not expect to find the same degree of ceremony practised there as the formalities of mere acquaintanceship exact, but there certainly should not be less respect and deference paid to those who are near and dear to us than to outsiders. The man who is a gentleman in his own home and among those who comprise his immediate household, can be trusted to do nothing unbecoming a gentleman when beyond the precincts of the home; but the man who is courtesy itself when abroad is oftentimes the veriest boor within the confines of his own dwelling-place. Such a man may pride himself on being a gentleman; but he is deficient in the elementary instincts of the true type, and is consequently somewhat akin to a counterfeit that has obtained more or less circulation among the uninitiated, but is nevertheless a spurious coin, the worthlessness of which will be discovered sooner or later.

WHILE there may be more superficial points of difference than of resemblance between the New England of to-day and the New England of fifty years ago, yet the distinguishing qualities of a community change but slowly under any circumstances. In spite of the infusion of foreign blood, in spite of the marvellous development along material lines, in spite of changed social relations, the work which the young man of New England to-day finds to do and the problems which face him are not essentially different in their nature from the tasks which confronted the young man of half a century ago. That may sound like a stale commonplace, but the present does not need new truth so much as a revivifying of old truth.

The young New Englanders — a large percentage of whom are the children of foreign-born parents — cannot be too often reminded that no opportunity was ever more splendid than theirs; that "the riddle of the painful earth" was not solved by the great leaders of the past, and has only changed its form. In these busy and noisy days of electricity and steam, in the garish light which the press sheds upon human actions and human motives, we are very apt to lose sight of ideals and of all that should redeem our common, every-day life from its vulgarity and selfishness. It is one of Satan's own lies that "every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys." Every door is open to manly endeavor, and the sources of inspiration are just as accessible as they were in that glorious era from 1835 to 1860, when the men of New England molded the thought and led the work of the nation. To-day, the warfare is against slavery as much as in the days before the Civil War. The cunning old Proteus has only changed his form — that is all. And the fight against human greed in the form of monopoly and corruption is just as fierce as ever. In this struggle — this much-derided struggle — for simple human rights, for elemental justice between man and man, the strong young blood of New England, and especially the sons of immigrants, have their opportunity, and in them lies the hope of New England's future prestige.

Among the illustrations presented in the pages of Donahoe's Magazine this month is a reproduction of the famous St. Cecilia by Raphael, one of the masterpieces of the greatest of painters, for while the other great masters, such as Angelo, Da Vinci, etc., were great in a particular line, Raphael was great in all the distinguishing features of a heaven-endowed artist. His St. Cecilia was painted for, and for many years occupied a place, in the Cathedral of Bologna; but on the occupation of Italy by the French, it was appropriated by the invaders, along with many other of the art treasures of that country, and removed to the Louvre, Paris.

In the next number of this Magazine will be commenced the publication of a Woman's Department, conducted by women, for women. Of its merits and its uses nothing need be said till next month, when judgment can quickly follow explanation.

Donahoe's Magazine is proud of the corps of writers which it has been able to enlist in the service of its readers, and the pages of the present number will reflect the occasion for this honest pride. As in the present instance, so it will be henceforth; this Magazine will secure the brightest pens available for the purpose of giving dignity, force, beauty, and value to its pages.

Among the contributors to the present number, the Very Rev. William Byrne, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Boston, leads the list. Father Byrne is an acknowledged authority on all Catholic questions, and too well known to need introduction.

Nathan Haskell Dole is one of Boston's brilliant literarians whose broad, general culture has manifested itself in enduring work. He is an authority on music, and has done much to throw light upon its history and upon the lives of those who have been associated with its greatest triumphs.

Godfrey Egremont, who contrib-

utes a striking sonnet on "Democracy," is a man of quiet, scholarly tastes, whose pen has at other times, as in this instance, given forceful evidence of its power. He is at present in Germany, pursuing literary and artistic studies.

Henry Austin is so well known through the excellence of his literary work that it would be a task of supererogation to attempt to do more than merely mention his name, accompanied with congratulations to the readers of the MAGAZINE that so bright a pen has been drawn into their service.

Frederick Stansbury and Leland Mason are journalists of national reputation, both now resident in Boston. In temperament, in experience, and in character, they have much in common, and are true exponents of that comprehensive culture that distinguishes the real newspaper man.

The sweet lines of verse by W. S. Snyder is but one blossom of a very fruitful brain. As poet, paragrapher, and writer of short stories, his work is appreciated where his name is unknown. He lets too much of his work appear anonymously. His home is at Lakewood, N. J.

With the name and work of Charles S. O'Neill, editor and writer, everybody who knows anything of Boston newspaper or literary life for the last fifteen years is acquainted. We are glad to say that he has been induced to associate himself permanently with DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, and our readers will know him better in the future.

The three who contribute the symposium on the Irish situation are a trio well capable of jointly giving voice to Irish national sentiment. The Rev. James Halpin, C. C., is a well-known patriotic priest of Roscrea, Ireland, whose pen has for some time been employed in the service of this magazine. Messrs. P. O'Neill Larkin and John O'Callaghan are both able journalists, who represented American newspapers during the late election in Ireland. Mr. Larkin has just returned to the Emerald Isle in the interest of the *Boston Globe*.

The Rev. Joseph V. O'Connor, the author of the exquisitely tender story, "Octavius, or the First Christmas Eve," is a gifted priest who is at present at the Sacred Heart College, Vineland, N. J.

Than D. F. Sheehan who writes the story of the Boston College Y. M. C. A., no one is better qualified to speak upon the subject.

In the forthcoming issues many distinguished writers, lay and clerical, will appear, including, it is hoped, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland, Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, and other distinguished sons of the Church, as well as such able literarians as George Parsons Lathrop, Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Mrs. Eliza Allen Starr, Christian Reid, Maurice Thompson, Arlo Bates, and others. The purpose is to make DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE one of the brightest, most entertaining, and instructive of periodicals, in which the pen of the author will vie with the pencil of the artist in giving expression to what is best, purest, and most elevating.

THE LIBRARY CHAIR.

DOUBTLESS the value of a book consists not so much in the interest it arouses while we are passing through its pages as in the impression which it leaves as a completed whole when we have followed the author to the close. The mere interest inspired at the time of perusal may be but ephemeral. We needed entertainment at the moment, and it filled the temporary mental requirement. It is when we have closed the book, have passed without the environment that the author has cast about us that we can form a dispassionate judgment of the work and settle whether the time spent in its perusal was profitably employed or idly wasted.

Applying this standard of measurement to Emile Souvestre's "Un Philosophie sous les Toils," a translation of which has just been brought out in new and illustrated edition by D. Appleton & Co., New York, under the title of "An Attic Philosopher in Paris," we find a work that has never failed of appreciative readers, and which in its present new and beautiful edition will renew its hold upon the affection of all its old friends and greatly extend the circle of such friends. It is a book of exceptional value, valuable for the healthful influence it exerts, for its keen portrayal of Parisian life and character, and for its high literary worth.

At the present time, when, on account of the vulgarity of Zola or the mental nightmares of Gaborian, one is apt to prejudge that which comes from the French as erotic, and consequently pernicious, it is a delight to turn to a French author like Souvestre to prove that there still pulses through French literature the most ennobling thoughts and high ideals from the hearts of those who write for the good of all time and not for the entertainment of the vicious or mentally perverted.

The present edition of "An Attic Philosopher in Paris" is beautifully illustrated, printed, and bound, and both on account of its material beauty and the sweet uplifting character of the text it is a most appropriate holiday volume.

If there is one point in the matter of writing the English language in which there is a demoralizing lack of uniformity among lexicographers it is in the matter of compound words; therefore "English Compound Words and Phrases," by F. Horace Teall, and published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York, is a most welcome handbook, and one that will commend itself immediately to all those who have long looked for just such a work of reference to guide them over the shoals and shallows of conflicting authorities into the haven of clearly defined principles and rules. Mr. Teall has rendered a service of inestimable value to the literary worker and to the language in giving definite form to a department the neglect of which hitherto has been a source of confusion and conflict.

Good fiction for young people is always worthy of a warm welcome, for there is such a vast amount of worse than meretricious stuff being sent forth every year upon its destructive mission that only by the influence of good, healthy books can the evil be counteracted. The character of the books designed for the young is of far more importance than is the matter of the kind intended for adult readers. The youthful mind is plastic, and in that

stage of character formation when it is most open to impressions; it is at the same time inquisitive and athirst for information and entertainment; and upon the character of the *pabulum* upon which it feeds will depend to a great extent the future of the individual. Therefore the most rigorous kind of a censorship should be exercised over the books that are intended for youthful readers, by which all possible encouragement shall be given to what is good, and that which is the contrary be relegated to the limbo of all things pernicious.

"The Conways," by Effie W. Merriman, and published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, is a bright, entertaining, healthful story that will be enjoyed by young readers and prove beneficial to them, while parents may well find in the narrative material for serious consideration. It is neatly printed and bound and an appropriate holiday book for the young.

In the study of a foreign language the reading course should be one of easy but positive progression, and the selections such as to represent as many of the best authors in that language as possible, thus extending the student's vocabulary. "A French Reader," by Rev. Alphonse Dufour, S. J., Professor of the French Language and Literature in Georgetown University, and published by Ginn & Company, Boston, fulfils admirably the requirements of a text-book, and cannot but prove most welcome to teachers of French, for in many essential particulars it is far in advance of any similar work. The selections cover the whole field of French literature, and the book is therefore an epitome of what is best in that language.

HINTS FOR BOOK-BUYERS.

Roberts Brothers, Boston: Poems by Helen Hunt Jackson (H. H.), a new and complete illustrated edition; Jean Ingelow's Complete Poetical Works; "Told in the Gate (Oriental tales in verse)," by Arlo Bates; a new and beautiful edition of Jane Austen's novels; Louise Chandler Moulton's poems (two volumes); "Lost Illusions," by Honore de Balzac; "A. Bronson Alcott: His Life and Philosophy," by F. B. Sanborn and W. T. Harris; "The Wings of Icarus and Other Poems," by Susan Marr Spalding; "My Threescore Years and Ten (an autobiography)," by Thomas Ball, the veteran sculptor; and a large list of bright and valuable juvenile works.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, in addition to new editions of the works of Charles Lever, Edward Bulwer Lytton, Alexander Dumas, and other distinguished novelists, of Francis Parkman, the historian, of Charles Lamb's essays, issue "A Rosebud Garden of Girls," by Nora Perry, and other works of value and interest.

Estes & Lauriat, Boston, announce the original French edition of the "Paris Salon," for 1892, the thirteenth annual volume from the press of Ludovic Bascheb, and containing a magnificent collection of one hundred photogravures printed by hand, in colors, from paintings by the most noted living artists, as exhibited in Paris in May, 1892. This firm also issues a beautiful edition of William Ware's "Zenobia," and a new and timely work, "Genoa, the Superb," by Virginia W. Johnson, illustrated with photogravures. Their well-known annuals, "Chatterbox," "Oliver Optic's Annual," "Little One's Annual," and "The Nursery," are out, and as bright and as cheery as ever. In addition this firm puts forth a wealth and variety of books that defy enumeration in a department such as this.

D. Lothrop Company, Boston, are out with a bewildering list of new books and new editions, including, "Famous Pets," by Eleanor Lewis; "A Lost Winter," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "Rab and His Friends," by Dr. John Brown; "Old Concord: Her Highways and Byways," by Margaret Sidney; "Figure Drawing for Children," by Caroline Hunt Rimmer; "A Gentle Benefactress," by Mrs. J. J. Colter; "Through Arctics and Tropics," by Harry W. French; "Down in Dixie," by Stanton P. Allen; "Gulf and Glacier," by Willis Boyd Allen; and "Italian Child-Life," by Marietta Ambrosi.

D. Appleton & Co., New York, issue: "An Attic Philosopher in Paris" (illustrated), by Emile Souvestre; "In Gold and Silver," by George H. Ellwanger; "Love Songs of English Poets, 1500–1800"; "The Story of Columbus," by Elizabeth Eggleston Seely, edited by Dr. Edward Eggleston; "Warriors of the Crescent," by the late W. H. Davenport Adams; "Pictures from Roman Life and Story," by Professor A. J. Church; "Abraham Lincoln: The True Story of a Great Life," by William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik; "An Englishman in Paris"; "Admiral Farragut," by Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N; and "Zachary Taylor," by Major-General O. O. Howard, additions to the "Great Commander Series."

ARCHBISHOP SATOLLI.

In this issue of Donahoe's Magazine is presented a portrait of Archbishop Francis Satolli, the distinguished Roman prelate and theologian, who is at present in this country as the personal representative of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII. Mgr. Satolli is one of the most distinguished members of the Vatican household. He is Archbishop of Lepanto, one of the old unoccupied sees over which the Church has not exercised jurisdiction since the separation of the Western and Eastern churches; therefore the title is an honorary one conferred in recognition of the great abilities of Mgr. Satolli, and as an evidence of the sincere affection felt for him by the Holy

Father. His visit to this country, coming, as he does, direct from the seat of Catholic authority, is an evidence of the Pope's regard for the Church in America. Of course, his visit has been made the occasion in some anti-Catholic, prejudiced quarters, for reviving the old story of a Papal nuncio; the intent being to give his coming a political significance. It has, as is well-known, no such meaning. He came here as the Pope's representative to the World's Fair, and on a special mission to the Church in America as well. He is at present, the guest of the Catholic University in Washington, where he will make his headquarters during his stay in this country.

THOUGHTS OF THE TIME.

Catholic Freedom.

THE freedom of the Roman Catholic layman in his views on politics and religion has become almost proverbial, and the priests and bishops who do not stand up strongly for American institutions, hardly excepting our public schools, are in the minority. This is the right course to take, and the loyalty of our Roman Catholic citizens to our institutions is one of the most hopeful elements in our social and political life.— *Boston Herald.*

Moral Progress of Humanity.

ANY *resume* of history from the mediæval ages down to the present reveals how constant has been the moral progress of humanity. Things common to our century — things held as so naturally a part of life as to invite no opposition — will in the next be regarded as outside the pale of the better class of life. Each age is the critic and the reformer of the one preceding. The standard of refinement in life has advanced immeasurably since the days of the American Revolution and even since the opening of the present century. If, at the present, the tendency of refinement is rather largely in the direction of material things, as in the luxurious and beautiful scenery of life, it will soon flow back to the very life itself. He who lives in a palace will be ashamed not to be a prince in the sense of all that is noble and exalted. The woman whose presence is beautiful in charm of manner and attire will feel the incongruity if her inner life is not as lovely as her general appearance. The gem will be worthy the setting. — *Boston Budget.*

Arbitration in London.

A CHAMBER of Arbitration has been recently established by the corporation of the city of London. The object is to save the delays and expense of lawsuits. This plan has been in some form a growth of ten years. We learn from an outline of this organization in the *New York Sun* that "the Chamber of Commerce will select the arbitrators, who will hold their appointment from the corporation. They will be men specially qualified, either by long business experience or special trade knowledge, or both, to act as arbitrators. It is desired to form a panel of arbitrators, to include all trades and business interests ; and the promoters of the scheme are anxious that it should be a coveted honor to be one of the arbitrators of the London Chamber. The work of selecting a panel has been a delicate and arduous task, and the list is yet far from complete." The decisions and awards will have the force and effect of a verdict from the high court. When the parties to a dispute have signed the submission, neither can afterwards retract without the consent of the other. The whole plan simplifies the procedure, and the details are admirably arranged to secure a speedy decision, and with comparatively small cost. — *Christian Register.*

The World's First Man.

IT is a wonderful thing to say, and yet not more wonderful than true, that the fragile, white-robed figure of Leo XIII., the quasi prisoner of the Vatican, surrounded by enemies who long for his overthrow, and apparently destitute of all material power, is today "the observed of all observers," and the focus of the world's thought — much more in men's minds than are princes and powers whose authority is propped on the points of millions of bayonets. Such, in spite of the world, which seeks always to scorn the lowly, is the omnipotent power of Ideas. Leo XIII. — God shield him! — speaks, when he speaks, in the name of more than two hundred million Catholics, who recognize in him the mouthpiece of Christ. The grandeur of such a sovereignty has nothing like it on earth. This it is which makes him, tottering as he is on the verge of a long and beautiful life, and a ripe fruit for the gathering, the "foremost man of all this world." — *The Austral Light.*

Work Together.

CATHOLICS are united in faith, in morals, in intellect, and under one head as no other organization on earth ever has been or can be; but there is room for Catholics to learn from others in one respect — that is, in social union for mutual improvement and for the prosecution of work in behalf of the Church. Zealous as Catholics are in works of charity, there is lack of unity among them in several special lines of work, such as in the Sunday schools, and in young men's societies. Of course there are many who devote their time and money to these works, but there are many others who have the time, the money, and the social position which would enable them to do much for the cause of truth, but who are not enlisted in the work which promises to do so much for individuals, for country, and for the Church. — *Church News.*

Man Alone is Failure.

MAN is created for God; his end is supernatural. Soul is above body, hence if man be true to the end and object of his being he ought to prefer the spiritual to the temporal.

Neither Moses nor the Prophets nor Jesus Christ say anything of mere secular education. In fact, the burden of Revelation is God and the soul. Christ commands us to seek first the kingdom of God and His justice and all things shall be added. The commandments prescribe nothing else but virtue and religion. The nations that made religion a feature in their laws and customs grew and waxed strong. Israel was mighty as long as God was worshipped, the commandments obeyed, and virtue practised, but when Israel and the other nations which have risen since substituted man for God they fell. Science without God is misleading; learning without virtue is weakening; knowledge without religion is retrograding; in a word, man without God is a failure. — *School Journal.*

A Noteworthy Project.

It is a noteworthy and praiseworthy project which the Rev. Father O'Brien, of East Cambridge, Mass., has in hand — the building of a church upon the site of the first chapel erected on this side of the Atlantic Ocean. Columbus caused that first edifice to be constructed upon the spot of his second landing at Santa Domingo, in 1493. Irving, who wrote some forty years ago, asserted that some of the pillars of the original building were standing, but they have since disappeared. It is only by the most diligent search, conducted at the personal expense of Father O'Brien, that the ancient foundations have been brought to light. A number of generous citizens of Boston and its vicinity are coadjutors of the reverend enthusiast, and will spare no expense until a building as near as possible a copy of the original one rises on the sacred and historic spot. — *Ave Maria.*

Restricting Immigration.

The subject of restricting immigration is certain to command unusual attention from the session of Congress which is about to open. Chiefly because of the cholera experience of last summer, there is in the country to-day a more pronounced public sentiment in favor of restriction than there has ever been before. People who had formerly a vague idea that we were receiving somewhat too carelessly whomever might choose to come, without regard either to quantity or to quality, became suddenly convinced that their suspicions were only too well founded. No sooner was their attention concentrated upon the quality of the immigration which was bringing the pestilence to our doors than they began to perceive that there was in it also very doubtful material for good citizenship. It came about, therefore, that the demand which was made for restricting immigration in the interest of the public health became one also for restricting it in the interest of public and political welfare. — *The Century.*

The Advent Season.

We have entered the "Advent" season, literally "the coming" of the festival of Christmas, and to prepare ourselves to celebrate the Incarnation, a consideration of this crowning of all mysteries, the exhaustion of the mercy and love and glory of God, must be opportune — for all who call themselves Christians, non-Catholics as well as Catholics. The glory of God is twofold, essential and accidental. The essential glory of God is in Himself, and, being infinite, it can know no addition. The accidental glory is that manifested in creation, the greatest of which is that manifested in rational creatures who can merit to share His glory. The glory of the saints is the glory of God shining through them, and when you deny honor to the glory of the saints you deny honor to the glory of God. This accidental glory cannot add to His glory, but is a supreme gift bestowed, and through the Incarnation this bestowal is exhausted.— *Kansas City Catholic.*

A Passenger's Rights.

That railway suit in Massachusetts to recover the sum of fifteen cents has been decided in favor of the company by one of the minor courts. The question involved is greater than the amount sued for; that question being whether a passenger is required to pay his fare if the railroad fails to furnish him with a seat. Many travellers will sympathize with the man who is making this fight, and will be glad to know that it is his intention to take an appeal. It is probably out of the question to expect the rule that prevails in foreign cities regarding passengers in street cars, omnibuses, and the like — that only as many passengers as can be furnished with seats must be carried — to be enforced in American cities; but on regular railway lines passengers are accustomed to better treatment, and are justified in trying to enforce what they believe to be their rights.— *New York Tribune.*

Diplomas Don't Count.

To-day, outside of one or two professions, diplomas are no longer considered — the education back of them is, but the man must make that apparent in other ways than through showing his piece of sheepskin. The business world does not recognize a diploma of a college. The diploma is all well enough, but its holder has no advantages over the man who does not possess one. A man who would present a college diploma to the editor of a newspaper would be smiled upon, but never employed upon the strength of the parchment. The applicant would have to win his spurs in actual work. The education — and the more thorough and broader the better — would stand the aspirant in good stead, and he would find use for it every day in the year, but the diploma — it would mean nothing. — *Iowa State Register.*

THE MONASTERY AT OKA.

THE SILENT MONKS OF OKA.*

BY THOMAS P. GORMAN.

A BIT of French mediævalism transplanted to the North American woods." "A survival of the institutions of the twelfth century." The foregoing are some of the remarks made by visitors to the monasteryof the Trappist monks established near Oka, in the province of Quebec, upon a piece of rocky, swampy, and apparently worthless land, which no farmer would touch, though it is nearly two hundred years since colonization began in the neighborhood. The success of the Trappist monks, who were expelled from France in 1880, in transforming what appeared to be worthless hills and swamps into smiling fields and fruitful gardens, is an evidence of what voluntary labor can accomplish in a short time when the cost of living is reduced to a minimum.

The village of Oka has a history of its own, dating from before the French Revolution. Here the Sulpicians obtained a grant of land from the King of France and established a mission designed to convert the Iroquois to Christianity. Oka is situated on the Ottawa River, which at this point widens into the Lake of Two Mountains, — so called from the mountains which rise on either side and throw their shadows upon its waters. The village is ninety miles below Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, and thirty miles above Montreal. The steamers of the Ottawa River Navigation Company touch at Oka, where a splendid wharf has been built by the seminary authorities. The place can also be reached by carriage road from Montreal or by rail to Como. Ten miles below Oka is St. Anne's, where the waters of the Ottawa meet those of the St. Lawrence. At St. Anne's Tom Moore spent some time. It was there he wrote his "Canadian Boat Song," and the house in which Moore lived is still pointed out to tourists. Some miles above Oka is the famous Carillon dam, one of the engineering wonders of this continent.

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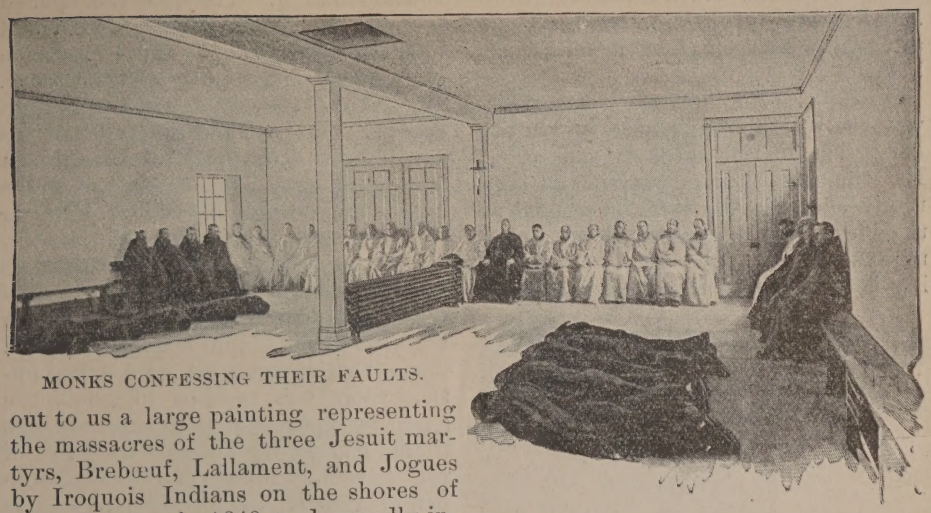
This dam extends all the way across the Ottawa River, creating an artificial cataract nearly a mile wide and twelve or fifteen feet high. This work was constructed by the government of Canada, at great expense, for the purpose of flooding out a rapid on the river and increasing the depth of water in the Carillon canal. Carillon is also an historic spot. It was here that a small band of sixteen young Frenchmen met and resisted a host of Iroquois, who were descending the Ottawa to destroy the French settlement in 1660. The Frenchmen fought for ten days, or until the last of their number fell, and inflicted such loss upon the savages that the latter were obliged to abandon their designs. The valor of the "Hero Martyrs of Carillon" is told in French-Canadian song and story.

In 1717 the lands upon which the village of Oka is built, together with a large area of the surrounding country, were donated by the King of France to the ecclesiastics of the order of St. Sulpice in trust to provide for the education of the Indians. The grant to the Sulpicians was confirmed by the British crown after the conquest of Canada by England, in 1763. The Indians on the Oka seigniory have frequently sought to maintain a claim to proprietorship in the lots occupied by them, but their claims have been rejected by the government of Canada. Out of this struggle between the Indians and the Sulpicians over the proprietorship of the soil have grown those difficulties which have made Oka and its Indians known to the whole North American Continent.

The law officers of the Canadian government have on various occasions declared that the Indians have no property in the lots which they occupy; that the title of the Sulpicians is indisputable. A bitter sectarian feeling has been aroused at times over the matter, in consequence of the action of the Iroquois, some years ago, in formally renouncing the religious faith taught them by the Sulpicians and embracing Methodism. This had the effect of enlisting on their behalf the sympathies of a large portion of the population of the Dominion, and in almost every Methodist conference held during recent years "The Oka Question" has been discussed and the cause of the Indians warmly championed.

The Sulpicians claim that they received the lands from the Crown on condition that they should civilize the Indians, assist them, and instruct them in the Roman Catholic faith; that they are still anxious to fulfil that trust, and that those Indians who refuse to accept their teachings have no claim to assistance or consideration at the hands of the seminary. The Dominion government has endeavored to solve the difficulty by moving those Indians who are Methodists to a settlement in Western Ontario, but the scheme has been only partially successful. About seventeen years ago a Methodist church built at Oka for the use of the Indians who had embraced that faith was burned down, and shortly afterwards the Catholic church and presbytery were destroyed. A number of Methodist Indians were arrested and tried for setting fire to the property of the seminary. At the first trial the jury failed to agree, but at the second the Indians were acquitted. The church, presbytery and convent now seen from the landing were built in 1877 upon the sites of those burned down shortly before.

The present village of Oka is populated by Indians, French-Canadians, and Metis, or half-breeds. It is a straggling village of wooden buildings. The Methodist Indians reside chiefly in the outskirts of the village. The principal buildings are the church, presbytery and convent, which contain some fine old paintings, brought to Canada during the troublous times of the French Revolution. Upon the high altar in the church is a large solid silver statue, presented to the Oka mission by King Louis XV. of France. The first convent was built at Oka in 1720. Many of the works of art in the church and presbytery were painted early in the eighteenth century. The curé pointed



MONKS CONFESSING THEIR FAULTS.

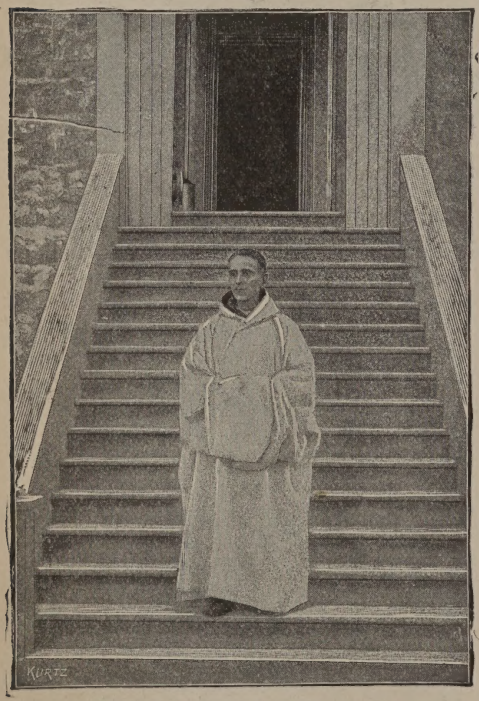
out to us a large painting representing the massacres of the three Jesuit martyrs, Brebœuf, Lallament, and Jogues by Iroquois Indians on the shores of Georgian Bay in 1649, and proudly informed us that the Christianized Iroquois now living in and around Oka were the descendants of the very savages who so cruelly massacred the three Jesuits named. A large monument to the memory of the three martyrs was lately erected near Quebec. The bodies of a number of the early French missionaries lie buried beneath the church at Oka.

Four miles northeast of Oka, on the road towards St. Eustache and Montreal, is the monastery of the Trappist monks. The road from Oka is rough and uphill. To the left as we leave the village rises the Mount of Calvary, a high, sharp peak, upon the sides of which seven small chapels or shrines have existed for many years, and up this mountain the faithful make pilgrimages. The three highest of these whitewashed chapels are visible from the lake. On the side of another hill, to the right of the roadway and facing the river, stands the large three-story wooden building which was the first home of the Trappists after they had got fairly under way. The building is now used as a storehouse and barn. It was found too cold and shaky for a dwelling, owing to its being exposed to the high winds from the lake. Moreover, the monks found it necessary to have their chapel, cloister, sleeping quarters, etc., close to their principal working fields, which are behind the mountain.

As we approach the old monastery the fields differ in appearance from those of the French farmers whose homesteads we have passed. The bowlders, which in some places covered the ground to such an extent as to make it difficult for a sheep to find pasturage, have been gathered into well-shaped stone walls or fences. Some fields have been denuded of stones altogether and young orchards planted therein. Others seem to have been set apart as "bowlder cemeteries," being given up altogether to the huge whitish rocks carried from other sections of the farm. There is an appearance of systematic industry as soon as we come upon the estate of the silent monks. Descending the hill behind the old monastery, the new monastery, a solid-looking four-story L-shaped building with a tiled roof, comes into view, surrounded by barns, mills, forges, and other industrial hives. The monks have utilized the current of a small stream, and by carefully husbanding the water and lifting it out of its course by means of a wooden sluice have obtained sufficient power to operate a sawmill and a grist-

mill — the water which turns the "overshot" wheel of the sawmill serving afterwards to turn the flour mill wheel below

Visitors to the monastery are always well received and cared for, hospitality being one of the rules of the order. But the greatest personage in the land receives exactly the same treatment as the humblest wayfarer who may seek a night's shelter. A portion of the building is fitted up as quarters for guests,



FATHER ANTOINE, THE ABBOT.

and one of the officials of the monastery is the "guest master," who looks after the comfort of visitors. Arriving at the entrance to the monastic grounds the visitor finds, in staring letters, on a white board, the warning: "No Ladies are Admitted Here." The notice is in French and English. "These men evidently know how to preserve peace in their home," growled a bachelor member of our party, as, leaving our horse to be cared for by a lay friar in a long, gray, hooded cloak, who uttered not a word, we made for one of the entrances to the building. The door was opened by a tall monk with a bushy beard and long eyelashes, clad in the white robe worn by clerical members of the order. He did not speak, and when we addressed him in English he lifted his shoulders and dropped his arms in the way peculiar to Frenchmen, and which is so aggravatingly expressive. But in response to an inquiry for the superior, made to him in French, he beckoned us to follow him as he shambled through the room and into a long hallway which we afterwards found was the cloister. Along this corridor we were taken until a room was reached in which the abbot or superior of the monastery was found, transacting business with one of the French-Canadian farmers of the neighborhood. The monastery was formerly a priory, now it is an abbey; and Father Antoine, who was formerly the prior, was duly elected abbot.

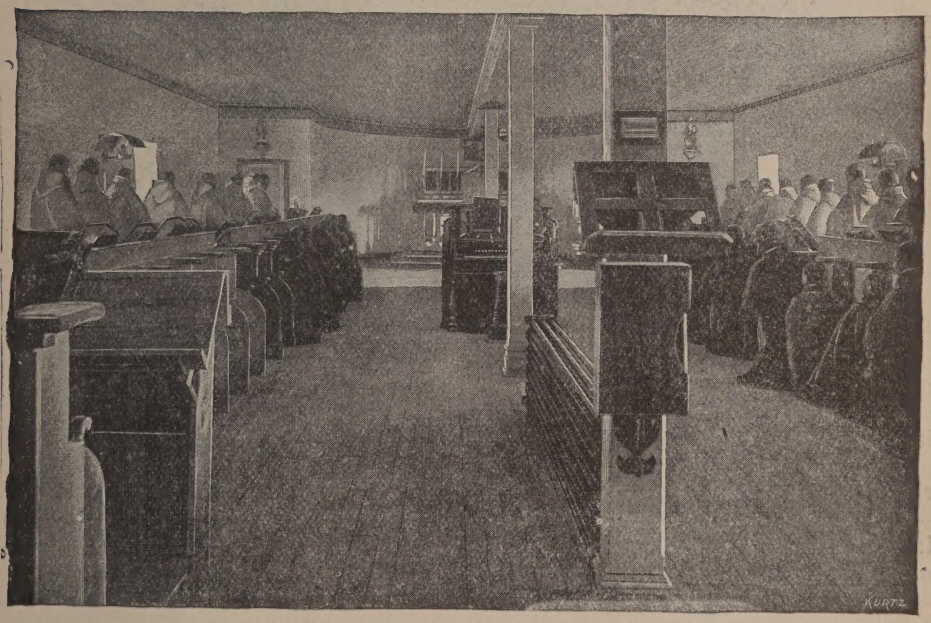
The abbot received us very courteously and invited us to spend the night in his monastery. Soon the guest master, Father Peter, a young French-Canadian priest, who joined the order a few years ago, appeared, and conducted us to our quarters on the ground floor at the west end of the main building. The rooms were neatly furnished. The floors of our bedrooms were bare, but scrupulously clean, and on the walls hung some religious pictures. Father Peter promised to return shortly and take us to supper. The monks were assembling for evening service, the lay members of the order clad in brown cloaks and heavy boots, the clerics wearing white woollen cloaks made of fine cloth imported from France. The institution is thoroughly democratic. The abbot is obliged to conform to the rules as rigidly as the humblest laborer in the monastery. He sleeps, like each of the others, upon a straw mattress placed upon a shelf in a cell about half the size of an ordinary stateroom on a steamship. It is to be said, however, that the building is thoroughly equipped with the most improved heating and ventilating apparatus.

Soon Father Peter returned to inform

us that supper was ready, and we followed him down into the basement, where a meal of mashed potatoes, coarse, dark-colored bread made on the premises, butter, tea, coffee, and eggs had been prepared. "We never give our visitors meat," said Father Peter, "and, of course, we never take any ourselves. You have before you all that we ever offer to visitors, even the archbishop when he comes."

He produced, however, two black bottles of cider, which he said the monks manufactured, and which is their only drink, besides water.

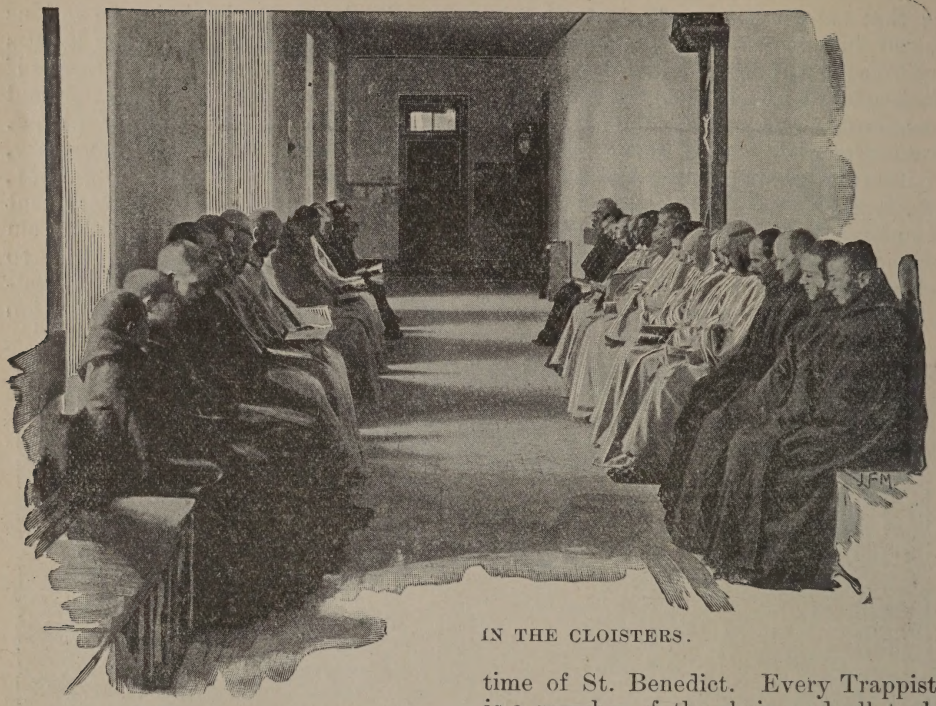
"A great many may think that our rules are not strictly observed," the guest master continued, "but they are. We never speak to one another, except to give the salutation, 'Remember Death.' We eat only bread, vegetables, and water. Sometimes we have a little rice and cider. We never taste meat, fish, butter, eggs, cheese, tea or coffee. We never use milk except when mixed with cooked rice. Yes, it is a severe life. We never receive any newspapers, and can only write occasionally to relatives." And then he began to tell us of occurrences in his life "when he was in the world," which made us feel as if we had passed the River Styx or had been transplanted to another planet. The establishment of the monastery, Father Peter told us, dated from 1881, the year in which "the bad government of France" expelled the Trappists from that country. Four monks came to Canada, and the Seminary of St. Sulpice, a wealthy ecclesiastical corporation with headquarters in Montreal, gave the order the one thousand acres of waste land which the monks are rapidly transforming into a magnificent farm. "See that little shanty out there," said Father Peter, pointing to the first home of the Trappists here; "see what we have accomplished in ten years."



THE CHAPEL.

"To what do you owe your success chiefly?"

"God is good to us. We work only for His glory. We strive to reclaim the waste places of the earth and make them fruitful. The men work hard, and you see it costs us very little to live. Our clothing does not cost much, and



IN THE CLOISTERS.

our food practically nothing. Our lives are devoted to work, prayer, and meditation."

"How do you carry on business with the outside world?"

"The abbot engages and pays the laborers, whom you see working with our friars in the mills and the creamery, and when we have any produce to sell he either goes to Montreal himself, or commissions some one to go for him. We have a splendid lot of stock, — horses, cattle, and pigs, — and we make some revenue out of pork."

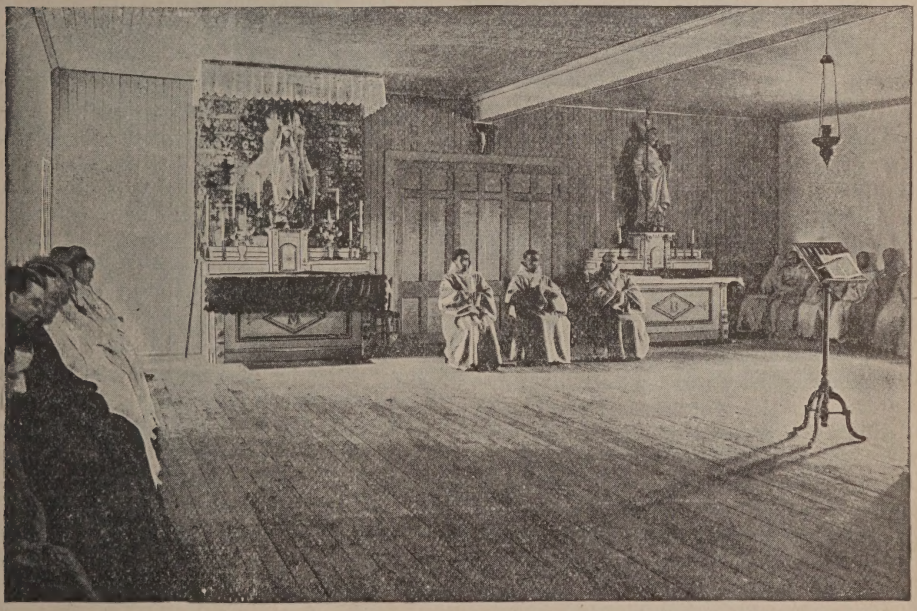
He also informed us that the monastery and surrounding estate had been mortgaged for forty thousand dollars some years before to raise money for necessary improvements, but that this debt was gradually being paid off.

At eight o'clock every evening the Trappists retire to their sleeping quarters, and when that hour approached a young visitor was sent to ask us to go to the chapel and hear the evening hymn of the Trappists, which, we were told, is chanted exactly as it was in the time of St. Benedict. Every Trappist is a member of the choir, and all took part in the solemn singing of the evening hymn, which was accompanied by the notes of an organ. The chapel is on the fourth story of the building, and to reach it we have to pass through the chapter, a square room, with two altars at one side, benches running around the three others, and an organ near the centre. It is in the chapter that monks who have violated the rules of the order make their self-accusations, prostrating themselves upon their faces on the floor and begging pardon of God and their brethren. In the chapel are wooden stalls, one for each monk, in which they sit, stand, or kneel during service.

After the evening hymn had been sung, the monks, in brown and white cloaks, filed into the chapter, where a litany was chanted, and then they dispersed for the night. The guest master piloted his charges back to their quarters, warning them not to make any noise, because there might be some people making retreats in the adjoining rooms, who might complain if disturbed.

"From now until two o'clock in the morning," said Father Peter, "is what we call 'dead silence.' Not a word is spoken by anybody — not even by the abbot. If something extraordinary happens, if a friar is taken very sick, for instance, word is brought to the abbot, and he sends for a physician or does what is necessary."

"And how do you do when it becomes absolutely necessary to communicate with one another in the fields?"



IN THE CHAPTER ROOM.

"There is a foreman or director of each branch of the work. He is entitled to give instructions, which the others follow. If anything more is needed a friar goes to the abbot or the second superior and he attends to the matter."

At a quarter past eight it was dead silence indeed. Not a sound could be heard within the walls of the monastery. In winter the Trappists retire at seven o'clock, and in summer they sleep for an hour in the middle of the day, from twelve to one o'clock. At two o'clock in the morning the loud clanging of the bell on the roof of the building notified us that the Trappists' hour of rising had arrived, and at five minutes past two all the monks had assembled in the chapel for matins, — the first morning service. The time between half-past two and four o'clock is devoted to pious meditations, private devotions, Masses, and the office called "Prime," the latter lasting about twenty minutes. At six o'clock in summer and at seven in winter the office of "Tierce" is attended, and then the monks disperse to their various duties, returning at eleven o'clock for the office called "Sexte." In summer the first meal of the day is taken at half-past eleven o'clock and in winter the dinner-hour is half-past two. At half-past four Vespers are sung This is followed by a light collation, usually bread and water, and the ninety minutes from half-past six until bed-time are consumed in chanting the Salve Regina, the evening hymn, and sometimes a litany. During the season of Lent the first and only meal is taken at half-past four P. M. On Sundays matins and lauds are sung, instead of being merely recited, as on ordinary days, and as this takes an hour

longer, the Trappists rise at one o'clock, and on special feasts known as "doubles" they rise at midnight, and the singing of the canonical matins occupies three hours. The lay monks, those who have not been ordained as priests and who wear the brown habit, are not required to attend the singing of the various offices. At three o'clock they begin their duties for the day. At four they return and hear Mass. In summer the clerical monks, laying aside their cloaks and appearing in the "under costume," as it is called, spend six hours daily in manual labor, and in winter four and a half, and they are allowed two hours for study in summer and four in winter.

The Trappists are dead to the civil law of Quebec. They cannot as individuals own any property or sue or be sued. The monastery is a little principality of itself. It is governed by its own peculiar code, but the abbot is a strictly constitutional ruler. His discretionary powers are rigidly limited. When a monk dies he is buried in the cemetery attached to the monastery, and is remembered only in the prayers of those inmates of the abbey who survive him. There are now sixty-three Trappists in the abbey at Oka, twenty-eight of whom have been ordained as priests and wear the white robe. Some of the lay members of the order are boys under twenty years of age. Father Peter informed us that in 1889 a number of boys were brought to the monastery from a Montreal orphanage, the design being to teach them how to farm. But the work of instructing these boys interfered so seriously with the routine and rules of the Trappists that they were sent back to the orphanage, with the exception of four or five who elected to become members of the order.

"Can men leave your order, and do they leave?" the guest master was asked.

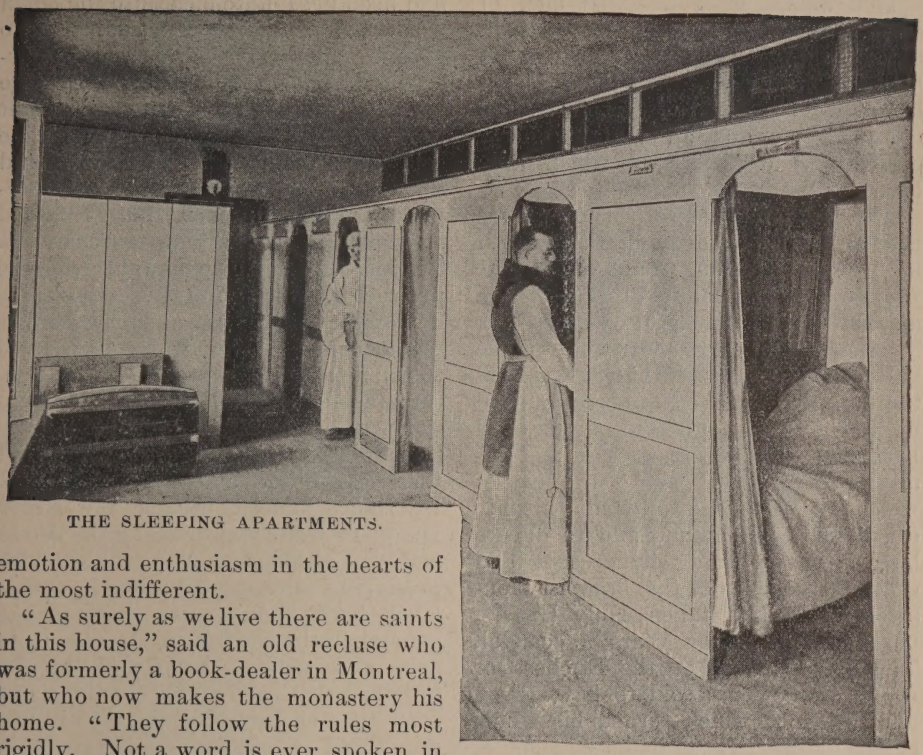
"A certain time is allowed as the probationary period after a man joins the order. During that period he is at liberty to leave when he pleases. After the novice has made his final vows and renounced the world, he can only leave after obtaining special permission and for some valid reason, such as ill health, family necessities, or some equally good grounds."

"Do not men break down under such rigid and austere discipline and such poor fare?"

"At first the life is exceedingly severe, but we gradually get accustomed to it. There is very seldom any sickness among the friars."

At four o'clock a novice was sent to invite us to go to the chapel to attend a special Mass. It was gray daylight. To reach the stairway leading to the chapel we had to pass through the cloister. Here we found monks praying before the Stations of the Cross, sitting up on their boxes engaged in study, or writing on the sills of the high windows, which look out upon the rear of the abbey and the rude cross which marks the burying-ground. Their long white cloaks made them look like so many ghosts. In the cloister no word is ever spoken, even by the abbot. Along the sides of this hallway, on the floor, for part of its length, are small boxes, about a foot square. These boxes serve as seats and each contains all the worldly possessions of the Trappist whose name it bears; there is a rough chair for the abbot. Each box contains a few books and tracts, and the whip with which the owner lashes his body every Friday. The second superior, next to the abbot, is Father Pius, and the secretary is Father Joseph. Both these gentlemen are said to belong to eminent families in France.

The early morning services in the chapel are very impressive. There are four rows of wooden stalls, and for the greater portion of the time from two until five o'clock the monks stand or kneel in these. In the dim light of the altar lamps, wrapped up in their white or brown robes, with shaven heads and humble countenances, they chant their psalms in those sonorous tones peculiar to the monastic orders, and when the notes of the organ peal forth, the situation is sufficient to excite religious



THE SLEEPING APARTMENTS.

emotion and enthusiasm in the hearts of the most indifferent.

"As surely as we live there are saints in this house," said an old recluse who was formerly a book-dealer in Montreal, but who now makes the monastery his home. "They follow the rules most rigidly. Not a word is ever spoken in that cloister, and the way they whip themselves on Fridays — it is really terrible."

Each abbey is an independent establishment, but the monks at Oka recognize their former home, the Abbey of Belfontaine, France, as their parent house, and so the Mitred Abbot of Belfontaine, the Prior General of the Trappist Order, came to Canada to preside over the ceremony of transforming the Oka priory into an abbey. The election of the new abbot was conducted in accordance with the rules provided by St. Benedict himself. Every member of the order, lay or clerical, attached to the monastery, has a vote at the election of an abbot, who is chosen for life. On the morning that the Oka house was raised to the dignity of an abbey the usual early Mass was celebrated by the Abbot of Belfontaine. Then all the doors of the monastery were closed and locked, and the keys handed to the presiding prelate, who delivered a short address to the monks upon the importance of the election about to take place. Each monk then knelt in turn before the Abbot of Belfontaine, and swore to fulfil his duty according to his conscience, then deposited his ballot in the box and left the room. After all had voted, three scrutineers counted the ballots and declared Father Antoine duly elected to the office of abbot of the monastery. The bells were then rung, the doors were unlocked, and the monks reëntered the chapter; after which the new abbot knelt before the officiating prelate, who instructed him in his duties and placed a mitre upon his head. The monks then swore to be faithful unto death to their abbot, and the *Te Deum* was chanted in the same tone as in the abbeys of Europe during the Middle Ages. A minute of the proceedings of the day was taken by a notary, who is the member of parliament for the county, which was at once transmitted to Rome.

It is almost incredible that men of culture, intelligence, and wealth should forsake the world to lead the life of hardship, privation, isolation, and silence peculiar to the Trappists, but many do so, and all their property passes to the monastery which they enter.

The first monastery of this order was near Mortagne, France, and was founded in 1140, by Rotrou, Count of Perche, who gave it to a colony of Benedictine monks. A narrow gorge called La Trappe, which gave entrance to the building, gave it also its name. In 1664 the order was revived and reorganized by De Rancé, a godson of Cardinal Richelieu. There are strange and romantic stories told as to the causes which led De Rancé to forsake his life of pleasure and luxury and to devote himself to reforming by precept and example the rules of the Trappist monastery. He had taken Holy Orders, but his life was for years a scandal. The sudden death of the Duchess of Rohn-Montbazon is said to have given him the shock which turned his whole course of life. It is related by some of De Rancé's contemporaries, but disputed by his biographers, that he arrived at the duchess's house unaware of her death, and entered her apartment without warning, only to find the woman's head lying apart from her body, which had been decapitated because the coffin was too short and there was no time to procure another. This story is discredited, but certain it is that De Rancé's reformation dates from about the time of the duchess's death. He sold large portions of his property and distributed the proceeds between hospitals and the poor, but retained sufficient to enable him to repair La Trappe, of which he had become the proprietor. He found the abbey in a deplorable condition, and the monks who occupied it were so far indisposed to listen to his reform schemes that they threatened to kill him. But he pensioned the incorrigibles off and filled their places with men of the strict Cistercian order, and in a short time De Rancé himself became the abbot. His plans were approved by the Pope, and he established the rules which prescribe silence, laborious manual labor, hard beds, coarse clothing, and general abstinence from flesh-meat, eggs, fish, and wine. De Rancé further ordained that each monk should spend some time each evening digging his own grave, and should sleep on straw in his coffin.

Besides the Oka abbey there are only three other small Trappist establishments in America, one in Nova Scotia, and two in the United States.

Nature.

BY D. J. DONAHOE.

All sweet the rosy sunset sky
Flushed hill and vale above;
The birds were singing loud for joy,
And singing low for love.

In scented robes of pink and white
The apple-orchards glowed;
And down the vale, a line of light,
The silent river flowed.

And gazing long with ravished eye,
I felt — and knew its worth; —
Sweet kinship with that burnished sky
And all the light of earth.

Start a Bank Account.

THE hope of every father and mother worthy the name is that their children may attain greater success and happiness than they themselves enjoyed. In our civilization and under our government, we are the creators of our own positions. No accidental circumstances of birth or condition hinder our progress. All fields are free and the harvest is to him who shows and exercises the greatest industry, intelligence, and thrift.

We are not content to sit all our lives as the footstools of others. The mechanic aims to be master, the clerk to be merchant, the servant that he may gain recognition. You may have to till and to toil now, but for what is it all? First, that you may gain a competence; next, and always, that your children may start in life at least one peg higher than you did. As a people no fault can be found with our industry, nor are our educational facilities egregiously lacking. If in any of the three requisites of success — industry, intelligence, and thrift — we are weak, it is in the last.

Thrift is the Necessity

of the time. To practise it themselves, to teach it to their children, is the duty of all worthy parents. "A penny saved is a penny earned," is a trite truism, but with children a penny saved or earned is at least a dime gained in the mental habit or physical discipline induced by the act. Not that we would preach stinginess. Thrift and meanness are as wide apart as the poles. Judicious expenditure is essential to our progress, but the sooner children are taught the value of money the better. How can they best be taught this? By each having his or her own

Bank Account

in the rise or fall of which each can observe the money value of his various little sacrifices or squanderings. It is safe to say that the child who has a bank-book of his own will as a man draw his own checks. Yes, you say, that's all very well; but how am I to give my children bank accounts, when my wages are barely enough to keep my family in food?

∴ WE WILL START A ∴

BANK ACCOUNT

FOR YOUR CHILD.

WE WILL DEPOSIT A

Ten-Dollar Gold-Piece

for him in any Savings Bank you may name.

The price of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is $2.00 a year. For ten subscribers we get $20.00. If your boy or girl gets us ten subscribers we will give half of the money to him. In other words, we will put $10.00 in the bank for him to start a bank account, which we believe will be a blessing to him both in its intrinsic value and its incidental discipline. This offer is open only to children of subscribers, or children who are recommended by subscribers, of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Boys and Girls,

Let us start a bank account for you. Subscription blanks and full instructions will be sent you by writing to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington Street, Boston.

TIME'S SYMPHONY.

BY MARY R. DENTON.

In every life come moments when a retrospective glance is cast through the vista of years, enveloped with such exquisite delicacy by memory's rosy-hued veil.

To-day, perhaps for the first time in our short existence, we turn with tender longings to the past — that past so filled with the murmuring music of happy childhood. Unconsciously our lips frame the petition: "O grant that this harmony may never wander into discord, but day by day grow fuller, stronger, sweeter, till it blends itself into the music of eternity!"

In our quiet convent home only the chords of happiness have been struck, with here and there a little trill of pain. Remote from the allurements and attractions of the world, surrounded with the beautiful and the good, our hearts have been moulded after noble casts, our thoughts directed into channels which lead to waters crystal clear. Now, when the treasure is slipping from our grasp, we realize that it has been our privilege to enjoy that peace of mind so necessary for the development of our intellectual powers.

As the symphony — the noblest form in which music culminates — shapes itself into a certain number of parts,— the ardent allegro, the sedate andante, and the grave minuet,— so does our life resolve itself into fixed intervals.

School-days are but the prelude to life's mighty symphony; the preparation for its conflicts and its conquests. True education does not teach that the world is to be a triumphal march. The sad, sweet minors glide into every composition, yea, often form its chiefest charm. There are trials as well as triumphs for us to meet. It is not the participation in pleasure that brings strength of character, but rather the self-denials, the patience in adversity and affliction.

Time, the director of all symphonies, has undertaken the guidance of life's musical epic. The dawn of womanhood is the opening movement of our symphony.

As the first rosy flush steals o'er the eastern sky a faint, sweet note, like the shadow of a sound, falls on the ear. Time is dawning; no haste, no rush, no hurry is upon the earth. Nature raises her lovely head and looks abroad on all her works, smiling as her eyes behold her own bright treasures. But this glimpse of paradise is not for long; the world is waking up,— the world with its sorrow and discord. Yet, even as the discord makes itself felt, the sweet tones strengthen amid the witcheries of morning and finally pour themselves forth in a brilliant song of triumph. The music has taken a distinctive form. Oh! there is a sweetness and a calmness in this broad allegro for which in the succeeding strains we search in vain.

Through the tranquil period of girlhood a voice, soft and low, whispers,—

"Live to some purpose; make thy life
A gift of use to thee;
A joy, a good, a golden hope —
A heavenly argosy."

The future, bright with smiling promises, lies before us. There pulsates upon our ear the waves of that sweet allegro, and bathed in the sound the spirit dreams. All things good are possible. Those melodious strains stir no strife; only impulses to rise, to do our best deeds for the world and ourselves, to lend a helping hand where help is needed. The ideals which are deep-rooted in the human heart are the key-note upon which the succeeding parts of the symphony depend. If the leading note be false, our life will be out of tune, and our symphony — so far as earthly joys affect us — a discord. We are startled from our reverie. Time wields his baton, and lo! the second part — the andante of life — is ushered in. The strong, full chords now borne to us reveal but a partially executed design, and in their tones is conveyed a warning. Our thoughts must be of the present, and life, inner life, must become more real. The expression of innate joy rushes forth in bursts of euphony; arpeggios of anguish will take their position in the scale of maturity, but again

"Soft and sweet through ether swinging,
Sound the harmonies of life."

To the indifferent auditor many of the fairy-like strains of the lighter instruments of life's grand orchestra are lost in the great flood of melody; to the casual observer the highest virtues are often hid beneath a mask of frivolities. "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." Who of us can tell of the exquisite phrases which enter our neighbor's symphony? Who of us has heard the tender grace-notes which are his only solace? Yet we know there is something in each heart which defies time or sorrow, that something which is as balm to the deepest wounds. It must be the music of the soul, "the medicine of the breaking heart." As, tone by tone, we reach the climax of our ascending passage, whence all tends toward the finale, so, step by step, does life's movement go on till the topmost height is won; then the shadows lengthen toward the grave.

It is but fitting that the stately minuet should crown life's hymn. Our work is drawing near completion, and we listen and wait for the dying note — the celestial messenger, who hovers o'er us, ready to carry the wave of the last low chord to break upon the shores of a fairer world. Echoes of buried strains rise round us; recollections sweep o'er the mind. The good we have done, the evil we have prevented, the burdens we have lightened, the joy we have lent to others,— such deeds combine to make the music of old age the sweetest that can lull the senses to repose. Never again will the sharp, staccato notes of doubt and fear ring out; never again will the cañons of hope and pleasure be ascended; only the lingering vibration of the last diminuendo is left to yield itself to the world of never-ceasing sound. And who can tell if the final note be one of victory or defeat?

—— Globe Review.

"A BIRD IN THE HAND."

THAT the man who laughs last may laugh best is quite true,
If Time for the laugh finds employment;
But the man who laughs first is quite satisfied too:
He's had his own laughter's enjoyment.

THE STORY OF THE MONTH.

THE new president of the Swiss confederation is a Swiss by birth, but he formerly resided in this country, and is an ex-Union soldier.

THE difference which had occasioned strained relations between Right Rev. W. M. Wigger of Newark N. J., and the Rev. Patrick Corrigan, of Hoboken, has been happily removed.

MGR. D. J. O'CONNELL, president of the American College at Rome, who accompanied Archbishop Satolli to the United States, sailed from New York, Dec. 17, for Genoa on the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*

A DESPATCH to the *London Tablet* from Rome says that it is the Pope's intention to elevate the Most Rev. Michael Logue, archbishop of Armagh and primate of all Ireland, to the cardinalate.

THE officers of the New York famous Sixty-ninth Regiment celebrated the silver jubilee of Col. James Cavanagh by a banquet at Delmonico's, December 19. Col. Cavanagh has been twenty-five years colonel of the regiment.

A BEAUTIFUL statue of the Blessed Virgin and Child, the work of Mr. Patrick Kyle, of Boston, and intended for St. John's Church, Providence, R. I., of which the Rev. John J. McCabe is pastor, has just been completed, and is attracting much attention at the artist's studio, 122 East Dedham Street.

THE following were ordained priests by His Grace Archbishop Williams at the Cathedral, Boston, Dec. 16: Revs. Philip J. Gormley, John J. Harkins, Daniel W. Lenehan, and James A. O'Rourke, for the archdiocese of Boston; Revs. John Kennedy and Michael J. O'Connor, for the diocese of Hartford; Rev. Owen J. Tyman for the diocese of Columbus.

THE birthday of the poet John G. Whittier was celebrated by his former townspeople at Amesbury, Mass., December 17. For many years December 17 has been a day for a town festival. This is the first since the poet's death, and there was unusual interest in the exercises. They were held in the opera house, and were of a special memorial character.

MRS. MARGARET RILEY, of South Glens Falls, Saratoga County, New York, the oldest resident in the State, died recently. Records in possession of her family show that she was born in County Meath, Ireland, June 10, 1783. Her husband was a veteran of the battle of Waterloo. She was the mother of ten children, and she came to this country in 1845 and has lived in this vicinity most of the time since.

FATHER ANTOINE DE PADOUE, whose recent death at a Trappist monastery in France has been reported by cable, was none other than Prince Malatesta, who fought as an ally of Louis Bonaparte against the Pontifical troops in Italy. The latter, after he ascended the French throne, made the Prince, who had been obliged to flee from home, a cantonal officer in France. Members of the Prince's family have played important roles in the civic and military history of Italy.

THE thanks of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, and of its readers, are due to Mr. J. Brisben Walker, editor of the "Cosmopolitan," N. Y. By his permission we are enabled to present in this number the best story ever published in America of life in a Trappist monastery, originally printed in the "Cosmopolitan." The "Cosmopolitan" is one of

the notable recent successes among American publications, and, built upon a broad, liberal, and progressive basis, its success is permanent as well as rapid.

ST. BENEDICT'S HOME FOR DESTITUTE COLORED CHILDREN OF NEW YORK has issued the first number of a paper to be published annually in the interest of the home association. The home is located at Rye, Westchester County, and was first established in Bleecker Street, in 1886. The paper contains several cuts of the home buildings and is intended to help the association raise funds to carry on its work. The work by the association in New York is in charge of Rev. J. E. Burke, No. 120 Macdougall Street.

IT is believed, on good authority, that the names selected by the council of suffragan bishops of the Archdiocese of St. Louis to be sent to Rome, and from which list it is expected the Pope will select a coadjutor for Archbishop Kenrick, are Bishop John L. Spalding, of Peoria; Bishop John J. Kain, of Wheeling, and Bishop F. S. Chatard, of Vincennes. Bishop Spalding is reported to have said he was not a candidate for the St. Louis coadjutorship, that there was no probability of his appointment, and that if appointed he could not and would not accept.

REV. FATHER DOMINICK O'GRADY, of St. Augustine's Church, corner of Sixth Avenue and Sterling Place, New York, died in St. Mary's Hospital, recently. Father O'Grady was born in England thirty-three years ago. He came to this country when young, and graduated from Mount St. Mary's Seminary, in Emmettsburg, Md. He was ordained in 1882, and served in St. Mary's Church, Long Island City, N. Y., for eight months. Later he was transferred to St. Joseph's, serving three years, and then to St. Augustine's in this city. He was an eloquent and zealous priest, and was much beloved by his congregation and friends.

BISHOP MCDONNELL, of Brooklyn, ordained the following priests on Saturday, December 17: Timothy J. Kelleher and Edward F. Hannigan. The former hails from Baltimore and the latter from this city. The deacons were William J. Costello, of New Haven, Conn.; William L. Long, of Brooklynn; J. L. Langdon, of New Jersey; Thomas F. Farrell, of Brooklyn; William J. McAdams, of Vineland, N. J.; Henry Augustus Fitzgerald, of Kingston, N. Y.; Patrick F. Matthews and W. H. Sheehy; Philip H. Smith, of Webster, Mass.; Henry J. Mertens and James Smith, the tonsure, and James Heaphy, William Dunphy, and Patrick Sherry, full minor orders.

BOSTON municipal election, December 13, resulted as follows: Mayor, Nathan Matthews, Jr., Democratic; aldermen: Charles T. Witt, Republican; Michael J. Mitchell, Democratic; Martin M. Lomasney, Democratic; Jacob Fottler, Republican; Charles W. Hallstram, Republican; John J. Maguire, Democratic; Thomas W. Flood, Democratic; Alpheus Sanford, Republican; William L. Mooney, Democratic; John F. Dever, Democratic; John H. Lee, Democratic; Charles E. Folsom, Republican; school committee: Caroline E. Hastings, Isaac F. Paul, Willard S. Allen, William T. Eaton, Elizabeth C. Keller, Fred G. Pettigrove, Benjamin B. Whittemore, J. P. C. Winship, all for three years. Samuel H. Wise, one year. All the members elected to the school committee are Republicans. The city voted for license by a majority of 1,184.

DEATH has removed two of Boston's best-known citizens. The first to go was Mr. Jerome K. Macdonald, one of the most familiar figures in Boston's business circles; and his being burned to death, on Dec. 8, is a sad ending to so worthy and genial a life. Mr. Macdonald was loved and respected by all who knew him and the city loses by his death an exemplary, progressive citizen and the Church a devout, practical,

dutiful son. The second of the two to be unexpectedly called away was the Hon. Leopold Morse, one of the most potent personalities in the mercantile life of the city, and one who had honored his state and city as a member of Congress for five terms. He was a broad-minded, genial man, whose indomitable energy and business ability raised him from humble circumstances to affluence, and whose strict integrity and open-handed generosity won him universal respect. His death took place Dec. 15.

A NOTABLE triumph for Massachusetts was scored this month at Chicago when the Board of Administration of the World's Columbian Exposition voted to expend $120,000 in the erection of a special educational building. This result was brought about by the persistent and untiring efforts of Executive Commissioner E. C. Hovey, of Massachusetts, who led the fight for this needed innovation. The management of the World's Fair had originally intended to coop up the department of liberal arts with three or four other interests in one building. The first objection to this came from Massachusetts, and the objection was followed up by Mr. Hovey with personal appeal, until a public feeling was aroused which could not be ignored. The result is that for the first time in the history of the world education and the liberal arts will be given especial and exclusive recognition of this character. Massachusetts is proud of her educational system, proud of her progress in the liberal arts, and that her influence has brought about this recognition is good news to all sons of the Bay State.

A BUSINESS which in its growth and development is an object lesson in the way of what can be accomplished by enterprise, integrity, and progressive methods, is the publishing and general agency business of Gately & O'Gorman, 611 Washington Street, Boston, which house is to-day one of the heaviest dealers in its line in the country. Begun humbly by the late Michael R. Gately in 1870, its business grew under his fostering care and broad progressive methods until branch houses became necessary in Hartford, New York, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Chicago, Providence, Worcester, Portland, Fitchburg, and Lawrence, to fill the requirements of the vast volume of trade that had been directed toward it. Its first great hit in the publishing business was Gately's "Universal Educator," a book that is a veritable epitome of useful knowledge, and which immediately sprang into a popularity as wide as it was merited. The amount of valuable practical information compressed within its pages is indeed surprising, as it ranges the entire field of practical knowledge. The next great book success was "The World's Progress," which concisely but thoroughly covers the march of civilization and the advantages which are the fruit of such advancement. Mr. Gately died in 1888, and since then the business has been conducted by Mr. Joseph S. O'Gorman, who had been associated with Mr. Gately from 1872, and whose pen contributed much to the enrichment of the "Educator." The house now confined its attention to New England, the branch houses beyond the confines of which are now conducted as distinct establishments. In Worcester, Lawrence, and Fitchburg the firm conducts large furniture houses, while its publishing and general agency business is confined to the Boston headquarters. Its success is one of the business marvels of New England. Over one hundred thousand copies of the "Universal Educator" have been sold, and the demand keeps on increasing.

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CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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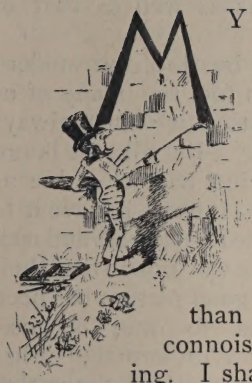
VOL. XXIX. BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1893. NO. 2.

IN AMERICAN STUDIOS.

MONKS, AND HIS WORK.

BY HENRY AUSTIN.



MY aim in writing this series of brief articles on American artists is to arouse the attention of the uncritical, but beauty-loving public, rather more than the professional connoisseurs of painting. I shall try to employ as few technical terms as possible, and to describe the artist and his work in general rather than pronounce any special or absolute verdicts.

I believe in American art — its present and its future. I hold as a firmly established canon of my artistic creed, entirely apart from any subtle persuasions of patriotism, that the well-to-do classes of my countrymen have no need to cross the Atlantic for the purpose of purchasing pictures. Art is of no country, but sovereign in all, and just as beautiful scenes can be conceived and painted in an obscure village as in London or Paris or Rome.

It is easy enough in the works of all artists to pick out points to censure, but the true function, the ultimate of all criticism, it seems to me, is to discover beauties, not flaws. Nor have we any business to judge an artistic work by an inflexible standard evolved from our own biases.

To be anywhere near just, we must endeavor to find out what the artist, painter, sculptor, musician or author has been trying to create, and how near to the original conception has been the outcome. And I wish to impress on my readers that these remarks of mine on artists are not meant to rank as deliberate decisions judicially delivered, but rather as impressions casually communicated.

My hope is that what I have to say about a few pictures by each painter of whom I shall write, may

stimulate those who have any fondness or taste for pictures to seek personal communion with such work, and judge for themselves.

In art-appreciation, as well as in most matters of life, others can only point us the way; they cannot lead us by the hand the whole journey. Having thus re-stated what should be a very self-evident truth not needing reiteration year by year, let me hasten to my task of joy — the praising of things of beauty.

A thing full of beauty just at present is the studio of my friend, J. A. S. Monks, on West Street, in Boston. I have chosen Monks and his work for the subject of this opening article, not because he is first among American artists, though in certain lines it must be admitted he ranks at the top, but I begin with him because he is one of the most widely known of Boston artists, and also because when writing about his work in an art-magazine five years ago I fancy I did not do full justice to his talents. I was inclined then to consider him far better as an etcher than as a handler of oils and water-colors. I wish to revise this opinion.

Before examining an artist's productions it is often well to know a little of his life. That of John Austin Sands Monks, however, unlike many distinguished painters, has been rather quiet and uneventful. He was born November 7th, 1850, at Cold Spring, a little village on the Hudson, and his earliest evidence of latent talent or inborn aptitude was his carving out of wood crude imitations of the craft on that river.

He drew likewise, but, receiving no regular instruction, had little expectation of becoming an artist. Having a living to earn, he took up wood-engraving and in a few years became an expert. Still he did not feel settled, but, as it were, always living on the stairs to something else.

He was twenty-four, and the wise-acres, especially those of his own kin, thought him lazy, and never likely to amount to much. It is a very common thing for very good people who are always judging by appearances and are therefore always getting humbugged by surfaces, to imagine, just because an artist has periods of slight or even of non-production, that he is a sluggard who needs the spur of actual need to force his powers into activity.

On the contrary, it seems to me that nearly all doing which amounts to anything and really counts in the sum of human development, has to have its precedent periods of intense incubation. This may apply to the realm of morals as well as that of art.

The bray and bustle of our modern business system fool too many of us into the fancy that we must always be up and doing. But all rest is not rust. Mere being has its value as well as doing. Hence I believe it to be especially wise for painters and men of letters to take vacations from their work. Many a good picture has been such, it seems to me, because, in the phrase of Wordsworth, "it has been the harvest of a quiet eye that has brooded and slept on its own heart"; slept for weeks, and possibly months, before the colors began to dawn on the canvas.

Is it not better to take long vacations, as Monks does, and paint only a few pictures per annum than to flood the market and drown one's chance of fame with a sleepless superfluity of slightly varying vacuities, even though vacuities sell after one has made a name? Besides, is it not far honester?

While Monks was still a wood

engraver, Cass, the landscape painter, was at the height of his popularity, and, seeing the engraver's talent displayed in several drawings, Cass offered to teach him how to paint. Monks eagerly embraced the offer and after a year they had a joint sale, at which the work of the pupil was bought in preference to the master's.

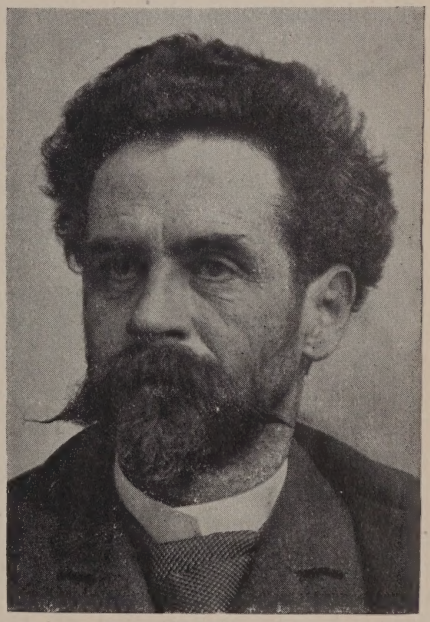
This was probably because Monks was a novelty, for the sunshine of that first success soon paled out into gray, and then into blue, and the young man who had been induced by its golden glamour to take a studio in Boston, began to hear the general wolf howling very particularly in his vicinity. Had he mistaken his vocation? Had he better return to wood-engraving?

It takes a stout heart as well as a belief in one's art to keep on, day after day, week after week, sometimes year after year, refuting to one's self the insidious arguments of poverty. In a civilization that seems more bent on piling up money than on producing men, the man who does not make money easily is often browbeaten by his environment into suspecting himself a failure, though really in all the qualities that make him fit to live and enjoy and give enjoyment he may be millions richer than the men of no account but their bank account

And the artist for whom appreciation lags feels the lack or slightness or slowness of success still more keenly, because, perhaps through the very intensity of the artistic temperament, there is likely to come quite often to his heart a doubt of his own powers, without any extraneous suggestion from a world that so frequently appreciates too late.

Monks was in one of these self-suspecting moods one day, just ready to shut up his first studio, when George Inness, fresh from France, dropped in for a chat, and noticed a willow Monks had just painted. The famous landscape artist growled out a compliment for the tree, looked sharply at the keen face of the younger brother, then asked whether Monks would not like to come and study with him. The invitation was gratefully accepted.

"Come this afternoon," said Inness, divining, perhaps, that his new pupil needed a good supper just then as a basis for future art-work.



MONKS.

This true fraternity lasted about a year, the master giving the novice the fruits of his experience with a generosity that still brings a warm tone into Monks' voice whenever he speaks of Inness; and by the bye, it is a pleasing trait of Monks' character that he always speaks appreciatingly of the efforts of others. The best American artists have no warmer admirer than their fellow-craftsman, John Monks.

Nor when Monks again started a studio did the interest of Inness cease. Calling one day to see how the struggler was progressing, and finding blue the principal color on Monks' palette, Inness, after roughly criticising some of the work scattered about, departed abruptly. But very soon a picture dealer appeared, saying that the great Mr. Inness had told him he would show good business sense, if he should buy up a few of Monks' best juveniles against the market of futurity.

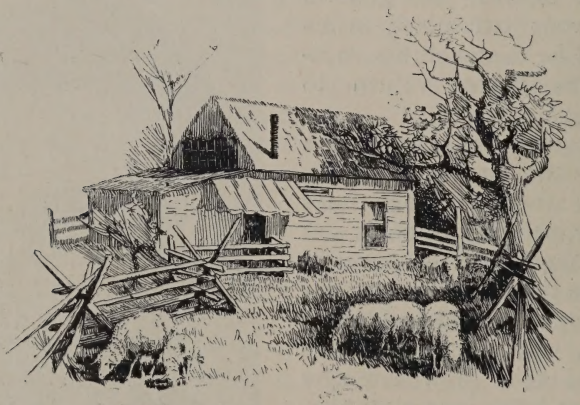
The history of art-life, if it were truly told, would be found to contain many such incidents. Men who attain to greatness in any art are always keenly appreciative of the good work of others. One could not be a great artist without being very much of an altruist.

The visit of the dealer sent by Inness was the turning point in Monks' career. Lifted for awhile from the slough of want, he began to work to a better purpose than the mere acquisition of money for daily needs. But his study of the landscapes of Inness put him out of sorts with his own — they were not up to his master, perhaps because they were not up to himself.

Casting about for something to engraft on landscape that should be susceptible of new treatment, Monks accidentally became attracted by sheep. The wonderful variety of softness that groups of sheep in their totality lend to a landscape and the singular variety of superficial character, or form-characteristic, that sheep individually possess, began to impress the young artist as a possibly new discovery which he could exploit to the world.

Presently, after Monks began to utilize sheep as an incident to landscape, connoisseurs began to notice that the animal was running away with the landscape. The accessory was becoming the principal. Very soon, too, they began to say that the sheep he painted were truer to nature than the traditional sheep of art, and that as naturalistic specimens they could not be surpassed. Monks has proved them wrong in this respect, for he has been improving on himself year by year.

This success — for his fame as a painter of sheep has long been established — is due to a most scientific study of the animal. As indicated in the spirited pen-and-ink sketch of his Vermont studio, reproduced on



MONKS' STUDIO IN VERMONT.
[From a Pen-and-Ink Sketch drawn by himself for Donahoe's Magazine.]

page 132, he has for years kept sheep about him ; has tended them like a shepherd, and has discovered the rich variety of expression, motion, pose and color which they possess. Of course when a man has made a hit or a specialty of anything there are some persons always ready to assert that he can do nothing else with equal excellence, and some premature critics in the past have suggested that of action and as facile as any of his more famous and valuable delineations of sheep. I used to think, as to atmospheres, that Monks would always be chiefly a painter of November and December days, fond of expressing only delicate differences of tint, dealing in tinges rather than strong tones of color. I said of him that he was no Favretto inviting one to *feste di colore*, but a sort of

"A HARD PULL ALL TOGETHER."
(Water-Color.)

Monks has been so devoted to sheep that he has unfitted himself to paint any other animal.

But, in truth, his learning one animal so thoroughly now demonstrates just the contrary, for he paints mules, horses, cattle, goats and dogs with equal force and finish, though not in the endless variety of attitude or situation he gives to sheep. The water-color of cattle presented in this article, which I have the pleasure of having in my own collection, is as full pictorial Thoreau going into faint and misty meadows to seek the rhododendrons of his fancy. I find in the work he has done since I first knew him, and especially in what he has accomplished in the last year, a richness of atmosphere and a more frequently happy handling of sunbeams than was in any way hinted or foreshadowed in his earlier pictures.

All young painters, it seems to me, want to paint sunlight, just as young

poets want to write epics; but sunshine effects in pictures are much more common than effective. I believe that yellow, the commonest of colors, is the most difficult to imitate from things in nature, and is also the most difficult with which to produce absolute harmonies. You may get too high a tone of brown or of red in a picture and it will not entirely spoil the effect, but a tenth of a shade too much yellow, or a fifth of a shade too much green, will play chaos.

Monks, it seems to me, is most felicitous in exhibiting a fading downshading rather than rising yellow or red, and some of his post-sunset effects are remarkably rich. A picture now in the possession of Mr. S. J. Bayne is a good example of this. This is a winter afternoon, with departing light, full of undulant lines, of downward tendency, yet not pathetic, but with the idea of homeward cheer conveyed in the free movement of a man and dog driving a sportive, slightly rebellious huddle of sheep. Another picture with charmingly rich effect was a little water-color which I once owned. The theme and tone were the same, but the sheep were coming away from the sunset instead of going into it, and the snow in the ruts of the road had taken on a bluish tinge, which I have often noticed at such times.

An example of recent work by this artist is the picture on page 137, which he has been invited to exhibit at Chicago. This is a New Hampshire scene, and the artist spent a month studying the sheep that figure in it. Yet what impresses one chiefly on viewing this oil is not the study of sheep as individuals, but the fact that from this former manner of art Monks has risen to treating them *en masse*.

The fineness, the finish, of the leader and of the near sheep that turn aside and down to nibble, might seem at first in direct contradiction of this, but a longer study shows that this leader only leads up to the general confluent effect. Besides this there is a vitality of color in the landscape, a time of day in it — if I may use a very common phrase to express a very uncommon thing in many pictures. You could tell it was painted out of doors by a man who does not love Nature casually, but woos her constantly to render up her charms.

Another picture recently painted by him, and to my mind the best of his works, is Mt. Washington. This is a pure landscape, not a frantic attempt to color-photograph mountainous grandeur, but a quiet realistic suggestion, painted broadly and simply, of what might be almost paradoxically termed a velvet, violet strength. I wish it were possible to reproduce Monks' Mt. Washington for the reader's eye in this magazine, but there are pictures in which the very simplicity is full of such subtility as to elude the illustrator's art.

The time of day at which Monks has chosen to give us his loving story in color of the majestic charm of those White Mountains which Julius Ward has told so well in words is about an hour before sunset. Mount Washington's forehead looms in light; the valley rests in opalescent shadow and herein lies the exquisite art of the picture. From the mountain's brow alone one might surmise a sunrise almost as readily as a sunset, but the way the tints of pink down the sides change into tints of purple, the way the gleams etherealize into glooms, glooms very delicate, yet decisive, and the airof longing or readiness for repose exhbited here and there by the sheep in the foreground, mark the hour as precisely as any chronometer.

This Mount Washington proves to

my mind a distinct rise for Monks; it shows him possessed of a large and yet delicate sense of landscape. In this picture the sheep are only supplements of the scene, touched in for the sake of a simple and natural contrast — the contrast with the freedom and majesty of the sunset-crowned mountain which is made by their smallness, their humility and their faint suggestion of pathetic dependence. Dependence on something higher — splendid freedom from what is low! Majesty and humility! You feel the beauty of all these in this latest work of John Monks just as lingeringly, perhaps as forcibly as any great preacher could convey them.

You understand, too, as you gaze, what Byron meant when he applied the wingéd word, soaring, to a mountain. "Soaring snowclad through its native sky" is the daring phrase of that Promethean poet, if I remember rightly, and in this remarkable landscape Monks has managed by a culminating stroke of art, which one might be pardoned for calling genius, to present this effect most effectively.

THE PATRIARCH.
(An Etching.)

By means of opaline colors fading down from very high above and by a long descent from the soft foreground right into the bosom and very heart of the mountain, he makes the mountain seem as if it were rising with a calm, serene, felt more than seen motion to lay its luminous head in the loving lap of heaven. Often as merely the superb cloak of many colors which the mountain wears with its faint, fantasial fringes trailing in the valleys over the rough rifts and cold clefts where night is being born, but plus the affluence of opalescence is the power of form.

You grasp the mountain as a solid fact through the fine fantasy of sun-

IN THE OLD BARN.

(By favor of Alexander Bourdey, Esq.)

I have noticed and enjoyed this optical illusion in nature, I only remember once or twice to have seen it successfully translated on canvas.

Besides the wonderful luminous quality Monks' Mount Washington possesses and by reason of which it impresses from a color standpoint, it shows a depth, a solidity, which many artists nowadays are aiming at and few are achieving. You feel not set; you comprehend the substance and formation of it at the same time that you apprehend its spirit and are made a partner in its greatness, its solemn and haunting loveliness. You understand, too, that Wordsworth was expressing the meaning of Nature to an artist, when he said of the poet that the cataract and the mountain "haunted him like a passion."

Another recent picture, now the

HOMEWARD.

property of Alexander Bourdey, Esquire, reproduced by permission on page 136, is a charming interior of an old-fashioned barn turned into a temporary sheepfold. The rich browns of the dim barn through which sunset rays are creeping, the soft coverlet of shadow here and there inviting the lambs to leave off feeding and go to sleep, the cosiness, the home-sense of this picture, cannot easily be described.

I would not have it inferred from the touches of sentiment to be found in his work that Monks has any of that tendency which even some very great artists, Landseer, for example, often and Rosa Bonheur occasionally, exhibit, namely, the temptation to humanize their subjects, and to import into a picture something akin to what some sad philosopher has termed the pathetic fallacy that between man and nature there exists any sympathy other than man's own especial poetic sentiment.

Monks never psychologizes his art, never strains for mystical effects, never tries to improve on nature in the piece, though in the whole composition, like all artists, he shows himself an acute selector and resetter of Nature's gems. Nor has he undue preference for painting the superficially beautiful. The ragged black sheep of a flock, the forlorn scrawny mountain sheep who looks sometimes like a goat in sheep's clothing, receives as faithful delineation from his hands as the most satiny, silver-shining dandy of the finest flock of Kentucky Southdowns.

Yet it must not be supposed that while this painter sturdily refuses to prettify or to humanize, to adopt or to invent a school, there is any hardness or lack of subtendent poetry in his art. One of his etchings, The Evening After Storm, of which I possess a doubly signed copy, and which has been increasing in value every year, affords an admirable illustration how Monks puts his poetry — the ideal faculty of any artist — not into any one feature or detail, but distributes it, and — such is the socialistic secret of art — by thus distributing, in the same breath, concentrates it throughout the picture, making all for each and each for all.

Etching as a vehicle for artistic meanings is doubtless limited as to delicate descents and ascents of tone and in the uttermost finenesses of shade. Yet, in giving the quality and sometimes the texture of certain substances and in suggestiveness, can it be gainsaid that the freedom of a fine etcher's lines gives enough proof of the latent richness, extractable by the right hands from this branch of the art pictorial?

This branch has only during the last fifteen years received in America its full meed of attention, and only nine years ago did Monks come under its spell at the Salmagundi Club in New York. Since that fortunate day his work in this line of art has been received with constantly increasing appreciation, and his rank as an etcher is at the top with Parrish and two or three others, whose work, to my taste, is as far above English etchers, with the exception of Herkomer and several who follow his method, as a golden New England moon on a still winter night is above a Stilton cheese.

This "Evening After Storm" of which I was speaking is a remarkable piece of composition — a pathetic poem told as with whispers in a few lines. Without any humanization of the subject, there is a kind of haunting quality about it. This was evidenced by a gentleman in New Haven, an art-lover and collector,

who after admiring it for a long time turned away with something between a shiver and a sigh, saying that it was so strong in its pathos he would not have it on his wall for a good many dollars. But I find it, though pathetic, a daily delight, and in offering a reproduction of it to the reader on this page, let me say what I see in it.

The theme is a frequent one in his own work as well as that of others. Hence the necessity for especially profound treatment to lift it and save it from the charge of tameness or sameness. How is this done? By the avoidance in the first place of over-emphasis. The dead sheep in the foreground is not thrown at the vision, but is half-hidden by the slant blown bush.

This rude, forlorn drapery that conceals and yet reveals the dead mother, with the lamb child bleating a vain appeal to the heedless flock that huddle at the haystacks, or possibly seeking to attract the attention and gain the help of the shepherd, are in themselves a fine achievement, but the eye is not allowed to linger here in the foreground.

Nor is the subtle suggestion of a similarity in human conduct which the heartlessness of the rest of the flock displays, as they desert the stricken mother and child, in the storm or after the storm of circumstance, permitted to dwell too long on the mind. The vision is tempted on and still on — to the rampart of the haystacks where the sharp storm has produced but little impression — on and up into the grim naked trees, with their bare, protesting arms tossing and crossing and yielding somewhat to the failing, yet still wailing wind.

THE EVENING AFTER STORM.

Here is a point worthy of note; namely, the minute fidelity shown by the artist. The angle at which the bushes have yielded to the wind and the inclination of the sturdier trees are firmly delineated. Nothing is forgotten. And still the eye is led on beyond the protesting trees. To what?

Ah! to another flock — that of the ever-hungry birds of prey flying towards the spot where the dead lies in the white, smooth, shroud-like snow at the front. And by their line of aerial motion contrary to the massing

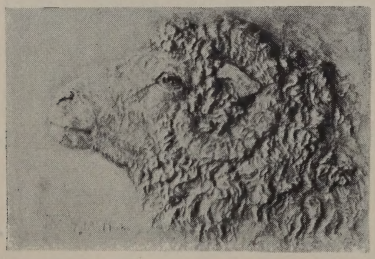
of the sheep at the stacks and the stride of the shepherd, how surely these ill-omened birds bring the eye back by a large easy curve to its first resting place in the pathetic foreground! The distance, too, with its dying stroke of pale December sun against the storm just over and beating a retreat, is extremely felicitous. No attempt is made to darken the sadness. There is no sense of overgloom in the composition. As Shelley says in Adonais:

"Broken the lily lies—the storm is overpast."

Descending again into minutiæ, how exquisitely the difference in quality of the snow at different points is wrought out — all working in unison to the general effect! The snow flatted in the foreground and roughly uptorn in spots by the sheep's feet, the snow matted irregularly on the stacks, and the snow in the centre and sides where the trees or bushes by interception of the wind have sifted it streakingly, are all strikingly differenced and made to aid in telling the story of this most poetic piece of artistic composition.

In such work as this Monks' method displays itself — a happy blend of strength and grace — the result of years of quiet absorption and constant ambition not to excel others, but to surpass himself. And this is the feeling I gather as a finality from my study of this man's work,— the feeling expressed by some poet:

"'Tis the last touch, the ultimate caress,
That counts, my friend, in art as well as heart."



MOTHERHOOD.

BY JOHN S. BROWNING.

It is maternity that moves men's hearts!
The youth, for love of her fair face,
With pulse of passion-quickened pace
For Atlanta's smiles may race;
But when Sir Leon sheathes his sword,
And, lifting high the wine outpoured,
Names one, by all his knights adored —
The mother dear to each — up each one starts!
When Eve went forth from Paradise
'Twas holy ground where'er she stood;
The light of hope shone in her eyes
And sanctified all womanhood.
Man loves wife, daughter, sister, promised bride,
But thou, O Motherhood, art deified!

A MATTER OF EXPRESSION.

BY JESSIE M. BURGOYNE.

NOBODY ever believed young Hayes was in earnest, or angry or troubled for any cause whatever; he had a pair of laughing blue eyes whose only other possible expression was one of tenderness He would approach you with a business proposition or some serious statement, and while he was going over the ground his eyes would twinkle and dance till serious attention was impossible and the conference would end in a laugh. Of course he was engaged, and to the dearest girl in the world; he had looked her heart away in her first season, and equally, of course, there was no prospect of their being married, because even the most unexacting mamma in town, as the dearest girl's mother certainly was, stood out for a definite something, be it ever so small, in the way of income before letting the young people fix a date. It had been very nice to have Meta engaged in her first season, especially to such a winsome fellow as young Hayes, who had nice, caressing, respectful ways with the dowagers, paid them the little attentions the other men bestowed on the young married women, and was a good fellow generally. But now the engagement was an old story, and half a dozen girls who had not become engaged till the season after Meta, were calling themselves "old married women" already.

Now Meta was the most sensible, as well as the dearest girl in the world, and she knew that to love, and be loved by, Charley Hayes, who had neither money nor vices, was ever so much better than to marry some fellow with plenty of both. Still, she was a soft-hearted little soul, and dropped a small tear now and then after an expedition in search of a wedding present for some more fortunate couple. The spring and fall weddings went as far as anything else to keep young Hayes poor, for no one gives silver any more, and those old things that clerks bring out and show you confidentially are dearer than diamonds. She would have made, she was sure, a very creditable housekeeper, and, to quote one of her aunts, who always brushed her hair smoothly back and turned her gowns, "kept strictly within her income." There wasn't any income to keep within. Of course young Hayes had enough to buy coats that were cut right, and never wore ready-made shoes, and of course the dearest girl's mother would have the third story done over and given it to them if it came to that, but Charley Hayes didn't think it would be the thing for a fellow who had a wife to let her go to her mother every time she wanted a gown. So even though his eyes twinkled and laughed his heart was heavy.

He knew a fellow down at Hull who had been engaged to a girl seven years. He had seen them spend a whole afternoon on a yacht once and never say a word to each other, and he didn't want things to get like that between him and Meta. He was thinking of this in a sunny window at the Athletic Club, and turning

over in his mind two or three ideas he had which struck him as rather good, when he heard a man he knew telling about a little box he had taken at Arlington and what good times he and his new wife were going to have. Hayes determined to do something then and there, and made his way as fast as possible down to a number on State Street where a clever business man had an office. He put the two propositions before him concisely, and jotted down the figures with a pencil on a manilla pad that lay on the desk. The business man followed the argument with attention, till looking up, in interest at a clever point, he saw Hayes' blue eyes twinkling and laughing as if it was the best joke in the world. "Well," he said, "before I looked at you, I thought you meant it."

They started down Washington Street to see a man who had some lovely uncut diamonds. The ceiling of the man's place was being repaired, and as they passed through to the back office where the safe was, some of the limey stuff the men were using splashed, somehow, into Hayes' right eye, and burnt like fire.

They got him into a herdic and round to the hospital as fast as possible, and of course everything was done, but the lime worked quicker than the doctors, and when the dearest girl's mother let him see her, there was a doleful black silk patch lined with green fastened round his head with a thin black elastic.

Her mother was very kind, and "would always be a friend to him, but as there was now even less prospect than ever of marriage, she was sure Mr. Hayes must see—" But here Meta managed to get between them, and got her arms round his neck and kissed the patch and then the well eye, and said she loved him twice as much as if he had two. And he kissed her and choked a little and asked her please to go away now, and she went and got out a picture of him she never used to like and took a girl out of a silver frame and fastened him in, and put him opposite the other one on her desk, and then went down Tremont Street and looked at the silver things, and wanted them for him, and cried a little, and tried to think how it would seem to be an old maid for his sake, and was quite indignant with her mother for being unwilling to give up the Angers tea that afternoon. She woke up the next morning feeling very constant and loyal indeed, and wrote young Hayes a very pretty letter announcing herself ready to wait forever, and was quite disappointed to receive a very prompt and business-like answer by night saying she wouldn't have to wait six months, but he should be busy in the meantime and would not be able to call very often.

Nobody saw much of young Hayes about that time, except a very clever but unknown young oculist who had an office near the Museum. Then people began to see him about again, and after a little he reappeared one day at the office of his clever business friend, and resumed the conversation where it had been broken off at the time of his accident. He looked serious enough now, and laid the plans before the clever man clearly and well.

A month later he showed the same firm expression to the dearest girl's mother while he was telling of his new prospects. But the dearest girl did not seem entirely satisfied even if his arm was around her waist, and an early date being fixed for their marriage. She got him off in a corner as soon as she could and said

she did not like the serious-minded expression that he had developed. "Now, Charley Hayes, that hateful little man did something awful to your eyes." Then, way up in G, "Charley, only one of them twinkles!"

"That's all right, darling," answered young Hayes coolly. "I had to have a glass one put in, so I got them to make it with a good determined expression, and you see it works to a charm for business. I'll use the other at home."

A FEATHER IN HER CAP.

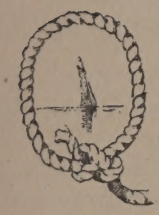
MARY MAGDALENE.

[A STUDY.]

"Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, while Apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave."

CATHOLIC NEW YORK.

BY RICHARD H. CLARKE, LL. D.

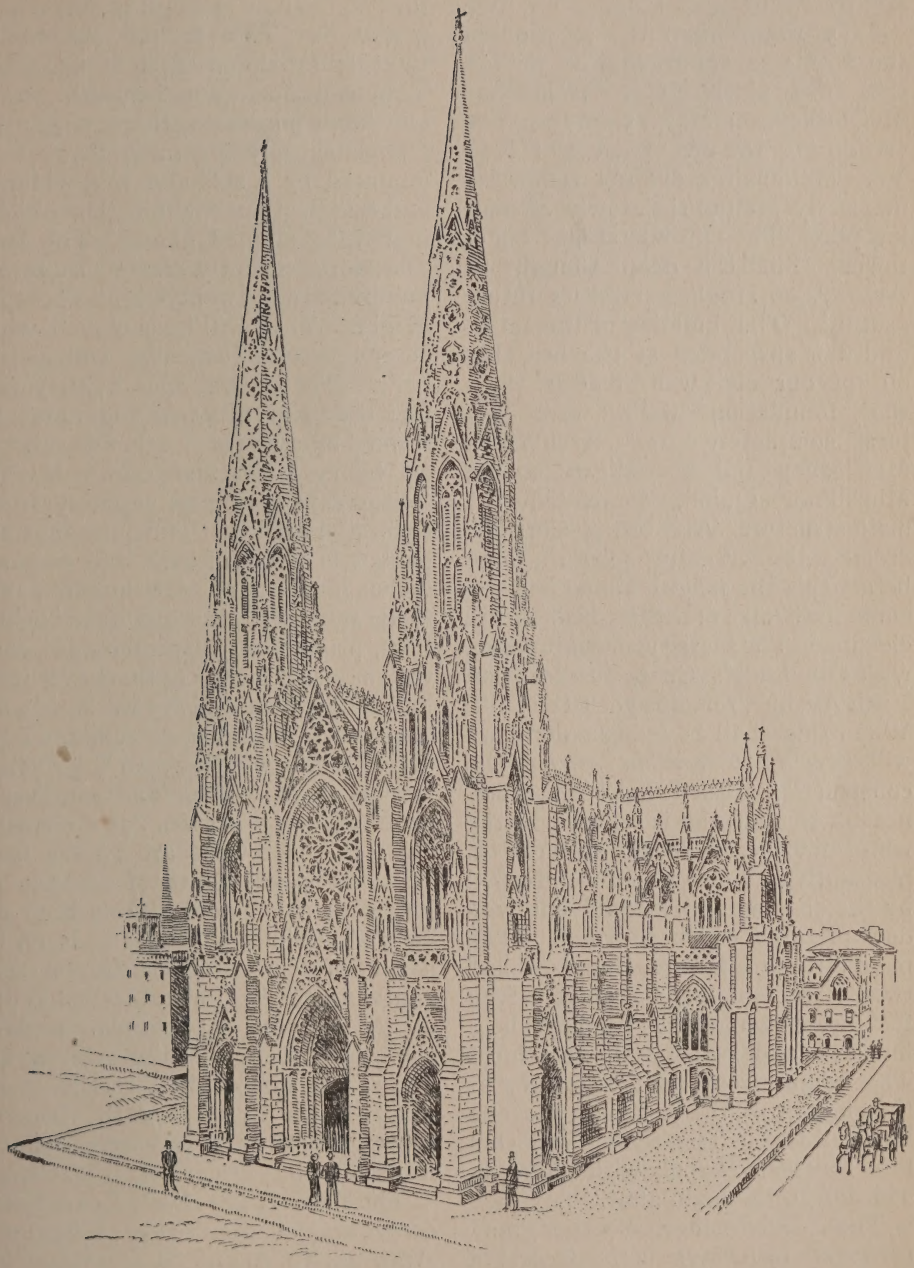


QUITE true it is that the interest of the press and public of America in the life, history and destiny of the Catholic Church in this country focuses in New York, for the reason that in the archdiocese and the archiepiscopal See of New York nearly one million Catholics form an enterprising, prosperous and loyal one-third or two-fifths of the whole population of the city. Their majestic and magnificent cathedral is the acme of architectural grandeur, elegance and massiveness. The Catholic Church which at the outbreak of the American Revolution had not a handful of members and was without a church to worship in, now points with pride to the marble spires crowning the grand and massive cathedral which with corresponding episcopal and parochial residences cover an entire block of ground in the choicest and most valuable centre of the metropolis. It would be difficult to find in New York or in any city of the world a church property so advantageously situated, more elegantly surrounded, more choice in its selection, as possessing a greater intrinsic or advantitious value. By a providential foresight the church authorities secured by purchase this and the adjoining block, and obtained from a donation for the orphans two blocks north of the above, forming together four blocks of land in the finest centre of the city. On one of these blocks bounded by Fifth and Madison Avenues and by 51st and 52d Streets stands out in bold proportions the splendid Catholic Male Orphan Asylum, conducted by nearly thirty Sisters of Charity, and maintaining and educating nearly five hundred orphans. The selectness and value of this site can be partly estimated from the fact that immediately opposite the asylum on Fifth Avenue stand the palatial residences of the Vanderbilts. The Madison Avenue front of the Male Asylum block is now being improved by the erection of an important annex to the asylum, the Borlen Trades School, in which the larger boys will be educated in industrial pursuits. The entire block east of the Male Orphan Asylum bounded by Madison and Fourth Avenues, and by 51st and 52d Streets, is occupied by the Catholic Female Orphan Asylum, conducted by about twenty-five Sisters of Charity, and maintaining and educating over four hundred orphan girls. The fourth block of the cathedral estate, that bounded by Madison and Fourth Avenues and 50th and 51st Streets, was sold to private parties for the erection of palatial residences, the proceeds being applied to the erection of the cathedral and episcopal and parochial residences.

Some details in relation to this the grandest Christian temple ever erected on the continent discovered by Columbus will interest American readers everywhere. The cathedral block is two hundred feet wide in front and rear on Fifth and Madison

Avenues, and four hundred and twenty feet in width on 50th and 51st Streets. In anticipation of the oft-repeated canard that this site was a gift from the city, we will state, that long before a Catholic bishop was established in New York the cathedral site had been purchased by the Catholics and paid for. As early as 1799 the city sold this block to a private purchaser for £405 and *an annual quit rent of four bushels of wheat*, so that as the city has never had any title in the property since 1799, it could hardly have made a gift of it to the Catholics at any subsequent time. Having passed through various hands, the cathedral block, in 1828, was sold under foreclosure of a mortgage deed by the Eagle Fire Insurance Company to Francis Cooper, and in 1829 Francis Cooper sold it to the Trustees of the Cathedral and of St. Peter's Church for about $5,500, which was its market value at that time. At the sale decreed by the court in a friendly partition suit between the trustees of the two churches in 1852, the cathedral trustees purchased and paid for the half-interest $59,500, the highest bid above all competitors. The reservation of four bushels of wheat annually was an empty relic of feudal times, when all private real estate was held in vassalage, or tenure or fealty to some feudal lord or superior. Modern common sense has commuted or abolished such remnants of a semi-barbarous age; so that, in 1852, the city, which had annually been receiving four bushels of wheat as a quit rent for the cathedral land, that it had actually sold, very sensibly concluded that as much money as four bushels of wheat annually in perpetuity was worth would be of more service to it if paid down in cash at once than the four bushels of wheat rendered annually; and the cathedral trustees were glad at such a price to release their land from the encumbrance. The money was paid in commutation by the cathedral to the city, and a release from the feudal tribute obtained.

The cathedral block at first extended from Fifth to Fourth Avenues; and when Madison Avenue was opened through its centre, two blocks of less than half the original size were the result, the westerly block being now crowned with the majestic cathedral; the easterly block, on which formerly stood the old church of St. John the Evangelist, is now the site of elegant mansions. It would be difficult to compute the present market value of the cathedral lot, less than one-half of what in 1799 sold for £405 of colonial money, in 1829 for $5,500 of Federal money, and in 1852 one-half interest was purchased, making the whole then worth $119,000, for $59,500. But less than half as now owned and occupied by the cathedral is worth, by estimation, about $2,000,000. The cathedral structure itself has cost, by estimation, $3,000,000. The archiepiscopal residence has cost $90,000, and the parochial residence $80,000. So that the improved real estate of the cathedral site is now worth $5,170,000. These figures do not include the splendid marble altar, which was presented the cathedral by Archbishop, afterwards Cardinal, McCloskey, nor the beautiful and elaborate marble pulpit presented to the Cardinal Archbishop by the priests of his archdiocese, nor the precious altar services, costly vestments, valuable paintings, the library, furniture, and other equipments of the archdiocesan establishment. The



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK CITY.

corner stone of the cathedral was laid by Archbishop Hughes on August 15, 1858, when the location of the site was suburban; the dedication took place under Archbishop McCloskey, on May 25, 1879. The erection of the civic palaces of New York millionaires did not follow immediately around the slowly advancing pile. The site was almost out of town. But the deep thought of Archbishop Hughes saved its future destiny. The building of the cathedral was suspended at the breaking out of our civil war in 1861, when the foundation walls were but just completely up. Archbishop McCloskey and his Vicar-General, Monsignor Quinn, completed the main structure. Archbishop Corrigan erected the graceful spires. Long before this the neighborhood had become the centre of wealth, fashion and elegance. The sacristy, in conjunction with Our Lady's Chapel, to front on Fifth Avenue, remains yet to be built. When this shall have been done we will say, *Finis coronat opus.* The construction is such that the sombreness of the exterior is relieved by the white marble, while the interior is pleasantly and devotionally enlivened by the elegant and magnificent window pictures which adorn it. The main structure is three hundred and twenty-two feet long and ninety-seven feet wide, while the transept is a hundred and seventy-two feet long. The height from floor to ceiling at the summit of the clear story is one hundred feet. The temple will contain fourteen chapels with altars, in addition to the main altar.

The architecture of the grand cathedral in its style is the decorated Gothic, usually attributed to the fourteenth century. Mr. Renwick is the architect, a Protestant, who has given his entire professional services, even now to the completion of the towers, without accepting any compensation. The temple resembles the celebrated cathedral of Cologne. The magnificent and beautiful front elevation possesses three elegantly and elaborately decorated doors surmounted by a splendid rose-window and two Gothic windows, both elaborated in stained glass. The two new spires recently erected are three hundred and twenty-eight feet in height. They will be supplied with complete and inspiring chimes of bells. The central door is thirty-five feet wide and fifty-one high, and is formed by a series of columns resting on heavy bases and crowned with foliage caps springing superbly from decorated arches. The surmounting gable has a row of rich and elegant niches for statuary. Its hundred and three stained glass windows in double tiers, produce an inspiring and marvellous effect; many of them executed in Europe, are exquisite works of art. Two rows of clustered columns separate the three aisles with their long rows of pews. Choir and sanctuary have separate centres; the chapels along the side walls are twelve feet wide. The grand altar of white marble, with a splendid altar screen of colored marbles, executed in Italy, is a beautiful work of art, the screen containing niches for statuettes. With all its beautiful details, many regard the majestic effect of the exterior as superior to that of the interior.

Of the six Prelates of the See of New York, the first two were Dominicans of the Order of Preachers.

The first, Right Rev. Luke Concanen, was consecrated at Rome, on April 24, 1808; and having failed to reach his See, by ship, from Leghorn he went to Naples, and was there detained by the Imperial French authorities until his sudden death

soon afterwards; which occurred so suddenly as to give rise to the suspicion that he had been poisoned, in order to seize the valuable ecclesiastical effects which he desired to bestow upon his young diocese, the spouse whom he loved, but had never seen.

The second bishop of New York was Right Rev. John Connolly, Prior of the Dominican Convent of St. Clements at Rome, who was consecrated at Rome on November 6th, 1814, and after some delay, caused by our war with Great Britain, he reached his See on November 24th, 1815. At that time the whole number of Catholics in the city was between fifteen and twenty thousand, though the whole number of priests in the entire States of New York and New Jersey were only four. For a while he lived at 211 Bowery, afterwards in Broome Street, nearly opposite the present House of Reception of the Protectory, and finally at 512 Broadway, where he died on February 5, 1825. In poverty, lent with zeal, he performed, in addition to his episcopal duties, all the parochial labors of an ordinary priest.

Right Rev. John Dubois was born in Paris on August 24, 1764. At the college of Louis Le Grand, he had as fellow students, the famous Robespierre and Desmoulins, and he was among the French clergy emigrés expelled from France by the Revolution. He arrived in the United States in 1791; in 1808 he founded Mt. St. Mary's College at Emmetsburg, Maryland; was consecrated by Archbishop Maréchal of Baltimore, third Bishop of New York, on October 26, 1826, when New York had a Catholic population of 35,000, and only three churches and four priests. He died at the old episcopal residence in Mulberry Street, on December 20, 1842.

Right Rev. John Hughes, who had administered the diocese in consequence of the failing health of Bishop Dubois, since 1839, now succeeded to the vacant chair, and proved himself the providential man for New York and for the whole American Church. He founded Fordham College, introduced numerous communities of religious into the diocese, such as priests, Sisters and Brothers; increased the churches and institutions of the city beyond all precedent; fought the school question with the public authorities, put down the Know-nothings in New York, and became its first archbishop in 1850. He was the foremost champion of Catholic truth in America; he was the leader of the Catholic people, and caused their numbers, their respectability, their intelligence, their enterprise, their prosperity, their patriotism, and their loyalty to be recognized and esteemed before the world. While upholding the dogmas of Catholicity, he vindicated the position of the human side of the Church. He was a great churchman, a peerless citizen, patriot and man. He died on January 3d, 1864, amid the monuments of faith, charity and education which he had erected. He was honored and lamented by a people whom he had vindicated and served.

The Most Rev. John McCloskey, after having been coadjutor Bishop of New York, and Bishop of Albany, succeeded Archbishop Hughes as second Archbishop of New York, on May 6, 1864. He used to say that in the history of the archdiocese Archbishop Hughes would figure as a lion, while he would appear as the lamb. He was mild, gentle, eloquent, graceful, learned and successful; churches, institutions and priests were all greatly increased under his prudent administration, and religion

greatly advanced. He completed the new cathedral and dedicated it. He was the first American Cardinal, having been created Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church on March 15, 1875, under the title of Sancta Maria supra Minerva, at Rome. He died October 19, 1885.

The Most Rev. Michael Augustin Corrigan, after having been Bishop of Newark, and coadjutor of New York under the title of Archbishop Petra, became third Archbishop of New York on October 10, 1885. He has given the archdiocese a thorough business organization, revived the synods and episcopal visitations, elevated the standard of ecclesiastical discipline, enacted important diocesan legislation, and greatly increased the churches, religious orders and priests, the institutions and charities of the city and archdiocese. His pastoral letter on the Rights of Property, dated November 19, 1886, gave him a high rank among divines, and elicited praise from people of all religious denominations. He erected the beautiful towers of the new cathedral, and founded St. Joseph's Seminary for the education of priests for the Archdiocese of New York, which is now under construction.

Metropolitan New York feels justly proud of her grand cathedral erected by her own prelates and people without that governmental aid which built and maintained the grand cathedrals and basilicas of Europe. It is an interesting fact, a significant sequel to our narrative, that the present writer communicated these facts and figures and many others, to a distinguished and devout son of the Church in France, at his request, the Viscount de Meaux, son-in-law of the illustrious Count de Montelambert. They were incorporated in his masterly articles on the temporalities of the American Catholic Church; a significant series of articles, published in Le Correspondent of France, which might well serve to prepare the Catholic people of France for the evidently not distant time when the abrogation of the Concordat and the severance of the last links that bind together the Church and state in France, will throw upon the faithful Catholics of the "Eldest Son of the Church" the maintenance of their churches and religious establishments, their hierarchy and institutions, after the popular manner of the American Church. The Viscount de Meaux presents at length to the thoughtful minds of the Catholics of France the American method of ecclesiastical, educational and eleemosynary maintenance, in order that they may learn the important lesson before the final and inevitable blow of confiscation arrives.

In speaking of Catholic New York we do not speak of it from any mere local point of view, but wholly from its catholic and cosmopolitan bearing upon general Catholic American interests in the nineteenth century. In so far as our greatest American city has been a pioneer in great Catholic and benevolent movements are her educational eminence and progressive influences to be recognized. Hence we will allude only to her extraordinary progress and to the institutions she inaugurated, either the first of their kind in America, and such as, by her successful demonstration of their workings, removed long cherished prejudices and obstacles to their general adoption and introduction.

From the achievement of our Independence as a Nation, to 1809, a period of twenty years, New York

had but one church, St. Peter's, and then came St. Patrick's, in Mott St., which became and remained the Cathedral until St. Patrick's Cathedral in Fifth Avenue reduced it to the rank of a parish church. In 1833, when the first of the present series of Catholic almanacs was issued, there were only four Catholic churches in the city ; old St. Patrick's Cathedral, St. Peter's, Christ Church and St. Mary's. In 1843 New York had eleven churches. In 1850 New York was made an archdiocese with all the dioceses of the States of New York andN ew Jersey for suffragans. In 1853 she had twenty-six churches and two convent chapels; in 1863 she had thirty-one churches and twelve chapels; in 1873 she had forty-two churches and twenty-five chapels; in 1883 she had sixty-four churches and forty-one chapels, and in 1892 eighty-five churches and forty-two chapels ; and this, too, in a city where scarcely over a century ago Mass was celebrated in the loft of a carpenter shop for a congregation of 1,300 Catholics. Up to the year 1808, New York and all the United States formed a part of the diocese of Baltimore, under Dr. Carroll, the first Bishop. In 1853 the number of Catholics in the city was 200,000, and Archbishop Bayley said they were not as well provided for as the 200 Catholics were prior to the Revolution. Now the Catholic population of the city may be estimated at 600,000. In 1785 there was one priest in the city ; now there are approaching 400. Do the 600,000 Catholics of 1893 possess as many churches and as many priests in proportion to the 200 Catholics of 1785, who devoutly attended Mass in the loft of a carpenter shop? Are they any better off spiritually than were the 200,000 Catholics in 1853 ? We do not believe in the adage that charity begins at home, or has any restrictions as to time, place or circumstances ; but perhaps some zealous and devout Catholic millionaire, who might read these lines, may be moved to provide the means of taking a complete census of the Catholic population of the city, and then proceed to provide, with proper sanction, ample means for the supply of priests and support of missions among the churchless members of the fold. The first four Catholics known to have entered New York were French, Italian, Portuguese and Irish. From that distant moment the cosmopolitan destiny of the city was established.

It has not been, and is not necessary to argue this question. The care of foundlings has been practically and happily settled by the establishment of the New York Foundling Hospital. The journeyings of Dante in search of a Heaven ! the Progress of Bunyan for the Soul's Peace! They were sublime. But let Dante and Bunyan, types of spiritual pilgrims in search of truth and goodness — let them behold for the human race, whom they here represent, behold the Foundling Hospital of New York, and see the seraphic pilgrimage of the little innocents wending their way upwards to Heaven, while the less favored majority enter the regenerated walks of Christian-Militant manhood. Thirty-six Sisters there fill the places which angels might covet. Nearly three thousand innocents in a year just past were rescued from the slaughter of modern Herods, and four hundred and twenty-five homeless mothers found in the Maternity Hospital of St. Ann a shelter, less divine, but inspired by the same religion that

was born of the Stable of Bethlehem. If such names as Mother Seton's find inscription in the Book of Life, there are many little recording angels in Heaven to place beside it the name of Sister Irene.

But now let us recall those epochs of immense immigration to our country which crowded our great cities with homeless and destitute waifs, and after our civil war — that epoch of increased orphanage which came from many battlefields, as a nation's inheritance from citizen patriotism. Where, when, and how was the remedy applied to this great public and social misfortune?

The remedy was found and applied by the establishment of the New York Catholic Protectory. This majestic institution had its origin in 1862–63, and since its existence of thirty years, it has relieved, housed, educated and redeemed thirty thousand boys and girls, this being about the total number of children who, during the life of the Protectory, have received the benefits of its bounty. Dr. Levi Silliman Ives, in his way the *primus inter pares* of the Catholic laity of New York City, in 1863 founded this splendid charity, and the city of New York has sustained and supported, by municipal aid, the work from that day to this. If such men as Dr. Henry James Anderson, and Chevalier Henry L. Hoquet, esteemed it an honor and privilege to have continued his exalted work, surely the present writer may be permitted humbly to unite with all three of them in thanksgiving, as the four presidents of the New York Catholic Protectory. The Twenty-ninth Annual Report which the last of these four presidents presented last year, shows that of the 2,313 boys receiving the Protectory's care that year, 1,984 were born in the United States; 133 in Italy; 81 in Ireland; 38 in Germany; 36 in England; 14 in France; 11 in Scotland; 5 in Canada; 3 in Syria; 2 in Poland; 2 in Switzerland, and one in each of Belgium, Hungary and Cuba. And that report further showed, that of the 810 girls cared for that year, 714 were born in the United States; 40 in Italy; 30 in Ireland; 6 in England; 6 in Canada; 5 in Germany; 4 in France; 2 in Hungary, and one in each of Mexico, Buenos Ayres and Syria. Thus, while in 1643–44, while Fathers Jogues and Bressani visited New Amsterdam, there were only four Catholics in the future metropolis of America, and these were an Italian, a Frenchman, a Portuguese and an Irishman. In 1891–92, a single institution cared for approaching 3,000 Catholic children — the mere waifs or human incidents of a dense population — and these Catholic children by their places of birth represented sixteen countries of the earth; namely, in America, Italy, Ireland, Germany, England, France, Scotland, Canada, Syria, Poland, Switzerland, Belgium, Hungary, Cuba, Mexico, and Buenos Ayres, or rather Argentine Republic. These children represented the four continents of Europe, Asia, and the two Americas. Had the races from which the parents of these children had sprung, been taken and recorded (and this I have recommended to be done hereafter in all American statistics relating to races), the Protectory's *personnel* would have also included the fifth continent, Africa, for here and there amongst our Protectory boys and girls will be found the dusky skin of descendants of some of the tribes of the Dark Continent. And here let the observant and thoughtful reader remark the difference between the New York Catholic Protectory and the New York

THE CATHOLIC CLUB.
59th Street, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, New York City.

Foundling Hospital. The latter, for well-known reasons founded on political economy and social science, confines its care to children *born* in the city of New York; while the Protectory, from equally well established social and scientific premises, bases its relief upon the sole condition of residence, as established on legal and economic sciences. But what facts or conditions could better establish the cosmopolitan character of the city than the existence of seventeen nationalities in a single institution, and these confined to a restricted class? The apostolic mission of the Catholic Church is to all *nations*. In the New York Catholic Protectory we have the *nations*, and in the Protectory the Church teaches them. Behold the true fact and mission of representation! Type, at once, and proof of the Universality and Catholicity of the Church!

Is not this also a nursery of American citizenship — a striking illustration of the *E pluribus unum?* May these many hopeful and advancing children of the civic and Christian Commonwealth, when they reach the condition of manhood, and the rank of citizenship, realize that all varieties, differences and divergencies have merged in that noble, unique, double, yet united character which makes them only Catholic and American!

It would be impossible for a *New York Catholic* to give a view of the whole of *Catholic New York* as seen at a glance or in a single article. I would like to describe the Catholic Club of New York, where Catholics of a different development and condition from those I have portrayed, amid palatial and luxurious surroundings and conditions seek a higher culture in the union of religious profession with the glitter and music of social life, personal gratification and self-enjoyment. It would be interesting to mirror it, trace out its potential bearings upon the economic and religious status of its members, and upon the body politic and ecclesiastic. It would be historical to present the contrasts with the conditions and surroundings of the four poor Catholics whom Father Jogues, in 1643, and Father Bressani, in 1644, found in New York, and with the surroundings of the two hundred poor Catholics who so devoutly attended Mass in the loft of the carpenter ship in 1785. But this must be reserved for another and a future view. So, too, postponement must await the ecclesiastical architecture and churches of New York, its various and numerous religious orders, with their variant colored and picturesque costumes, and their still more unique and distinctive works and missions; the city's chapels, convents, institutions, colleges, academies, parochial schools; its charitable nurseries, homes, hospitals, missions and societies. Two institutions would have received particular mention and description in this paper, had time and space permitted — the new Ecclesiastical Seminary, founded and now being erected by Archbishop Corrigan and his clergy and lay congregations, and the noble Mission of the Immaculate Virgin for the Protection of Homeless and Destitute Children, which was founded by the humblest and most benevolent of New York's priests of a quarter of a century ago — Father Drumgoole. Being constrained to select, I have mentioned those only which more vitally and aggressively enter into the current life and productive forces of the great and teeming centre of population — those which illustrate more strikingly for themselves and all the

rest the cosmopolitan features, Catholic character and religious life of a great Catholic archdiocese and Metropolitan See; and of a great Catholic American city. Behold, above, a small part of what the combined labors of clergy and laity have accomplished.

It was the remark of one of the greatest Catholic laymen of the nineteenth century, the Count de Montelambert, that "it is the duty of each of us, humble and obscure Christians as we are, to coöperate in the great action of the Church upon Society." Surely the Christian Apostolate is broad enough and zealous enough to recognize a holy mission in Christian men and women of the laity! Are their lives to corrode with undue business cares, to degenerate in the struggle for self, or in corrupt schools of politics, or to rust away in idleness, luxury, fashion and pleasure? Or are they, like their brethren among the early Christians, to crown their faith with holy missions for good among the living, as many of them crowned their lives with the diadem of Christian martyrdom? Leo XIII. has foreshadowed the answer to these burning questions in several of his grand Encyclicals.

THE VISITORS.

BY GODFREY EGREMONT.

When sown by God in life on earth,
A germ unfolding undefiled,
The soul is born to fleshly birth —
Youth comes and clothes the child.

Lends him her pure and early grace,
Dwells a beloved and loving guest,
Plants laughter on the ruddy face,
And joy within the breast.

Then Manhood coming girds in strength,
Matures the body for the strife,
Cheers and ennobles, till at length
Is reached the prime of life.

Age nearing bends the sturdy back,
Wrinkles the forehead, stints the breath,
And leading down the well-worn track
Guides him to lovely Death.

Death comes the last, but never goes,
Divests him of the earthly clod,
Makes him a fair, unfading Rose,
And yields him back to God.

A WORD ON MONSIGNOR SATOLLI'S WORK.*

BY REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIER, C. SS. R.

HILE the Catholic Church in the United States is, at present, exciting a wonderful amount of interest in those outside of its communion, its own members eagerly look forward to the immediate future as fraught with momentous events. There has been no little agitation going on within it during the year which has just elapsed, and now that a settlement of difficulties seems at hand, all eyes are strained in their endeavor to pierce the mists of the future. The principal cause of this increased interest in our Church in this country is a man, whose name, more than that of any other member of the hierarchy, has, of late, repeatedly figured in the daily press.

The first knowledge the writer of this article had of the visit of Mgr. Satolli to this country was obtained abroad, either in Spain or Italy, he does not remember which. While in Rome he learned that Mgr. O'Connell, the rector of the American College, had accompanied the illustrious prelate to America. All the time it was understood that Mgr. Satolli's object in crossing the Atlantic was to represent the Holy Father in the celebrations connected with the Columbus Jubilee. On our return to this country, the archbishops of the United States were holding their meeting in which the school question and other matters were discussed. It was only then that the knowledge reached us of another mission which Mgr. Satolli was to fulfil. Since then the name of Satolli has been before the public. His acts and his words, though few in number, have been the subject of innumerable comments and criticisms, and the source of a thousand and one conjectures.

We would never have dreamt of undertaking to write concerning the mission of this distinguished ecclesiastic had we not been requested to do so by the editor of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, a personal friend of ours. We are far removed from the theatre of ecclesiastical activity, and our pen is so much occupied in relating events of the past that it scarcely finds time for the present. Nevertheless we may not neglect the honor conferred upon us by the invitation to write on such an important subject, and, though fearfully, we join the number of contributors to this esteemed publication.

Monsignor Satolli has come to the United States with a twofold object. First, he is the representative of the Holy Father in our Columbian celebrations, in accordance with the wishes of the United States Government, and, secondly, he fills the office of extraordinary legate from the Holy See, for the settlement of certain ecclesiastical difficulties. No political signification need be attached to his mission. Delegates are sent by the Holy See for various purposes. Thus the Pope,

* Since the above was written, the information has reached us that Mgr. Satolli has been appointed by the Holy See *Apostolic Delegate* in the United States, the Apostolic Delegation having been permanently established.

We have also learned that Dr. McGlynn, before he was released from the excommunication, had expressed his willingness to go to Rome, and, moreover, declared that he had not conscientiously failed in respect to the Holy See, but that if anything had ever escaped his lips detrimental to that respect, he would be the first to recall it.—C. W. C.

being a temporal sovereign, even though his kingdom extend not beyond the limits of the Vatican, has the right to be represented at foreign courts and in foreign countries by his ambassadors and ministers plenipotentiary, who bear the official title of Nuncios, Internuncios and Apostolic Delegates. Their presence in those countries means no more a tendency towards domination or interfering on the part of the Holy See than the presence of the Chinese minister in Washington indicates the desire of China to rule over us. However, the Pope has no nuncio in this country, nor is Mgr. Satolli accredited to the Government of Washington.

Besides its ambassadors or nuncios, the Holy See has, since the first ages, also sent out special representatives or delegates for the arrangement of ecclesiastical affairs. Thus, in the fifth century, St. Leo the Great presided at the Council of Chalcedon through his legates, Paschasinus, bishop of Lilybæum, Lucentius, bishop of Ascoli, and Boniface, priest of Rome. In the eleventh century, a legate was sent to England by Pope Urban II. to investigate the troubles existing between King William Rufus and St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury. Several centuries later, the Pope was represented in Germany by his legate who had been sent thither on account of the agitation caused by Martin Luther. In England Cardinal Campeggio, the Pope's legate, decided between Henry VIII. and his wife, Catherine of Aragon. It is, then, by no means an uncommon thing for the Popes to send legates to represent the Holy See, nor is it an unheard-of thing in this country. In 1852, the Most Rev. Gaetano Bedini, Archbishop of Thebes, and Nuncio to Brazil, was sent hither by Pius IX. with a friendly letter for President Pierce. Mr. Cass, the *chargé d'Affaires* of the United States at Rome, had assured the Cardinal Secretary of State, that the United States Government would welcome the Pope's envoy. In company with Archbishop Hughes of New York, the Apostolic Delegate proceeded as far West as Milwaukee. In the Western States he was assailed by mob violence, especially on the part of Italian and German radicals. Twenty years later, in 1873, the Right Rev. George Conroy, Bishop of Ardagh in Ireland, was sent as Apostolic Delegate to Canada with a special mission to the United States, and it is only a few years since the Cistercian monk, Dom Smulders, fulfilled a similar mission in the province of Quebec. The sending, then, of an Apostolic Delegate, or Ablegate, even to the United States, is nothing extraordinary.

It is quite natural that everything appertaining to Archbishop Satolli should interest the public, hence a word on the personality of the man whom the Pope has sent. Archbishop Satolli, whom, it is said, the Pope loves to call "*il mis Francesco*," "my Francis," is an Etruscan by birth. Reared, as it were, at Perugia, under the eyes of Cardinal Pecci, then Archbishop of that See, he was called to Rome by the latter, after he had become Pope Leo XIII. Here he was made Canon of the Basilica of St. John Lateran, rector of the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the College of the Propaganda and titular archbishop of Lepanto. It is safe to say that the cardinal's hat is in store for him, and then — who knows what next?

Archbishop Satolli is a man of no

ordinary learning, and, as a scholastic theologian, he has no equal, if it is true that he is the best exponent of the theology of St. Thomas since the days of Cardinal Payton. His knowledge was imparted not only to the students who sit on the benches of the Propaganda, but it has, also, been given to the world in three volumes of philosophy and five of theology.

In 1888 the Archbishop was sent to the United States to be present at the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the erection of our hierarchy and at the inauguration of the Catholic University at Washington. He returned to Rome filled with admiration for American institutions and American progress. Thus in receiving Archbishop Satolli, we have received one in perfect sympathy with the American nation.

His coming to the United States to assist at our Columbus celebrations is a special mark of the esteem in which our country is held by the Sovereign Pontiff, when we reflect, that at the feasts celebrated lately at Huelva, in Spain, at which the Spanish court was present, for some reason or other there was no representative of the Holy See. Our Government has known how to appreciate the honor, for, when the archbishop was expected to arrive on the steamer Majestic, a letter was sent from the Treasury Department to the Collector of Customs in New York, advising him to extend the official courtesies to Mgr. Satolli and his companions, and facilitate the entry of their effects. In consequence of this, the distinguished visitors were, as soon as the ship had been passed by the health officer, transferred to the revenue cutter Grant.

Archbishop Satolli was present at the dedicatory exercises of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, and he will continue to represent the Sovereign Pontiff at the World's Fair in the same city.

The other object of Mgr. Satolli's visit to this country is to enquire into certain ecclesiastical affairs, for the settlement of which he is entrusted with extraordinary powers. Concerning these powers and their exercise there has been a considerable amount of conjecture, but the ablegate has acted wisely in keeping his own counsels. More than once have we learned of the failure of important missions in the ecclesiastical world in this country through the neglect of the principal persons concerned in preserving the necessary silence. They thus not only frustrated the plans of those by whom they had been sent, but also spoiled their own careers. Hence we are forced to acknowledge the wisdom of Mgr. Satolli in not letting every one know what he can do, and what he intends to do and why he acts.

Two important matters, however, which have confronted the legate, have been brought before the public: the school question and difficulties existing between priests and their ecclesiastical superiors. In regard to the former we all know that it constitutes one of the most important problems to be solved by the Church in this country. The Faribault school plan had already been settled at Rome, but there were other questions of importance which required grave consideration. Shortly after the arrival of the ablegate, a meeting of the archbishops of the country was held at New York, and certain views regarding the school question were placed before them in the name of the Pope by his repre-

sentative. The fourteen propositions presented by him, form, says the *Moniteur de Rome*, the basis of a final settlement of the school question in the United States. The archbishop avoids extremes. Though upholding the immense importance of Catholic schools, he at the same time insists that provision should be made for the religious education of those children who do not attend them. As a true disciple of St. Thomas, he knows how to distinguish, drawing the line between what belongs as an inalienable right to the parents, what is the Church's, and what the state may claim as its own. Though insisting upon the execution of the decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, he nevertheless admits that, though the public school has been considered dangerous to the Faith and morals of Catholic children, there may be cases in which such danger is eliminated. Archbishop Satolli has found, and will find opponents of his views, but at least, as the *Moniteur de Rome* says, they will open the way for a final settlement, and when Rome shall have spoken, all true Catholic heads will bow.

A short time after the conference of archbishops came to an end, the country was startled by the intelligence, flashed by the telegraph wires from the Atlantic to the Pacific, that the celebrated Dr. McGlynn had been released from the excommunication which, for years, had been weighing upon him. Surprising though it was, it was nevertheless true. The archbishop has now undertaken the second class of difficulties he has been empowered to settle. The McGlynn case, in its latest phase, is a mystery to many ; but let us wait, and until more light on the subject reaches us, it will be the part of wisdom not to judge our ecclesiastical superiors, who see further than we do, as they stand upon a more elevated platform. As far as we are able to understand the reinstatement of the Rev. Dr. McGlynn, it is as follows : When, in 1888, Mgr. Satolli came over to this country, he was, for some days, the guest of Archbishop Corrigan, in New York. It is said that he sought an interview with Dr. McGlynn, who then happened to be absent on on a lecture tour. When the doctor had learned of this, he wrote to his friend, the Rev. Dr. Burtsell, requesting him to call on Mgr. Satolli and express his regrets at not being able to see him in person, and state that he (Dr. McGlynn) would give immediate attention to whatever the archbishop would say. When the letter reached Dr. Burtsell, Mgr. Satolli had left for Europe, but the former immediately wrote to him, explaining the circumstances.

On his second arrival in the United States, Mgr. Satolli informed Dr. Burtsell that he had been commissioned to enquire into the matter. When certain important facts connected with the case had been brought to his notice, he said he would ask the Holy See to grant him all the power necessary to settle the affair. Meanwhile all necessary documents were laid before him. On Wednesday, December 21, Dr. Burtsell had an interview with Mgr. Satolli at the Catholic University of Washington. He then returned to New York to confer with Dr. McGlynn, and on Friday he was again in Washington. The result was, that Dr. McGlynn having satisfied the Pope's legate on all the points in this case, was declared free from ecclesiastical censure and restored to the exercise of his priestly functions.

This action of Mgr. Satolli has

met with widely differing comments. Some have applauded it, rejoicing at the restoration to his office of a priest so widely esteemed as Dr. McGlynn. Others have considered it as a veritable triumph for the Doctor, and we must confess that present appearances go far to confirm this view. A third class have been greatly incensed. If the reports of the daily press are true, certain laymen in New York have, with little credit to themselves, spoken too freely and in disparaging tones of the action of the Pope's delegate. It was even hinted that Mgr. Satolli had gone beyond his powers in the matter. Now this is sheer nonsense. Mgr. Satolli is not a child; he is a man, and a man with a great deal of wisdom; a man, too, who has been at the head of the diplomatic school in Rome. It is not to be supposed that, knowing how much there was at stake, he would have acted in such an important matter without sufficient instructions and the requisite authority. The mystery of the case is, that Dr. McGlynn, as far as we know, has not uttered a word of public apology. But no doubt the mists will soon be dispelled, and the mystery will be cleared up. Rome is always moderate; the history of the past proves this, and though hard expressions may sometimes have been used against her, Rome also knows how to forgive. We find an instance of this in the life of St. Pius V. A Spaniard had grossly slandered His Holiness in a seditious publication, and for this the magistrate had condemned him to death; but the Pope granted him a free pardon, with the request that whenever he should see him fall into any fault he would admonish him of it.

Must we conclude from the reinstatement of Dr. McGlynn that the Sovereign Pontiff has altered his opinions expressed in his late encyclical, "On the Condition of Labor"? This by no means follows. But, if Dr. McGlynn still continues to promulgate his peculiar doctrines without interference, it may be a sign that Rome at least tolerates them. At all events let us wait and see what turn matters will take. It would be highly imprudent to criticise those who are in authority over us. Let it also be understood that the controversies which have existed among us by no means indicate a diversity of doctrine, for, on matters of faith, Catholics are a unit.

Mgr. Satolli has taken up his residence at the Catholic University of Washington, where he lectures twice a week on the theology of St. Thomas. In appearance, he presents that of a man of ascetic life and deep thought. His complexion is dark, and his figure straight and lean. Let us hope that his stay among us will be fraught with great advantages for the American Church which he loves so well. There are, no doubt, other questions which will occupy him during his sojourn in this country. He has already turned his attention to the Catholic press, giving to it sound and wholesome advice, which, if followed, cannot fail to be productive of the best results. Thus the Pope's legate, it appears, includes within the limits of his mission the laity as well as the priests and bishops. We doubt not that when the heat of excitement is over all will recognize the wisdom and love of Leo XIII. in sending over a representative to these United States.

ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

A Comparison Between Methods There and Here.

BY JAMES W. CLARKE, A. M.

"HISTORY is philosophy teaching by examples." What does philosophy teach, if anything, by the history of the attempt made by England, under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone and the late Mr. William E. Forster, to settle the vexed problem of how to provide herself with a national system of elementary education without offending either the religious or the anti-religious sentiments of any considerable portion of her people?

The story of the establishment of elementary schools, substantially free to all the children of England, is not a long one. It dates from the year 1870. In the twenty-two years that have passed since the passage in that year of "An Act to Provide for Public Elementary Education in England and Wales" (33 Victoria, cap. 75) a complete revolution has been accomplished in the educational condition of the English masses. It is probable that a quarter of a century ago the great body of the English people stood upon a lower level of illiteracy than the great body of any contemporary people with pretensions to first rank in civilization. Matthew Arnold, writing in his official capacity as a government inspector of schools, in 1853, said: "The children of the lowest, poorest classes of the country, of what are called the masses, are not, to speak generally, educated; the children who are educated belong to a different class from these, and consequently of the education of the masses, I, in the course of my official duty, see, strictly speaking, little or nothing." It was not until 1856, when the office of Vice-president of the Committee of Council on Education was created, that the Government took any regular cognizance of the elementary schools of the country. Prior to that time there had been a loose and unsystematic habit of making annual grants in aid of the voluntary schools which private benevolence and religious zeal had established, but the principle that the state is directly and gravely concerned in the education of its children had not been even seriously entertained.

We may easily measure the amount of importance that was attached to the matter of the elementary education of the English people half a century ago, by a glance at the amount of the yearly grants voted by Parliament in aid of the voluntary schools. In 1840 Parliament voted only $150,000 for that purpose. Ten years later, in 1850, the estimate of the value of primary schooling to the nation had risen, so that it voted for their encouragement all over Britain the sum of $900,000. From that time on, however, an educational awakening made itself manifest. In 1858 the parliamentary grant to primary schools rose to $3,344,365. It remained at about that figure until 1870, when the Gladstone-Forster act was passed, and from that year onwards it has steadily increased, until, in 1891, it amounted to nearly $17,000,000.

These figures of public expenditure on education — showing an advance

from less than a million dollars in 1850 to seventeen million dollars in 1891 — are not more indicative of what has been done in England by the educational movement of the past forty, and especially of the past twenty-five years, than the returns which exhibit the increase in the number of primary schools and of the scholars attending them. In 1869, the year before the new education act was passed, the number of primary schools inspected by the Government as candidates for grants in aid of their funds, was 8,592, giving accommodations to 1,838,416 children and having an average attendance of 1,153,572 children. In 1876, only six years after the passage of the new law, the number of schools inspected had increased to 14,875, giving accommodations to 3,483,789 children, and having an average attendance of 2,007,732 children. In 1890, the number of schools inspected (for government grant purposes), had risen to 19,419, furnishing accommodations to 5,539,285 scholars, and showing an average attendance for the school year of 3,717,917 children.

Right here we may conveniently note a point of contrast between the status of elementary education in Great Britain and our own country. The British system, since 1880, has been absolutely compulsory. From the age of five onwards, every English child must attend school twice a day, five days in each week, through the entire school year. Not only truancy, but irregular attendance subjects the parents of offending children to fines, and the severest measures are resorted to in order to bring every parent and child in the country under the operation of the school laws. Factory acts support the school acts, and employers who keep English children at work who should be in school, are fined if detected, and the efforts to detect all such violators of the law are constant and generally successful.

The American people have not yet reached the conclusion that to compel universal primary education is the duty of the state. Far from it. By the United States census of 1890, it appears that the highest percentage of the total number of children of school age who were actually attending school that year was shown by Maine — 64 per cent. New Hampshire came next, with 62 per cent. of her children of school age in actual attendance; Vermont and Massachusetts followed, with 55 per cent.; Connecticut, with 47 per cent., and Rhode Island, with only 40 per cent. And, outside of the New England States, and a few states in the West like Ohio, the percentage of the total number of American children of school age who were actually attending school when the 1890 census-taker went his rounds, was much smaller. Only 41 per cent. of the children of New York of school age were found to be attending school; only 37 per cent. of New Jersey's children; only 31 per cent. of Maryland's; only 26 per cent. of Virginia's; only 19 per cent. of Louisiana's.

An American educator (President Isaac Sharpless, of Haverford College, Philadelphia) who made a study of the English primary school system on the spot, says on this point of compulsory attendance: "Taking England over, the average attendance is about 78 per cent. of the number on the school register; but as this number includes many children under five, to whom the compulsory laws do not apply, it is probable that 82 per cent. would more correctly represent the average attendance of children above this age." From

which it appears that while in this country of the whole number of children who ought to be in school in Maine, only 64 per cent. are there; in Massachusetts only 55 per cent.; in New York only 41 per cent., and in Louisiana only 19 per cent., England, with her compulsory laws, has for ten years past succeeded in giving an elementary education to 82 per cent. of all her children of school age. The statistics of illiteracy in some of our States are ominously significant in this connection, and may well suggest the question, Has not the time come to make primary education compulsory for all American children of school age? The latest complete tables (1880) on this point show that out of a total of 36,761,607 persons in this country of ten years of age and over, 11,000,000 were unable to read and write; 13.4 per cent. of this great host of illiterates could write, but could not read; 17 per cent. of them could read, but could not write.

This, then, is one striking point of contrast between the English and American elementary school system; the former covers the whole nation evenly, uniformly, inflexibly and compulsorily; the latter covers the United States with varying results in different parts of the country, and the compulsory principle is not applied generally, nor in a majority of the States.

Whatever the benefits may be of the English system they cannot fail to be enjoyed as largely in Liverpool as they are in London, in Birmingham as largely as in Bristol. The education law is not optional or discretionary with the several local authorities as it is with those of our several States. It is mandatory in every corner of England. If the local powers do not build schools and conduct them to the Government's satisfaction, the Government steps in and does it for them. The enactment of the law of 1870 ensured the existence in every school district of a "sufficient amount of accommodation in public elementary schools." The school district is the borough or parish, except in the case of London and Oxford, which are under the special jurisdiction of local bodies of their own selection. When the amount of school accommodation in a district is insufficient, and the deficiency is not supplied as required by the Act, a school board must be formed to supply such deficiency. Every elementary school is a public school in the sense of the Act, if it is conducted according to the regulations in section 7, which, in substance, are these:

(1.) It shall not be required, as a condition of the admission of any child into, or of its continuance in the school, either that he shall attend or abstain from attending any Sunday-school, or any place of religious worship, or that he shall attend any religious observance or any instruction in religious subjects, in the school or elsewhere, from which observance or instruction he may be withdrawn by his parents, or that he shall, if withdrawn by his parents, attend the school on any day set apart for religious observance by the religious body to which his parents belong.

(2.) Time for religious observance or instruction in the school must be at the beginning or end of school meeting, and must be shown in a time-table conspicuously posted in the school.

(3.) The school must be open to inspection, except that the inspector must not enquire into religious knowledge.

(4.) The school must be conducted

in accordance with the conditions, as to the amount and quality of its secular instruction, which are required to obtain a parliamentary grant.

When the Education Department is satisfied, after enquiry and inspection, that the supply of public elementary schools, as thus defined, is in any any district insufficient, it may order a school board to be formed in that district. The Education Department may also direct and compel the people of any district where the school accommodations are insufficient, to choose a school board, to supply the needed elementary schools, whenever an application is made to it for that purpose by the voters of the district, or whenever, in its judgment, the managers of any local elementary school are unwilling or unable to properly carry it on.

Such a law must, of necessity, operate equally throughout the country, and it does. It costs just about ten dollars a year per head to give the children of England elementary education, no more in one county, and no less in another. No such even distribution of school benefits is possible with us. We speak of our national school system, but in reality it is a State school system, and it would be hard to name a single feature, except that they are all secular,—"undenominational" as English educators would call them — which is common to all the public schools of all the States. Many States have a compulsory law; many others have not. In some States the length of the school year is only 80 or 100 days, in others it is 150 days, and in some 200 days. But the most striking item in all this lack of uniformity is that of expenditure. The children of Nevada enjoy educational privileges for which that State pays $18.70 per capita of her school-going population. New Mexico, on the other hand, spends only 81 cents per head for the elementary instruction of her children. In the colored and shaded map which shows the school expenditures of the several States of the Union, no less than seven different shadings are needed to classify them. A few States — Massachusetts in the lead — spend ten dollars or more per capita for elementary education; then follows a second group of States that spend from eight to ten dollars per capita for the same purpose; then a third group that spend from six to eight dollars per capita; and so on, down through seven gradations, the last grade of all, of which North Carolina is an example, spending less than one dollar per capita annually for the elemental instruction of their children. So that, if it is an advantage to have a national school system that operates with even effect, East as well as West, South as well as North, the uniformly compulsory system which England has now been working under for about two decades has that in its favor.

Those who have not much reflected on this phase of American education are sometimes heard talking about our national school system, as though there were actually some national educational machinery, identical in character in all the States, uniformly at work from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific slope, and from the Canada line southwards to the seaboard of Texas. A brief study of the statistics contained in the United States Census reports entirely dissipates this fanciful assumption. There are scarcely two States in the Union where the public elementary schools are alike either in their essential methods, their cost, or any other leading feature. Every State's returns show a different rate of school expenditure, a different school year, a widely different percentage alike of enrolment and

attendance, and, of course, an equally wide difference both in the amount and the quality of the elementary instruction furnished.

The most noteworthy feature of the English elementary school system is yet to be considered — its treatment of the different religious bodies concerned in the primary education of the young, and its apparently successful solution of a problem which had some points of likeness to that which seems to be looming up for settlement on this side of the Atlantic. When Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster came to draft the Education Act of 1870 they were obliged, as practical statesmen, to take into account the fact that private enterprise, stimulated by religious and philanthropic zeal, had already covered England, not fully, but to a very large extent, with a network of, on the whole, effective elementary schools. The state Church (Episcopalians) had been especially active in building such schools, and so, in proportion to their numbers, had the Roman Catholics and the Wesleyan Methodists. Dissenting England — the Nonconformists of all denominations — had also, following the lead of Joseph Lancaster — a Quaker, who, in 1798 opened with his own money the first free (or nearly free) elementary school for the poor children of London — fairly well covered the country with what were called "British Schools," in which, except that daily reading of the Bible without comment was insisted upon, no religious instruction was given. The "National Schools," as the Episcopal (state Church) schools came to be called, were really called into existence by Joseph Lancaster's zealous work in planting the so-called "British Schools," for it was the fear that the Nonconformists would make important gains by monopolizing the education of the young that drove the clergy of the Establishment as rivals into the field of elementary education. From as far back as 1832 a small annual grant was made by Parliament to be divided by the Education Department between these two rival popular educators — the National and the British schools. The Education Department divided $100,000 a year between them from 1832 to 1839, on the condition that to every dollar of public money they received in this way they should add another dollar and apply the whole to the building of new elementary schoolhouses. The grant was raised to $150,000 a year in 1839, and a special committee was intrusted with its distribution between these two competitive societies. The committee then constituted exists to this day, enlarged and with extended powers, and as the "Committee of Council on Education" is practically the central governing body of the English public school system. The first rules adopted by this committee foreshadowed with remarkable distinctness the lines on which the great educational compromise of 1870 was made thirty years later. The committee entered upon its records these decisions for the regulation of grants from the parliamentary funds placed under its control; that no grant would be given to purely secular schools; that none would be allowed to schools where the right of parents to withdraw their children during the progress of any religious exercises to which they objected, was not recognized and respected; and that regular inspections to test efficiency, followed by certificates of actual results, must be the condition of every grant.

So things went on till 1845, when the committee took some further notable steps forward, the chief of which were the establishment of a system of examination for teachers who, if they passed, became "certificated teachers," and the recognition of Roman Catholic and Methodist schools as entitled to share in the annual parliamentary grants on the same terms as the state Church (National) and the Nonconformist (British) schools. From that time forward to the present, for nearly fifty years, the Roman Catholic elementary schools of England have shared, subject to the same conditions as to regular

inspection and actual certified results, in the yearly parliamentary appropriations for the support of public education.

It is one of the anomalies of history, perhaps, nevertheless, it is true, that in England, where Protestantism is far stronger, in numbers at least, relatively to Catholicism than in any other country in the world, the proposal to distribute the public school fund on the pro rata basis among all elementary schools, Catholic, Protestant, and Secular,— so much money per head for so many scholars receiving so much secular instruction — share and share alike, should not only have been made, but adopted and put in practice steadily for half a century without causing enough discussion to generate a political issue between the parties. There was, it is true, a considerable clamor in England just before the passage of the Education Act of 1870, by which this admission of all the religious bodies to share in the parliamentary school fund was made permanent for "purely secular education." Birmingham was the capital of this "purely secular" crusade, but there was no general response to it in the country at large. Year after year, for thirty years, the English people had seen the different denominational schools, Catholic and Protestant, drawing from the parliamentary school fund various sums, in proportion to the number of children to whom, as certified by the Government inspectors, they were giving effective elementary secular education, and the Gladstone-Forster act, which simply confirmed and extended this principle, seemed to them the fairest and most natural thing that could be proposed.

The central idea on which the English statesmen proceeded to settle their school question was this — payment for actual results, regardless of the religious auspices under which the results might be attained. The Government does not endow any religious school. As a religious school it has nothing to do with it; its inspectors never inspect its religious teaching; it does not deal at all with the masters or the teachers in any of the schools, whether Protestant, Catholic, or Board (secular) schools; it deals entirely with the managers of all these different classes of schools; with the School Board, if it is a Board School, with the directors of the Episcopal, Nonconformist, Catholic, or Methodist school, as the case may be; and to each and all alike it says: "We pay you so much public money for so much public service; so many shillings per head for so many scholars taught so many things to the satisfaction of our travelling inspector; who will call upon you, examine your school, and certify actual work done."

The schools are divided into "infant schools" and "schools for older scholars." The division takes place nominally at the age of seven, though it is a matter of advancement rather than of age. School attendance in England begins at a younger age than with us. In 1890, there were in the public elementary schools 5,887 children under three years of age; 140,855 under four; 322,495 under five, and 494,439 under six, making in all nearly a million children going to school below the age of six years. English children thus get a start of from one to two years over American children, which is, however, a dubious advantage.

Government grants, as already said, go to all alike, on the basis of the reports of actual results made by the Education Department's inspectors. Several changes have been made in the details of these grants since 1870, but at present they are made on about the following terms:

For infant schools — schools for children under seven — these sums are allowed: (1). For average attendance, nine shillings per head; (2). For merit, two, four, or six shillings, according to the quality of the school, as certified by the inspector; (3). For needlework, one shilling; (4). For singing by note (or by ear), one shilling (or sixpence), making seventeen shillings, the maximum grant per child which can be secured by an infant school.

For schools for older children, the

grants are estimated on the following basis: (1). A principal grant of twelve shillings and sixpence, or fourteen shillings, for the primary branches; (2). A grant for discipline and organization, one shilling, or one shilling sixpence; (3). A grant for the girls of one shilling for needlework; (4). A grant of one shilling (or sixpence), for music taught by note (or by ear); (5). A grant of one or two shillings for each of two subjects from the list, English, geography, elementary science history and needlework (for girls); (6). A grant of four shillings for each "pass" in a "specific" subject. These specific subjects include higher knowledge, such as algebra, chemistry, French, Latin, and book-keeping; (7). A grant of four shillings, for cooking and of two shillings for laundry-work.

These grants appear to permit a possible total amount of about 25 or 30 shillings per head, but it is provided that the grant shall not exceed 17 shillings and sixpence on the average attendance, unless the private income of the school shall also exceed that amount. The awarding of the grants on the basis of these rather complicated tests has made necessary frequent changes in the instructions to the Department's inspectors. The Department's custom is to issue yearly a printed pamphlet varying its directions as to inspection from time to time, as new exigencies arise.

The net result of the whole system, as it works out in practice, is that elementary education is now given to every child in England of school age, except the few who contrive to evade the compulsory law; that those religious denominations who choose to build and equip their own schools pay liberally for the privilege of doing so in the first instance out of their own pockets; but, having built and equipped them, they are examined on equal terms with the free secular or "Board schools" as they are there popularly called, and share with them in the public school appropriations, on the strictly business principle of "payment for results only"; and that where no religious body has come forward to build a school for its children, the children must go either to some other denominational school, or to a Board School, with the right strictly reserved to their parents to withdraw them during the reading of Scripture or any other form of religious exercise.

The financial outcome of this association of the state with voluntary enterprise, prompted by religious zeal, is worth noting as we pass. The total expenditure of the public elementary schools of England of all kinds amounted for the year 1891 to nearly $38,000,000. Of this total the Government grants, voted by Parliament and distributed by the Education Department to the managers and directors of the various classes of schools all over the country, furnished nearly one-half — about $16,400,000. The other half was made up by local taxation imposed by the school boards, by the small school fees paid in many schools, and voluntary subscriptions provided about $5,000,000 of it. The returns for 1890 showed that the Episcopalian (state Church) schools numbered 11,922 with an average attendance of 1,682,167 scholars; that there were 551 Wesleyan Methodist schools with an average attendance of 131,934 scholars; that the Roman Catholic schools numbered 946 and had an average attendance of 193,838 scholars; that the Nonconformist (British) schools numbered 1,365, with an average attendance of 255,496; and that the Board Schools (secular) were 4,714 in number, and had an average attendance of 1,468,892 scholars. And all these different classes of schools of various religious complexions and of none, drew money from the public school fund in proportion to the numbers of children to whom they gave the amount and kind of secular education demanded by the state standards and tested by the state's inspectors. For the same year for which the above figures are given (1890) the total amount paid out in parliamentary grants to all the schools was about $16,500,000. Of that total the sum of about $6,700,000 went to the Board Schools; about $7,300,000

to the state Church (Episcopal) schools; about $835,000 to the Roman Catholic schools; about $595,000 to the Wesleyan schools, and about $1,200,000 to the other Dissenting or Nonconformist (popularly called "British") schools.

There is still heard in England an occasional protest against this system of giving state aid to the elementary schools of all denominations; the radical wing of the Liberal party is violently opposed to it, and from time to time rises to demand that the state shall remodel its educational system and make it absolutely free, inflexibly compulsory, and wholly secular. But there is no evidence that this demand has any more support from the general body of the English nation now than it had in 1870, when the Gladstone-Forster act was passed by an overwhelming majority in both Houses of Parliament. The purely secularist solution would please nobody but the secularists, and it is one of the best evidences of how illogical the human mind can be, when it is under the warping influence of a pet theory, that the secularists should imagine, as they do, that to absolutely divorce religious from secular teaching, and exclude everything in the nature of religious instruction, including a reading without comment from the Bible, would be perfectly fair to all concerned, and leave no parent any just right to complain. There is a positively ludicrous element in this view of the matter. To try and satisfy everybody's religious opinions and sentiments touching education, by allowing nobody's to be so much as mentioned in school, is an obvious absurdity. This is as though three hungry men should go to a restaurant eagerly desiring to be fed respectively with roast beef, boiled mutton and broiled chicken, and the waiter should say to them: "I cannot give either of you just what you desire, but I will endeavor to treat you all fairly by bringing on some fish, which none of you want."

Those who are satisfied with the purely secular day school — and I count myself among the number — may at least try to appreciate a little better than that the religious preferences of others who are not satisfied with a day school of that kind.

There is evidence all around us, in the multiplication of private schools built and carried on by voluntary religious effort and sacrifice, that the non-religious day school is not satisfactory to all the American people any more than it is to all the English people. By and by, as the years go on, we are possibly to be confronted, in some parts of the country at least, with this state of facts; that while the public school tax will be levied on all citizens alike, the public schools will not give elementary education to more than one-half of the children of school age. When that time comes the history of the successful compromise effected by England between her religious denominations and her secularists may afford the liberal and conciliatory statesmen who will have to do for us what Gladstone and Forster did for their country in 1870, some hints and suggestions of real value.

TALKING IN HIS SLEEP.

BY W. S. SNYDER.

DEAR Jed, you've been a-dreamin' and a-talkin' in your sleep,
'Bout a real old-fashioned winter, when the snow was three-foot deep.
And you've worked, and fussed, and fidgeted, and talked to Bess and Rex
As if you meant to harness them with sleigh-bells on their necks.

Sometimes you've whistled half a bar of "Kitty Clyde" — you know
That was your favorite serenade more'n forty years ago;
And when you'd wrapped your comforter three times around your throat,
You seemed to be a-feelin' for your mittens in your coat.

Last night was worse than all the rest, and when I thought I'd freeze
A-tryin' to keep the covers on, what did you do but seize
The blankets in a grip that seemed would nevermore let go,
And then you said: "Here's what we want — a good three-foot of snow!"

I didn't think so much of that; the snow was comin' down,
And everything was turned to white that yesterday was brown;
But just before I wakened you, "A hundred, more or less,"
You said, then mumbled somethin' more 'bout takin' Rex and Bess.

At last I got you woke enough to turn upon your side
And drop into a dreamless sleep; but, though I tried and tried,
I couldn't go to sleep again through all the dreary night,
For somethin' kept a-whisperin' that somethin' wasn't right.

Now, tell me, Jed, what's grievin' you — what trouble's on your mind?
I thought we had no debts to pay, and hadn't run behind.
But somethin's gnawin' at you, Jed, that doesn't seem to be
A-troublin' you when you're awake; don't keep it back from me.

You dear old Kitty Simpleton — the nickname's sweet to me
As 'twas when first I called you it, 'way back in forty-three;
I'll tell you what's the matter if you'll put your knittin' by,
You can't pick up the stitch you dropped with eyes just fit to cry.

Before I tell what's troublin' me, I want to give you this —
A story's always sweeter for beginnin' with a kiss;
So, so, it makes you smile again? Well, hope's akin to fear,
Though trouble made you drop the stitch 'twas love that dropped the tear.

And so I've been a-dreamin' and a-talkin' in my sleep,
'Bout a real old-fashioned winter, when the snow was three-foot deep,
And makin' lots of trouble 'bout "A hundred, more or less,"
Until you thought I'd got to pay a debt with Rex and Bess.

Ah, my dear, you must remember in the long and long ago,
When, with sleigh-bells on the horses' necks, we skimmed across the snow,
Beneath the moon that kept the pace, and seemed to faster ride
Than thumped my heart in echo to the heart on t'other side.

Oh! what a glorious night it was — that special one, I mean,
When Nux and Puls were forced to walk and I was forced to lean
As close to you as I could get to keep the sleigh upright;
Ah, yes! you know — could we forget? our troth was pledged that night.

How awful still the moonlight was when you and I had spoke!
It seemed, just then, the road to heaven for you and me was broke
Through all the drifts of deepest snow, and then I seemed to hear
The tinkle of the far-off bells of sea-shells in my ear.

But soon the danger-place was passed and on we sped again,
And o'er the hills the joyous bells gave back a sweet refrain;
"Would I be always true to you?" you asked; I answered, "Yes,
Through all the years that I should live, a hundred, more or less."

And so we started out upon a road that was to be
A struggle all the way, my dear, uphill for you and me;
But love has been our talisman, we've reached the top at last,
And back o'er forty years we look upon a tender past.

There's nothin' now a-grievin' me; we haven't run behind;
But somethin'—'taint a-troublin' me — is runnin' in my mind,
'Bout the real old-fashioned winter that I talked of in my sleep,
And a sleighride most to heaven when the snow was three-foot deep!

HE KNEW WHAT WAS WHAT.

She was tall and gaunt, and she spoke on women's rights.

He was small, still and uncomplaining, although they occupied the same seat in the B. & O. S. W. car.

She had been practising on him for three hours:

All of her oratorical effects.

All of her impassioned pleas.

All her pathos.

All her wit.

All her all.

But he didn't say a word.

"And, sir, what comes after the miracle of birth?" she perorated, waving her gaunt arms over his cowed head.

But he didn't say a word.

"Why, the babe; sweetly sleeping in the arms of its nurse! And what comes after the babe?" she demanded with a rising tone, as she dug him in the shrinking ribs.

But he didn't say a word.

"Why, the girl, the sunshine and joy of the household! And, sir, what comes after the girl?" Still louder grew her incisive, triumphing demand, until the whole car turned to listen.

But he didn't say a word.

"Why, after the girl comes the maiden, graceful, soft-eyed, red-lipped and sweet and bright and winning as Heaven and earth combined can make her! And, sir, tell me what comes after the maiden?"

And then he turned his head toward her with the decisive air of one who knows what he is talking about, and said:

"Her feller does, unless he is a blooming fool!"

* * * * * *

She was tall and she was gaunt and she spoke on women's rights, but for forty miles she didn't "cheep," and got off at a side station in such a hurry that she left her petition for divorce and several other valuable papers behind her.

— Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

ON THE EVE OF HOME RULE.

BY JOHN O'CALLAGHAN.

DURING the first week in February, according to present indications, Mr. Gladstone will, for the second time, introduce in the House of Commons a bill for the granting of Home Rule to Ireland. The scope of the bill, which is now, and has been for two years past, the merest conjecture, will then have become a matter of absolute certainty. Mr. Gladstone's plan, which has thus far been kept a profound secret, even from his closest friends outside of the cabinet, will then be made public property, and he who runs may read. In the cold light of public criticism its strong points and its weak ones will stand forth, and men need no longer judge by the past experience, or apparent consistency of the author, but form their opinions on the basis of hard, actual facts.

As the bill, if satisfactory, will confer benefits alike on those who supported and those who distrusted Mr. Gladstone, so, if it is halting and imperfect, its defects will recoil on the entire Irish people without regard to the opinions which they may have held in matters of recent public controversy. It will be a bill affecting the government of Ireland, without distinction of class or creed or party, and it is Ireland which will be benefited or injured according as the bill is thorough-going, or the reverse.

The details of a measure intended to revolutionize the internal government of a country were perhaps never before kept such a profound secret. Nobody outside Mr. Gladstone's cabinet, and possibly one or two of the Irish members, knows what its provisions will be, and any theories which may be advanced as to its character may be knocked into a cocked hat when the bill is introduced. The majority of the Irish people have refrained from seeking information on the subject, lest they might appear thereby to be impugning the good faith of the Liberal leaders, or their desire to give Ireland a fair measure of self-government. The demand of the minority for at least an outline of the proposed measure has been ignored, on the ground that it was prompted by a desire to embarrass Mr. Gladstone. The result would seem to be an unfortunate one, for even if the bill should prove acceptable to Ireland, and pass the House of Commons, the fact that the country has not been consulted as to its details will be seized upon by the House of Lords as a pretext for its rejection, and another general election would have to ensue before it could be passed. Mr. Chamberlain and other Unionists have already indicated the intention of the House of Lords in this respect.

The only means by which it is possible to judge what it is Mr. Gladstone will propose is by comparison with the bill of 1886, and a consideration of the provisions of that bill which were deemed defective. Mr. Gladstone himself has stated that in one important respect the coming bill will differ very radically from the preceding one. The bill of 1886 provided for the exclusion of the Irish members from the Imperial Parliament; the coming bill will, undoubtedly, contain a provision for their retention, though whether in their present, or in reduced numbers, it is impossible to say. Mr. Parnell said that it was Mr. Gladstone's intention to reduce Ireland's representation in the Imperial Parliament. That matter will be settled on the introduction of the bill.

On the Irish side there are five points on which objections have from time

to time been raised to the bill of 1886. They are the land, the police, the judiciary, the financial provisions and the question of a veto. While each would vitally affect the working of any measure of Home Rule, the first and last mentioned are by far the most important. The land, the police and the judiciary are the three points for the satisfactory settlement of which Mr. Parnell sought guarantees from Mr. Gladstone when the trouble over the Irish leadership first arose. Mr. Parnell offered to retire from the leadership if Mr. Gladstone would promise to settle these questions in accordance with the views of the Irish representatives, and make their acceptance a vital portion of the Home Rule measure. Mr. Gladstone refused to give any guarantee on the subject, at first because he did not want to treat with the Irish party until Mr. Parnell was deposed from the leadership, and later on because he did not wish to show his hand to his Tory opponents.

Parnell's demand was that the police of Ireland should be dealt with in the new bill as the Dublin Metropolitan police were to have been dealt with in the bill of 1886; that is, that after the lapse of two years they should be placed under the control of the Dublin Parliament. He wished the land question settled by the English Parliament, "either by purchase or on the lines of the measure introduced by the Irish party, and supported by the Liberal party, or by remitting the question to an Irish Parliament," and the judiciary dealt with in a manner satisfactory to the Irish people. On the night of the introduction of the Home Rule Bill of 1886, Parnell, in the House of Commons, expressed disapproval of its financial provisions, and he afterwards stated, as well as some of the members of his party, that if the financial portion of the bill was not amended in committee — a stage which it never reached — he would have considered it his duty to vote against the bill on the third reading. Mr. Gladstone has himself since admitted, though in a very guarded manner, that from a financial point of view Ireland was unfairly discriminated against in that bill.

The question of a veto was also one which gave the Irish party grave concern in 1886. On its satisfactory adjustment will depend whether or not the Home Rule Bill is to be a real or a sham settlement of the Irish question.

If Mr. Gladstone succeeds in reconciling Irish opinion on these points, his task will have been made much easier. He has repeatedly declared that if the measure of Home Rule which he offers does not satisfy Ireland, it would be useless to consider it.

There is every probability that the questions of the police and the judiciary will be settled in a manner which will prevent any friction, and will still satisfy the Irish people. The idea has recently been propounded by a prominent Parliamentarian that the question of the control of the police was but a mere detail. But it is of just such details of more or less importance the Home Rule Bill will be made up, and the people of Ireland will not look with much favor on any proposal to take the police force from under the control of the Irish Parliament. As regards the judiciary, it is a well-known fact that the appointment of the judges has been a cause of grave discontent to the Irish people heretofore, and they would be slow to sanction a continuance of the present system. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, in a pamphlet written five years ago, entitled "A Fair Constitution for Ireland," the principle of which was approved by Mr. Parnell and Cardinal Manning, as well as the archbishops of Dublin and Cashel, and other representative Irishmen, says:

"No community ought to endure the creation of a judiciary placed above the laws of the country in which they live. If they were men of the most upright character it would be an intolerable oligarchy, and if they were not it might become an unendurable tyranny. I want to see a constitution which will work and be permanent because it is just and reasonable, and satisfies the whole people."

There was no more vigorous denunciation of the appointment of the pres-

ent Lord Chief Justice than that of Mr. Gladstone, when it was made three or four years ago.

The financial provisions of the bill of 1886 would have allowed Ireland a surplus of only £404,000 with which to start her new government. There is little doubt that under the new bill she will be much more liberally dealt with in this respect, if the people of Ireland are to be satisfied.

There is no need to say to anybody acquainted with Ireland or her recent history, that no Home Rule measure which leaves the land question unsettled will be of any practical value to the people of that country. The agrarian question is one which affects the pockets of nine-tenths of the inhabitants, for the mere feeling of national pride instilled by the possession of home government would not lighten the burdens which are laid on the tenant farmer by the present system of land tenure. It is generally believed that it was Mr. Gladstone's attempt to settle the question of the land concurrently with that of Home Rule, by pledging English credit for the relief of Irish landlords, that wrecked the Home Rule Bill of 1886. His land bill of that year would have given the landlords the option of selling their estates, if they so desired, at from sixteen to twenty-two years purchase. But Hodge took fright at the idea of having his credit pledged for the relief of impecunious Irish landlords, and the result was the rejection of Mr. Gladstone's proposals. It remains to be seen whether he will risk a repetition of the experiment for the sake of benefiting such a worthless class as the Irish landowners. The settlement of the land question, or the delegation to the Irish Parliament of the power to settle it, will be one of the indispensable conditions of the acceptance of Mr. Gladstone's measure by the people of Ireland.

But, most important of all, perhaps, is the question of the veto. On the arrangement reached in regard to that matter will, to a great extent, depend whether the Irish Parliament is to be really and truly a legislative body, or merely an enlarged debating society. If the action of the Irish Parliament is subject to constant revision or interference by the Imperial Parliament, then, indeed, to use the words of Mr. Gladstone on a memorable occasion, its authority will have been "reduced to a nullity." On this point, fortunately, the Irish members of both sections seem to be of one mind. Mr. T. P. O'Connor has more than once expressed his concurrence in the demand made by Mr. John Redmond in regard to this vital particular, and so, too, has Mr. Justin McCarthy. Neither of them wants any interference by the Imperial Parliament in Irish legislation. Mr. John Redmond presented the claim of his side with moderation and ability in the "Nineteenth Century" for October. He stated that in so far as he was entitled to express the views of the people of Ireland on the subject, they demanded that the veto of the Sovereign on purely Irish legislation should only be exercised on the advice of the Irish ministers. He did not object to an Imperial veto on matters in which Imperial interests might be involved, and which shall be reserved for the Queen's pleasure in the bill providing for an Irish Parliament; but outside of that he would have no interference by the Sovereign, except on the advice of the Irish ministers. The Manchester Guardian, a Gladstonian organ, commenting on Mr. Redmond's demand said:

> Any impartial reader of Mr. Redmond's article will see that from the purely English, as well as the Irish point of view, the Irish are quite right in desiring to avoid as far as possible all occasion of friction or collision. The less contact between the countries for some time after Home Rule has passed the less will be the danger of conflict, and more likely the success of the Home Rule policy.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, the leader of the section of the Irish party opposed to Mr. Redmond, has since been quoted in an interview as agreeing with Mr. Redmond's demand. And in a letter of Mr. McCarthy's written while the bill of 1886 was before the House of Commons, and which has recently been

published, after declaring that the principle of the measure seemed to him "sound and acceptable," he added, "In clause three, subject to the sanction of the Crown should be followed by the words, 'on the advice of the responsible Irish ministers.' We could not allow of a veto by the ministers of the crown in England."

This would make the clause in the bill of 1886 read, "Subject to any instructions which may from time to time be given by Her Majesty, *on the advice of the responsible Irish ministers*, the Lord Lieutenant shall give or withhold the assent of Her Majesty to bills passed by the Irish Legislative body, and shall exercise the prerogatives of Her Majesty in respect of the summoning, proroguing, and dissolving of the Irish Legislative body, and any prerogatives the exercise of which may be delegated to him by Her Majesty."

So that there appears to be little doubt that the Irish representatives of both sections will be united in support of that demand.

Now what are the prospects of Mr. Gladstone's complying with it? As far as I have been able to find out, there has been but one occasion on which he has dealt specifically with the subject. This was in a work of his entitled, "Notes and Queries on the Irish Demands," published in 1887. He was dealing with the different reception accorded to the bill of 1886 by the people of Great Britain and those of Ireland, the latter of whom he considered much more reasonable in their attitude than the former. He said:

"I turn now to the Irish Government bill, and test it on a single but very important point. It gave to the Crown the *veto* on all bills passed by the statutory Parliament of Ireland. It did not contain any provision that this veto should be exercised under the advice of the Irish Executive. It was, we have to remember, a *veto* upon bills within the statutory powers, bills exclusively Irish. On this exclusively Irish subject matter, a Sovereign sitting in London, and advised habitually by a ministry subject to the control of Parliament, that is to say, liable at any moment to dismissal at the pleasure of the British House of Commons, was to give or withhold those mystic words, 'La Reine le veut' or 'La Reine s'avisera,' on which respectively depends the passing of a bill into law, or into nothingness."

Mr. Gladstone then asked:

"Supposing Ireland to address to us this question, 'What security have I against constant arbitrary interference of Parliament by Resolutions, and Addresses, and Votes of Direction to, or of censure on, the Ministry, to arrest measures purely Irish, desired by those whom they concern, but disapproved by those whom they do not concern? We have no power over your Executive, and we are absolutely without defence.' And what would be our reply? That Parliament would surely respect an honorable understanding, and would act in the spirit of reason and of justice. No other answer seems to be possible; and this answer is no more than a plea for a generous confidence to be reposed in us. Nay, more, it is a just plea. But it is a plea demanding some reciprocity of tone; and utterly irreconcilable with suspicion, refusing at every turn to be appeased, and with mistrust, both of our right, and of our might, carried into the farthest regions of extravagance. It is weakness, not strength, that gives a quasi title to be unreasonable, and that might naturally prompt such a temper most of all, when associated with the recollection of ancient wrong."

These words of Mr. Gladstone would seem to indicate that he was then a believer in an Imperial veto to a greater extent than the leaders of both sections of the Irish party are likely to accept. But he may have since modified his views in regard to that matter in the same way as he has done concerning the retention of the Irish members at Westminster. He frankly admits that the contention of Ireland on the question is unanswerable on any other ground than asking her to believe that the English Parliament "would act in the spirit of reason and of justice." He asks that a "generous confidence be reposed in it." There are few Irishmen who would fear to place a generous confidence in Mr. Gladstone, John Morley, Lord Aberdeen, or others of the Liberal leaders. Ireland would not fear any unjust interference with her new Parliament if these men could be guaranteed perpetual power in Imperial affairs. But if Lord Salisbury, or Mr. Balfour, or the Tory party should regain power, with a troublesome Orange minority in Ulster continually urging them to interfere with the Irish Parliament, the result might be different unless the act creating that Parliament provides against undue interference by England. The

Irish Parliament in 1800 placed a "generous confidence" in Pitt, and the result was its own destruction. Who knows that the same result would not arise from placing a "generous confidence" in Lord Salisbury in 1900? If the Irish people are deemed capable of being entrusted with the management of their own affairs there ought to be no hesitation about allowing them to exercise that capacity. The more ample and generous the measure, the less will be the cause for friction between the Irish and Imperial Parliaments. Duffy, in the pamphlet I have already quoted from, said:

"I will never be an assenting party to the creation of a Parliament made safe from committing excesses as a malefactor might be made safe by the amputation of his hands and feet. Such a Parliament would plunge us into a new agitation and permanent discontent, and our enemies would point to us as a people whom nothing satisfies. Commit your interests, not to an agent who is handcuffed and under surveillance, but to one in whom you are able to place liberal confidence. Create a Parliament and Government which you can trust, and trust them accordingly. The fundamental security for sober, ordered liberty, must reside in the character of the legislature. It is idle to look for it anywhere else."

Duffy, though a pronounced anti-Parnellite, is strongly of opinion that the details of the Home Rule Bill should have been published, in order that the country might have had an opportunity of studying the proposed settlement, and suggesting any necessary amendments. The time which can be devoted to its discussion in committee will necessarily be so short that a proper understanding of the question seems hardly possible. Duffy outlined a scheme which he says was generally approved by Mr. Parnell, Mr. Gladstone and others of the Liberal leaders. Speaking of it, he said:

"But if it does not suit and satisfy the Irish people, for whose benefit it is designed, it would naturally be a misfit and worthless. Let me exhort them to spare no pains to ascertain, by searching enquiry, what does suit them, and not to commit the ignominious error of being passive and indifferent when their highest interests are at stake. An Irish constitution ought to have been begun by them; let it at least not be concluded without their help and concurrence, for if there be mistakes it is they who will pay the penalty. In the history of constitutional liberty there is not, so far as I know, a single case where the fundamental statute was not the work of the people whose rights it was designed to establish. Whenever the necessity for a written constitution arose in any country representative men of the nation proceeded to consider the special provisions suitable to its character and requirements. . . . It is not possible to conceive France or Italy, or even Hungary or Belgium, accepting a ready-made constitution. The farmers and fishermen of Prince Edward's Island, and the convict population of Van Dieman's Land, equally with the intelligent and aspiring citizens of Canada and Australia, picked and chose for themselves, and their choice when made was confirmed by an Imperial Statute. Ireland, it is true, has no deliberative assembly to frame a constitution in the identical manner these kingdoms and colonies adopted, but the method is of slight importance if the essential agency and initiative of the nation be maintained. It is not by abandoning the initiative in their own affairs that any nation has won freedom, or learned the duties and obligations which freedom imposes. The people to be enfranchised, to be worthy of their destiny, must be active and sympathetic partners in whatever is done to establish and regulate their liberties. If they themselves cannot do this work it will never be effectually or permanently done.

"A nation freed by foreign aid
Is but a corpse by wanton science
Convulsed like life, then flung to fade,
The life itself is self-reliance."

It is, of course, a matter for individual consideration how far Mr. Gladstone's consultations with Mr. McCarthy may have fulfilled the conditions laid down by Duffy.

The point on which people outside of Ireland would probably be most fearful of a rupture between the Liberals and the Irish members, is curiously enough the one on which there is the least danger of a disagreement. That is on the treatment of Ulster in the bill. Nationalists will not object to any fair guarantees for the protection of the Protestant minority which Mr. Gladstone may see fit to embody in the measure. They do not regard them as in the slightest degree necessary, but if English or Orange fears for the safety of the minority call for them, the Irish

people will raise no objection. And stranger still, the more extreme these men are on other points, the more likely they will be to accede to Mr. Gladstone's views in this respect.

Two things I would suggest in reference to the Home Rule Bill, with all due respect to the people in America who from time to time declare that the Irish people ought to be satisfied with this or that plan of settlement. The first is, that if the bill passes it is to be regarded as the last word on the subject by the Imperial Parliament. It will not be like a land bill, or a labor measure, or any other reform, which if defective in some points can easily be amended. It will be regarded as final, and the capacity of the Irish people for self-government will be judged by the results which they achieve under it, whether it be a generous measure or the reverse. If they fail to make their country prosperous under Home Rule, nobody will stop to enquire whether the failure may not be due to the unfavorable conditions by which Ireland may have been hampered in the Home Rule bill.

The second is, that it is the people of Ireland who will have to live under the new law, and not the people in this country, who sometimes, perhaps, feel aggrieved because the Irish people do not follow their advice, even though it be well meant. The question of municipal control of the police in the city of Boston is undoubtedly a matter which closely affects the people of Boston; but how much do the people of Dublin care or know about it? On the same principle, what may be a question of comparative indifference to the citizens of this country may vitally affect the interests of the people of Ireland. Gratuitous advice, even from friends, as to what ought or ought not satisfy them, must always be considered in the light of the fact that the Irish people, like any other people, are the best judges in regard to their own business. Mr. Gladstone has said that "when two parties are unequal in strength, a little of caution, jealousy, even suspicion is in equity to be allowed, on the ground of weakness, to the weaker side." It would be too much to expect that Mr. Gladstone's bill when introduced will be satisfactory to the Irish people in every particular, but it will be the duty of the Irish representatives to point out any defects it may contain, and endeavor to have them remedied, and their motives should not be open to aspersion for their performance of that duty, even if in doing it they should appear to some people ungrateful to Mr. Gladstone for his efforts on behalf of Ireland. Mr. Gladstone's measure is meant as one of justice to Ireland, not one of mercy, and every effort should be made to have it what it purports to be.

And there is still the possibility that the bill may not be satisfactory to even the majority of the Irish representatives.

Mr. William O'Brien has recently stated what their action would be in such an unfortunate contingency. Speaking at Boyle on December 12th, he said: "At all events there is nothing for Irishmen to quarrel about until the Government produce their memorable scheme of legislation next session. If the Government should produce a fraudulent Home Rule Bill, if they should fail to insist upon the reinstatement of the evicted tenants, then indeed our opponents' opinion of the Liberal party will be vindicated and I, for one, will be the first to admit it."

There is every reason to hope, however, that the contingency to which Mr. O'Brien referred will never arise. Mr. Gladstone has declared that his only object in remaining in public life now is to endeavor to settle the Irish question in a manner which will be fair to the people of both countries. If he succeeds it will be the crowning achievement of his long and glorious public career, and it is very improbable that he will allow any obstacle which would interfere with the attainment of that end to stand in the way. It will only be necessary to wait a little longer, and the world will know what the plan is by which the Grand Old Man will make one last supreme effort to terminate the strife of centuries. Friends of Ireland everywhere can only wish him Godspeed.

ETCHINGS: IN THE STRETCH.

Some person standing on the corner dropped his red silk handkerchief. The old car-horse started, his drooping ears went up into the air, his one eye brightened, and his shoes cut sparks from the rocky road-bed. Away he went like an arrow, pulling his side partner (a feeble old lady), the conductor, the car, and its wondering occupants after him.

Then he ran down a brewery wagon, two old women, and finally dashed past a barber's post and through the plate-glass window into the barber's shop.

As he lay there with a thousand ugly and bleeding wounds in his old sides, he grew reminiscent, and his liquid eyes, fast becoming glassy, beckoned me to his side.

"Do you remember the famous Pearl stakes?" he asked. "Do you remember the day? The beautiful sky; the soft, grassy field — such a field; the beautiful ladies — such ladies. God bless 'em. Do you remember the field? Echo and Rameses, the favorites? The money was all on them. But do you remember the little colt, the ugly little colt that attracted no attention at all in the march?

"Do you remember that start?

"Echo in the lead.

"Rameses in the homestretch.

"Then do you remember that cry?

"'See the colt!'

"'The colt wins!'

"Ah! do you remember that?

"The odds, 150 to 1 — write your own ticket!

"Do you remember that colt? That *was* me. Do you remember the Lampasas stakes? Do you remember Colomos, how he won in a gallop? That *was* me. Say, do you remember that race against time, the record — eh — the record Colomos made? The king of the turf — that *was* me. Do you remember the head-lines, 'His leg broken'? That *was* me.

"Ah, the days that are no more.

"Do you see a bigphool of a car-horse who doesn't know enough to forget the past and to let by-gones be by-gones?

"That *is* me."

And Colomos turned wearily on his side and bled to death.

— Warren Ratcliffe McVeigh in Short Stories.

APOSTOLIC DELEGATE'S SECRETARY.

The Rev. F. Z. Rooker, who has been appointed secretary to Apostolic Delegate Satolli, belongs in Albany, but has been a resident of Rome for some time, where he has been up to receiving his present appointment, vice-president of the American College. He is a very able ecclesiastic, and will prove of the greatest possible assistance to the Apostolic Delegate whose unacquaintance with the language and methods here will be more than supplied by the knowledge and general familiarity of Father Rooker. The appointment of the latter is an auspicious accompaniment to that of his superior.

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GIBBONS.

CARDINAL GIBBONS.

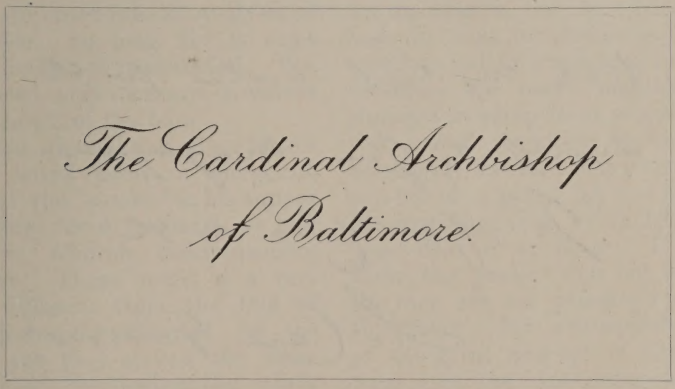
BY W. H. TAMMEN.

HIS Eminence Cardinal Gibbons is to-day more than ever a great central force of the Catholic Church in America. This is not due so much to the exalted position he so ably fills, as to the great gifts which have not only won recognition at the hands of the Pope, but have given him such a warm place in the esteem of the American people.

The zeal and learning exhibited when a priest were but still further emphasized when he presided over the Richmond diocese, and led to his selection as the head of the primatial See of America when the archbishopric of Baltimore became vacant by the death of Archbishop Bayley.

The influence of his magnificent personality, genial, broad-minded and cultured, thoroughly American in all that makes the term worth anything, has done incalculable service in the Catholic Church, and in winning for it more respectful consideration from those without its communion.

Cardinal Gibbons is truly one of the best loved men in Baltimore. Nearly every afternoon His Eminence can be seen on its streets. He enjoys the best of health, which is probably due to the regularity of his daily life and his love of fresh air and exercise. The morning hours are given over to the reception of callers and to the dictating of letters to his very efficient secretary, Father P. J. Donohue. Between the hours of three-thirty and four-thirty each afternoon he again receives visitors. Then he takes one of his long walks.



The Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore.

He is often accompanied by one of the priests. At St. Mary's Seminary and at the Palace it is considered quite an undertaking for even the youngest and strongest priests to keep up with the Cardinal during these "constitutionals." With a vigorous step he keeps on, often for miles, without showing the least fatigue. During these walks he is respectfully greeted by citizens of all

denominations, the poor and the rich, the politician, the merchant and the laborer.

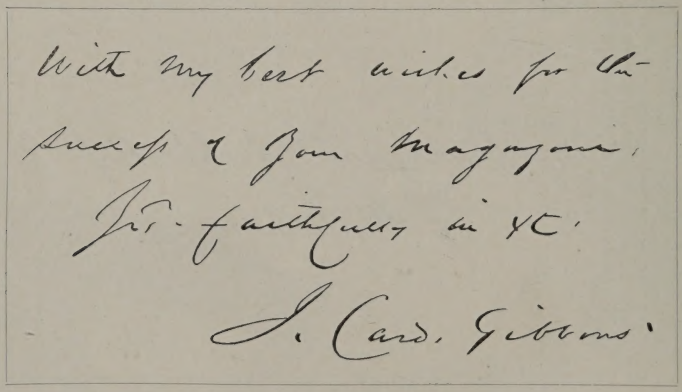
The archiepiscopal residence extends along Charles Street — Baltimore's chief promenade. The Cardinal's study is on the second floor of the Palace. It is furnished in a manner typical of the literary pursuits of its occupant. In the centre of the apartment is a large table filled with current literature.

Seated at this table on the afternoon of Thursday, January 5, the Cardinal wrote his well-wishes to the new DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. The sentiment which he cherishes for the MAGAZINE he gracefully put on the back of the card of the Cardinal Archbishop.

His Eminence is certainly very much pleased with the new DONAHOE'S, and takes great interest in the future of the periodical that is published upon lines that so thoroughly agree with his own ideas.

"I have been," said he, "a subscriber to DONAHOE'S for a number of years — I cannot remember just how long. I have noticed with great interest the recent improvements in it, and have found much pleasure in the contents of the last number, especially the article by Rev. Wm. Byrne, D. D., upon the important School Question. I have read that article, and will take the opportunity to give it more careful thought. The illustrations and general typographical appearance of the MAGAZINE are admirable."

The motto of the MAGAZINE also receives the sincere approbation of Cardinal Gibbons. "Devotion to the Catholic Faith is Loyalty to the American Flag" is a sympathetic chord that will ever keep the distinguished prelate and DONAHOE'S in touch. No man is more easy of approach than is Cardinal Gibbons, nor is there any more affable and intelligent when approached. He really knew more of the MAGAZINE than did the writer, and was very willing to talk of its excellent features and its bright prospects for the future.


With my best wishes for the success of Your Magazine,
Yr. faithfully in X.
J. Card. Gibbons.

CATHOLIC ACTRESSES.

BY JOHN W. O'KEEFE.

IT IS not many years ago that the stage-player was a pariah — a period of scarce a day, indeed, if measured in comparison with the antiquity of the acting art. In France, he was a pretty fellow, to be languidly applauded and kept at a distance; in England, a vagabond, who often made his bed at night beside the roadside where, by day, his mummeries had failed of farthings. Were he fed, it was great charity; were he beaten or jailed, it was no more than he deserved, the beggar! So ran the sentiment of old.

It is idle to enter into an analysis of this prejudice. So long did it exist that search for its origin must fail. We of to-day need only concern ourselves with the removal of the ban.

At a period when the strolling player was at his worst point of disrepute, when he had the stocks for his supper and the pillory for a headrest, we find the Catholic Church countenancing miracle-plays. These were, of a certainty, far different from the bits of licentious horseplay afforded by the showman; yet they served the unintended end of broadening the minds of the people towards lighter forms of mimicry. This sifting of ideas required time, for the average man has but one thought in his lifetime and it is usually the great-grandson who knows what the ancestor only felt dimly. Liberality of thought is like an American fortune, — it grows with each successive inheritance; unlike accumulated millions, however, its interest is charity. So the race has gone on, widening mentally with each generation, until the atom of tolerance granted by the Church to the stage has grown into something akin to brotherhood.

I doubt if there is any Catholic priest in America to-day who would discountenance the theatre. Certainly I have met none such, while I have known hundreds who were themselves confirmed theatre-goers. Nor have I found their appreciation given solely to the classical drama. I have seen one of the best-known of New York priests in a box at the Madison Square Theatre, with his face one broad beam of laughter at a slap-dash bit of fun invented by Hoyt.

Naturally, with this kindly feeling toward the stage a part of their early training, Catholic men and women have gravitated into theatrical life. We know now that he who makes us happy for an hour is our best friend. Gladness is next to godliness. I do not mean to call it a religious impulse that produces the result mentioned; it is simply a freedom from prejudice. And the racial incentive is very strong. Somebody has said that every Irishman is a bit of a poet; let me amend that by asserting that every Irishman is a good deal of an actor. The fire, the force, the passion that are ingrained in the race are the primary requisites of the player. It is a remarkable fact that of the great number of actors and actresses on the American stage to-day, two-thirds are Irish and Jewish. And Irish usually means Catholic.

It has taken many years to reach this point, but we may now set it down as a final truth, that a good actress may also be a good Catholic. Instances are many; so many that a choice is difficult. The most that may be done is to select one woman from each of the various phases of the dramatic art, as a representative of her class — an example of hundreds who have made their talents public without bending in the least from the highest ideal of womanhood.

MARY ANDERSON.

MARY ANDERSON is probably the best-known Catholic actress. There has always been a wide difference of opinion as to her powers, some critics ranking her as a genius, others barely allowing her ordinary talent. But none can gainsay her high position in the theatre, however achieved. She was born in Sacramento, California, on the 28th of July, 1859. When six months old, her parents removed to Kentucky. She was still a tiny child when her father died under the Confederate flag at Mobile. Two years later, her mother married Dr. Hamilton Griffin. By this mother, Mary was reared in the most rigid Catholicity, and the poetry in the child's soul found an outlet in a religious fervor unusual in one so young. Yet even in her first decade, her histrionic impulses were manifest. She was a tom-boy, and at the same time a student. But she studied in her own way, utterly refusing to submit to the curb of a schoolmaster.

Shakespeare was a passion with her, and at seven years of age she knew Hamlet, Romeo and Richard by heart. At twelve, Henry Woude heard her recite and advised that she be trained for the stage, but her mother retained much of the old prejudice and set her face against such a career. Still, the girl's predilections were strong enough to attract the attention of all who saw her. She saw Edwin Booth act and the next day reproduced his walk, his voice, his gestures, with faithful exactitude. She even planned to run away to New York and throw herself on the protection of the tragedian.

It is said that at this time her religious enthusiasm often entered into combat with her theatrical desires. She wanted to be an actress, true; but she also wanted to be a nun. That her final decision was for the stage may be called a happy solution of the problem, for, while art gained a persistent worker, the Church still retained a faithful child.

At fifteen, her mother's prejudices gave way before Mary's youthful ardor, and she was permitted to study for the stage. Her first appearance was at Louisville, in November, 1875, the rôle being Juliet. It must have been a strange sight, the spectacle of this girl, hardly more than sixteen years of age, attempting to portray one of the most subtle creations of the poet. Her faults were seen at once, and they were many; but her beauty and magnetism won the hearts of the sternest critics. They decried her art, but all bespoke a magnificent future for her. Year by year she steadily advanced in favor, winning laurels from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The real crisis of her artistic career, however, was her first appearance in

London, which she conquered in a night, receiving the most flattering attentions. She has remained so much an English favorite that she prefers to live in that country, although she insists that she is a thorough American at heart.

About two years ago Mary Anderson married Antonio De Navarro, a wealthy New York man. It is doubtful whether she will ever again face the footlights.

Turning from shade to light, from gravity to gayety, the most striking comedienne on the American stage to-day is ADA REHAN. For my own humble part I would give this lady a higher place in the drama than that accorded Mrs. Anderson-Navarro, for it has always seemed to me that pure comedy is a higher form of art than tragedy. But I am dealing with facts, not theories.

Ada Crehan — such is her name — was born in Limerick. The family originally had considerable property, but the exactions of the times eventually reduced the estate to nothing. They lived in London for a time and finally set sail for New York, seeing, perhaps, like so many other visionaries of the Emerald Isle, an Eldorado across the sea. Old Crehan had three daughters, Ada, Kate and Hattie, who grew to girlhood in and about New York City. Beyond a few childlike attempts at "play-acting," there was nothing in any of these girls to bespeak for them a theatrical life, until Kate met and married Oliver Dowd Byron, an actor.

This relationship inspired Ada with the desire to be an actress, and Byron allowed her to appear as an experiment, in his melodrama, "Across the Continent." This was in Newark, N. J., in 1874. The trial was satisfactory, and she decided to adopt the stage as profession. 1875–76 found her an humble member of Mrs. Drew's company at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia. It was there that she received the name by which she is now known in two hemispheres. This second baptism was a mere accident, caused by a prompter's bad writing or a printer's stupidity. The programme should have contained the line, "Ada Crehan"; but the insertion of a period and capital made it appear "Ada C. Rehan." The young actress did not like the change, but the shrewd manageress advised its retention. "They know you by that name now," she argued; "stick to it."

From Philadelphia, Miss Rehan went to Louisville, Baltimore and Albany,

ADA REHAN.

gaining little in reputation, but immensely in experience. The turn of the tide came to her when Augustin Daly engaged her for a production of "L'Assommoir," that horrifying but powerful stage sermon on drunkenness. Miss Rehan began with a comparatively small part, but in two weeks she was playing the leading character. When Daly's Theatre was opened, Sept. 17, 1879, she became its leading actress, a position that she retains to the present day, every year finding her more firmly entrenched in the affections of New York theatre-goers.

In these thirteen years she has had an almost unbroken series of triumphs in characters ranging from farce through melodrama to comedy. She has been heard reciting Shakespeare's or Tennyson's lines in one month, and in the next dancing about the stage in some farce adapted from the German, and largely made up of boisterous horseplay. This shows how great is her versatility, how wide the range of

HELENA MODJESKA.

her capacity — part of her Irish inheritance, I am sure.

Miss Rehan has never obtruded herself or her affairs upon the public, but has lived so quietly that, except as an actress, she is less known than many women in private life in New York. She stoutly maintains that even actresses should have the rights of privacy willingly accorded other persons. So strong is her repugnance to an exhibition of herself in her private capacity that the stares of men and women, who in the theatre have learned to know her face, have driven her from the elevated railroad in New York, and she now makes the long journey to and from the theatre in a carriage. She appears to be guided in her attitude toward the public by that rule that Emerson laid down, "Lovers, preserve your strangeness."

There is a temptation to indulge in enthusiasm over some of Miss Rehan's characterizations, particularly her Rosalind, full of grace and sweetness; yet it may be summed up in Kitty Clive's tribute to Mrs. Siddons, "She is all nature and daylight."

To be at once a young girl and a grandmother is the happiness of HELENA MODJESKA. I remember seeing her as Julie de Mortimer in "Richelieu," on the night when she was informed that her son was a father for the second time, and yet there were young girls in the audience who looked older than she. A great possession, this perennial youth, and when one remembers that Modjeska has retained it in the face of infinite worry and sorrow, the marvel grows.

Helcia Benda was born in Cracow, Austrian Poland. The aspirations of her childhood were for the stage, but her early efforts met with such discouragement that she abandoned all hope of ever attaining recognition. While very young she was married in the willy-nilly fashion of that time and people, to a man named Modrzjewska, the name which we have shortened to Modjeska. He recognized her talent, and organized a company of strolling players, putting her at its head. Two of her brothers and one sister were members. The parts that Helcia or Helena was called on to play were

great in number and difficulty, but she was happy, because at last she was following the life of her choice. The company made no profit, for the unhappy Poles, fighting for their country, were in no humor for plays. She had an offer to play German tragedy in Austria, but she could not bear to leave her country in its crisis. So strong was her patriotism at the time, that she was called the Polish Joan of Arc.

Returning to Cracow, she secured an engagement at the theatre there, and at once her genius began to make itself known. In a few months her fame had spread over all Poland. Alexandre Dumas heard of her, and asked her to come to Paris to play in his "Camille," but the notoriously corrupt stage-life of the Paris of that period appalled her, and she refused to go.

In 1866, while she was playing in Posen, her husband being dead, she met, loved and married Charles Bozenta Chlapowski. On the day of her marriage, she began an engagement at the Imperial Theatre in Warsaw. Her triumph was the greatest ever known, and thenceforth she was accepted as the foremost representative of Polish dramatic art.

It was purely by chance that America ever saw her. Her doctor had advised a sea voyage for her health, and it was decided that the family should visit the Centennial. They did so, and in 1877 went to California, where Bozenta wished to found a Polish Catholic community. The effort failed, despite Madame Modjeska's hard work, she cooking, scrubbing, milking cows and making butter; and, Bozenta's money being gone, they said, "What are we to do?" But one resource remained — Helena's acting. But she could not speak English! Oh, well! she must learn. And she did. Six months from the day of her resolution, she played Adrienne Lecovreur in San Francisco, and triumphed. An energetic impressario saw her, brought her East, and her position was assured.

Modjeska's domestic relations are of perfect union, perfect happiness and love. She is a woman of the strongest religious belief, and a firm and constant observer of the requirements of the Catholic Church. As woman and actress, she honors her sex and her Church.

BLANCHE WALSH has always seemed to me a phenomenon. Not as concerns

BLANCHE WALSH.

her talent for the stage, for her career has been too short to admit of much more than great promise; the wonder that I feel is at her ambition and its fruition.

Oak-trees do not grow in deserts. Yet here is a human contravention of that rule. Burns, filling the air above his field with poetry — Villon, singing his songs from the reeking Paris gutter — afford no stranger spectacle than that given by this young girl, conquering obstacles of place and circumstance in pursuit of her goal. Her picture shows a squareness of jaw that bespeaks masculinity of temperament; and to this strength she owes much of her advancement, it seems to me, for she had everything to contend with at the beginning. City Hall Place, in New York City, cannot with justice be called part of the slums. But it is even farther from being an elevating or desirable place of residence. Bostonians will understand its character when I say

that it closely resembles the smaller streets in the "South Cove." Vice does not exist there, beyond drunkenness, which exists everywhere; its few inhabitants are working-people, Irish and Catholic, poor, but honest and decent up

MADEMOISELLE RHEA.

to the limit that their surroundings will allow.

It is these very surroundings, and the frightful handicap that they impose on endeavor, that make in my mind the marvel of Blanche Walsh's rise. She had one advantage in the fact that her father had considerable wealth. Thomas P. Walsh was warden of the Tombs Prison for many years, and a man of much influence politically. Yet, inasmuch as her father's wealth could do no more for Blanche Walsh than obtain her the opportunity of education, I fancy that praise for her advancement is due her alone. She was born January 4, 1873, and was educated in the public school of the district wherein City Hall Place lies.

In her schoolgirl days her ambition was to be an actress, and so, on graduation, she studied at a "school of acting," the tenets of which she is, I presume, unlearning as rapidly as she can. Acting is not a thing of schools. Some constituent of her father's being ill, a benefit was arranged for him at the Windsor Theatre, and there Blanche made her first appearance. Her recitation was a simple one, but the East Side was clannishly delighted and prophesied great future triumphs. Her chance to prove these good wishes true came in 1889, when she secured an engagement with Marie Wainwright. The critics at once recognized in her the germ of more than ordinary talent. She was crude, undeveloped, inexperienced; but the spark was there, still is there, and needs but Time's wing to fan it into brightness.

In her first season with Miss Wainwright, Miss Walsh played a wide range of characters, from the dashing and slangy Grace Harkaway to the gloomy Elizabeth in "Amy Robsart." This year she is playing in Bronson Howard's "Aristocracy," and is already a great favorite in New York.

Like Modjeska, Miss Walsh is an ardent and sincere Catholic. The arduous duties of her profession do not prevent her fulfilment of the still greater duties of her Faith.

Mademoiselle Rhea is a Frenchwoman of the end of the century, and therefore a curious compound of simplicity and knowledge, of deep devoutness and worldly wisdom. Her theatrical career in America has been of a nature totally different to the meteor-like course of Miss Anderson and Madame Modjeska; she has worked her way slowly from comparative failure to comparative success. She is essentially a pleasing actress; she does not astound or thrill or awe her auditors, but she charms them. This is really a matter of her personality rather than her art.

Mlle. Rhea was born at Montmorency, near Enghein, France. Her father was a diplomat, and she passed her early life in luxury, among the thousand delights of a French country-house. It certainly was not desire for advancement that led her to adopt the stage, for it is probable that by her course she has been a loser in money and in social position. But Ambition is a will-o'-the-wisp, and men and women will forever follow him, from mountain-top to bog. She could have entered the Comedie Francaise, but chose instead a wander-

ing life, which eventually brought her to America, where she has a multitude of friends and admirers.

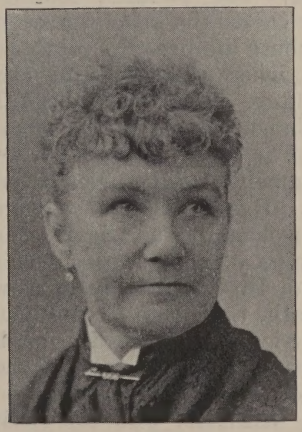
Mlle. Rhea's devoutness has already been spoken of. It is exemplified in her boudoir — a *chef-d'œuvre* of simplicity — in her chateau adjoining the estate of the Duchesse De La Rochefoucauld. Over the headboard of the wide ebony bed, and partly draped in rich tapestries, is a large silver Christ nailed on a cross of ivory, and below this magnificent crucifix is a chaplet which was blessed and sent to Rhea by Pope Pius IX., a life-long friend of her father, who for many years had a diplomatic mission to the Papal Court. To the right of the bed is a benitier, which contains a branch of cypress that was also blessed by the Pope, and to the left is her prie dieu, the worn front of which testifies to the frequent devotions of Mlle. Rhea.

Let us turn now to the broad comedy of the American type. Of this school, Mrs. W. J. Florence is a fit exemplar. "Mrs. General Gilflory" is probably as familiar to-day as any creature of the dramatist. Malvina Pray was a Yankee girl, not a member of the Catholic Church until after she met her husband. She was the second daughter of Samuel Pray, an attaché of the old Broadway Theatre, New York, who lost his life during a fire in that house in 1848. Of his other daughters, Maria, the eldest, married Barney Williams, the famous actor of Irish characters. She, too, became a Catholic. Malvina Pray began her stage career by dancing in the Vauxhall Garden, on the Bowery, then a fashionable resort. When Wallack's Theatre was opened on Broadway she was engaged to dance there between the acts. A young actor called William J. Florence — his real name was Conlin — was playing there at the time. It was love at first sight, and on New Year's Day, 1853, Malvina Pray became Mrs. Florence.

The Williamses being very successful, the Florences, in emulation, toured the country in a play called "Irish Boy and Yankee Girl," which materially enhanced their reputation. In April, 1856, they sailed for England, where they played fifty nights at the Drury Lane Theatre. They acted in America and England with varying success until 1875, when they produced "The Mighty Dollar," with which play their names have since been indissolubly linked. Mr. Florence died over a year since. Mrs. Florence recently married again.

Certain types of Irish character in New York have never been as faithfully delineated as in the plays of Edward Harrigan, and his chief assistant for years has been MRS. ANNIE YEAMANS. Mrs. Yeamans is well advanced in years, but she retains the absolute affection of patrons of the drama in New York. Two of her daughters are well-known actresses.

She came of a theatrical family, and was on the stage when she was but



ANNIE YEAMANS.

eleven years old, playing children's parts in the Theatre Royal, Sidney, New South Wales. Those were the days when acting was the severest sort of labor, and this little girl sang, danced in the ballet, and played boys' parts. When she was fifteen, her parents apprenticed her to a circus-master, in which laborious calling she travelled everywhere. In Melbourne she met and married Mr. Yeamans. During the gold fever, the circus company fol-

lowed the news of every fresh discovery, "jumping" from gully to gully, making much money and getting rid of it as circus performers will.

The gold fever dying out, the circus, with Mr. and Mrs. Yeamans, went to China, Japan and Java. Mr. Yeamans died during this long expedition, and Mrs. Yeamans came to America, landing in San Francisco, whence she proceeded to New York. She made her first appearance in this country at the Globe Theatre, New York, and was a member of the Harrigan and Hart company when their theatre was destroyed by fire. Mrs. Yeamans then played with Augustin Daly and George L. Fox, the famous "Humpty-Dumpty." In 1878 she again joined Mr. Harrigan, and, with the exception of two seasons, has been with him ever since.

The gallery of Irishwomen that Mrs. Yeamans has pictured almost completely covers the many phases of tenement-house life in New York, a complex world, where variations of character are infinite. She has endeared herself to Irishmen because she never exaggerates. The gross and offensive "stage Irishwoman" is an unknown creature to her. Her "Cordelia Mulligan" is a living woman, not a caricature.

BERTHA WELBY is the daughter of the late Henry O'Reilly, who was, at his death, the oldest living journalist in America. He was editor of the first daily paper published west of the Hudson River. O'Reilly was an enterprising Irishman, with the spirit of a pioneer, and a big brain and bigger heart. He built the first telegraph lines in his section, the company being called the O'Reilly Telegraph Line. He accumulated a large fortune, but lost it by the miscarrying of philanthropic and speculative plans.

BERTHA WELBY.

His daughter is an example of the women who have begun acting from necessity, and have won their way by hard work, developing talents that were not dreamed of in their youth. Being rendered penniless by her father's misfortunes, she took the name of Bertha Welby, and began at the bottom of the theatrical ladder. She had no money and no influence, yet she achieved success. She was the leading member of John T. Raymond's company, and afterward filled a similar position with Laurence Barrett. For five years she "starred" in the legitimate drama, "As You Like It," "The Hunchback," "Jane Shore," "School for Scandal," and "Camille." Her last appearance was at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, about five years ago.

Her retirement was due to a promise that she made her father on his deathbed. She is now teaching dramatic art. Miss Welby is a good artist, having skill enough to paint three large panel pictures over a side altar in one of New York's handsomest churches. "Mary at the Foot of the Cross" and "Resurrection Morning" are the best of her works. Miss Welby is a faithful attendant at St. Francis Xavier's Church, New York, where her quiet charities and Christian deeds are many.

A young actress in her first season is usually a very inconsequential figure in the year's story of the stage. One girl who, by reason of the comment her adoption of professional dramatic work last fall excited, as well as because of the ability she has displayed since, merits attention here is Miss Eugenie Dingens of Buffalo, N. Y. The daughter of Catholic parents, well born and gently bred, she was educated for medical life, but an ambition which

had its birth in amateur theatricals in her own home, and which was fostered by careful study, led her into the Oliver Byron company this year, and, strange to say, she is now playing the same character in "Across the Continent" which gave to Miss Rehan her opportunity long ago. In appearance, in temperament and in method, Miss Dingens suggests forcibly Miss Anderson in her younger days. Though her artistic success, in a broad sense, must still be a matter of conjecture, no dramatic debutante has of late years won more cordial commendation than has been accorded to Miss Dingens. She is a type of the conscientious,

EUGENIE DINGENS.

brave, talented Catholic young woman. Her father, Mr. J. A. Dingens, is a prominent business man of Buffalo, and a member of the Catholic Club, New York City.

Eleonora Duse, who is now in America, is the most unique of actresses. Even Miss Rehan's avoidance of the public gaze cannot compare with the almost hermit-like solitude affected by this Italian actress. She is of an extremely devotional turn of mind, with still some traces left of the superstitions of the peasantry of her native land. She was born in Vigevano, thirty-two years ago. From childhood,

ELEONORA DUSE.

however, she has made her home in Venice, where she lives in the Palazzo Barberigo. She is of a family of actors, even her grandfather having been a tragedian, and she went on the stage when very young. She has played in every sort of piece, from pantomime to the Shakespearian drama, and essayed Juliet when she was but sixteen years old.

Although famous in Italy, she was unknown outside that country until she recently appeared in Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg. German critics have intense racial prejudices; in their view, that which is not German is not good. And it is a tribute to Signora Duse's merits that but one Berlin critic held out against the charm of her acting. Even this stern reviewer capitulated after her third performance, and spoke in ardent polysyllables of her genius. What is most individual in her work is its apparent simplicity of method.

All the women whose careers I have traced in this article play in the spoken drama, so a fitting close may be had in

the description of a singer, Miss GRACE GOLDEN. I am sure that in no walk of life can be found a more sincerely religious girl than Miss Golden. Yet her work is in comic opera — a form of entertainment that in America to-day stands

GRACE GOLDEN.

on a very low intellectual plane. Miss Golden's life is a proof that one may be true to one's self in any surroundings. She was born in Brooklyn, and educated in St. Catherine's convent, where in May, 1884, she received her First Communion and was confirmed by Archbishop Corrigan.

Miss Golden sang in grand opera several times at the Metropolitan Opera House, with Sembrich and Scalchi, but her professional career may be said to have begun with her appearance as Cerise in "Erminie," at the Casino, New York, December 9, 1889. Miss Golden has been heard at the Casino in nearly all the comic operas produced there since her début. In many of them she has appeared in the leading rôles when the prima donnas were absent, and always with success. Last summer, Miss Golden sang a round of light operas at Baltimore and Buffalo, and was greeted with great praise. She is now singing in "The Fencing Master" at the Casino, and has assumed the principal part with admirable ability on several occasions.

The hard work of the stage does not break in upon Miss Golden's exercise of her religion. She has had a pew at the old Cathedral ever since her confirmation, and since her début she has been a pewholder at the Church of the Holy Innocents.

In these life-stories I think it has been shown that the women of the stage are not as irreligious as they are generally believed to be; that there are many good women following the drama, who make no Pharisaical protestations of holiness, and who are all the better Catholics because they do not.

A CAPRICE OF DESTINY.

STRAIGHT and sturdy, like one of the Vikings of old, he rode out of the sunset shadows and drew bridle rein at the door of an old chateau on the edge of a wood in Normandy.

At his saddle bow hung two hares and a pheasant, and he carried his trusty firearms like a cavalier of the days of Louis Quinze. But he wore no gold-laced court costume, not even the hunting-suit of *la chasse*, but his dress betokened a gentleman, and his bearing, that he was one of the nobility.

Noiselessly, as if he had risen from the stones of the courtyard, an old servitor stood at his horse's head and asked the pleasure of monsieur.

"A night's lodging, good friend. I have dined and need no further bite or sup, but I am weary, and would sleep beneath your hospitable roof."

"My master's roof," said the man quietly.

"So be it. Here is a *douceur* so that my horse be fed and stabled as for a friend," and he laid a gold piece in the old servitor's hand.

Nay, he intended to do so, but the gold fell ringing on the pavement.

"Gold cannot buy entrance here, monsieur," said the man, "but follow me, young sir, and, as you leave before daylight, or rather before the master rises, I will stable your horse and show you where to sleep."

"I am of the house of Mauprez," said the stranger proudly.

"This is the chateau of the Duc De Guise."

"I will send my card to your master."

"He would not receive it. He is an invalid."

"Very well, show me where I am to sleep, friend or foe, I care not, a rug on the floor will do, with my saddle for a pillow."

But the room to which the young sportsman was shown was the guest-chamber of the chateau, and he was provided with a down bed and a silken coverlet.

Before he slept the young sportsman sought again the long hall through which he had passed on his way to his room, to make sure that he knew by which exit he was to leave next morning. Full-length portraits of beautiful women and brave men lined it on either side. One attracted his attention and he stood spell-bound, gazing with his soul in his eyes, for it seemed endowed with life.

It was a girl framed in a doorway, who was smiling full into his eyes. She was deliciously human, with red pouting lips and a dimpled chin, and mirthful eyes. Her hair hung about her face in a mass of curls. She wore a pink gown, one of the old-rose colors that is at once the adoration and despair of the painter, and it was belted about her small delusive waist with a rosette of ribbon. Wilful, capricious beauty, but sweet and sinless. "Oh! can such a woman be dust?" thought young Mauprez, and took one step toward her, and then — his candle was knocked from his hand, and went out at his feet.

"I beg your pardon, monsieur," said the old servitor, "but it was an accident. Monsieur will permit me to show him to his room again?"

Before he slept the young man tried his door. It was locked on the outside.

The old man knocked softly at the guest's door in the morning and led the way out, but not through the portrait hall. A strange sense of disappointment sank into the young man's heart. He was in love for the first time in his life, and with a picture!

When he was mounted, the old servitor touched his cap.

"If monsieur will leave his card it may be that — some time — the master would be able to look at it with — *plaisir.*"

Ah, had he known who had asked for that card — but he was not to know!

The Persians have a fabled bird with but one wing. On the wingless side of the female bird there is a hook, on the corresponding side of the male bird a ring. The birds can only fly when thus united. Each without its mate is a lame and crippled thing!

He rode away carrying in his heart a memory, an ideal wife — the picture he had seen.

And a beautiful woman — a celibate — wore next her heart until the day of her death, the bit of pasteboard bearing the name of the only man who could have been her soul-mate.

— MRS. M. L. RAYNE in "Short Stories."

HOUSING THE CITY POOR.

THE housing of the city poor is a question that a Christian community can no longer ignore. The average tenement house as it stands to-day is destructive of home life, good citizenship and decency, and should not be tolerated. The name and residence of the landlord should be plainly posted in every tenement house, and the tenants and the public should not be left in helpless ignorance as to whom to appeal when nuisances need redress. After a vain attempt to discover the name of the landlord of a tenement house in a North End alley of Boston, which was a veritable firetrap, the writer finally addressed a letter to the agent, who was living at the South End. The letter stated the danger of the tenants in case of fire, and asked that something be done to protect them. In the course of time a courteous reply was received saying that the matter would be referred to the landlord, whose name was not mentioned, and that action would be taken. I have been waiting a year and a half to discover what that action may be.

An article in the *Christian Union* states that in New York City it is almost impossible to discover the real owners of defective tenement houses. At a meeting held in Boston last winter to consider the tenement house question, it was disclosed that some of the worst tenement house property in Boston was owned by men living on Arlington and Beacon Streets, in the wealthiest section of the city. It was indignantly declared that the names of those who had refused to put their houses into a wholesome condition would be published; but, so far as I know, this has not been done.

I have said that no Christian community can ignore the question of the housing of the poor. I say more. No general statement about the duty of the community will suffice. What is everybody's business is nobody's business. The right thing will not be done until individuals look upon this question as a personal matter, and each asks himself: Am I, or am I not, my brother's keeper? Am I a proper citizen if I fail to find out in the first place how bad things are, then how they might be and should be, and then what word or act of mine is possible towards helping to set right what is so terribly and needlessly wrong? — LUCIA TRUE AMES in New England Magazine for January.

THE STORY OF A ROSE.

BY W. S. SNYDER.

ROBERT SALISBURY walked briskly up the main street of Dovertown one bright October afternoon. Mr. Salisbury was a man of energy and force. He was not yet thirty years of age, but he had by his ability and industry made his mark as a man of business. He was, in fact, the one man of his generation native to the village who had done so. With it he had also acquired the reputation of being, in the local vernacular, close-fisted. No one suspected him of a generous impulse. Indeed, there were people who said that he had never done an unselfish act in his life. He knew that these people misrepresented him, and, secretly, he rather enjoyed their misrepresentation. "Nothing," he reflected, "is so absolutely certain to overtake an ante-mortem fiction as a post-mortem fact." He knew that he gave, judiciously, as much as he could afford, and always with the injunction to the recipient that the slightest mention of the gift would prevent a repetition of it, so far as he was concerned.

Mr. Salisbury was a man of many peculiarities. In other words, he was not unlike most men who act and think for themselves. One of his noticeable peculiarities was that although he dressed well enough, he wore low-cut shoes winter and summer. Gustavus Mott, the Dovertown cynic, said he saved money by doing so. Mr. Salisbury was of sturdy build, medium stature, and had the ruddy complexion of health. His voice, in business relations, was brusque and aggressive. In social intercourse it was clear and mellow. As he rarely went into society, the better side of him was the least known. He had few real friends, and seemed not to care for more. As is not unfrequently the case, those who knew him best affected not to know him well, while those who knew him least were sure that they knew him thoroughly. This is the egotism of all communities, large and small.

Dovertown was a rural hamlet which had, within a few years, assumed some prominence beyond its hitherto sleepy environment. A number of city people of wealth, discovering the few natural attractions of the village, made the most of them and came there to spend the spring and autumn of the year. The village had grown with the advent of the visitors, and their interest in its progress had imbued the permanent residents with like pride in its appearance, and it had come to be a very pretty village indeed. The necessary mercantile business during the old days had expanded, until many of the luxuries of life were to be found there during "the season." The season was at its height when Mr. Salisbury walked up the street that bright October afternoon.

He passed the hotel, the post-office and the drug store, in front of which

Mott stood entertaining a group of idlers with remarks upon nearly every one who passed. As Mr. Salisbury went by, Mott remarked:

"Bob is going to shave a note or make a dollar out of somebody in some other way, sure."

The observation caused a laugh. It also expressed the prevailing opinion of Robert Salisbury in Dovertown.

Three doors above the drug store Mr. Salisbury turned into a small confectioner's shop. He closed the door behind him with more emphasis than would have been necessary if he had been thinking of the door. In the unpretentious bay window was a beautiful Jacqueminot rose. It was not quite in full bloom, and was placed with flowering plants of other kinds that had been left there for sale. Selling flowers had recently become one of the ways of turning an honest penny in Dovertown. A young girl came forward from a room in the rear of the shop. Mr. Salisbury was on business, and he anticipated rather brusquely the ordinary greeting which he was about to receive.

"Miss, what is the price of that rose?"

"One dollar," was the reply. The girl blushed deeply as she named the price, and wondered why Mr. Salisbury, of all the villagers, should have asked it. It was a rare occurrence for an old resident of Dovertown to buy a plant. They generally raised their own flowers, and such purchases were almost monopolized by the visitors. Mr. Salisbury would never have been suspected of entertaining for a moment the intention of buying a rose. The surprise of the girl leaped to astonishment when her customer said abruptly, "I'll take it."

As he laid down the price of the rose he added, "Please cut the stem long."

"But the plant is included with"—

"Never mind; I want only the flower."

The girl caught up her scissors from the cord at her waist and was about to snip off the rose.

"Not there; make the stem longer — there," as she indicated a new point with the scissors.

"Can you put a bit of tissue paper around it?" inquired Mr. Salisbury.

The rose was wrapped in tissue paper.

"Now, then, a bit of ordinary wrapping."

Another thickness of paper was carefully wrapped about the rose.

Mr. Salisbury went down the street as briskly as he had come up. As he again passed, Mott, that idler, seeing his package, exclaimed at a safe distance:

"I was mistaken. Bob has spent a quarter. He'll be buying gaiters next."

Entering his office, Mr. Salisbury passed on to his private apartment, opened the package and laid the rose very carefully upon a table.

"I was lucky," he soliloquized, "to get that rose. It must have been recently brought in. It was just what I wanted, and it was not there at dinner-time." He was right. The rose had been less than half an hour in the shop.

Opening his safe, Mr. Salisbury took from a small drawer a bank note. He wrapped the note closely about the stem near the rose, and then covered the entire stem with several folds of soft paper carefully wound. Then he put the rose in its original wrappings and carried it to the front office. He opened the door, made a

shrill whistle and returned to the desk where he had placed the package. Two or three minutes later a small boy put his head inside the door and said :

"What's wanted ?"

"Come in !"

The boy entered and closed the door, at a motion from Mr. Salisbury.

"Here's a quarter."

Mr. Salisbury was well acquainted with human nature, and in this instance he paid in advance. As the boy took the coin his eyes expressed his surprise. Sometimes a dime, but oftener a nickel was the ordinary fee for doing an errand in Dovertown.

"Take this package," said Mr. Salisbury, extending it, "to Mrs. Wilmot's — the widow Wilmot's — and say that it is for Miss Wilmot" —

"The sick one ?" interrupted the boy.

"Yes. And on pain of never getting another errand to do for me, don't tell her who sent it. Don't tell anybody. Go by the back street. Answer no questions."

Mrs. Wilmot received the package. She was a poor woman, and her eldest daughter's prolonged illness had well-nigh drained her slender resources. Of all the good people in Dovertown the close-fisted Mr. Salisbury had apparently been the only person to think of this fact. Thinking of it, he had determined to act. Then, in his business-like abruptness, he mused :

"I will be a relief committee of one."

This decision was easy. How should he act ? That was more difficult. It required tact. Mrs. Wilmot was a refined and a sensitive woman. Miss Wilmot was her mother in duplicate, intensified. After two days of deliberation, Mr. Salisbury decided upon a plan of action.

"I'll give a surprise party upon a plan of my own," he soliloquized. The package received by Mrs. Wilmot was the outcome.

Mrs. Wilmot carried the package to her daughter, who was convalescent, but still confined to her bed. She took the package and nervously unwrapped it. Her mother stood near. When the beautiful rose was revealed there were two exclamations of delight, one echoing the other. A soft tint, fairer and more delicate than that of the flower, suffused the pale face of the invalid ; then fading, returned again to remain a longer time. As she had been beautiful in health, she was even more beautiful now, with its returning glow.

"A Jacque !" she cried.

"A Jacque !" echoed her mother.

Then they caressed it, touching its outer petals with their finger tips as delicately as a zephyr rides a ripple on the bosom of a stream.

"Who sent it ?" enquired the invalid.

"I do not know."

With tremulous fingers the girl began to unwrap the stem. The outer folds came apart. Released from its confinement, the bank note fell upon the floor.

Surprise, mute, wide-eyed, greeted surprise. Tears mingled with tears. The color left the invalid's face. Soon it returned. It was, if possible, a deeper red than that of the rose. There was a conflict of emotions, maternal and filial. Pride sought to obtain the mastery, and for a moment was in command. Gratitude came more graciously, thoughtfully, frankly, and triumphed at last. But it was not until after a contest of more than brief duration.

"Who brought the rose ?" enquired the still tearful invalid.

"Little Benny."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing. He ran away as fast as his little legs could carry him."

Miss Wilmot sighed.

"Must we accept it?"

"To whom can we return it?"

There were more tears, but they were tears of gratitude healing an imaginary wound. The color in the invalid's face softened, and her beauty was fair indeed.

"We must see little Benny," she said.

"And so we will," said her mother.

But they did not see him for a long time. The boy was wise in his day, and he kept away from the cottage of Mrs. Wilmot. Mr. Salisbury had many errands to do. Compensation sharpens wit.

Mrs. Wilmot took away the bank note. Her daughter held the rose. The money was very welcome; both would have liked to thank the donor, and either would have blushed to do so, but their emotions would have been a sweeter benison than the tenderest of words. It was the rose, however, that brought the most pleasure. It told a story of its own. It was a delicate reminder of the evanescence of beauty, of the little span of life, of the weakness of human endeavor, of the thoughtfulness of the giver, of the handiwork of God!

When Miss Wilmot had long contemplated the rose, and read the pretty story of its life again and again, Mrs. Wilmot placed it in a glass vase and stood it by a window near the bedside where her daughter might admire it as long as it should last, and where the sun came every morning.

Days went by. The invalid arose and was well again. The rose faded, and when its leaves had fallen they were carefully preserved. When they had all dropped, the stem was not disturbed. Mrs. Wilmot, skilled in the care of flowers and in the knowledge of them, nipped away the decaying bud, but left the leaves and the stem undisturbed, and the water in the vase unchanged. One day she saw the effect of the sediment in the water and the warmth of the sunshine working their miracle in plant life. Little rootlets were putting forth. Tenderly she watched these prophetic promises of a new birth in the twig. When the shoots were getting a little growth she called her daughter to see them.

She was delighted at the unexpected revelation. "We shall have a rose bush," she cried.

"If it shall live?"

"It will live."

The twig was transplanted and it flourished. Winter came and went. Never was a plant more carefully nourished. The very care of it must have killed it had it not been from the first a strong plant taking root in a good soil.

Mott cracked his annual cold weather joke at Mr. Salisbury's low shoes, and said he would ask some of the Church Fair women to present Bob with a pair of gaiters.

Spring opened, and visitors come again to Dovertown. Miss Wilmot resumed her avocation as a music teacher. Her illness, as if in compensation for its bad conduct, had made her more beautiful than ever A young man who came from the city beyond laid his love and his wealth at her feet. She gently declined both. Her honor and her pride forbade her giving little for much. A true woman, she would not give her hand for wealth without her heart could accompany the gift.

Summer waxed and autumn

waned. The visitors were gone before the southward flight of the first springtime brood of robins. Miss Wilmot had no scholars now. The rose bush grew and throve. At last a bud appeared and then a bloom. Mrs. Wilmot and her daughter watched the development of the bud at every stage until it was a rose full-blown.

The plant sat in a front window one warm day at the close of September. Little Benny was sent by the postmaster's clerk with a "no answer" message to Mrs. Wilmot. He saw the rose. His eyes bulged. Mrs. Wilmot saw his surprise and would have detained him, but before she could do so he was gone like a frightened hare from her form. He had seen a miracle out of the Bible, or somewhere; he could not tell. It fixed itself upon his mind and followed him, haunted him. He could not understand it at all. Was it the same rose? His thoughts became a mesh of twist and tangle. He would ask Mr. Salisbury, and, though fearfully, he went to that gentleman's office without delay. When he was inside, he said, imitating his listener's customary brevity of business speech:

"Been up to Mrs. Wilmot's."

"Thought you were not to go there."

"Sent there on an errant."

"Oh!"

The exclamation meant something or nothing, little Benny did not know which. But he ventured again:

"Seen a rose."

"What!"

The word was almost as sharp as the sting of a bee. Then, recovering himself, Mr. Salisbury said:

"Well, what of it?"

"Like the one you sent."

Mr. Salisbury was in a quandary. He thought nobody knew of his gift of the rose. He had almost forgotten it. When it was recalled he at once and involuntarily suspected that he had been betrayed. The suspicion had only time to breathe before it was smothered. He had looked at the boy and changed his mind with the celerity of a glance. He paused a moment without reaching a satisfactory conclusion. Little Benny must have divined his thoughts by one of those inexplicable intuitions of childhood, and he broke the silence:

"Seen you buy it through the winder, and seen the girl wrap it up!"

The story, or so much of it, was out. Mr. Salisbury was relieved even more when little Benny added:

"And I never told nobody."

The secret might still be easily kept by the talismanic aid of another coin. While he was thinking, little Benny again spoke:

"Was it the same?"

"Yes — no — that is"— Mr. Salisbury was wandering. "Here's a quarter. Say a word to any one about this and we are quits."

But the little fellow had a heavy burden upon his mind. He did not take the coin at once. He pleaded:

"It wasn't the same?"

"No, it could not be. Miss Wilmot must have bought another."

Thinking caused Mr. Salisbury to become considerate. His voice softened, and it was more tender than when he was in his kindest mood.

"Benny," he said, "all roses fade and their leaves fall in a few days at most. Some time I may know more of this new rose, and then I will tell you about it. Now take this quarter, and remember what I have said to you."

Benny took the silver and soon afterward forgot about the rose. He knew Mr. Salisbury was a man true

to his word and that some time he should understand this miracle as mysterious to him as the growth of Jonah's gourd.

Curiosity of a greater breadth had taken possession of Mr. Salisbury. He sat thinking about Benny's discovery until the sun was going down. As he thought, his interest grew. It took complete possession of him at last. His pen lay idle upon his ledger. He was enveloped in an atmosphere which he at first called vague, and then mysterious. Interest became suspense. Amid it all, Miss Wilmot was the central figure. He saw her everywhere. The rose was a mere shadow which typified her presence, coming and going here and there. Did she know who had sent her the flower?

Mr. Salisbury had gentler instincts than he had ever been accredited with, even by those most kindly disposed toward him.

He closed his ledger and walked aimlessly out of his office, and it did not dawn upon him that there was really no mystery about this new rose except in his mind, as Benny had placed it there, with which he might be connected. And yet he was as completely mystified as if he had been walking in his sleep. His thoughts followed him as those of little Benny had pursued him. He set out toward Mrs. Wilmot's, going by the back street, just as he had told Benny to go when taking the rose.

Mr. Salisbury knew Mrs. Wilmot and her daughter very well. When he was a boy, and Miss Wilmot was a girl, he had given her many a ride on his home-made sled. He had liked her then, and he recalled that she was a very pretty child. He was not sure that he was not beginning to like her now, when she was a beautiful young woman, although he had not given the matter a serious thought until less than an hour before.

He was passing Mrs. Wilmot's cottage as he looked up. He saw a rose in the window. Miss Wilmot was standing in the doorway. He paused to remark upon the splendor of the sunset. It was something new, Miss Wilmot thought, for Mr. Salisbury to admire a sunset, but she responded with a word no less appropriate to the scene, and more in sympathy with his thoughts than she supposed:

"Beautiful!"

He was not looking then at the rose, but he now turned toward it.

"A very pretty rose, Miss Wilmot," he said.

"Let me show it to you," and she brought the plant to the door. He looked at it, and touched it almost as gently as she might have done.

"I did not know that there were any as fair as this to be found in Dovertown," he said. Mr. Salisbury's thoughts were becoming composite. Looking at one thing and thinking of another was dangerous just then to lucid expression.

Then, womanlike, she told him the story of the rose. He listened attentively, with his head half-turned away. He thought there might be betrayal in his face. She thought he was deeply interested. Both were right. He felt a sensation so new, so delicious, that he feared to wound her sensitiveness by illy concealing it, and he determined to hide it. When she had finished her relation he looked toward her. He had never before beheld a face so beautiful as this young woman's, love lighted and infused by the enthusiasm of the story of the rose which he had sent her. Her presence filled his heart with a longing strange and indefin-

able. He was a worshipper, it seemed to him, at the shrine of a saint about whom an infinite charm had cast its halo. Life had, for him, a new awakening then, but he put it to sleep for the time without a word to soothe it. He had had a beautiful dream — brief, transparent, fleeting; but he would cherish the memory of it as long as his heart should beat.

He thanked Miss Wilmot for showing him the rose and for telling him its story, bowed and turned away.

It was now Miss Wilmot's turn to think. She had a woman's instinct well defined. She knew Mr. Salisbury as a man of affairs. She knew what the village said of him, but believed it to be untrue in the main. And she had thought she had discerned something in the very silence of his attention to her story which the village people had failed to find in him. He had admired the sunset and had gently caressed the rose. His face, although almost the same as it always was, had not been quite the same when he had looked into her own as he turned to go. There was more depth and a softer light in his eyes than she had supposed could be there. It was something indefinable, she said to herself, and something refined and something to trust. She looked toward him as he walked away, her thoughts leading her whither they would, until they were as tangled as his own had been, but in quite another way. Thinking is, after all, the gift of inspiration, and love may be born of respect.

On another beautiful evening a few days afterward, Mr. Salisbury strolled to Mrs. Wilmot's cottage again. The rose, now fading, was still in the window. He paused to admire it, and Miss Wilmot again came to the door.

"My rose seems to please you, Mr. Salisbury," she said.

"I must admit that it does," he replied.

"There is but one thing in connection with it that I long to know," she said, "and that is the name of the giver of the bloom and twig from which it sprang, that I might return to the donor my heartfelt thanks. The gratitude that I felt toward the giver when I received it, and before I knew of the gift that accompanied it, has grown and grown, until like the rose expanding from the bud, it has quite developed into something near akin to friendship. I am sure there must be in the giver something worthy of very strong affection."

The words were earnestly spoken, and the sweet fragrance of truth was in them. Longing though he was to hear more and more, yet Mr. Salisbury politely turned the subject aside.

"What delightful evenings we are having now." Then suddenly relapsing into something like his usual business brusqueness, but which was one of those absent moments when he was wondering a trifle, he added, "Fine for a drive!"

It was almost a mistake. Miss Wilmot looked at him with a new sort of eyes. He saw the instant change, and said gently:

"I crave your pardon. But can we not take a turn along the pike some evening? Bess and Brutus would enjoy a spin. And" — looking up quickly — "you might like to drive?"

Mrs. Wilmot, coming to the door at this moment and hearing the invitation, dissolved all doubts by endorsing the suggestion.

It was the first of many drives. Bess and Brutus were as fine a span as could be found in all the neighbor-

ing country, and Miss Wilmot enjoyed their lively pace. But there was something which, at first almost unconsciously, she soon enjoyed more. Mr. Salisbury developed unexpected traits and cleverness constantly. He could talk and talk well of books and music and kindred topics. He was familiar with the wild flowers and their haunts. With the agility of a boy he would spring from the buckboard and return with the richest sprays of golden-rod and autumn leaves. His presence grew upon this bright young woman. At first she missed him. Soon she was lonely when he was away. He was kind and considerate. His gentleness was like the gift of some love token. Love was coming. Love had come!

The rose had long since faded and its pretty leaves were gone, but the troth of these two lovers was plighted. Mr. Salisbury had won fairly, honorably, with his secret in his breast. No stream of love ever ran smoother, deeper, purer, sweeter. There was a year to wait, and then the wedding day came. It was the anniversary of the presentation of the rose. Mrs. Wilmot, with the consent of her daughter and the assistance of Mr. Salisbury, had named the day.

Little Benny was given another and a much larger coin for his manful keeping of the secret of the rose, and he had said, by way of returning thanks in advance of the ceremony:

"Wish yer much joy!"

Mott, the cynic, turned philosopher for once, and said:

"Bob Salisbury never knew that he had a heart until the prettiest girl in town found it for him, and she didn't have to give him Christmas slippers, either."

After that Mr. Salisbury was better understood.

On the beautiful October day when the bride and groom stood side by side, Miss Wilmot wore a single Jacqueminot rose. Entwined about its stem, unknown to her until later, was the wedding gift of her lover. And so the story of the rose and the sweet old story were told and told again.

I GRIEVE ALONE.

F. M.

Not e'en the dearest heart and next my own
Knows half the reasons why I smile or sigh,
I grieve my heart out when I am alone,
And must do so, alas, until I die.

Some chords there be within my secret heart,
Can ne'er be struck by other hand than mine.
Alone I strike them; then with terror start,
Being surprised in Sorrow's arm divine.

Alone, always alone, my spirits pine,
At dead of night pour out their bitter woe;
Night, whispering, answers in a voice so fine,
Naught comes 'twixt it and Silence 'tis so low.

MASSACHUSETTS.*

BY HENRY AUSTIN.

DARK was the shore that clouded on the sight
Of those grim mariners in the frail ship named
After the frailest blossoms of the May:
Rough was the welcome offered, that first night,
By rock-born waves that noisily proclaimed
Their joy of liberty in Plymouth's bay;
But ah! how bright and soft and glorious rose the day!

O Mother State, thy word was nobly kept,
Thy pledge of freedom to thy sons — and all!
Of modern lands thou wert the first to say:
"No man shall own another." Thus there leapt,
Ere thou wert loosed from England's heavy thrall,
Out of thine eyes the Future's guiding ray,
The star that cannot fall, that gems the brow of day.

While yet in leading-strings thou didst this deed
Immortal, — wiping slavery from thy code.
A few years later thou wert first to shake
All kings in their "divineness," and to lead
Thy sister States to Glory, by the road
Of Lexington to Boston, and to wake
The souls that will not rest till every chain shall break.

O Massachusetts, Mother fond and fair,
Not merely of thy glories are we proud,
In many a quiet home that hides from sight
Are purity of purpose and a rare,
Unselfish loveliness, whene'er a cloud
O'ershadows life — and thus we have the right
To say: "Where thou dost reign, reigns Duty with Delight."

Strong Mother, how we love thee! how our pride
Heightens, with every year, beholding thee!
Thy glorious sons and daughters who have gone
Into the sunrise on the other side,
Have left, in passing o'er the mystic sea,
More light of inspiration than e'er shone
On poet's dream before, — and their great work goes on!

Yea, Queen of States, thy diadem of deeds
Forever onward throws its diamond rays.
'Gainst every wrong now posing as a right
Phillips still thunders and O'Reilly pleads,
And the money-changers in a dark amaze
Shrink from the coming Christ with just affright,
While Freedom standeth by with eyes of warmer light.

* Reprinted from advance sheets of "Massachusetts of To-day," the memorial of this State prepared for circulation at the Columbian Exposition, by permission of the publishers.

THE VETERAN'S REBUKE.*

[FROM "AN ATTIC PHILOSOPHER IN PARIS."]

October 15th.— This morning I was looking at a little engraving I had framed myself, and hung over my writing-table; it is a design of Gavarni's, in which, in a grave mood, he has represented "*A Veteran and a Conscript.*"

By often contemplating these two figures, so different in expression, and so true to life, both have become living in my eyes; I have seen them move, I have heard them speak; the picture has become a real scene, at which I am present as spectator.

The veteran advances slowly, his hand leaning on the shoulder of the young soldier. His eyes, closed forever, no longer perceive the sun shining through the flowering chestnut-trees. In the place of his right arm hangs an empty sleeve, and he walks with a wooden leg, the sound of which on the pavement makes those who pass turn to look.

At the sight of this ancient wreck from our patriotic wars, the greater number shake their heads in pity, and I seem to hear a sigh or an imprecation.

"See the worth of glory!" says a portly merchant, turning away his eyes in horror.

"What a deplorable use of human life!" rejoins a young man who carries a volume of philosophy under his arm.

"The trooper would better not have left his plough," adds a countryman with a cunning air.

"Poor old man!" murmurs a woman almost crying.

The veteran has heard, and he knits his brow; for it seems to him that his guide has grown thoughtful. The latter, attracted by what he hears around him, hardly answers the old man's questions, and his eyes, vaguely lost in space, seem to be seeking there for the solution of some problem.

I seem to see a twitching in the gray moustaches of the veteran; he stops abruptly, and, holding back his guide with his remaining arm, "They all pity me," says he, "because they do not understand it; but if I were to answer them"—

"What would you say to them, father?" asks the young man, with curiosity.

"I would say first to the woman who weeps when she looks at me, to keep her tears for other misfortunes; for each of my wounds calls to mind some struggle for my colors. There is room for doubting how some men have done their duty; with me it is visible. I carry the account of my services, written with the enemy's steel and lead, on myself; to pity me for having done my duty, is to suppose I would better have been false to it."

"And what would you say to the countryman, father?"

"I would tell him that, to drive the plough in peace we must first secure the country itself, and that, as long as there are foreigners ready to eat our harvest, there must be arms to defend it."

"But the young student, too, shook his head when he lamented such a use of life."

* Taken from the English translation recently published by D. Appleton & Co., of Emil Souvestre's quaint philosophical work, "An Attic Philosopher in Paris, or a Peep at the World from a Garret, being the Journal of a Happy Man."

"Because he does not know what self-sacrifice and suffering can teach. The books which he studies we have put in practice, though we never read them; the principles he applauds we have defended with powder and bayonet."

"And at the price of your limbs and your blood. The merchant said, when he saw your maimed body, 'See the worth of glory!'"

"Do not believe him, my son; the true glory is the bread of the soul; it is this which nourishes self-sacrifice, patience and courage. The Master of all has bestowed it as a tie the more between men. When we desire to be distinguished by our brethren, do we not thus prove our esteem and our sympathy for them? The longing for admiration is but one side of love. No, no; the true glory can never be too dearly paid for! That which we should deplore, child, is not the infirmities which prove a generous self-sacrifice, but those which our vices or our imprudence have called forth. Ah! if I could speak aloud to those who, when passing, cast looks of pity upon me, I should say to the young man whose excesses have dimmed his sight before he is old, 'What have you done with your eyes?' To the slothful man, who with difficulty drags along his enervated mass of flesh, 'What have you done with your feet?' To the old man who is punished for his intemperance by the gout, 'What have you done with your hands?' To all, 'What have you done with the days God granted you, with the faculties you should have employed for the good of your brethren? If you cannot answer, bestow no more of your pity upon the old soldier maimed in his country's cause; for he, he at least can show his scars without shame.'"

AN OLD LOVE-LETTER.

THE flying years, the silent years,
Swept o'er this safely hidden page,
Till Time, that deep-sunk mystery clears,
Gives me the dateless heritage.

Where beat the heart, where burnt the brain
That all this pain and passion felt?
On leaves defaced by mould and stain,
The secret of a life is spelt.

Why rashly lift, why rudely rend
The softening veil that Death and Time,
Conspiring Life with Art to blend,
Have hung between her soul and mine?

Enough to know, enough to feel
That one immortal bliss endures;
The love these ardent words reveal
May haply mirror mine — or yours.

—MARGARET CROSBY in Scribner's Magazine.

IGNORANT ESSAYS.

BY A PERIPATETIC PHILOSOPHER.

SOME years ago I was walking up that part of California Street in San Francisco, known as "Nob Hill." My companion was ex-United States Senator Corneilus Cole, then practising law in the Golden State. As we neared Senator Stanford's palatial house we saw its owner — then Governor Stanford — standing with one foot on the steps, about to enter. He turned and greeted us.

"Halloo, Senator!" said he. "I was just thinking as you came up that this house has cost me a lot of money" (it had cost several millions), "and I was wondering if some day it might be turned into a second-rate boarding-house, with myself as one of the boarders, and not the star boarder either."

Senator Stanford at that time was known to be worth a goodly number of millions. His remark was an unaffected expression of opinion.

Verily we are a Democratic people.

Governor Stanford was at that time owner of the celebrated trotting stallion, Occident. He was, perhaps, better known as the owner of Occident than as President of the Pacific Railroad.

A director of the road, whose name I am not at liberty to mention, told me that Stanford was got into a corner and thus addressed: "Governor, every time Occident is brought out to trot in your name, the bonds of the Pacific Railroad depreciate one-eighth of one per cent. Will you sell Occident, or would you prefer to make up the loss to the stockholders?" The governor sold Occident.

I remember in the same city hearing Collis P. Huntington, railroad magnate, and now father of a real princess, give some advice to a man who applied to him for work — and got it. Said he: "Never, under any circumstances, allow yourself to be without money. If you are down to your last dollar, don't spend it. Keep it, and go to work to make another. Never wait till you are "broke" before starting out to build yourself up again. Never be without money in your pocket."

This is one instance in which the adviser practised what he preached.

The reference above to ex-Senator Cole reminds me of a story I once heard him tell of Abraham Lincoln. It is a story of a story. During Lincoln's busy administration every moment was valuable to him, and he was obliged to receive public men even while making his toilet.

One morning Senator Cole called upon the great emancipator while he was being shaved. The President's face was covered with lather, and the White House barber was doing his best to remove the beard from its cavernous interstices. Said Lincoln, as he reclined in the chair: "Shaving me, Senator, reminds me of the fellow with lantern jaws like myself to shave whom the barber had to put his thumb into the mouth in order to plump out the cheek. One

day he cut through the cheek and cut his thumb. As he shook the blood from his thumb, the angry barber exclaimed, 'Confound your old lantern jaws, you've made me cut my thumb!'"

Marcus Clarke, the author of the only great prose work that has come out of Australia, and who, in many respects, resembled

> "The marvellous boy
> Who perished in his prime,"

was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of fun. It was our custom to lunch together frequently, and we particularly affected a hotel on Collins Street, Melbourne, that was famous for its *Beche de Mer* soup. One day Marcus sported a bran new silk hat, and while we were at lunch the hat was appropriated by a stranger.

Next morning the Argus contained the following announcement:

> "Will the gentleman who annexed Marcus Clarke's hat please return it to the Public Library?"

The hat was duly returned, and the Argus the following morning contained Mr. Clarke's acknowledgements as follows:

> "Hat returned, my festive Niven,
> All forgotten and forgiven."

I happened to be in Australia when the wave of cheap Waterbury watches struck that land of sunshine. To wind one of them was a labor of several minutes' duration. I bought several of them as curiosities, and presented one of them to Clarke. A few days later I received a note from him which treated of private matters, and concluded thus:

> Yours,
> (In the interval of winding that infernal watch,)
> MARCUS CLARKE.

It is the custom among the poorer class in Australia to ask a gift of flowers from the neighbors with which to decorate the room where their dead repose prior to burial. One lovely evening as I was enjoying a quiet pipe and reverie on the veranda of my modest cottage at Wooloomooloo, I was aroused by a thin, small voice. Looking up, I saw before me a tiny woman-child, whose head was adorned with a perfect Niagara of golden hair.

"Please, sir," said the tiny voice, "give me some flowers for the corpse."

"My dear child," said I, now thoroughly aroused, "what is the matter with the corpse?"

"It's dead, sir," said she.

There is a legend in Australia to the effect that the beautiful ballad opera, "Maritana," was composed by Wallace while he was proceeding in a steamboat up the tortuous Murray River. While wandering about London one night in company with Matt Stretch, the clever artist and prince of good fellows, we drifted into one of those quaint little places with sawdust on the floor. Here Stretch met and introduced me to young Wallace, a son of the gifted composer, and I seized the opportunity to ask him about the opera.

"'Maritana,'" said he, "was composed by my father in Milk Street, here in London, where we lived." Milton, by the way, had his home in Milk Street, which is now the heart of the dry goods district. It seems a pity to rob the serpentine (and muddy) Murray of the honor of having given "Maritana" to the world, but truth must prevail, and the Australian river can still claim to be the home of the duck-billed-platypus.

The recent disaster to the Umbria and the heroic calmness and admirable behavior throughout that char-

acterized nearly all of the passengers, impressed upon my mind the fact that, as the world progresses in civilization and the polite arts, men display better taste in the face of death. I have several times been in imminent danger at sea, and discovered that at such times you can read character as by the flash of a limelight. If a woman could select a husband at such a time, she would probably not have occasion afterwards to regret her choice.

Several years ago I went into Port Said through the Suez Canal in the magnificents teamer Carthage of the Peninsula and Oriental Company. While there we learned that the sister ship Rome, of equal size (7,000 tons), had shortly before been thrown upon the reef in a storm, so badly injuring her stern post that her cabins were flooded, and her passengers had to be transferred to another steamer. We were ordered by cable from London to convoy the disabled steamer to Plymouth from Malta, whither she had proceeded under half steam. We sailed out of Valetta Harbor and through the Mediterranean side by side, and as we passed the great rock of Gibraltar, it must have been an inspiring sight to those perched upon the barren fortress to see the two noble ships passing abreast and within hailing distance of each other. At night we watched the lights of our companion ship with anxiety, and our first care in the morning was to see if she was still with us. The morning after leaving Gibraltar the Rome was not to be seen, and our hearts sank as we concluded that her patched-up stern post had given way, and she had foundered almost within call.

When we arrived at Plymouth, however, we were delighted to find that the Rome was safe in harbor. Her captain, who was the commodore of the P. and O. fleet, had concluded — to use an unnautical nautical phrase — to show us a clean pair of heels, so he crowded on all steam and by daybreak had left his convoy far behind. Had a storm arisen he must undoubtedly have paid the penalty of his dashing recklessness, not only with his ship, but with his life and that of his crew.

Experience, like light and heat, is relative. During the recent blizzard a gentleman said to me, "I would like to live the rest of my life in the Pacific Islands." "No, you wouldn't," said I. "How do you know?" said he. "Because I have tried it," said I. "Robert Louis Stevenson appears to like it," continued my friend.

That is very true, but Stevenson is an invalid to whom the climate is necessary, if he would live.

Some years ago I walked along the beautiful shore of Opolu to the westward of Apia, and within a stone's throw of Stevenson's present home. By my side was Consul Griffin, who had been there something more than a year. Tropical Nature was at her best. With tears in his eyes Mr. Griffin told me how he longed to get back to the "States." "Life here," said he, "seems so beautiful at first that you would never dream how irksome it can become after a time. Yet so it is. If I could transfer myself to Washington to-day, I seriously think I should desert my post."

Mr. Griffin happened to be in Samoa at a time when there was a good deal of squabbling among the nations that are hovering like birds of prey over the poor little kingdom, but his statement that an apparently ideal life can become irksome after a time, I have myself verified.

YOUNG COCHRAN'S ADVENTURE.

BY BENJAMIN F. PRIEST.

IN examining some old official letters, now in the Massachusetts State House, recently, I came across an incident of New England life in the bygones of the early eighteenth century, that it seems to me should be given publicity. In these letters the incident appears in this way: An Irish lad, mentioned as a soldier in one of the letters, James Cochran, was sent from Fort George on a solitary reconnoissance up the river (Androscoggin) to watch the motions of a group of Indians, said to be accompanied by a French-speaking person. The writing, dated April 15, 1725, signed John Gyles, and addressed, "May it please your Honour," relates that Cochran was captured at "Maquaitt" on the 13th current, by two Indians, one of whom spoke English and who plied him with many questions, particularly concerning the writer of the letter (Gyles) and the fort, with which Cochran was well acquainted. This English-speaking aborigine also communicated the fact, by way of intimidation, that he had killed Moses Eaton and a negro and an Englishman at Black Point, and that six Indians were then gone towards Falmouth (Portland) to "kill and take." This Indian further told the lad that "our gentlemen commissioners" had returned from Canada, that the Indians were resolved for war, and that many Indians and Mohawks would be down the following summer to destroy the English and their cattle. He also imparted the rather extravagant information that there were then at Maranacook "500,060" Indians and "several" Indians at a village up the river.

The second night after Cochran's capture the two Indians, after hunting and killing beavers, grew tired in the evening and fell into a deep sleep in camp, fifteen or twenty miles above the fort on the river bank, as also did their prisoner. The latter, awaking first, took in the situation, and appreciating the importance of the information that had been given him and also that of preserving his own life and liberty, stealthily arose, and a hatchet opportunely coming into possession, he speedily knocked the sentinels in the heads and took their scalps. He made his way as directly as he could to the fort and reported his adventure in detail. But he had only one scalp, and in fording a river had lost a fine gun that he had taken with him. His account seeming incomplete, he insisted on returning to verify it. He was given company by his captain (Heath). On the 18th the party went up the river to secure the "plunder" for fear that other Indians might get it. On the 19th they returned. There was no further discovery, beyond the dead bodies, the usual Indian kit of guns and knives, a canoe and a stove, skins and the second scalp — all to the value of "five or eight" pounds. This letter closes with an earnest plea for reënforcements to more thoroughly patrol the river. A postscript gives incidental remarks by the In-

dians, heard by young Cochran, to the effect that they had carefully examined the situation of the fort, had returned to Maquaitt, where they lay all night, capturing their prisoner in the morning, after dodging soldiers who were less than a mile distant. There were then three Indians in the capturing party, but the third, fearing the English, took to his canoe.

Confirmatory of the above is a second letter dated Falmouth, April 20, 1725, from John Graye to Colonel Thomas Westbrook, introducing Ensign Woodside, with a true account of the exploit of the lad "Coughran" in order to guard against any dispute as to the facts. The third letter is dated Portsmouth, April 21, 1725, signed J. Wentworth, relating practically the same facts as to "Cocharain's" successful adventure, designating him as "an Ireish lad," who was taken at "Maquoite," and carried up the "Abroscogen" River a day and a half. This missive was evidently addressed to the governor, for it says: "I sent them [the scalps] down yesterday in order to get a passage to Boston, where I hope you will see him this evening. It was a manly action, and doubt not but you will aid accordingly; but in these cases our hands are tied up, which is very grievious to me. I think such actions should be bountifully rewarded. It would animate our captives and put 'em upon desperate attempts, which would discourage our enemies."

Beyond this there is no record on file, and it is hardly to be expected in those early days, when "dealings" with the "natives" were such commonplace occurrences. Yet sufficient is told in these letters, the originals of which can be seen by any one and will well repay perusal, to show that the quick wit and courage of the Irish lad were not only instrumental in saving him from a protracted captivity and slavery, but also of great benefit to the colonists in putting them more firmly on guard against savage depredation.

NOT KNOWN AT HOME.

Two ladies staying in the beautiful lake region of England, near the home of Wordsworth and amid the scenes made famous in his poems, stood before a village shop looking at a portrait of the venerable poet displayed within. As they gazed, a pair of village lovers approached and also looked in.

One of the ladies suddenly turned to the other and enquired, with an air of innocent curiosity, pointing to the portrait:

"Who was this Wordsworth, anyway?"

Her companion replied in the same spirit, "I'm not sure, but I think he was the man who introduced the breed of black-faced sheep we saw in the mountains yesterday."

The village couple, who must have overheard this dialogue, did not betray by the least shadow of expression that they found in it anything peculiar.

A less dubious case of greatness unappreciated at home occurred recently in Amesbury to a traveller who wished to see the house where Whittier lived. He asked the first person he met where to find it, and received courteous and minute directions, which he was about to follow; but in thanking his kind informant he chanced to speak of the poet Whittier.

"The poet Whittier!" exclaimed the obliging native. "I'm sure I don't know where he lived; I thought of course you wanted Whittier the shoeman."

—— Youth's Companion.

CATHOLIC PRELATES I HAVE KNOWN.

BY JOSEPH HOWARD, JR.

ITH a Baptist mother, a Congregationalist father and a cosmopolitan training, largely under the ministrations of Henry Ward Beecher, with an extended acquaintance with prelates and laymen of the Catholic Church, I have come in late life to the conclusion that although there is an immensity of good in every creed, there is none which so absolutely rounds up a faith entirely satisfactory to a man who studies and ponders the start, present status and possible future of the human race, as that of the Catholic Church. No war is so bitter as that which proceeds from differences among brothers, whether of the family or of the Church. History abundantly discloses that the bloodiest, cruelest, most vindictive wars, leading up to massacres and to murders of the most brutal type, are those which sprang from religious and social differences.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-two, and I fear eighteen hundred and ninety-three as well, will stand pre-eminent among the years as fertile in religious dissensions and creedific discussions. The great Protestant churches are fighting among themselves over the definition of a word and the meaning of a sentence, actually hauling several of their most distinguished preachers before the ecclesiastical bar charging them with heresy. Of the dissensions in the Catholic Church, apropos of the mission of Mgr. Satolli, the representative of His Holiness, no intelligent Catholic need be informed.

Meanwhile the world rolls on.

Meanwhile the great missions of the Church, whether Protestant or Catholic, seeking to elevate a common humanity to the plane on which all men can stand as brothers, the plane of love to God and love to man, are carried on, but not with the efficacy, the enthusiasm and the all-absorbing devotion they so richly deserve. We find in all churches great and good men and holy women. It has been my pleasant privilege since my earliest days to know teachers and laymen in all denominations, some of whom were distinguished beyond their fellows by ability, by signal service, by popular favor, or by churchly dignity. It occurs to me that a brief review of several Catholic churchmen of distinction whom it has been my pleasure to meet and to know, might be of interest to the readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

First, Constantine Pise.

In a little church in the city of Brooklyn a good and holy priest worshipped, and led a loving and a faithful flock Sunday after Sunday, and through the week days as well, beloved by every citizen of the place who met him, recognized by the authorities as a benign and helpful influence, esteemed and respected by the clergy of all denominations, and sincerely mourned when his last hour took him to his reward. This was Constantine Pise, who, when a

young priest in Maryland, served as private secretary to the noted Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. Loving liberty, of a studious inclination, the young priest sought in the Church broader fields for effort than were open to him in his service as secretary and tutor in a local college. I met him when I was quite a lad and was much impressed by his commanding appearance, the sweetness of his smile, the dignity of his carriage, the fatherly courtesy and thoughtfulness that beamed from his beautiful eyes. At first on my way to school, meeting him morning after morning, my greeting was that of a respectful boy; but later when induced by the magnificent music which was always a feature of his ministrations, I fell into the habit of attending Sunday Vespers, I was conscious of a feeling of more than respect, further along the line of affection than mere esteem, which ultimately blossomed in the hearts of us both into an honest and helpful love. For quite fifteen years it was my privilege to attend service in this little church, St. Charles Borromeo, and to sit so near the altar as to be almost, as it were, part and parcel of the servitors thereat; and after service invariably joining the good pastor in his study, in an adjacent house which communicated with the chancel by a private passage. At that time Henry Ward Beecher was a new and not entirely a tried quantity in American affairs. He had come from Indianapolis to attend the anti-slavery meetings in the old Broadway tabernacle, where from the force of his eloquence he stirred the popular heart to enthusiastic recognition of his still green and untrained abilities. My father and two other Brooklyn men induced Mr. Beecher to come to Brooklyn, purchased for him an old Presbyterian church, and started there, with fourteen members, that great organization which later on was a synonym for love of liberty, for freedom of speech, and for devotion to the Union — Plymouth Church.

Mr. Beecher had been preaching at this time perhaps ten years in Brooklyn, possibly longer, because, as I recall it, it was in the heat of the anti-slavery discussions when the Republican party was a baby dandled on the lap now of the old Whig and now of the old Abolitionist, coming in time to the lusty manhood of the party which saved the Union. During a conversation with Mr. Beecher I spoke of the charm there was about Father Pise as an individual, and so worked upon his great affectional nature that he said, "I would like to meet him." So one pleasant autumn Sunday afternoon we went to the church and participated in the enjoyable service, lasting perhaps an hour, varied on the occasion by a few words from Father Pise apropos of a charity he was anxious to have aided. The pictures, the music, the incense, the form and ceremony, the evident sincerity of the good old priest, the method of it all, and the deep devotional attitudes of every individual in the church, produced, of course, upon so impressionable a nature as that of Henry Ward Beecher, an effect that sought out-work in tears and mental and physical development, which seemed to me, uninformed and raw, strange and odd. I know better now. I see clearly enough how much better the esthetic surroundings harmonized with Mr. Beecher's nature, than the Puritan austerities of his own church; how the very enthusiasm, and fervor, and ardor with which he sprang into discussion when fighting, with which

he pleaded when urging his flock, each to levate himself from the slough of despond and stand with him upon the solid substantiality of honor and decency, were the offspring, the normal outcome of his peculiarly sensitive organization.

After the service, the congregation having retired, I took Mr. Beecher into a little room where Father Pise unrobed, and presented my Congregational friend to my Catholic friend. It was a meeting I can never forget. It was a bringing together of two men who, though absolutely opposite in belief, who though diametrically opposed in public line of service, were as verily brothers in goodness of heart, in benevolence of disposition, in charity to all with malice towards none, as any two I ever saw. After that, although as I need hardly say they never interchanged churchly visits, nor do I know that they ever met socially, they did meet very often in the street, and never without jocular interchange of invitation, each promising to show the other the error of his ways, and parting with a cordial handshake and the expression of hearty good-will.

And now Archbishop Hughes.

I was indebted when a boy to Father Pise for an introduction to Archbishop — then, I think Bishop — Hughes of the Diocese of New York. Father Hughes was a felicitous illustration of the suggestion that, as it is in political life, in national struggles, in revolutional epochs, the man whom the time demands is always found. He was born a fighter as Napoleon Bonaparte. Having once made up his mind that a certain course would lead to a desired end, he was as immovable as the Pyramids. With a kindly disposition, it was in his power to present a front so absolutely fierce as almost to frighten his antagonist into submission before a blow had been struck. Never has there been in the history of American journalism a discussion so keen, with repartee so nervous, with blows so ponderous, and with issue so doubtful as that which took place between Archbishop Hughes and Henry J. Raymond, the versatile editor of the New York *Times*. Raymond was a master of controversy. In Archbishop Hughes he met a foeman worthy of his steel, there being this difference between them, that while Raymond wielded with cut and parry and thrust, the delicate rapier of irony, the archbishop, disdaining all rhetorical tactics, rushed at his opponent with the sledge-hammer of fact, and the bludgeon of unassailable proof. He loved to fight. He met all manner of enemies; but he was good-natured. A more kindly, considerate, generous nature than Father Hughes never lived, if you could get inside the shell.

It was my good fortune to see him quite often; but the most significant occasion was during the riots of 1863, in the city of New York. There has been much false telling of that story. To suit their own ends, men have twisted and turned the grain of fact, embellishing it with a bushel of distortion. For nearly a week the great metropolis of the land had been in the hands of an infuriated mob; for nearly a week an infuriated mob had been in the hands of cut-throats, house-burners, pick-pockets, and sneak thieves, and rascals of every name and degree. Why is it that at every railroad disaster, before the groans of the crushed and dying have started on their earliest round, thieves appear? Who can tell? Why is it that the wierd story of a great fire in Boston, Chicago or New York

brings instantly, and before the flames are quenched, bands of robbers to the scene? Who can tell?

The Union knew that New York City was in the hands of these devils; and they knew the saddest fact in American history. Finally the strong arm of the law put down local rebellion so far as outward demonstration went, but there was that uneasy restlessness everywhere, suggested but not apparent, which made the authorities turn in their comparative impotence to the churchly arm and ask its protection. Memorable among all the documents issued during the war was that sent forth by John, Archbishop of New York. "To men whom some call rioters:" it began; and the invitation to call next day at the archiepiscopal residence, was extended. It was my good fortune to be one of a little group in the front parlor in the archbishop's home while he awaited the summons to speak. He was then an old and feeble man; his life was nearly spent, but his head was as clear as a bell. Beyond a few hurriedly taken notes there was nothing, he said, prepared, and he should speak to the great assemblage — and it was a magnificent, multitudinous turnout — as though they were his children seeking the advice of a father. At the word, the archbishop, clad in his vestments, stepped upon the little balcony on which was a small table and a silver mug containing some refreshment, and lifted his hand. Instantly every knee was bent and every head was bowed, and the sublime spectacle, of at least twenty thousand men in submission was presented to the officials of the city, to the newspaper writers of the day, to the friends and subordinates of the great prelate, who must have been more or less than man if his very soul were not absolutely thrilled by the sight. His voice could not be heard beyond the range of a very few lines of men, but it was evident to every one there that he was counselling peace, moderation, submission to the law, and a quiet dispersal to their individual homes. Whatever they may have thought, that is precisely what they did. They departed peacefully, quietly, decorously, every man to his own home. After this nerve tension the archbishop returned to his room, and sat exhausted in his arm-chair, while scores of the privileged came to extend to him their grateful congratulations, but the chief of his household, seeing that the good Father had tested his strength too far, courteously suggested that rest was needed, and we all left, conscious that we had been in the presence of a man, indeed!

A different man was Cardinal McCloskey.

As Archbishop Hughes lived in a time of storm, so Father McCloskey followed him in a time of peace. As the one with his heroic courage, his dauntless nature, his love of battle, found constant opportunity for the exercise of his God-given talents in the polemic field, so the other, who was considerateness personified, the very embodiment of all the chaste and lovely virtues, beatific almost, found in his great field ample scope for a benign and beneficent influence which was productive during his life, and is lasting even now. Some natures are so infernally sweet and mild that they pall. Sometimes you wish that an incident would stir such natures into action; and one tires of an everlasting placidity of character and of countenance. That was not the case with Father, Archbishop, Cardinal McCloskey. And it made no difference whether he was an humble priest, bearing the train of

his superior, or whether he sat upon his throne with the red hat blazoned upon him, he was in the one as in the other, meekness, mildness, sweetness, thoughtfulness, courteousness personified. Distinguished foreigners, who, as is their habit, called to pay their respect to this prince of the Church, found pleasure in testifying to the dignity with which he greeted them, to the charm of his manner as a high dignitary of the Church. So you see it was not that the Cardinal did not know; it was not that he did not appreciate the gravity of the burden upon his shapely shoulders; it was not that he was insensible to the great honor conferred upon him by Rome. It was as though *noblesse oblige* was the motto of his life, and the higher he rose the more did he owe to those beneath him. He was simply courtly; he was simply dignified; he was simply priestly.

Now, it will be found by careful study in the progress of the Church in the Diocese of New York, that while foundations were laid deep and broad by Archbishop Hughes, magnificent and stately spires rose during the regime of Cardinal McCloskey. In other words — for this must not be taken in its physical sense alone — it will be found by careful scrutiny that while Archbishop Hughes ploughed the field and subsoiled it, rooting up the trees and rolling away the stones, the Cardinal who followed him sowed, in this carefully prepared field, seed which is now ripened into a harvest, the leaves of which are for the healing of the nation. As editor of a New York daily, in which every Catholic society in the archdiocese presented once a week its perfunctory reports, and in which every Roman Catholic society, T. A. B. and others, found a medium of communication with the public at large, I had occasion now and then to consult with the archbishop. And I was surprised to find how thoroughly informed he was as to the detailed operations of every parish in his diocese. I could have understood that he would know about the chief churches, and the more prominent clergy, but that he should have at his fingers' ends, as he did have, knowledge intimate of the men who controlled the status in each parish, seemed then surprising, and as I look at it now it seems marvellous. It would not appear strange indeed that the archbishop, in a city of such significance as New York, should be cognizant of the plans and general courses of political chiefs, but I found, on one or two occasions when there was danger of physical trouble of grave proportions, and on one or two occasions when those grave proportions threatened the safety of the city, that he not only knew the chiefs of the political parties, and their feelings apropos of the subject, but that he had in his hand the grasp and the grip which compelled settlements and brought about the peace of the entire town. It is a mistake to think that Cardinal McCloskey, by reason of his modest manner and peaceful nature, was forgetful or lax in the utilization of potentialities entrusted to him. It was the very rarity of their exercise which made them so tremendous when they were put into play.

One night in his marble home, he entertained the mayor, the chief of police, three great editors, and four significant politicians, and after listening to the pros and cons of anticipated disturbance, after hearing carefully the forcible arguments presented as how best to occupy here, to obstruct there, to vanquish elsewhere,

he quietly said, "Gentlemen, I think the key to the situation can be in my hands before to-morrow noon. Shall we adjourn this meeting until to-morrow night?"

And when they came the following night they found, in addition, three men, bitter enemies, with big heads packed with ideas, with manly hearts beating, however, with opposing sensations, hand in hand, brought together by the pleasing way, the Christian argument, the churchly influence of the dignitary, and of the man. These three men in concert with the others, a majority of whom, by the way, were not of the Catholic faith, were unable to prevent all disturbance, but they unquestionably saved the city from a scene of assault, and brawl, and possible murder, which would have added another to the long list of disgraces born of misunderstanding and nurtured by hot blood, carrying really good men to unspeakable excess.

The funeral of Cardinal McCloskey.

Who can forget it who saw it? Can that magnificent spectacle ever be blotted from an eye which has taken it in? It meant naught to him, but it meant volumes to thousands and scores of thousands who reverently bent the head and honestly dropped a tear, as they passed in solemn procession by that most suggestive sight, the dead Cardinal panoplied as though in life, indicative that he indeed had gone from this to the other sphere, from mundanic honor to everlasting joy.

But space fails.

I had intended to tell some interesting anecdotes of Mgr. Capel, the famous English divine, who has been much misunderstood and often calumniated; of Mgr. Ducey, the eloquent parish priest of this city, whose charity for all runs parallel with his independence of thought, his manliness of action, and the benignity of his daily life and conversation; and of Father McGlynn, who no more than these others could fairly be dismissed in paragraphic recognition. Indeed these three quite deserve many pages by themselves, and some day, let us all hope, before they have passed beyond the line of recognition and of criticism, they will be courteously and fitly remembered.

REFLECTIONS.

Many men say their prayers by proxy, but very few do their cursing that way.

Reputation is the mean of life; some men have to live up to it, others to live it down.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast," but Despondency always pollutes the waters before our thirst is quenched.

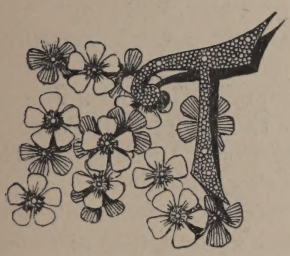
Nearly every one rates himself at his true valuation, but he is careful not to take the world into his confidence.

If some men had the nine lives of a cat they would waste them all in folly, and then have nine death bed repentances.

It takes us years to learn what little we do know, and twice as long to unlearn the great deal that we think we know, but don't.

You remember how big a dime seemed to you as a child? How happy would it have made you to have been given $10 and a bank book all to yourself? Think of this and make some child happy by sending us his name as a little worker for "Donahoe's Magazine."

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE POPE.



HE Golden Jubilee of His Holiness Leo XIII. is an event that causes the joyful pulsations of Catholic hearts throughout the world, and will occasion universal offerings of thanksgiving. Happy are the pious pilgrims to whom is permitted the privilege of personally conveying to the Holy Father the assurance of their joy in his jubilee, and participating in its celebration amid the shrines of Catholic devotion that cluster under the eye of the Sovereign Pontiff; and happy are they, who, though denied by distance the privilege of close proximity to St. Peter's, yet can join in spirit in the hosannas of the happy hour, and devoutly unite with his children throughout the world in thanksgiving for a life that has been preserved to so extend the honor and glory of God as has that of the present exalted successor of St. Peter.

To but very few in a century does the Creator vouchsafe the honor of wearing the episcopal purple for half a century. Were this the height of the dignity in the Church to which His Holiness had attained it would indeed be a matter of honor; but his episcopal elevation in 1843 was but a step toward the exalted distinction which Almighty God had in store for him who was to be the Vicar of Christ and head of the Universal Church.

Those fifty years are crowned with work for the glory of God and the advancement of the interests of His Church. While a student at the Roman College those intellectual gifts which have bestowed such lustre on his pontificate were made manifest and attracted the attention of Gregory XVI. Later while in minor orders we find him a domestic prelate of the Papal household. Then came the visitation ot Asiatic cholera in which he was to prove his indefatigable zeal, fearlessness of personal danger and administrative capacity under the most trying circumstances, and which led to his elevation by the Pope, as governor of Benevento, a district overrun with brigands, where in his own mild, just but potent way he brought order out of chaos and suppressed outlawry. Transferred to the governorship of Perugia he repeated the success achieved at Benevento, and bringing about a time when the prisons contained not a single prisoner. Jan. 27, 1843, just fifty years ago, he was appointed titular Archbishop of Damietta (which event the present jubilee commemorates) and sent as Nuncio to Brussels, the same qualities of mind and heart which had already accomplished so much, winning him renown in the difficult rôle of a diplomat at the court of the Protestant King of the Belgians. Three years later he was appointed to the archbishopric of Perugia, taking possession of his See St. Anne's day, the feast day of his mother, 1846. Here he was to still further emphasize those heaven-sent gifts of which he is the possessor. Of this archdiocese over which he

was placed another has written so beautifully that her words bear repetition.

Perugia, the queen of the hill country, the names of whose saints are forever wedded to the names of its cities — Assisi, Cortona, Viberto, Foligno — towns guarded by the heights or set secure upon the hillsides with the sunshine pouring into their steep streets, is even now a city of the past. Along the solitudes of this hill country, St. Francis walked meditating on his "Lady Poverty;" here were the very birds that he taught, and it was over these uplands that he saw the sun rise and set — "our brethren Lord Sun,"— upon a peaceful and pure minded people. Ah! the deep blue sky of Italy, it need not be seen to be loved. Those Umbrian twilights, delicate and cool as dawns; the trees — slender trees such as Pietro Perugino drew — standing out against the lucid blue, the horizons share yet soft with air and distance — the whole atmosphere of those purple-shadowed mountains and wine-clad plains teems with associations of the art and the glory of the past."

Little wonder that the people joyfully welcomed as their archbishop, he who had so abundantly blessed them as governor, a few years before; and that the archdiocese of Perugia grew rich in the evidences of the zeal of its ecclesiastical head. Churches, schools and benevolent associations multiplied under his fostering care, while his voice and pen were continually employed in behalf of his flock, conveying them to good works, warning them of their dangers, and upholding the glory, integrity and dignity of the Church. That same pen of gold which since his elevation to the chair of Peter, has taught the world its truth and power in masterly encyclicals, here in its narrower field gave light, hope, truth, courage and happiness to the people of Perugia in the trying times through which Italy was passing.

Elevated to the Cardinalate in 1854, it was but natural, that one who had rendered such signal service to the Church in every sphere in which his great abilities were employed, should, on the death of the saintly Pius IX, in 1877, be chosen as his successor.

Little need is there to particularize in regard to what he has done during his pontificate, which still happily continues; nor to refer to the influence of his exalted personality in stemming the tide of these rationalistic times. Rather is it our happy privilege to thank God for the blessing conferred upon the world by the prolongation of a life so necessary to the time; and to join in prayerful thanksgiving on this, the auspicious occasion of the Holy Father's golden jubilee.

FEBRUARY FEAST DAYS.

THE following are the feast and other days in the Church calendar for Feb. 1st, St. Bridget; 2d, Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin; 3d, St. Blase; 4th, St. Andrew Corsini; 5th, St. Agatha; 6th, St. Dorothy; 7th, St. Richard; 8th, St. John of Matha; 9th, St. Cyril of Alexandria; 10th, St. Scholastica; 11th, St. Theodora; 12th, St. Eulalia; 13th, St. Catharine of Ricci; 14th, St. Valentine; 15th, Ash Wednesday and beginning of Lent; 16th, St. Juliana; 17th, St. Fintan; 18th, St. Simeon; 19th, Blessed Conrad; 20th, St. Tyrannis; 21st, St. Eleonora; 22d, St. Margaret of Cortona; 23d, St. Peter Damien; 24th, St. Matthias; 25th, St. Walburga; 26th, St. Alexander; 27th, St. Julian; 28th, St. Leander.

ONLY A NEWSPAPER MAN!

ONLY a newspaper man, a big-hearted, brainy, genial, conscientious worker, his paper and his friend his first consideration, his first thought, whate'er might betide himself—dead at the post of duty.

Hushed forever the voice that had always a cheery, helpful word; at rest the heart that was ever a fountain of strength and of sympathy; and cold with the icy touch of death the hand whose warm, cordial grasp was both an inspiration and a proof of the friendship that gave it fervor.

How much such a life contributes to the diffusion of all that is good, true and noble! How much earth loses when such a dispenser of sunshine and beneficence is taken away!

How unselfish in his devotion to his friend and how whole-souled the evidence of that devotion! Quick in his intuition to detect the need, he was equally prompt out of the treasury of his heart to supply it.

Only a newspaper man! Ah, how much that all too modest designation means to all who knew him when applied to that noble personality whose lamp of life has been so early extinguished!

One act is typical of the man and will serve as a key to his interpretation of the duty and significance of friendship. A brother newspaper man who in the intercourse consequent upon their common calling had been his occasional associate, found himself confronted with the immediate need of a sum of money out of all proportion to his resources at that time. Feeling the weight of the burden, he confided his situation to this noble, unselfish soul not so much moved with the idea of being assisted as with the necessity of having some one at the time from whose cheery spirit some inspiration might be borrowed to make the burden more endurable.

"I'll get that for you, my boy," came the prompt, hearty and confident response, pleasure in his ability to serve illuming his manly face and making musical his resonant voice. "Don't worry yourself; but meet me at —— at four o'clock."

Only a newspaper man, whose hand ever ready to give was not the kind to have garnered away such a sum of money as the emergency demanded; yet he knew of one whom he believed had what was required, and whom he felt would respond to his own unselfish and disinterested wish to render the needed service.

As prompt to act as to speak, he lost no time in seeking out the one whose good offices could prove so potential.

"I want you to loan a friend of mine one thousand dollars!" was his abrupt request, as soon as the preliminary greetings were over, the request being made in that frank, enthusiastic way of his which showed his deep personal interest in accomplishing his mission. "He is good for it, needs it, and I will be responsible for him."

Suffice it to say that the ardent soul who never failed in any office of friendship was equally successful in this case, for he was addressing one who knew him, believed in him and loved him.

This is one incident illustrative of his deep, abiding friendship; his force of character that could inspire those

with whom he came in contact with his own whole-souled, unselfish enthusiasm.

Another circumstance showing the utter subordination of self when he could serve another, strikingly exhibits a nobility of character all too unusual in this mercenary age when the general rule is "every one for himself."

A position of honor and emolument was within his grasp, promising an assured business foothold that would make his future secure; and immediately his thought turned to one who was employed at a distance away from home surroundings, and to whom this position would afford again the happiness of home associations in addition to its other advantages. With him to think was to act, and that friend enjoys to-day, the fruit of a devoted and unselfish heart's beneficence.

Loyally devoted to every duty, and never half-hearted in anything worthy of a man, he gave the same devot - vice to his paper that he gave to his friend, and sealed that devotion with his life. Only a newspaper man; but as long as memory remains with all who knew him, aye, as long as the traditions of Boston journalism shall endure, the name of brave, noble, unselfish Joseph F. Barker will be a synonym for what is best, truest and most worthy the emulation of deserving manhood.

THE GRAVE OF FATHER RYAN.

A MOBILE (Ala.) correspondent of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* writes: "Just beyond Three-mile Creek, and on the top of the plateau which rises beyond the valley, is located the Catholic cemetery. No more beautiful spot could be found for the last resting-place of the dead — far away from the noise and turmoil of the city, surrounded by gardens, but shut in by the luxuriant growth of the summer hedges of Osage orange, combined with the blackberry and wild Cherokee roses that form a barrier stronger than walls of brick, in the sweet solitude of a summer afternoon. Hereabouts are the resting-places of many who had played prominent parts in the days gone by, but who now sleep the sleep of the just. Within the cemetery lies all that was mortal of Commander Raphael J. Semmes, of Confederate Navy fame.

"In the eastern portion of the cemetery, where the rays of the morning sun first fall upon the hallowed precinct, rest the remains of Rev. A. J. Ryan — Father Ryan, as he was wont to be called by Protestants as well as Catholics whom all Mobile loved for his gentle and earnest manner as man and priest, a man who sang the sweetest songs of the fair South and her brave sons battling for a lost cause. Renowned as poet, priest and patriot, the name of Father Ryan is known and honored wherever the spirit of freedom lives. Here, undisturbed, rest the remains of Father Ryan, in the lot of the "Children of Mary,' a church organization composed of young ladies of the church for whom he was spiritual director.

"A large, white marble slab covers the vault in the earth beneath. At the head of the slab, contained within a circle, surrounded by stars and clouds, is a reproduction of the Confederate banner and emblematical of 'The warrior's banner takes its flight to greet the warrior's soul.' The head is marked by a large cross of white marble five feet high, and resting on a brownstone base that raises it one foot higher. The cross in its centre bears the insignia of his holy office, the cup and wafer."

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FEBRUARY, 1893.

Devotion to the Catholic Faith is Loyalty to the American Flag.

HAT in hand, we stop upon the threshold of this month's work and turn to bow our grateful, heartfelt acknowledgments of the generous reception accorded to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for 1893. To friends of the press whose kindly words have ever been inspirational; to subscribers, old and new, whose practical commendation has strengthened us in our purpose; and to representatives of the church and the nation whose unrestrained praise has illumined the pathway ahead, our sincerest thanks are due; but we feel that we can better pay the welcome debt in acts than in words — in acts which shall result in making DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE what it must be, a credit to the brain, the heart and the conscience of the Catholic people of America.

We had thought of presenting to our readers in this issue the letters and opinions of endorsement which have come unsought to us since the January number was published, but perhaps it will be better to wait until time has proved that ours is no ill-judged or spasmodic effort. Moreover, we do not desire for one moment to leave the light of cold, calm, critical consideration for the dazzling enthusiasm of generous commendation. We prefer that each reader should judge for himself, unembarrassed by the opinions of his friends. And, after all, it is on such judgment, if favorable, that DONAHOE'S will reach the full measure of its success.

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

THE New York World says that the average wages of one hundred and fifty thousand illstarred working girls in New York City is sixty cents a day. This includes the income of the stylish cashier girls who get two dollars a day and sometimes three dollars, as well as the unfortunates who receive the paltry pittance of thirty cents a day in the east side factories and shops. The World goes on to remark that the lot of the average sales-girl, unhelped by parents or by a married brother or sister, is hard in the extreme, and that one has only to look into the pale, pinched faces of these girls to know that thousands are slowly starving to death. This in the proudest metropolis of the the New World! Is it a new world after all, or simply a second edition of the Old World, with all the cruelties of European life, all the injustices that are the product of an aristocracy — a privileged class — made still more bitter to endure by the pretence of Freedom, by the constant assurance that we are enjoying the blessings of a republican government? Constant assurance? Yes, sublime assurance on the part of our political orators; or, as

those who suffer most by it, might say in their picturesque patois of the pavement, sublime cheek! And with this question comes another, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

To answer this must be the mission of the Church. The Church which has so constantly asserted the spiritual equality of men, which through the long night of the Middle Ages stood so faithfully for the rights of the people against the encroachments of kings and nobles, must now in this republic give her support to the people in their struggle for industrial equality. And this she has already begun to do. The refusal of His Holiness, several years ago, to condemn the order of the Knights of Labor, is one of the most significant facts of modern times. The cunning trade-lords, who have succeeded in all countries to the ancient aristocracy, the money-mongers whom the Son of God drove from the outskirts of the Temple, had counted, as they count their coin, on blinding the Pope and gaining his favor to foster their schemes of further oppression. But the eye of Leo was in his heart and the corruptionists were defeated. Long may His Holiness be spared to continue his great work.

THERE is always reason for criticism, and while smarting under the critic's lash, it would be wiser, if less immediate satisfaction, to seek and remove the cause for criticism than to roundly condemn the critic. If we were less prone to lay ourselves open to censure we would be less apt to receive it; but having invited the criticism, we should blame ourselves rather than the critic.

The mass of idle, irresponsible gossip in the newspapers anent the presence here and action of His Grace, Archbishop Satolli, and the injurious hints of ecclesiastical antagonisms, reflecting on the relations existing between leading members of the American hierarchy, is traceable to the unfortunate tendency of many to rush into print with their ill-considered ideas. There are clergymen even who are too ready to prematurely air their opinions through the medium of the press, and the result is anything but becoming to the dignity of their sacred calling.

The newspapers, with their present penchant for whatever savors of sensationalism, eagerly seize upon what appears to be news without always weighing the credibility of the party willing to supply information. This is particularly true in the case of a clerical informant whose position gives a fancied weight to his words, and the seeds of acrimonious discussion are thereby sown which germinate and do incalculable injury. Therefore instead of criticising the newspapers for fulfilling the purpose of their publishers, let us look to those among ourselves whose vanity leads them to foist upon the reporters as matters of fact what are in reality the creations of their own too fertile and unbridled imaginations. When any difference of opinion exists between American archbishops that it is necessary should be published broadcast, the ecclesiastics immediately concerned may be trusted to be their own spokesmen without being obliged to find advocates among the garrulous members of their clergy or laity.

The Church never suffers so much from the insensate bigots whose assaults upon her are their sole stock in trade, as it does from the very class within her own body who have stirred up the

present and similar notes of discord. The intelligent, discriminating American public cannot be influenced by the vaporings of the bigots whose slanders only obtain currency among their own shallow-pated following; but acrimonious discussion within our own body like that now in progress cannot but create a most unjust impression, and as deplorable as the course of those responsible for it is reprehensible.

The Catholic Church in America has in the past had its bitter struggles to overcome deep-seated and intolerable prejudices. It has triumphed over calumny and injustice, and attained to its present exalted position, by proving through the devotion of its bishops, priests and people to the cause of God and of country that it was misrepresented. It disarmed criticism by affording the fair-minded nothing to criticise; and this course so characteristic of its mission on earth, must not be permitted to have even the appearance of being changed. It is the duty of every good Catholic to discountenance the present unholy discussion, to amend anything in their own lives that can in the most remote way reflect upon the Church of which they are representatives, and by word and act emphasize the unity, charity, faith and devotion that should distinguish the followers of Christ. Thus will the pen of criticism be pointed in other directions, and admiration, instead of censure, be the harvest of our desert.

The expressed determination of the Democratic leaders to carefully revise the pension list of the country is not unpleasant news; but this work of pruning pensions is a delicate and difficult task, and it is essential for prudential party reasons, as well as upon broader patriotic grounds, that this task be approached in the right spirit. Unquestionably, there has been undue squandering of the people's money in the pension department, but in correcting this abuse it will not be so easy to avoid error and wrong on the other side. The desire to prevent extravagance and extortion should not outweigh one grain the wish to do justice to the worthy veterans and their dependents, and if ever there be a doubt as to the merits of any case the benefit should be given to the petitioner. We have no sympathy with the practice now obtaining too generally, of associating the name of "pensioner" with jest and jibe. The man who speaks slightingly of the spirit or the services of our war veterans is a cad. "Fakirs" and frauds there are among them undoubtedly, but this peculiar ilk is not more numerous among the old soldiers than in the generation of men born since the war. This nation is not so rich that it can afford to be robbed, nor is it so poor that it cannot generously pay the debt of protection so gladly contracted in the time of need.

A sometimes too self-conscious London newspaper — which, by the way, has committed more glaring blunders in relation to American geography and politics than any of its contemporaries — remarks: "Dr. (Oliver Wendell) Holmes is a witty and amusing writer; he is far too sincere a humorist, probably, to regard his verses as more than by-works." Apart from the egotistical assurance of this remark, and perhaps quite as noticeable, is the complimentary impertinence — or what it is charitable to call impertinence — which it displays.

Perhaps no writer in America — or in the world of his generation — has given more wholesome, intelligent pleasure to his readers, and, if a truthful and inclusive concensus of public opinion could be taken, the judgment would doubtless be that there is not a truer poet of "sweet fancy and pure wit" now living. He is one of the few poets whose verses make him beloved by those who have never seen his face nor clasped his hand. The lines of no poet have ever been cast in more places which are sure to be made pleasant when their author has put by his pen forever, and only his books remain as the most precious of his bequests to those who must come to love the man when once they know the poet. "By-work," is it? Well, in the name of all that is dear to the heart and pleasing to the mind in poetic metre, let us have more of this charming and intellectual native "by-work" and less imported London effrontery.

Of the brilliant galaxy of New England poets, embracing Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier and Holmes, the genial "Autocrat" alone remains. Longfellow's was the first lyre to become unstrung. Emerson, upon whom the weight of age was more early felt, was the next whose voice was silenced. Lowell followed in the course of a few years; and but three months ago Whittier's rhythmic measure sung its venerable possessor into eternal sleep.

The question is often asked, "Who is there to take the places thus made vacant?" If it is meant to ask who is there to become great in the exact measure of their greatness, the answer is plain that their places must forever remain vacant, for the conditions have changed that evoked the music which they gave.

The Union was in comparative infancy when Longfellow began to sing, and the field of American poesy had been little cultivated. The serious task of laying a nation's foundations had called forth the soldier and the statesman, and the practical kept the poetic in the background.

On the other side of the Atlantic such singers as Moore, Byron, Scott and Wordsworth were enriching English literature, and the music of their verse echoed across the ocean. It was a tuneful period, and Longfellow's poetic spirit caught its influence and commenced to weave American themes into rhythmic immortality. The notes of Whittier, Emerson and Holmes, later blended with the Arcadian pipe of Longfellow, and last came Lowell to complete the phenomenal quintette. Now all save Holmes are gone; the rich, uncultivated field which greeted them has been worked until it is well nigh fallow, and a more mercenary, workaday spirit prevails than that which they knew.

We have our poets of the present, as all ages have had; but they can never be expected to fill the places of those who have gone, nor is it in the order of nature that they should, for it would be as wise to expect the years to roll back and give us the same conditions and surroundings which they knew, as to expect to find their poetic prototypes in their successors. They were the men for their time, were happily equal to its requirements, and will live brightly through the halo of the work they have left behind.

The bustling, competitive, money-getting spirit, so paramount to-day, is not so favorable to the pastoral muse as was

the influence in Longfellow's prime, nor so inspirational to the student as Emerson found his own time. True, there are wrongs that need the satiric lash of Lowell and the stirring and effective denunciation of Whittier; but the conditions are in such a formative, plastic stage, and the demands upon the poet in the general struggle for existence so exacting, that he has neither the heart nor the time for the work. Once let the wrong crystalize into a form to be effectively combatted, and the Whittier or the O'Reilly will not be wanting who will place it in the pillory of immortal verse. The man is ever present for the emergency; and so the poets of to-day are equal to all the demands of to-day.

If there is one thing more than another upon which the average great American newspaper prides itself, it is the ability to correctly measure public sentiment. If this be true, it is only one more illustration that there is no sentiment whatever in public sentiment, so-called; for those newspapers, many of them, which have a patented and infallible gauge for taking its dimensions, are often cold, sordid, sensational and insincere. It is not, in fact, the measure of public sentiment which they take; but rather they attempt to manufacture it, frequently with greater success, temporarily, than they deserve, just as some army contractors, during the Civil War, manufactured all-wool from shoddy and then sold it for all-wool. Of course there are exceptions, but they are not, unfortunately, the rule. And yet the denial of this criticism would be general, if it should be noticed at all. The denial, however, we would welcome as an opportunity of emphasizing the fact. Only partially discriminating reference to the contents and examination of the interior workings of a great many great newspapers would show that the heart they carry on their sleeve for public use, never pulsates in helpful kindness, or generous concern for those within the office. Not more are newspapers guilty of this heartlessness than other corporate bodies; but if men or organizations are to pose as reflectors and promoters of what they call sentiment, to live on it, and thrive by it, they may reasonably be asked to practise the humanity they preach.

The toady is a sort of social excrescence indigenous to every phase and every clime, and a nuisance to the very ones the creature is most anxious to serve. As proper independence and self-reliance are characteristics worthy of admiration wherever exhibited, so toadyism and sycophancy, their antithises, only merit contempt. There are various classes of toadies; but the literary toady is by all odds the worst of the lot, for his or her field of effort covers a wider range.

The toady makes of his or her own desire to be known as an intimate of the one over whom is being exhausted a saccharine vocabulary, the lever to lift into social or literary prominence the writer's little and inglorious self; but the motive behind all this adulatory gossip is too plain to be disguised, and the toady only succeeds in emphasizing his or her own vanity and pretence. An honest criticism, even though censorious, is worth all the toadyish drivel that ever was uttered or penned.

It was the dream of the great French poet, Hugo, whose eloquent argument

for the immortality of the soul we printed in our last issue, that the crowning glory of the twentieth century would be the abolition of war. The English poet, Tennyson, just gone to his rest, hazarded a similar prophecy, not so definite as to time, yet showing how his heart was reaching out into the future to pluck the roses of peace from the rusty lips of abandoned cannon in dismantled forts. Indeed, we might multiply instances tending to prove that for a general disarmament the heart of the world is hungry and the hope of the world is strong. We might also say that with this humane hope the work of modern Science is somewhat in line. For Science is making every year such gigantic strides towards perfecting the engineries of destruction that the time cannot be many centuries distant when war will not be, as now, a sporadic slaughter in which the surgeon and the priest will figure, but an absolute annihilation of an entire army or city, or even a nation almost. But, however much the hope of the world may be for peace, is the judgment justified in believing in its near advent? The late Gen. Butler, one of the acutest observers of the drama of human history in which himself played no small part, thought otherwise, and a prediction made by him in a speech two years ago is worthy most careful consideration.

"The producing classes," said Butler, "are in line against the moneyed classes. We shall soon see the time, when the silver question is out of the way and the interior of the country will be united against the two coasts. Every generation in this land for one hundred and fifty years has had its war: 1758, the French and Indian, 1775, the Revolution, 1812, the war with England, 1830, the Seminole War, 1847, the Mexican, and the men of 1861,— well, they had something which we allude to as 'the late unpleasantness.' Our boys, born with a nature of gunpowder and patriotism, will surely have their war, too. I pray God that it be not one of internecine strife."

Still, in spite of such prophecy from the lips of a practical man, a statesman whose heart was as large as his brain and who had no desire for the event he believed he foresaw, can we not find some justification of judgment for holding the opposite view? Is there not a rapidly growing conviction in the heart of the American people that the arbitrament of the sword is no arbitrament after all; — that the shedding of blood settles nothing? Take for instance, the recent flurry of possible trouble with Chili. The masses of the people fifty years ago, with the military instinct then predominant, would have been easily fired up and eager to demonstrate *vi et armis* the honor and power of the great American Republic. But the American people of to-day felt that there was a much better way to demonstrate the greatness of this Republic. The Administration even with a general as President, showed no haste to take offense and this, because, as we believe, the Administration could not help reflecting a change in the spirit of the people. Does such a decline of the military instinct indicate any lack of patriotism? No! It simply shows that "the day of the armed hand is hastening down to sunset, and now for a waiting world, like a soft night sky, the starry flag of a Brotherhood truly grand is climbing the mast of human hope, is flapping to be unfurled."

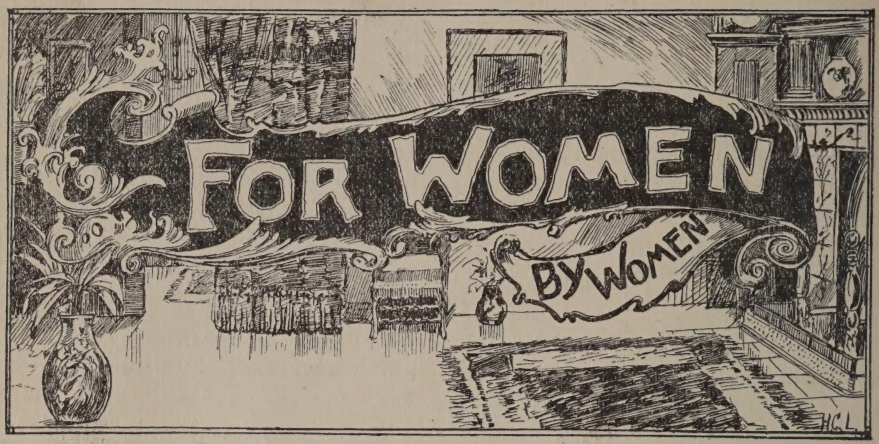
Columbia, the United States of America, can be the Pioneer of Peace among the nations. The hearty desire that she should be is the truest kind of patriotism an American can feel.

THE usurer is a sort of human vampire who preys upon the necessities of the poor and unfortunate, and a creature contemptible from every standpoint save that of his own insensate greed. Like Shylock, he will have his "pound of flesh" at whatever cost to the victim who has fallen into his power; but, unlike the Venetian, he is rarely confronted with a Portia to balance the scales of justice and defeat his grasping purpose. The business is held to be a crime throughout the civilized world, and laws are in force for its suppression; but the average usurer's concern is not to respect the law, but to evade it, relying on the ignorance or the sensibility of his victims as a shield for his illegitimate and altogether disreputable calling.

There was a time when what was done in this way was confined to a single race of people, and this very association has done more than anything else to perpetuate a dislike and distrust of that race; but a business giving so heavy a return on the capital invested could not but attract others, and since greed is not characteristic of any one people, but diffuses its poison among all classes, to-day we find this nefarious field worked by representatives of nearly every class, whose methods in their audacious defiance of law and every sentiment of humanity put to the blush the extortions of those who previously held a monopoly of the business. Under the cloak of "banking," by which it is sought to cover extortion with a veneer of respectability and legitimacy, their nefarious business is conducted. There are even so-called Catholics so ignorant of the first rudiments of their religion, or so deaf to its admonitions, as to prey upon their unfortunate fellows, and who stultify the protests of their own conscience with the apologetic explanation, "I exact nothing but what the people have agreed to pay." Weighed down by necessity, the victim's mind is not in condition to consider coolly the burden that is being placed upon him; but it is this very mental weakness that makes him the easy prey of the usurer, who adds cowardice to greed in taking an unfair advantage of the weak and helpless.

From every right-minded point of view, the usurer is a moral pariah to be shunned by the self-respecting, and suppressed by law; and if as sharp a surveillance was kept in all the great cities over these so-called "bankers" as is done in the case of the more modest pawnbrokers, society might hope to be purged of an iniquitous class who keep the poor poorer, and serve no other purpose in life than the illegitimate aggrandizement of their own petty and pharisaical selves.

THE previous number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE was the January number; but as it was issued prior to Christmas, and much of its matter was of a character appropriate to that festal time, it was denominated the Christmas number on the outer cover, while the first page of the number bore the proper date. Old readers of the MAGAZINE received their December number a month earlier which was the last issue under the previous management. This explanation is given in view of misunderstandings caused by giving the last number its holiday designation.



OUR GIRLS AS BREAD-WINNERS.

ONE of the all-important questions with the mothers of to-day is how to make their daughters self-supporting, independent bread-winners. Mothers are fully aroused to the fact that their duty ends not, but really begins as the child emerges into girlhood, for it is then the crucial time comes that may be profitably employed in equipping the girl so that she may be an intelligent, practical worker, making secure her own future and the future of those dependent upon her.

To-day there is a wider field of usefulness open to young women than in the past, and how best to utilize the present opportunities is the mother's chief concern for her daughter. Many women are to-day holding enviable positions with dignity and profit among the world's workers, and in view of the altered conditions of society, so advantageous to the interest of the energetic, ambitious young women, it is all important that the young girl should be fittingly equipped for the battle of life at a time when the mind is most receptive to practical education and the hand most responsive to the mental monitor.

In order to get a consensus of opinion from those who are best capable to speak with authority, having themselves won assured positions in the professional world, a representative of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE obtained from women prominent in medicine, law and literature, the following answers to the question: If you had a daughter twelve or fourteen years of age who would have to be self-supporting when she was grown up, what would you have her taught? believing that their answers would help solve the problem for mothers who are confronted with the same:

SHOULD BE TAUGHT SOME WORK.

Thoughtful and Pertinent Suggestions by Dr. Susan E. Crocker.

ALL girls should be taught some work by means of which they can earn a living for themselves and those dependent upon them. In this country of rapidly changing fortunes this is necessary for rich and poor alike. If prospective heiresses, they should be taught all matters connected with the management of property. This is an exacting as well as honorable occupation, requiring study and work.

All professions and all occupations are now open to woman. Her own inclinations, physical, mental and moral capacity and opportunity, must decide what work is best suited to her individual powers.

Parents should guide and assist, but they can never choose the occupations of their daughters, hence the question "What training would you give her?" must be decided in each individual case by individual conditions and environment.

In general, it may be said that a good common school education is the foundation for future usefulness. If the girl is a student and the means of the parents will allow, she should be given the opportunity for higher culture, that she may take a more commanding position among the great army of workers.

All girls, of whatever age, should be led to look forward to a life of usefulness. Whatever occupation they choose, let them not look upon it as a mere means to a livelihood, but as a business to which they can give their best powers. Let them idealize and uplift it, gaining their chief pleasure in doing that work better than it was ever done before. Thus can the humbler occupations be beautified and the workers dignified.

In choosing an occupation let not the girls despise the thing they like to do, be it never so humble. The fact that they like a work will infuse so much energy into it as to make it a pleasure as well as a success.

One word in addition to these brief suggestions. Health is all-important. Parents, look to it that your daughters have this prime requisite for a successful career.

Susan E. Crocker, M.D.

HOME MAKERS THE NEED.

Lawyer Alice Parker's Suggestions in Regard to Training Girls.

THE admission of women to the professions and so-called higher occupations tends to place domestic service on the lowest social plane.

A woman without property, education or chance for marriage, usually decides to do housework.

This implies competency in the mistress for instructing the maid and for superintending the work — a mental strain equal to that of any politician, for it is legislative, executive and judicial. The continual watchfulness of the average servant necessary for the woman of the house in order to have the comforts and luxuries of a home, prevents the concentration of her mind upon her other work, whether social, literary or lucrative, and is the main cause for men excelling women in nearly all departments of labor.

The house servant should have as much mental discipline as for any other work, and so should be on an equality with the family employing her.

Therefore as the domestic problem is the greatest one at present affecting women, I should place "a twelve-year-old daughter" where she could study hygiene, physiology, ventilation, chemistry and other branches of domestic economy, with the view of establishing a training-school at which a good price would be gladly paid by and for its graduates.

In this way my daughter's influence would be world-wide, and if in spite of all she should marry—well, her husband would always afterward be healthy and happy.

Alice Parker

A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

This is the First Requisite for a Girl's Success, Says Mrs. Estelle M. H. Merrill.

If I had a daughter I should endeavor to secure for her, first of all, as liberal an education as it were possible for her to receive. I mean by this an education in the primitive sense of the word — a *leading out* or development of every power — which should result in a well-rounded individuality, sound, healthy and firm-fibred, mentally, morally and physically. Meanwhile the child should be studied carefully to discover, and to aid her in discovering, for what work she was best fitted, and then a special training should be added for that work. Whatever her calling, whether a profession or a trade, from journalism to cooking, or from medicine to type-writing, the "allround education is as essential a pre-requisite as the preparation of the ground before the sowing of the seed. The world is full of people who think only the specialized training necessary, who try to plant, that is, without preparing the soil; and the result is a crop of poor workmen and worthless work.

Estelle M. H. Merrill

GOOD FIRST, CLEVER AFTER.

What Miss Katherine E. Conway has to Say on the Subject.

"If you had a daughter twelve or fourteen years of age, who would have to be self-supporting when she was grown up, what would you have her taught, and what training would you give her?"

I grieve to say that I cannot awaken even a polite interest in the future of that nice young person, my hypothetical daughter. Of course she would have that perfect character and pluperfect training that these remotely possible daughters always have. But if you put the question above in reference to a ward or an orphaned god-child, for whose training I might be responsible, I find I have a plan.

She should be a good woman first' and a clever worker after. Therefore I should send my little twelve-year-old to a long-established, but not large, convent school. Here she would acquire besides the knowledge indicated in the course, those character qualities invaluable to the woman and the worker alike: the habit of following a rule; promptness, obedience, modesty, self-suppression, the ability to listen respectfully, and to concentrate the mind on the duty of the minute. Should she develop while at school a taste for some special science, art, or handicraft, she should begin a special training for it; omitting in its interest some branch for which she had little aptitude — were it even that present-day fetich, the higher mathematics! I should never sacrifice a child to a course. I should teach her that mechanical and industrial pursuits are as honorable as intellectual callings; — that it is a finer thing to be a first-rate type setter than a tenth-rate journalist.

If she should have to begin to earn her own living at sixteen or seventeen years of age, her previous special training should make her mistress of some not overdone handicraft. If she were only of the average feminine health and intellectual power, such would be safer and happier than the overstrain of school room or office.

And if she were strong, mentally gifted and ambitious, she would soon make her way to something more congenial. Meantime, the knowledge of a useful and remunerative trade would not be a heavy load to carry.

Katherine E. Conway

DOMESTIC SERVICE BEST.

Mrs. Micah Dyer, Jr., Would Have Her a Home Helper.

I always say that unless a girl shows unusual ability in the direction

of some one of the professions, domestic service is by far the best thing for her. I can think of nothing more lovely for a young girl than to join with some good woman in making a bright, clean, orderly and attractive home, helping with her young energetic hands and heart to make the household however humble, a centre for "Home Influence," of the best and purest kind. We housekeepers all realize how our servants influence the home atmosphere. Some say, would you make your daughters servants? Well, we are all servants, no matter where we are placed, and what a testimonial to the power of woman if she can lift up from any sense of degradation any part of household labor and make of herself a ministering angel. Yes, if I had daughters to leave unprovided for, I should beg they might go into some Christian family and help to make it a comfortable and happy family, knowing that nowhere else could they be so sheltered and kept so pure.

Mrs Micah Dyer Jr.

MAKE HER A GOOD HOUSEKEEPER.

Is Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake's Answer to the Timely Query.

UNDER existing conditions of society I consider that my daughter has the same right as my son to a training that shall render her independent of changes of fortune. My choice as to occupation would be distinctly limited by her natural tastes and capacity, which I should endeavor to cultivate by every possible means. Up to the point where special instruction became necessary, I would select a system of education which should develop her moral, physical and womanly nature, as well as her intellect — which is the reason I have chosen the Ladies of the Sacred Heart as the teachers of my only girl, rather than the ordinary public or private school. For the rest, I would rather make her a good housekeeper and trust to that for bread winning, than a mediocre literary hack, trying to sell poor wares in a market already overstocked with the work of skilled labor. Which is another way of saying that in in this day and generation the smallest thing done well is better than the greatest done badly — when it means a staff of life for any one.

Mary Elizabeth Blake

To this subject of the future of our young women and their best practical, equipment for battle with the world too much thought cannot be given. DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is open for every new idea, for every helpful word upon it. Readers,— Mothers and daughters — have you any suggestion? They will be gladly received.—EDITOR.

MENTAL FORGET-ME-NOTS.

A WOMAN'S mind — and by mind I don't mean the brain, but the heart and soul, the part she lives with — is like a many-sided room lined with mirrors, each and every mirror reflecting the central object in her life, her love, her work, or her child. No matter what it is, it alone comes within the focus of the mirrors and is reflected; everything else glances off. Think a minute, and see if it isn't so. A woman may argue, "I live for my family life, my husband, my children." No, you don't. If family life is your central object, husband and children are only parts going to make up the whole. If it is your husband, family and home are parts of him. Women reflect one thing and one only.

and that is the reason their mirrors tarnish and refuse to reflect if the thing mirrored is taken away.

Granted that it is true, as Malcolm Soloman says it is, that "a man can never see a woman entirely as she is or as one of her own sex may see her," it ought to be added that if a man could see a woman thus he would have as ill-disguised a contempt for the perfections of the Venus of Milo as he would for the cook who makes chicken-salad from a breast of veal. Man is an animal and woman is — well, there is nothing, biped or quadruped, that quite comes up to a woman when she wants to be something else.

With men the same mirrors are there, but swung on pivots so that they can reflect outside matters with equal ease. Sometimes they get fastened toward the outside and forget how to reflect that which is within.

I don't believe men are ever ambitious for themselves; every one of them is trying to shine for or is urged on by some woman. And he will make a greater success of that work if he will consult the woman as he goes along. She cannot reason, and if she has sense she won't try, but she will suggest a little bypath to success that he would have passed, or if he must walk along the highway, she will attract his attention away from rough places in the path till she has covered them with her heart, and then when he has unconsciously saved his feet by walking on it, she will come smiling in after him at the journey's end, and make everybody think she was too slow to keep up with him.

Perhaps women are foolish about these things, but if it makes them and the men they live for happier and better, why shouldn't they be as foolish as they want to be? The angels will not define it as foolishness.

There is no use trying to live our threescore years and ten all at once. There are over twenty-five thousand five hundred days in that period and we can only live one of them at a time, and as it is an impossibility to bear to-morrow's burdens to-day, it's really foolish to try, because in the effort we will not only exhaust ourselves, but let slip from our overfull hands some of the present day's duties and pleasures to add to a pile of lost opportunities that will reach formidable dimensions before the twenty-five thousand five hundred days are over.

Then perhaps we won't live so long, so why shall we worry about the trials God isn't going to let us meet?

Life is like a piece of tapestry; most of the work which makes the beauty is done from the wrong side and never seen. It is like a piece of goods in a loom with every day for a thread, and if one is woven in wrong the whole pattern is imperilled. If several go false, all is spoiled.

There is a bit of sackcloth worn by every man and woman in the world, only some people wear it next their skin, and some on the outside.

Would you think it was fair if I, after letting a man stronger than I put a burden on my back, should abuse you for not helping me carry it? That is just what people are doing every day. Letting the devil put a load on their backs and then reviling God because He will not help them carry it.

There is a great deal of cowardice underlying the expression, "God's will be done." Half of the bad things that happen to us are not God's will at all; they are our own fault, and we know it. God makes certain laws and if they are broken certain consequences are bound to result. We can't expect God to alter His laws for our benefit.

No subscriber to "Donahoe's Magazine" should let this month pass without helping some child, either his own or his neighbor's, towards a right start in life, by telling him of our Bank Book offer, and sending us the child's name that we may send him instructions.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

You can furbish up an old evening gown and give it quite an Empire look by crossing a ribbon back and front over the shoulders and bust, and filling in the space on either side with shirred lace. Put the edging of lace round the neck and over the sleeves, but none at the bottom. You can make this on a net foundation and fasten it in the back with a bow. Here is another idea.

If you chance to have two pieces of wide lace, half a yard or so long, gather each one, put a chic bow a la rabbit's ear, or what you will, over the gathers, poise one on each shoulder and catch the ends together at bottom, front and back. Our drawings give other pretty suggestions.

Some Uses for Borax.

Sprinkle places infested by ants with borax and you will soon be rid of them.

Blankets and furs put away well sprinkled with borax and done up air-tight, will never be troubled with moths.

A little borax put into the water before washing red, or red-bordered table-cloths and napkins, will prevent their fading.

Ringworms will yield to borax treatment. Apply a strong solution of borax three times a day; also dust on the fine, dry powder often.

Silver spoons and forks, in daily use may be kept bright by leaving them in strong borax water several hours. The water should be boiling when they are put in.

Put a teaspoonful of borax in your rinsing water; it will whiten the clothes, and also remove the yellow cast on garments that have been laid aside for two or three years.

One of the best things to cleanse the scalp thoroughly is to dissolve one half a teaspoonful of borax in a quart of water and apply it, rubbing it in well. Rinse well in clear water.

For washing fine, nice flannels, nothing will cause them to look so nice as borax in the water, a tablespoonful of borax to a pail of water being the right proportion. Always wash baby's little flannel skirts, shirts, etc., in this.

Always wash baby's mouth and gums every morning with water in which you have put a pinch of borax. It keeps the mouth fresh and sweet, and prevents that uncomfortable affliction, a sore mouth, with which so many poor babies are troubled when their mouths are not kept perfectly clean.

Borax water is excellent for sponging either silk or wool goods that are not soiled enough to need washing. In washing cashmere or wool goods, put a little borax in the water. This will cleanse them much more easily and better, without injury to the colors. Do not rub them on a board, but use the hands, and throw on the line without wringing. Press them on the wrong side, and they will look almost like new

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About a Man

The upright man does not cover as

much ground as he might.— *Dallas (Texas) News.*

It's a wise man who recognizes when he's whipped.— *Jamestown Journal.*

It is an old man who does not enjoy getting even.— *Cloverport (Ky.) Girl.*

It is easy for a deaf man to miss his calling.— *Texas Siftings.*

A man will tell a lie to get sympathy, and a woman will tell a lie to give it.— *Atchison Globe.*

Honest Beauty Tricks.

THERE are comparatively harmless ways of accentuating natural beauty. For instance, perfumes may be indulged in by everybody for their stimulating and refreshing properties, especially lavender, lemon, roses, violets, sage and benzoin. Thick lips can be reduced by rubbing with tannin. Pale lips can be induced to show color by friction with black grapes.

Lemon, orange and cucumber peels are excellent for the complexion. Let them soak in water, for they not only soften, but tonify and freshen the complexion, keeping the flesh healthy and firm. When wiping the face always wipe upward, for this saves many a wrinkle and fulness under the chin. The eyes should always be wiped toward the nose, as it presses out the fine lines from the corners.

A good plan to preserve the skin from becoming set and old, is to give the face perfect rest four or five times a day. No matter how busy one's life is, if possible to lie down for even five minutes at a time, close the eyes and keep the face in repose. If this is done daily it will prevent the haggard look noticeable with too many women. Good powder will not harm the skin ; on the contrary, it gives a soft, cool look and comfortable feeling.

Rice powder is the best to use. It is a good plan to cleanse the face prior to retiring to rest with a little cream or milk of cucumber. Apply with a soft piece of linen, dabbing it well over the face, then wipe off the superfluous moisture. This cleanses the skin better than water, and encourages a delicate and white complexion. Rain water should be used whenever possible, otherwise distilled or rose water.

THE story of Mrs. Thomas A. Edison's courtship and marriage is a delightful one. After the death of the great inventor's first wife his daughter went to boarding school, and during her vacations brought home with her a bright young school friend. This girl grew to love the lonely man, who buried himself and his grief in his fascinating researches, while he, brightened by the cheer which the two merry school girls brought into his home, speedily returned her affection, and in time a marriage followed. Since then the inventor's toilsome days have been relieved by hours of delightful home life, which refresh him after his laboratory work more than anything else could. Mrs. Edison is sweet and vivacious, as a girl wife can be, and her life is a most happy one. With her step-daughter, scarcely younger than herself, her relation is altogether charming.

HERE is a romantic anecdote about Louisa Alcott's father and mother. As a young man, Mr. Alcott, so the story goes, was amanuensis or secretary to Mrs. Alcott's father. The two young people met often and naturally fell in love with each other. Mr. Alcott's social position and prospects being somewhat uncertain at that time, he did not feel justified in asking this well-born and talented young woman to marry him. He finally gave up his position and they parted with no confessions on either side. It was agreed, however, that each should keep a journal, and that these journals should be exchanged once in so often. Thus matters went on for some time; he, unwilling to ask so much and offer so little; she, willing to give all and chafing under a woman's necessity of keeping silent. At length, one day, while reading the journal he had sent her, she came across a few sentences in which he hinted at his love and unhappiness, and wondered what she would

say if he should ever presume to ask her hand in marriage. The moment was a critical one, but Mrs. Alcott was equal to it. Seizing a pen, quickly and clearly she wrote underneath: "Supposing you ask her and find out!" It is said that the journal is still preserved in the Alcott family.

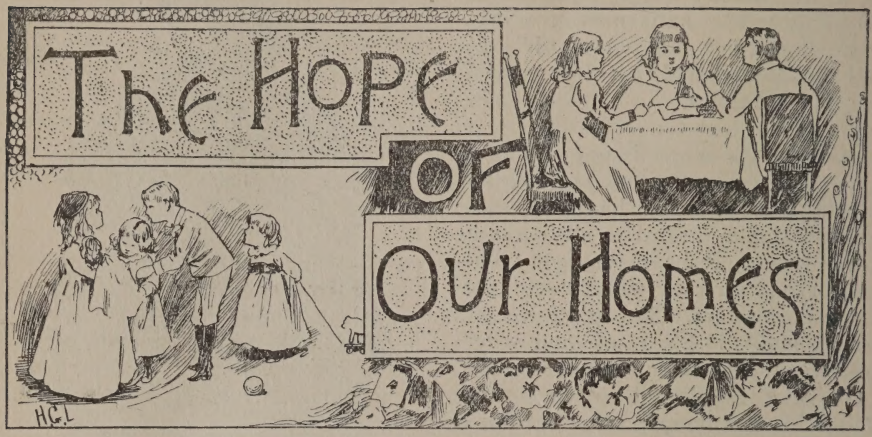
In these days when lamps are used so much, the care of them is quite an important matter. If the lamps be good and have proper attention, one cannot wish for a more satisfactory light; but if badly cared for they will be a source of much discomfort. The great secret of having lamps in good working order is to keep them clean and to use good oil. Have a regular place and time for trimming the lamps. Put a folded newspaper on the table so that any stray bits of burned wick and drops of oil may fall upon it. Wash and wipe the chimneys and shades. Now take off all loose parts of the burner, washing them in hot soap suds and wiping with a clean soft cloth. Trim the wicks and turn them quite low. With a soft, wet cloth, well soaped, wipe the burner thoroughly, working the cloth as much as possible inside the burner, to get off every particle of the charred wick. Now fill the lamp within about one inch of the top and wipe with a damp towel and then with a dry one. Adjust all the parts and return them to their proper places. Whenever a new wick is required in a lamp, wash and scald the burner before putting in the wick.

It is a question open to debate whether the autocrats who design outdoor fashions consider the feminine neck a thing to be hidden and buried, or as an excuse for an elaboration of trimming such as has never been seen before. "In order to be entirely correct," said a clever woman the other day, "our head must grow right out of our shoulders." Such a variety of capes, ruffles and collars as adorn modish wraps nowadays makes us look very broad-shouldered, entirely neckless and forms a delightful calyx for a flower-like

face. There is nothing sweeter than a girl's face framed in a high flaring collar or a wide-pleated cape, but don't try and make either yourself. Better not have any, than a bungle, and a home-made wrap is far more apt to be a bungle than is a frock. The heavier materials are hard to handle, and there is a certain professional touch to the neck that is conspicuous only by its absence. Its presence passes as a matter of course.

This cavilere cape is from Deutch & Co., New York. The cape proper is of brocade, set full on the yoke and lined with surah of a contrasting shade. The shoulder cape is of velvet, heavily embroidered in gold with passementerie as a border. The collar and yoke are in one, also embroidered and faced with the same surah which forms the lining. This cape is also shown in Persannier and sealskin, a very lovely combination.

He thinks upon last summer
With mild astonishment.
'Tis truly nice to gaze on ice
That doesn't cost a cent.
— *Washington Star.*



SNOW-FLAKES.

BY MARY CONROY.

Down came the snow-flakes soft and white,
  Down from the murky sky;
From out the "play-room" warm and bright,
  We watch them, Jack and I.

Jack is a sturdy lad of four,
  Brown as a berry he —
Roguish and winsome, brimming o'er
  With merriment and glee.

We watch the snow, Jack's solemn eyes
  Gaze with a puzzled stare;
At last, "Mamma!" enrapt he cries,
  "I know what puts them there!"

"Puts what, dear child?" I question him.
  "The feather things, you know!
The little angels shakes their wings
  And then that makes it snow!"

How Ponto Went to Church.

It was laughingly said in Uncle Jerry's family that Ponto was a pious dog, for he always followed the carryall to church, and lingered to return home with his friends after service. This was considered a rather decorous trait in the dog, and even Uncle Jerry was known to crack a mild joke on Ponto's regularity in "assembling himself together" on Sunday morning.

But one bright Sunday, when the apple trees were in blossom, and the factory girls had donned their new straw bonnets, and all the more fortunate boys were looking so spruce in their fresh spring suits that it was a pleasure as well as a duty to present themselves at the quaint village church, Ponto resolved to be no longer a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord, and accordingly he sidled up the aisle after his mistress and followed her into the pew. When he showed no disposition to regard her hint to go out as he came in, the timid lady concluded to let him be where he was, hoping against hope that he would disturb no one. Uncle Jerry had two pews, and Ponto might, during good behaviour, be allowed to spread himself in one of them. His demeanor was reverential enough for a time, but when the immemorial seamstress of the family appeared at the door of the pew, escorted by a suitor from a distance, who was hospitably entertained at the deacon's house in view of the fact that he was a man of substance and a class-leader withal, Ponto challenged the latter with a few gruff notes that decided the worthy couple to retire to another seat. He had taken an obstinate dislike to Sarah's choice, based, it was hinted, on canine jealousy, and this was his opportunity to show it. The embarrassment of the devoted pair was increased by the significant glances of the younger members of the congregation; but it was of brief duration, being effectually relieved by Ponto himself.

When the organ voluntary began, he arose on his hind legs, placed his forepaws on the back of the pew, and resting his nose on them, sent forth a series of penitential howls that must have come from the inmost recesses of his dog nature. All the lapses of his mature life, all the forgotten peccadillos of his youth, the very vagaries of his puppyhood, passed before him in fearful array. That lace bonnet of Abby's that he shook to pieces; that melodeon cover that he chewed up and hid in the currant bushes; that kitten that he kept trembling in the top of the pear-tree all one morning.

His mistress, at the first utterance of his confession, strove to divert his mind from the painful subject by inviting him out into the sunshine and free air, but not an inch would he budge till he had made a clean breast of it, and had ruined Miss Simkin's beautiful voluntary in the process.

Then, with the assitance of his young master, just arrived at the dignity of a cane and tail coat, he was led out into the aisle, but instead of turning toward the door of egress, he made for the pulpit, which he invaded with a bound, and quitted with equal precipitancy on the other side. Before any one had the presence of mind to open the east door for him, around he came into the aisle again, and by that time his pursuers had crossed in front of the pews to the other side.

Two or three turns like this for that modest dame, Uncle Jerry's wife, and that sensitive young man, the son, in the face of a congregation at once tittering and awe-struck, constituted an experience to be remembered for a lifetime.

"Oh, I can laugh now," said the lady in recalling the incident, "but I thought I should die then."

A fortunate doubling on the intruder, an open door, a waving tail, a brandished cane, and then a sudden exit of two of the actors left the exhausted matron free to drop into a rear pew and collect her thoughts as best she might.

That new rattan cane was never seen thereafter, and there were those who believed that Ponto had a taste of its quality that embittered his ecclesiastical views to the end of life.

After the service Uncle Jerry said: "Boys, you must tie Ponto up next Sunday morning."

Sunday morning came, but no Ponto was to be found. On the arrival of the family at church there he was, awaiting them; but he showed no inclination to enter.

From that time until the day of his death Ponto never failed to disappear early Sunday morning, and to reappear in the churchyard at half-past ten. But never again did he cross the threshold of the church door.

For a Dull Evening.

A LIVELY game is what might be called catch-as-catch-can, and it is very popular among the younger boys. The players seat themselves upon the floor in a circle, with one of their number in the centre. They have a light rubber ball, and the game is to throw it from one side to the other, and keep it going thus without letting the one in the centre catch it. If he succeeds in doing so, the player who threw the ball exchanges places with him, and the game goes on merrily amid great shouting and laughter.

Parlor quoits is of a somewhat similar nature, and not less interesting. Get a wood-turner to prepare half a dozen rings of good ash the size and shape of old-fashioned curtain rings; also two affairs of the same material precisely like exaggerated candle-sticks with the candles sharpened to a point. Cover the rings with flannel or baize, so that they won't make too much noise banging against each other, and your equipment is complete. Place the "candlesticks" as far apart as you choose, and then pitch the rings exactly as you would ordinary quoits, using four or six, according to your fancy, and scoring by "ringers" and by the rings nearest the sticks.

Two quieter games are Geography and Person and Thing. For the first each player must be provided with pencil and paper. Then the object is to see who can write down the largest number of names of rivers, lakes, mountains and other geographical features of the world, beginning with a certain specified letter, as M or S or P, within five minutes. History or literature might be similarly treated where the company is mainly composed of adults. This game may be made very interesting and instructive.

Person and Thing is a capital question game — one of the very best of its kind. Two of the players leave the room, and arrange together to represent one the person and the other the thing, choosing, of course, two subjects that are mutually suggestive of each other, as, for instance, Alexander and Bucephalus, St. George and the dragon, Mary and her lamb, Balaam and his ass, Mother Hubbard and her dog, Jack and his beanstalk, Cinderella and her slipper, and so on. They then re-enter the room, and are peppered with questions from the others, who endeavor in every way possible to discover their secret. They must answer correctly all fair questions, and their aim should be to do this without betraying themselves. The longer they can manage to conceal their identity the more credit they deserve. When they are found out two others take their place and try.

A very bright game which exercises both mind and muscles bears the odd name of "Jenkins Down, Jenkins Up." For this six players are required, though later more may take part. Sides are chosen, each side having a captain. The players then seat themselves at opposite sides of a table, which should be covered with a cloth. The captain sits in the middle of his side. Somebody produces a coin, (a quarter of a dollar or a cent will do.) The captains toss up for the privilege of beginning. The winner takes the coin, and the loser cries "Jenkins up," whereupon all his opponents hold their hands up with palms turned toward him. "Jenkins down," he orders, and at once all the hands are dropped under the table, and the captain passes the coin about until the other captain calls "Jenkins up," and immediately every hand must be placed upon the table outspread with back up. Now the coin is hidden under

Continued on page 238.

Start a Bank Account.

THE desire of every father and mother worthy the name is that their children may attain greater success and happiness than they themselves enjoyed. In our civilization and under our government, we are the creators of our own positions. No accidental circumstances of birth or condition hinder our progress. All fields are free and the harvest is to him who shows and exercises the greatest industry, intelligence and thrift.

We are not content to sit all our lives as the footstools of others. The mechanic aims to be master, the clerk to be merchant, the servant that he may gain recognition. You may have to till and to toil now, but for what is it all? First, that you may gain a competence; next, and always, that your children may start in life at least one peg higher than you did. As a people no fault can be found with our industry, nor are our educational facilities egregiously lacking. If in any of the three requisites of success — industry, intelligence and thrift — we are weak, it is in the last.

Thrift is the Necessity

of the time. To practise it themselves, to teach it to their children, is the duty of all worthy parents. "A penny saved is a penny earned" is a trite truism, but with children a penny saved or earned is at least a dime gained in the mental habit or physical discipline induced by the act. Not that we would preach stinginess. Thrift and meanness are as wide apart as the poles. Judicious expenditure is essential to our progress, but the sooner children are taught the value of money the better. How can they best be taught this? By each having his or her own

Bank Account

in the rise or fall of which each can observe the money value of his various little sacrifices or squanderings. It is safe to say that the child who has a bank-book of his own will as a man draw his own checks. Yes, you say, that's all very well; but how am I to give my children bank accounts, when my wages are barely enough to keep my family in food?

∴ WE WILL START A ∴

BANK ACCOUNT

FOR YOUR CHILD.

WE WILL DEPOSIT

TEN DOLLARS

for him in any Savings Bank you may name.

The price of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is $2.00 a year in advance. For ten subscribers we get $20.00. If your boy or girl gets us ten subscribers we will give half of the money to him. In other words, we will put $10.00 in the bank for him to start a bank account, which we believe will be a blessing to him, both in its intrinsic value and its incidental discipline. This offer is open only to children of subscribers, or children who are recommended by subscribers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Boys and Girls,

Let us start a bank account for you. Subscription blanks and full instructions will be sent you by writing to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington Street, Boston.

Continued from page 236.

one of these extended hands, and the game is for the other captain to locate it. He only may call, but his side acts as an advisory committee. One after another he touches the hands that he thinks hide no coin, and they are at once turned up. So he goes on until either he narrows it down to the hand that has the coin, or, as more often happens, touches a hand that holds it, when at once he loses his call, and the game begins as before.

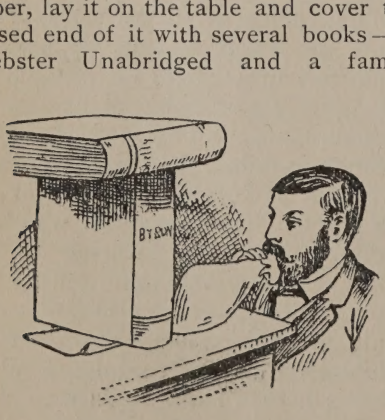
Instead of calling up the hands one by one the captain may call up all but one or two, and then if the coin has not been revealed he has either found it or has only one more guess. When he does succeed in finding it he takes it over to his side, and the other captain has the calling up the coin, then going from side to side until the players have had enough of the game.

THE HUMAN BREATH.

It Will not Move Mountains, but has Power to Raise Large Books.

The following experiment demonstrated the elementary power of the human breath :

Take a large bag of good, heavy paper, lay it on the table and cover the closed end of it with several books — a Webster Unabridged and a family



Bible, for instance; then blow into the bag, filling or inflating it with air, and you will soon see that it will overthrow the books – i. e., remove a small mountain, so says the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

The President and the Bootblack.

DURING the troubles in South America last fall, in which the United States of Colombia was involved, a dirty and ragged bootblack presented himself at the gate of the President's palace in Bogota. He was ordered to move on, but insisted with such ardor upon seeing the President that a message finally told that dignitary of the boy's request.

"Let him come in," was the order. "What do you want?" asked the President, as the bootblack entered.

"Your protection, Mr. President," answered the boy.

"And protection for whom?"

"For myself and companions."

"But I do not know you, nor do I know who your companions are, nor what protection you seek."

"Mr. President," said the boy, posing in a bold attitude, "I am a poor bootblack, and my companions are of the same calling; we shine boots and sell newspapers, and with what we earn we feed and clothe ourselves, and as far as we can assist our families. At other times the same thing has occurred as to-day, but no one has dared to make a complaint, and if there is a newspaper that would do it the facts would be denied by some official; but to-day they can't deny what is taking place."

"And what is taking place?" interrupted the great man.

"We are being taken as recruits, Mr. President."

"But my boy, there is no recruiting going on now."

"We are not recruited for the army, Mr. President, but we are tied and carried to work on coffee plantations. Even at this moment thirty of my comrades are leaving Bogota under an escort for either Tolima or Fusagasuga."

The President made inquiries, and immediately took steps to remedy the wrong.—*Harper's Young People.*

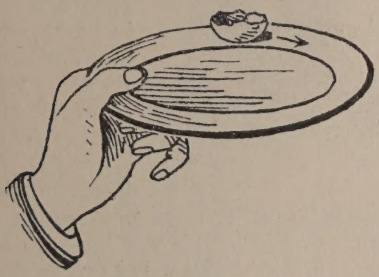
Now, children, you must be very good to-day, for your father has hurt his hand, and if you are naughty he cannot whip you. —*Fliegende Blätter.*

ROTATION OF THE GLOBE.

An experiment to be made after you eat an egg.

WHEN next you chance to eat an egg you can easily make an experiment, which is not only productive of much amusement, but also illustrates in a manner so clear and simple that even a child can comprehend it, the double movement of the earth, which revolves simultaneously around the sun and on its own axis.

Moisten slightly with water the rim of your plate and in the centre paint with the yolk of the egg (you see that you have not far to go for coloring material) a sun with golden rays. Then all that you have to do is to place the empty



DOOBLE MOVEMENT OF THE EARTH

half shell of your egg on the rim of the plate, and keeping this latter duly sloped and shifting it gradually around so that the shell may always have an inch or two of descending plane before it, you will see the egg shell begin to revolve rapidly on its own axis, at the same time travelling around the plate.

The slight cohesion caused by the water which moistens the plate counteracts the centrifugal force and so prevents the egg shell falling off the edge of the plate.

STUB ENDS OF THOUGHT.

IT is better to be right than be caught.

Some people will never go to heaven, because they think heaven ought to come to them.

The devil's tail is a continued story.

A rolling stone gathers strength.

Clover blossoms are the bonbons of the bees.

Only a great musician can make good music with one string to his fiddle.

Welcome is better than pie for dinner.

A weak slip of a girl can shake the heart out of a powerful man.

FRAGMENTS.

VIRTUE can never be attained without great pains and dilligence; and if you cool and linger in this pursuit, the moment that you gain not ground you lose it.— *Thomas á Kempis.*

A single evil will expand itself and usurp the place of much good. A tooth is a little thing, but its aching shuts out the light of sun and stars, the songs of birds, the joy of a household, the wealth of a continent, the power of a kingdom. —*James Russell Lowell.*

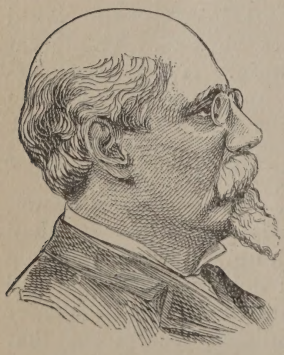
The great battlefields of the world are in the hearts of men. The great struggles are within. A soul once committed to God and His cause finds in its fierce fights a field of glory, where grand victories may be won and sweet peace be found.— *H. W. Thomas.*

A good book, whether a novel or not, is one that leaves you farther on than when you took it up. If when you drop it, it drops you down in the same old spot, with no finer outlook, no clearer vision, no stimulated desires for that which is better and higher, it is in no sense a good book.— *Anna Warner.*

OUR WRITERS THIS MONTH.

THE readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE are again to be congratulated upon the able pens that have contributed to the value and interest of the number now before them. In the previous issue it was stated that the aim would be to secure for the instruction and entertainment of readers the brightest available matter, and from writers whose names would give force, dignity and color to their contributions. This number is submitted as a test of the integrity of that purpose.

However valuable the article may be, it has a deeper interest to the reader when he or she is brought into closer acquaintance with the author thereof, and therefore the following brief references are made to the personalities whose names are associated with the chief features of the present number :



JOSEPH HOWARD, Jr., who contributes the paper, "Catholic Prelates Whom I Have Known," is one of the strongest personalities in American journalism. For over forty years his vigorous pen has been constantly employed with honor and profit to himself and to every publication with which his work has been associated. His is a remarkable individuality that has given a familiarity, value and potency to his pen unequalled by that of any other journalistic free lance. Howard is especially charming when he drops into reminiscences, for his pen portraits are as clean-cut as cameos — a fact of which his present contribution to DONAHOE'S is evidence.

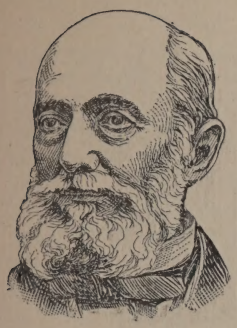
HENRY AUSTIN, who contributes the initial paper of a series of art articles, "In American Studios," needs no further word of introduction to be added to the expression of gratification given last month at his acquisition as a contributor.

JAMES W. CLARKE, A. M., is a journalist who has rendered long, brilliant and valiant service, and who in his treatment of "The English Public School System" knows whereof he writes. Mr. Clarke made the Boston Traveller more of a power than before or since. He was later for some years chief editorial writer on the Boston Daily Globe, and is now associate editor-in-chief of The New York Recorder.

JOHN W. O'KEEFE, who contributes the article on "Catholic Actresses," is a Boston boy and a well-known Gotham journalist, at present editorially associated with the Morning Journal, New York City. He is a versatile, trenchant writer, whose pen has explored nearly all fields of literary effort.

THE REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIER, C. SS. R., who adds to the excellences of this month an article dealing with the presence and influence here of His Grace, Archbishop Satolli, is one of the most eloquent members of the Redemptorist Order. Father Currier is now engaged in an important work dealing with the history of the religious orders.

MISS JESSIE M. BURGOYNE, who is represented by "A Matterof Expression," is one of New York's bright young women who is making a name and a place for herself in the journalistic and literary life of that city.



RICHARD H. CLARKE, LL. D., who writes of "Catholic New York," is a distinguished member of the New York bar, and one of the most prominent Catholics of that city. He is one of the charter members of the Catholic Club, New York, and has for years been identified with the Catholic interests of the Metropolis.

W. S. SNYDER, who contributes "The Story of a Rose," was referred to last month in connection with the poem from his pen, and it only needs to be said that his work in this issue will emphasize the verity of what was then written of him. In addition to the story above referred to Mr. Snyder contributes a poem fully equal in its "touch of nature" to anything Will Carleton has given.

JOHN O'CALLAGHAN who again makes his appearance in DONAHOE'S with the article entitled, "On the Eve of Home Rule," proves not only his competency to write upon that subject, but his thorough unpartisan grasp of the Irish situation.

JOSEPH F. BARKER.*

DIED JAN. 10, 1893.

STRICKEN in life's early day,
Ere yet the bloom of youth
To manhood's prime had given way,
Or dead was childhood's truth;
Stricken by Death's deadly dart,
While life was full of beauty,
Stricken was as loyal heart
As ever answered duty.

Not to the sound of stirring drum,
Not to the bugle call,
Not where the serried columns come,
Not at the bastioned wall;
He did not give his gentle life
Where banners proudly wave,
Where legions meet in deadly strife,
To find a soldier's grave.

He gave it with an humbler air;
But courage just as true
Inspired the heart that perished there
As ever warrior knew;
The call meant death, he answered quick,
Nor ever looked behind,
Though dangers hung about him thick,
And all his pathway lined.

Stricken in his youth — O Death!
Why will you ever choose
To steal away the treasured breath
Of friends we cannot lose?
Why are these unseen arrows borne
Around us from above?
Why are we called alway to mourn
The friends whom most we love?

And why was he, of all we knew,
Called to such bitter fate —
The gentle one who with us grew
From child to man's estate?
Why must the smile that always cheered,
The love that knew no doubt,
Now leave each heart forever seared,
Since that young life went out?

What poignant grief shades all this life!
Of joy what seeming dearth!
How Death cuts with relentless knife
The tender ties of earth!
The air is burdened with our sighs,
With sound of funeral knell,
And tears are ever in our eyes,
With whispering farewell.

But now we feel a double grief,
O'er our dead comrade here,
Whose gentle life was all too brief,
Whose words were full of cheer,
And while each mourner weeping bends
O'er one so loyal, brave,
We lay, with many sorrowing friends,
Our tribute on his grave.

S. O. SHERMAN.

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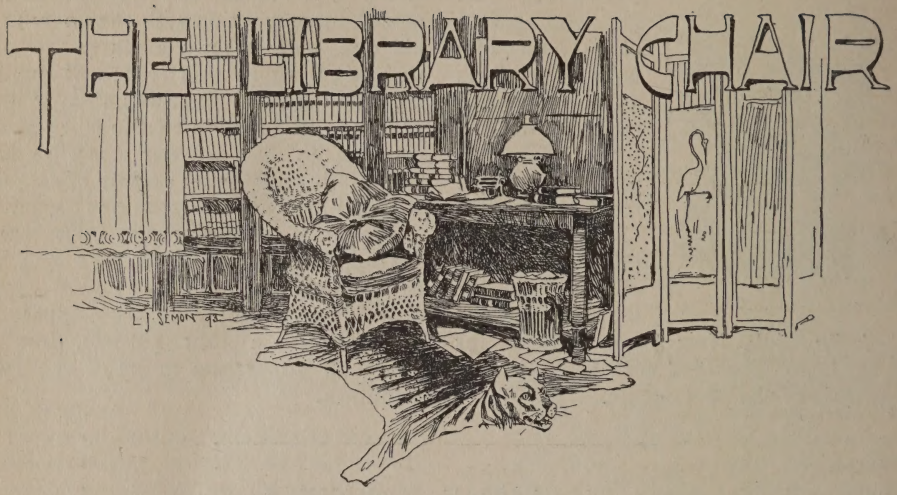
*Among the many tributes to the memory of Joseph F. Barker is the above from Stephen O. Sherman, of the City Press Association, who was the city editor of the Boston Traveller when Mr. Barker began his newspaper career. The deceased was buried from St. Mary's Catholic Church, Cambridge, Jan. 15, 1893.



"Mâlmôrda," a metrical romance by Joseph I. C. Clarke, a distinguished New York journalist, is a genuine literary event. It is a book that every Irishman who has any capacity to appreciate the legendary lore of Ireland and the majestic poetry of her ancient days should make a point of possessing. Apart from the natural attraction of a racial interest, Mr. Clarke's poem is a book which every lover of really strong and living literature ought to own. It reads like a fragment of a great epic, though it is mostly the passionate monologue, self-assertion, self-defence, defiance, despair of a proud, barbaric, half-Christian, half-pagan warrior. We will not tell the simple, natural plot of the poem here, but leave it to the reader to enjoy as by first discovery. We will simply say that in a period of what seems over-production in letters, in an epoch when the magazines and the daily papers give so much space to the *fioriture* of cultivated but painfully petty chirpers, it is breezily refreshing to find a poem like "Mâlmôrda." For "Mâlmôrda," in spite of its length—one thousand five hundred odd lines of blank verse—compelled us to read itself hrough at one sitting on the morning we received it, and moreover to return to it the same day with renewed interest and curiosity. It is a rich romance, full of a broad Homeric sense of natural picturesqueness, and the few lame lines in it are lost and forgotten by the critic in the joy of finding so many winged lines. Its issuance from the Knickerbocker Press of G. P. Putnam's Sons is a guarantee of the mechanical excellence of its printing, binding, etc. How so busy a journalist as Mr. Clarke has found time to do such a fine piece of work is a mystery, but, having shown it possible, he owes it to himself and to Ireland and to literature to repeat the achievement.

The actor who has for years been *en rapport* with his audiences numbers his friends by thousands. A cosmopolitan, the interest in the man and his work penetrates all places and among all conditions of society. Especially is this true of the comedian. Actors in other lines may have each a particular clientele of appreciative admirers; but the laugh is a "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." So, too, when the comedian has passed away the remembrance of the pleasure he has afforded lingers long

after the recollection of the star of tragedy has paled into forgetfulness. Although it is nearly seven years since the curtain was rung down on the last act in the life of John E. Owens, his memory is green in the minds of many thousands whose hearts were made lighter by his inimitable comedy creations. In imagination they can still catch the quaint rustic accents of Solon Shingle and hear the jocund crack of his whip. By these countless admirers of the comedian will be welcomed "Memories of John E. Owens," by Mrs. John E. Owens, and which has just been published by Messrs. John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, a touchingly appreciative tribute to a life by one who shared its associations and is therefore best qualified to tell its story. In a neat and compact volume of nearly three hundred pages, enriched by many character illustrations, Mrs. Owens pays tender and appreciative tribute to the memory of her husband. The style is simple and direct, and the volume narrates succinctly and connectedly the career of the comedian, with glimpses of his home life and touches of enlivening anecdote. The book is well printed and bound, and is an addition to its class of literature that will be prized by all who remember the genial personality of which it treats, as well as all who are interested in the record of the stage.

THE Cosmopolitan for January is a magnificent number of this charming and popular periodical, and in text and illustrations a revelation of progressive and enlightened magazine making. The frontispiece, "Solitude," is from a painting by Sir Frederick Leighton, and is followed by an instructive and copiously illustrated paper, entitled "The Making of an Illustrated Magazine," in which the *modus operandi* of producing the Cosmopolitan is detailed in a way that is entertaining to all its readers. Then follows the following diversified table of contents: "Four Famous Artists," by Gerald Campbell; "Japan Revisited," by Sir Edwin Arnold; "Beauties of the American Stage," by Jos. P. Read and William S. Walsh; "The Confessions of an Autograph Hunter," by Charles Robinson; "The English Laureates," by R. H. Stoddard; "The Muses of Manhattan," by Brander Mathews; "Grant Under Fire," by Theodore Davis; "A Traveler from Altruria," by W. D. Howells; "The Wheel of Time," by Henry James; "Co-operative Industry," by Rev. Edward Everett Hale; "The Lost Island," by Louise V. Sheldon and E. J. Austin. In "To Those Coming," Edith M. Thomas contributes the only poem in the number.

The January Century is one of average character, and this is saying all that is necessary to be said in way of general comment. A life-like picture of the late John G. Whittier is the opening feature of the number, and the contents include "The Great Wall of China," by Romyn Hitchcock; "A Winter Ride to the Great Wall of China," by N. B. Dennys, "Whittier," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "The Kindergarten Movement," by Talcott Williams; "The Story of Millet's Life," by Pierre Willet, a brother of the artist; Passages from the Letters of General and Senator Sherman; and "Personal Studies of Indian Life," by Alice C. Fletcher; "To Gipsyland," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell; Poetry by Louise Imogen Guiney, Richard Watson Gilder, Louise Chandler Moulton, Charles Washington Coleman, and the usual departments.

IT is not often that the generally excellent Atlantic lends itself to the circulation of such a stupid and altogether reprehensible piece of caricature, as in the case of "Father Bohy" in Mary Hartwell Catherwood's "Old Kaskaskia," in the current January number, and it is neither creditable to the Atlantic nor to the author, that such an objectionable piece of alleged portraiture should be given a place in an otherwise pleasing and well written sketch. Surely a magazine that has had such editors as Lowell, Howells and

Aldrich is degenerating from the standard they maintained when it stoops to such a level. The other contents of the number are in every way worthy of the past traditions of the Atlantic, and and are: "George William Curtis and Civil Service Reform," by Sherman S. Rogers; "The Feudal Chiefs of Arcadia," by Francis Parkman; "Diary of a Nervous Invalid," by Edwin Lassetter Bynner; "A Heart Leaf from Stony Creek Bottom," by M. E. M. Davis; "The Russian Kusuy's Cure," by Isabel F. Hapgood; "Penelope's English Experiences," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "Cola Di Rienzi," by Harriet Waters Preston and Louise Dodge; "In a Wintery Wilderness," by Frank Bolles; "Edward Augustus Freeman," by John Fiske; "Shakespeare in Love's Labors Lost," by Sir Edward Strachey; "Reminiscences of a German Nonagenarian," by E. P. Evans, and reviews, etc. The solitary poem of the number is "To a Wild Rose Found in October," by Ednah Proctor Choate.

Scribner's for January is a bright, entertaining number replete with the popular matter that has won favor for this excellent periodical. The chief feature of the number is the interesting illustrated paper dealing with "The Peary Relief Expedition," by Professor Angelo Heilprin, chief of that expedition. Other papers are: "Personal Recollections of Mr. Lincoln," by the Marquis de Chambrun; "The Poor in Naples," by Jessie White Va. Mario; "Impressions of a Decorator in Rome," by Frederick Crowninshield; "The Wanderings of Cochiti," by Charles F. Lummis; "The Fall of Sebastopol," by William Howard Russell, LL. D. A serial by Frances Hodgson Burnett entitled "The One I Knew Best of All," opens in this number, while there is a quaint and touching Spanish-American idyl, "Los Caraquenos," by F. W. Stimson. The poetry of the number is contributed by John Hall Ingram, Margaret Crosby and Edith Wharton.

The Catholic World (Paulist Fathers, New York) sets out on its race through the new year with a "go" and vim that seems to argue a solid confidence in its staying powers. The January number not only accents its new departure in the line of illustrations by increasing the number, excellence, and interest of the pictures given, but adds another feature which to many of its oldest friends will, perhaps, be still more attractive — that of describing the beginnings, progress, and actual status of the great educational institutions throughout the United States. The opening paper of this series is devoted to Nazareth, Kentucky, under the title of "A Famous Convent School of the Southwest." The magazine promises for February another profusely illustrated article on Maryville, the well-known convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart in St. Louis. The article on Pasteur, written by Father Zahm, of Notre Dame University, is a thoroughly exhaustive survey of the life and achievements of the eminent biologist. It is interesting to know that Pasteur is a sincerely devout Catholic. Emma W. White writes in a masterly way of the system of Froebel, and shows that the Church is not behind in her sympathy for approved methods of education. Among the other articles special mention may be given to Father Conway's admirable article on America's Workmen and Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake's exhaustive essay on the Birth of Spanish literature.

The North American Review for January is fully up in matter of contents to the high standard which this excellent periodical has ever attained. In the opening and principal paper, Senator Chandler of New Hampshire discusses the question "Shall Immigration be Suspended," and makes a plea in favor of restriction. He says: "There is already a virtual suspension which may be prolonged," referring to the fact that the cholera scare of the past year has already almost stopped immigration, and argues that "this cessation should be prolonged by law until new

conditions are matured under which immigration may be resumed." He favors the suspension for one year, maintaining that the class of immigrants who now seek our shores are not in the main of so desirable as was formerly the case. The other chief papers in the number are "Foreign Nations at the World's Fair," by the Japanese minister to this country, who treats of Japan, and by the Consul General at Rome who writes of Italy; and the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P., author of "The American Commonwealth," contributes an instructive paper on "Political Organizations in the United States and England."

"The Story of Our Post Office," by Marshall Cushing, Private Secretary to Postmaster Wanamaker, will shortly be issued by A. M. Thayer & Co., Boston. This volume will treat in graphic and interesting style of this great department of the government in all its phases. The magnitude of this great mail-carrying and delivery system is one of the marvels of the present advanced age, and in Mr

MARSHALL CUSHING.

Cushing it has a chronicler who will do the subject complete justice. He is a gifted journalist who wields a ready and interesting pen, and is in a position, through his association with the Post master General, to describe with knowledge all the workings of the department from its ocean and railway service to the pony carriers of the far West, and from the immense post-office of the great city to the little shed-like structure that serves the first purposes of the embryotic frontier town. It will be a large, copiously illustrated volume of about 600 pages, and a magnificent addition to the field of practical, informative literature.

THE Architects and Builders' Edition of the Scientific American for January is a number that with its colored and other plates of recent attractive dwellings, its descriptions of each, and valuable hints on building generally, should be in the hands of all those who are about to enjoy the luxury of owning their own dwelling.

The February number of the CATHOLIC SCHOOL AND HOME MAGAZINE, Worcester, recalls the jubilee of Leo XIII. It has as a frontispiece a copy of the most recent photograph of His Holiness, and a beautifnl sonnet by W. D. Kelly, commemorates the Jubilee, while an article of Rev. Bernard S. Conaty relates some incidents of personal experience with the Holy Father. Very Rev. J. S. M. Lynch, D.D., gives a most interesting though short account of the Apparition at Lourdes, which is also an anniversary of the month. "Perseverance" is the title of Major Bryne's Chat to the Young Men. Articles on Candlemas and its Festivities, as also thoughts of Shrovetide are most attractive features. "The Chats About Schools" are becoming more interesting, and the Sunday-School and Children's Departments are full of useful and entertaining matter. The February number closes the first year of this MAGAZINE, and the Editor, Rev. Dr. Conaty, outlines the programme of work for the coming year.

FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD thus writes of the first year of the "Atlantic Monthly": Lowell was the first editor, and Wendell Holmes suggested the name. Gov. Winthrop's likeness ap

peared on the cover. The first dinner party of the contributors was a brilliant affair. These dinners were continued, sometimes at Parker's, sometimes at Fontarive's in Winter Place, sometimes at Taft's, Point Shirley, and once at Porter's — the last a memorable one. Motley, I think, never came after the first dinner, as he went away to Europe to write his history. His noble head, "a sable silvered," his beautiful face and his commanding presence, as I think of him to-day, make him the most striking figure in my remembrance. The magazine had instant success. The first number contained a poem by Longfellow, one by Whittier, four by Emerson, one by Lowell, an article by Motley, a fine story by Trowbridge, an art notice by Norton, and the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, whose fame swept over the land like the trail of a comet.

OUR NEXT NUMBER.

Two articles in our next number which we deem worthy of advance notice will be "Catholicism in the Maritime Provinces," (illustrated) by John Boden; and "The Sisters in the Late War."

HEREAFTER, the publication day of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE will be the 25th of each month. The delays occasioned by the fire in December, and the changes and improvements since, are now over, and our readers can know when to expect their most interesting caller of the month.

AMERICAN humor has a character distinctly its own, its underlying principle being to laugh with the people not at them. It is bright and playful free alike from the dulness of the English variety and the grossness of the French. In its piquancy and epigrammatic directness it is akin to the French but there the relationship ends. It is like American enterprise, racy of the soil, the natural product of such a composite people as ours, and the free, untrammelled American atmosphere.

THE Cocoa and Chocolate Manufacturing Establishment of Walter Baker & Co., at Dorchester, Mass., is not only the oldest but the largest of its kind on this continent. The mills belonging to this house are situated on the Neponset river, partly in the Dorchester district of Boston, and partly in the town of Milton. The plant comprises five large mills (having a floor space of about 315,000 square feet, over seven acres), equipped with all the latest and most improved machinery. The full strength and the exquisite natural flavor of the raw material are preserved unimpaired in all of Walter Baker & Co.'s preparations; so that their products may truly be said to form the standard for purity and excellence.

THE Columbia cycling calendar for 93, is the most exquisite and truly artistic of practical calendars for the year. It begins with February, '93, and ends with February, '94. It consists of a circular piece of cardboard, 47 inches in circumference, the calendar picture being framed with a reproduction of the pneumatic rubber tire. The picture is in fifteen water colors, and represents a country scene with a bicycling couple in the foreground, resting in a cosey nook, after a delightful ride. This calendar, issued by the Pope Mfg. Co., of Boston, is adapted for the library, dining-room, parlor, or business office.

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THOUGHTS OF THE TIME.

EVERYTHING in human thought and life is susceptible of treatment in an art form. But as human nature is fundamentally the same in every age and country, the literatures of all ages and countries belong to the whole modern world; and since they have all dealt more or less with the human passions, there are few, if any themes that are quite virgin. Still, the never-ending panorama of human existence presents an inexhaustible variety of impressions to every earnest thinker. Then, as every individual is differentiated from his fellows in some particulars, so every independent thinker is original in his treatment of his life and environment. The mysteries and the problems are as old as humanity, but they are new to every generation, and each generation must discover its own key to its own destinies. This quality of originality is illimitable. The actual limitations governing art objectively have led some shallow people to imagine that art is exhausted subjectively. In point of fact, every generation brings new ideas with it. The primary condition to be fulfilled by all creative literature is this — that it must not disturb the equilibrium of practical life unless it be for its betterment. The true function of fiction is manifestly to teach abstract truths by means of concrete illustrations; and to do this it must not falsify life. The best fiction is that which contains the most truth. It is absolutely certain that there is nothing more elusive or grander than human nature, and it should suffice for the purpose of the greatest fiction. But here another important fact demands emphasis. All interpretations of life — of human motives — must necessarily be partial. One novelist does not see life exactly as another. No writer can transcend reality, but it is equally true that no writer can comprehend and embrace all reality. Some see only externals, while others see the pathos of every life. The enforcement of true philosophy, then, *through pictures of life* appealing to imaginations and emotions, is emphatically the business of fiction.— *Walter Blackburn Harte in New England Magazine.*

Value of Immigration.

THE cash value of a full grown, able-bodied immigrant to a country as little developed as the West and South is very great. At least twenty years is required to rear and educate a child so that he will produce a surplus for the community over and above his own wants, for it must be remembered that even if the average American child becomes self-supporting under twenty, yet several years' "labor-time" of his parents, or its equivalent in money, have been required to make him so. Practically, therefore, it requires at least twenty years' time to rear a worker who can produce a surplus.

When, in a country as yet not fully developed, we get a fully grown immigrant, able to produce a surplus in the first year of his arrival, we have gained in progress twenty years of one's man's lifetime, and so for every immigrant who is poor enough when he gets here to be forced by his poverty to become at once a producer. Such immigrants are of the greatest economic value to a community; and that community which receives them in the largest numbers will become the wealthiest, other things being equal.

There is much talk now of suspending or prohibiting immigration from Europe, and the East is generally in favor of it. The East has profited enormously in the past through this immigration, and being now so far ahead of the rest of the country it feels that it has nothing to lose by checking immigration. This may or may not be true, but the Western and Southern States have everything to lose. Shut off or greatly restrict immigration now, and they are in so much deprived of their best opportunity of overcoming the lead of the East. Leave the West and South to grow without immigration and they will become and remain provincial, while the seat of the greatest power and highest civilization will be on the Atlantic coast.— *St. Louis Republic.*

Mysticism and Modern Thought.

THE age is essentially a practical one. In every branch of human activity the truth of this saying is plain and palpable. The sensible order bounds the range of its vision in every direction, and out of the sensible springs the practical. Its poetry inclines to naturalism, its philosophy to rationalism, its science to materialism, its fiction to realism, and its art to sensualism. The so-called "good gray poet" Whitman, not so long since to rest, struck a note on his lyre that suited the times, the note of a rank sensuality, which even the earlier days of his own generation pronounced harsh and out of tune. Swinburne, consummate maker of faultless verse though he be, is an apostle of the school of fleshly longings, and yet the voice of thousands would deck his brow to-morrow with the laureate's wreath. The younger painters of the day have enlisted

under the banner of the nude, and their motto is a Greek one, that "true art hides nothing." The philosophy of Germany and England is the outcropping of the doctrine of evolution and has landed its followers on the arid shores of pantheism and agnosticism. The pantheism of evolution is indeed closely allied to agnosticism, and drifts back to the transcendentalism of Emerson and his idle speculations on Soul and over Soul. There is nothing tangible or real about it like the pantheism of Spinoza and the German philosophers of the eighteenth century. It lies too far beyond the range of the sensible order to hold the modern mind captive, and the modern mind consequently admits it as a sort of corollary that flows from the relativity of knowledge and its limitations. It stands too remote from the borders of sea and earth and sky to interest those by whom the things of the earth alone are prized, and for whom the sea and sky represent the ultimate domains of scientific research. In fiction realism reigns supreme, and no department of mental activity so thoroughly reflects the prevailing tone and trend of popular thought. Romanticism is practically dead among us, and critics sneer at the tender vagueness of those who sigh after an ideal that is roughly said to lie beyond their grasp.— *Catholic Review.*

Oceanic Amenities.

A MORE vivid incident has not been invented by novelist than that which occurred between the steamship Manhansett, Captain Duck, and the steamship Umbria Captain McKay. Throughout two continents, wherever experience or story has made known the perils of an Atlantic voyage and the mastery of modern seamanship over ocean and winds, there was deep anxiety for the brave craft that has borne in her time thousands of human beings from one continent to another. While hope hovered on the verge of despair the little Manhansett, steaming along toward the northeast shore of the Western World, discovered, solitary, and for a moment, apparently derelict, the huge silhouette of a big ship. It was two in the afternoon the day after Christmas.

"Call all hands!" was the command. Marine glasses were fastened on the drifting craft that mercilessly pounded by icy billows, labored in the caves of the sea. The course of the little steamship was changed and she pointed her smart nose straight for the crippled giant, five miles away. It was clear that she was stopped for some grave reason, unable to keep her course. Ice glistened on her decks and salt incrusted her smokestack. Smokeless, it was evident her engines were silent when they should have been cleaving furrows at a rate of hundreds of miles a day. Out came the signal book of the little ship. "Who are you?" asked the flags run up at masthead. Speedily came the answer, Umbria from Liverpool, for New York. Who are you?" Manhansett, from Bristol to New York," was the rejoinder. Then the little ship asked the big one if it were distressed; and the flags replied, "Shaft undergoing repairs." Did it wish assistance? "No, thanks. Report us well to our owners." With unspoken but intense feelings of companionship in the grim desert of waters the little craft turned her helm, resumed her own road, and the great ship, a foundry as well as a palace, completed her mending of machinery, filled her boilers once more with vapor, set her screws cutting the brine, and arrived safely in port, her cheery message having been delivered a day in advance by the little courier that had hailed and farewelled off the banks of Newfoundland.— *Chicago Herald*

Mgr. Satolli.

THE Pope's representative, notwithstanding the efforts to discredit him, pursues the even tenor of his way, and when we follow closely his judgments and utterances, the wonder grows upon us that anybody could be found to oppose the merciful ends or disregard the enlightened views he gives forth. It is evident that Rome knew its man when it selected Mgr. Satolli. Neither it nor the Ablegate is to be frightened from the pacific policy proposed — every indiscreet utterance against it only making the determination to enforce it firmer. They make a big mistake who do not realize this. It is ever so with Rome, whose authority cannot be subverted or rejected in either the person of the Pope or the disparagement of his mouthpiece without recoiling upon those who attempt it. The Dr. McGlynn incident is now almost a thing of the past. The Supreme Court of Catholic Discipline rendered its verdict. No power within the Church or without it can either revoke, revise or pass upon the question of its justice. That being so, discussion or dissension were idle. So must it be all the way through. Individual likes or dislikes cannot count where the Head of Christendom undertakes to perform his duty. Our pet hobbies and prejudices may be swept away or be infringed upon, to our great distress, but as obedient children we are bound to accept with due respect the decision of him whose position enables him to see things not from one, but from every point of view, and who never loses sight of the fact that his actions have not to do with to-day merely, but with all time, and that as Christ's Vicar he must bear the responsibility of proper stewardship and receive his reward in proportion as it is just and wise.— *New York Freeman's Journal.*

The Outlook in America.

FROM the high vantage ground of this New Year's we get a bird's-eye view of all the nations of the globe, and what we see affords us ample cause for mutual congratulation. As for America, her large measure of pros-

perity affords cause for increasing gratitude. We are the latest born in the family of nations, occupying a country which but a century since was a boundless wilderness. Long ago we assembled for the coronation of the only monarch which freedom ever tolerates—Public Opinion,—and have never thought of revolution in connection with our Ruler. So confident were we of the success of our experiment that we enlarged the limits of suffrage and boldly made it universal. The school house and college, the newspaper and magazine, are the cohesive power that unites us. Opportunity has been the inheritance of each generation. Manhood, enterprise, ambition, count for everything. Ancestry counts for nothing. All doors are open to him who has the courage to cross the threshold and mount. We are geographically isolated, and the influences of the Old World cannot reach us. Three thousand miles of water fill the moat of the castle in which we live. Our only neighbors in the Western Hemisphere are our imitators, the little republics which are fighting their way to liberty, from Mexico to Patagonia. Our Government was founded by men who believed that there should be a public as well as a private conscience. They may have been bigoted, but they were sturdy. They were intolerant, even cruel in their intolerance, but they had the courage of their faith, and preferred the tomahawks of New England to the religious dictation of Old England. It is said that during the French Revolution of the last century the editor of an encyclopædia declined an article on God, declaring that the belief in a Supreme being was no longer of any interest to the people — it had become obsolete. That was not the spirit in which these shores were colonized. The heroism and patriotism of our ancestors had its source in reverence. Political and religious duties ran in parallel lines. The Church and the town meeting were no strangers to each other. This is true not only of the Pilgrims but of all the settlements along our southern coast, and the influence of these early days still lingers. It has helped to shape our institutions and to give character to our legislation. We have not broken the tie that binds us to our cradles, and are still responsive as a nation to the influences of our past. With a blue sky over our heads, therefore, with institutions which are at once an encouragement and a benediction, with commercial relations extending to the uttermost parts of the earth, with no foreign complications to embarass, with a degree of prosperity which is shown by all classes, we may gather about these successive milestones in our history, join in the general chorus of grateful praise, and wish each other a Happy New Year.—*New York Herald.*

Kipling and America.

It is a very thin-skinned individual who would think of taking an offence at the lampoons which Rudyard Kipling might perpetrate at the expense of the people and customs of this country. Fortunately, that national sensitiveness which Dickens so disturbed when he drew his free-hand pictures of us has disappeared. To many at the present time it is not easy to understand why we as a people were so annoyed by criticism and caricature. But it is not to be forgotten that then this nation was much younger than now, that that phenomenal development which is the wonder of the world had yet largely to come, and that, on the whole, we were in the position of a newcomer in society. Such ones recognize their shortcomings, but they do not enjoy reference to them before their position among their fellows is admitted and established. Mr. Kipling, however, comes at a time when all this is changed, and, a racy, picturesque writer, Americans can and do read him with the same pleasure they would were his mind open more to the logic of facts and less to the importance of a sharply turned sentence.— *Boston Journal.*

Achievement of Happiness.

There are some stars that we cannot see at all when we look straight at them, but which become visible when we look a little to one side. So there are things that we cannot get when we try directly for them, but which presently fall into our laps if only we try hard enough after something else. Everybody knows it is that way with happiness. Make it a primary object and it leads you a doubtful chase; but ignore it in the rational pursuit of something else, and presently you may find it has perched unnoticed on your shoulder, like a bird whose tail has felt the traditional influence of salt. So, of course, the very first essential to the achievement of happiness of any durable sort is to rise above the necessity of being happy at all. It may be conducive to this sort of achievement to remember that great spirits in all times have found in their own involuntary discontent a spur to exalted endeavor. Neither Lincoln, nor Balzac, nor Carlyle were happy men, but they put saddle and bridle on their own depression, and rode it under whip and spur into immortality. — *Scribner's Magazine.*

Every subscriber for this "Magazine" gains something with every new subscriber that we secure. The greater the number of our subscribers, the better can the "Magazine" be made, the more will each subscriber get for his money, and the more creditable will be the "Magazine" to all whom it represents. We therefore ask your attention to the offers made elsewhere to all who will help us increase our circulation.

BEFORE THE ALTAR.

SO weary! so weary of struggling! Thus I thought, this bright summer afternoon as I paced along in the sunshine.

After the week's cares and worries, Sunday came like a blessing. Yet — ah, yet the six days' worry cast a shadow over the seventh, and my thoughts strayed on the coming week, which seemed to promise no better outlook.

Just then I paused before an old-fashioned, blue-stone church, almost covered with a beautiful mantle of green ivy, — "St. Mary's." The old porch seemed to welcome me in.

Slowly I passed through the church yard and ascended the three steps, then noiselessly and with reverence entered the sacred house.

Far in the distance stood the beautiful altar; a bright ray of light through the stained window threw a rich crimson band over the gleaming white marble and glittering silver.

The marble steps were flecked with radiant colors, as though set with jewels. The white lilies seemed to take a sudden glory in the rich light. So beautiful, that my heart went out in impulsive adoration. Then like a magnet the beautiful altar drew me on. Down the long shadowed aisle I moved towards the glory, even unto the altar rails. Then I knelt before the shrine, wrapt in the dream of beauty.

As one dreaming, I watched the crimson sun-ray, as slowly, slowly, it grew over the altar piece, touching all with singular beauty.

My eyes followed the sunbeam until it reached the beautiful figure of Christ, the soft light of which played on the calm, sweet lips, throwing shadows in the loving eyes, lighting with strange radiance the broad, thoughtful brow.

Then I said reverently, "*Jesus Christ.*"

I said it softly, yet with loving reverence, and, even as it died away on my lips, I saw that into the sweet eyes seemed to come life; the lips moved as if breath was fluttering on them.

Surely I must be mistaken!

No! For gently the hand which had been raised in blessing fell softly to His side, the stiff marble robe became gently undulating, and into the rigid figure came breathing, pulsing life. Then, as I gazed speechless in my wonderment, Christ descended and came towards me. His eyes were lit with surpassing love, and before His majesty I was dumb.

"*Son of man, why art thou cast down?*" said He to me.

As I heard Him speak, and felt in my inmost being the wondrous thrill of magnetic sympathy in His voice, I knew how He had drawn the multitudes of old.

I answered not, only lifting my weary, troubled eyes to the face above.

Again Christ spoke: "*Thou shalt see three visions, and then tell me if thou hast any sorrow like unto these.*"

Even as Christ spoke, the beautiful altar with the white lilies bathed in golden glory faded slowly from my sight, until nothing but a mist remained.

"*Look on another's woe!*"

And I beheld — a tiny room, so bare, cold and miserable that I shivered. Then I saw the room held two human beings — one, a woman, who, with trembling fingers, was sewing some heavy stuff, and by her side, lying in an old broken box, was a babe, its little face pinched and haggard, its hands like tiny claws, so thin! In the corner stood an open cupboard, but it was *empty.* The mother was trying to hush the wailing babe to sleep, and, at the same time, go on with her work. But the baby only wailed more pitifully. On the faces of mother and child I read starvation. As I looked on their misery, the mother rose wearily to soothe the child, when suddenly a cry, a wild, heart-broken cry, rang through the room, and the mother fell by the child — *dead.*

The babe hushed at the wild cry, then wailed on piteously — *alone.*

I could bear it no longer, that cry rang in my heart. I covered my face. And I heard the sweet voice saying, in tones of deepest sadness:

"*And yet I said in the beginning, 'Feed my lambs.'*"

No reproach, only such sadness, such sadness!

"*Look again,*" said Christ.

It was a hospital ward, and slowly we moved through it. Oh! the world of pain and suffering. Their white faces and pain-dulled eyes, filled my heart with sorrow. As we passed each patient, some who were raving suddenly quieted, a pain-racked sufferer smiled in a minutes' ease from pain, some gently murmured in their sleep — for Christ was passing by. We came to the end of the ward, and there, reflected in a large mirror, I saw myself in the full pride of health and strength. And I had murmured against my lot!

"*Look yet again,*" said the loving voice. A beautiful room was before me, so perfect in its artistic beauty that I held my breath in wonder. At the end of the room was a bed with richest hangings. At the foot of the bed knelt two persons, a man and woman, with bowed grey heads. I could not see their faces, they were hidden in the white silken coverlet. A grey curl had escaped from restraint, and hung over the woman's shoulder with a pathetic loneliness. Convulsive sobs shook the aged couple. I said softly, "Why do they weep?"

Then the hangings fell back, and lying on the bed I saw a man in the prime of life: a strong, manly form. with noble face.

But it was the face of the dead. Who now would close the lonely parents eyes for their last long sleep? I thought of my brave, strong boy, and I wept with the bereaved.

The vision faded, and the altar came back, the light still played on the lilies, and Christ was speaking.

"*Hast thou not enough to eat, and priceless health? Thy dearest are ever with thee. All these thou hast, and yet thou growest weary when the road of life is hard and thorny.*"

My troubled eyes looked into the eyes above.

"*Give of thy love and thou shalt have a thousand fold. Feed the little ones and the widow; comfort the mourners. Heal aad help those who are sick to bear their cross, and, in so doing your years shall be lightened.*"

Slowly He raised His hands over my head and blessed me — "*Peace be with you.*

New strength entered me, a burst of heavenly music filled the sacred air. I arose and —

. . . . . .

The light had faded from tbe altar

the lilies were gleaming purely white in the shadowy evening light; and Christ was standing with raised hand as before.

The music was real, for from the old church organ a master hand was drawing tones of penetrating sweetness.

Had I dreamed? or had Christ really spoken to me?

I know not! Only still I hear that wondrous voice blessing me, and see the tender eyes beaming with love.

Then I arose from the altar steps, and reverently left the sacred place as the music rolled on through the darkening aisle, on, on to the beautiful altar and Christ.

—DAVID GRAY, in the Austral Light.

Advice to the Girls.

GIRLS, don't think that every young man who calls upon you once or twice is in love with you.

Don't astonish your friends and acquaintances with magnificent gowns, while your mother wears cheap bombazine and a cloak and bonnet that every one can see has done at least five years' service.

Don't show up lily white taper fingers if hers are seamed with work.

Don't expect that a man's intentions are sincere until he informs you in plain English that they are.

Don't make yourself obnoxious by appearing persistently at places you know to be his usual haunts until the young man has a fear in turning each street corner he comes to lest he will meet you.— *Young Ladies' Bazar.*

The Value of Education.

THE idea of an education simply for the practical purposes of life is the one that has in the past shaped the education of women, and to some extent that of men. But there surely is something better. Knowledge may be loved for the gifts she has to offer, but Wisdom must be loved for her own sweet sake. And the larger thought of woman's education is the one that is moulding it at present to the higher end of acquirement for its own sake, not for the sake of the possible future usefulness of that acquirement.

True it is that the mass of women marry and take upon themselves the high duties of wifehood and motherhood and homekeeping. For these a special education is required and should be given. No woman has a right to bring into the working partnership, which marriage really is, an untrained mind and a pair of unskilled or unwilling hands. But there is time enough for that training when the prospect opens of a need for it. A boy's education is planned for himself, not for a future wife and family, though he will probably have them when the right time comes. And so a girl's education should be for herself, not because she is going to bake better bread and brew better coffee for it, but because she has an individual right to it as a human being, because knowledge is better than ignorance, and because strength is better than weakness.

And in getting the knowledge of these things she will find that she is getting a knowledge of the others too — the bread and the coffee, if you please. For nothing is truer than the old maxim of our copy books—"Knowledge is power." Knowledge in one direction is power in all directions. And because of the calculus and the classics and the biology, she is going to manage the affairs of her kitchen with more prudence and skill and foresight. The trained mind will know how to work upon the kitchen chaos and bring it into order.

THE STORY OF THE MONTH.

THE Christmas time has come and gone, leaving behind its light to gild the close of the old year and to usher in the new, and 1893, the latest offering of Time, starts sturdily and buoyantly along to the music of the whirling spheres. As the brilliant sunset glorifies the day's decline, so the joy and beauty of Christmas crown with an aureole of light the last hours of the parting year; and strengthened by its happy, healthful in-influence man takes firmer hold upon the burdens and duties of life with renewed confidence and vigor.

THE holiday time which brought its gifts in good measure to all was especially kind to the Church in America in bringing back to its service a distinguished member who had for a time strayed away, to the sorrow of all who knew his great abilities and devoted loyalty in the past. The restoration of his priestly faculties to Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn was a most acceptable Christmas present to that clergyman; and an evidence of the readiness with which the Catholic Church ever removes even the appearance of harsh measures when they are no longer necessary, and its willingness to forget and forgive when such forgiveness is properly sought. His reinstatement is neither a concession to Dr. McGlynn nor a rebuke to Archbishop Corrigan, and the former will do well to imitate the prudent reserve of the Archbishop of New York, and quietly take up again the duties of his sacred calling. If Mgr. Satolli's visit accomplished no more than this reconciliation, it would make his coming to America a matter of congratulation.

As regards the action of the distinguished visitor, comment has been general, praise and criticism of his course being equally liberal in their manifestation; but as an answer to the critics, and to those wiseacres who predicted his speedy recall to Rome, comes the news of his commission as Apostolic Delegate with its promises of extended residence in this country and enlarged powers. Rome has answered the critics of its representative and they should now keep their peace.

THE necrology of the month includes Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, one of the most remarkable personalities of his time, who passed away suddenly at Washington on January 11. As a lawyer, statesman and soldier, Butler made an enduring place for himself in the history of his country, and will perhaps be remembered longest as the one who during the war by his famous order confiscating the slaves as contraband of war paved the way for President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. His was an original personality and history records not his prototype; and if he failed to achieve the great goal of his ambition, the presidency, he certainly leaves behind him a record of greater and more distinguished service to his country than many who attained to that exalted honor. As Hamlet said of his father, "Take him for all in all, I ne'er shall look upon his like again.'

THIS month has also marked the passing away of ex-President Hayes whose death took place at Fremont, O., January 17, leaving President-elect Cleveland, the only ex-President now living. Ex-President Hayes had he never achieved the distinction of being the executive of the nation, would have still held an honorable place in the history of the country, for a man who had proven himself so brave a soldier, and who supplemented his distinguished war record with the honor of having three times filled the governorship of the great state of Ohio, as well as serving as one of that state's delegation in

Congress, was not likely to be ignored by the historic muse. The circumstances attending his obtaining the Presidency, owing to the closeness of the election at that time, has, in the minds of many, made his title to the honor less valid; but the fact remains that both parties agreed to the mode of settlement, and in the face of such agreement, to dissent from the decision of the tribunal or call its justice in question was the veriest waste of thunder. It will stand to the honor of the deceased that he gave to the country a good, clean, honest business-like administration and under conditions that were exceedingly trying and difficult.

One of the most touchingly pathetic events of the month was the sad death of Joseph F. Barker, a well known and beloved newspaper man, who perished while in the performance of his duty in Boston's big fire on January 10. Verily journalism has its martyrs as well as the vocations more commonly associated with danger, its heroes who are true to the call of duty though death lie in the path of its performance; and whether it is to share the lot of the soldier and perish in the Soudan, as did Cameron and O'Donovan; to invade the pest-ridden lazaretto on Swinburne's Island, New York, and die there, as did Hamilton; or to go where the flames are dealing death and destruction, as did Barker, the call to duty is never unanswered.

Another journalist who died suddenly in harness during the month, although under less melancholy circumstances than was the death of the foregoing was Major James P. Frost, financial editor of the *Boston Daily Globe*. In Major Frost's case it was the logical sequence of "burning the candle at both ends," for in addition to his editorial labors he did an amount of outside work that was herculean indeed. Little wonder that nature gave out and the overwrought heart ceased its pulsations. Major Frost was prominent in military as well as journalistic circles. and a popular man among all who knew him.

Among the others who closed their earthly career during the month were U. S. Senator Kenna of West Virginia, and Fanny Kemble Butler. Senator Kenna had been a sufferer for some time and had the distinction of being the youngest and one of the most brilliant members of the Senate. Fannie Kemble, as she was best known, was the delight of a past generation of play goers, who had made her mark in literature as well as on the stage.

The most important Catholic event of the month, marking as it does the beginning of a new epoch in the Catholic Church in America, was the appointment by His Holiness the Pope of the Most Rev. Archbishop Satolli as Apostolic Delegate to this country, accompanied with the announcement that the Rev. F. Z. Rooker, of Albany, N. Y., and at present vice-president of the American College at Rome, had received the appointment of secretary to the Apostolic Delegation. This distinguished mark of the Holy Father's consideration for his American children is a guarantee of peace and tranquility to the church in this country. In the words of Archbishop Ireland: "This is home rule for American Catholics, so far as Catholics away from Rome, can have here home rule. In addition to our own energy and inspiration, we shall have in all our undertakings the direction and impetus, as directly as never before of the sovereign head of the Church. Catholics will have a more practical realization of what Church unity and Papal supremacy means. Remote authority dwindles at times into a speculative theory, or a beau ideal; present authority is a living test. It tests one's obedience, while at the same time adding new power for well doing."

The death of Bishop Brooks of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which took place January 23, removes one of

the ablest members of that denomination, and one of the most magnetic intellectual personalities, in New England.

The month just closed presents a death roll not often compressed within the record of thirty-one days, except in the times of great and far-reaching epidemics. And rarely hath the mortality of so short a period been equalled in the number of distinguished people who have closed their careers. It has also had its record of death under peculiarly sad and tragic circumstances. It has been a trying month in the matter of temperature, and to this is due the unusual record of work accomplished by the grim Harvester, and among the country's greatest as well as its humblest. Death is no respecter of persons, and its shafts have been aimed with relentless impartiality.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS.

MAN is the only laughing animal — at least I have been given to understand by naturalists that the monkey laughs but from the teeth outward, the hyena's laugh is an expression of impatience or rage, and that other members of the brute world do not laugh at all — and seems often at singular pains not to let this valuable faculty of his lie torpid. I am rather interested in laughing; most people are interested in things they have a gift for, and my friends tell me that my sense of humor, if not quite a mental deformity, is none the less abnormal and exceptionally developed. I read with equal voracity and pleasure the (alleged) funny columns in the newspapers. I am fond of humorous anecdote (that is, of other people's anecdotes, not merely of my own). I delight in parody, no matter how exalted the thing parodied may be. I am not sure that this is a virtue; indeed I fancy some of my acquaintances are quite right when they tell me that my fondness for parody often passes rational bounds, and indicates an incomplete sense of humorous proportion. I simply give the above-mentioned facts as vouchers that I can be made to laugh with tolerable ease, and that, in the matter of subjects for fun, I am not at all fastidious.

What annoys me is, not that many people I have met look with sublime contempt upon the things I can laugh at, declaring them to be far-fetched, flimsy, or silly, but that I find my faculty of laughter singularly, and to me unexplainably, limited in one direction. I would so like to be able to laugh at anything any one else laughs at! But I cannot. There is one whole class of jokes to which my sense of humor is absolutely impervious; if I laugh, or seem to laugh at them, it is purely from vanity and false shame, so as not to let people think that I am the only one in the party who does not see the fun. These are what I would call, for lack of a better term, "jokes by popular acclamation," certain current witticisms or would-be-humorous sallies at which it seems agreed that every one shall laugh consumedly, even in the face of endless repetition and a total lack of comprehension. Do not think that, when I say "total lack of comprehension," I am not speaking by the book; time and time again have I taken especial pains to ask the most exuberant laughers at the kind of joke I mean, what they were laughing at and where the fun came in? The answer has been in every case that they did not know; they did not know whence the joke came, what it was about, what the point of it was, whether it even had a point at all, but that they could not help laughing at that joke, that "everybody laughed at it!" It was the joke of the season. — *Scribner's Monthly.*

IN MERRY MOOD.

A BARE POSSIBILITY.

THERE's less of snow and less of cold,
And less of Christmas cheer;
The weary earth is growing old,
And duller every year.

And yet, the children sport and play,
With laughter loud and clear;
Perhaps — perhaps I'm growing gray,
And duller every year!

— *Life.*

A MAINE man who has invented a flying-machine has hired another man to try the thing. He's pretty "fly" himself. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

SISTER.— What are you going to be when you grow up?

LITTLE BROTHER.— I am goin' to be a lion tamer in a circus.

"You! Why you run away from a dog!"

"Yes, but dogs isn't trained not to hurt anybody." — *Good News.*

PRAY too long for a blessing, and you will find that while you were praying some other man went to work and got it. — *Atchison Globe.*

"Well," said Mr. Cynicus when the baby had swallowed his collar-button, "I know where the pesky thing is now, anyhow." — *Somerville Journal.*

"I HEAR Harkins was struck by lightning down on the Jersey coast last week."

"Yes."

"I wonder what they charged him for it?" — *Harper's Bazar.*

LAWYER. — No; I repea emphatically, that I do not care to say anything at all about my client's case! It would do no good, and — I absolutely refuse to be interviewed!

REPORTER. — Oh, never mind about the interview! I have written that long ago, and here are the proofs of it. I just want you to look them through and give me a good denial o all I've said, for the afternoon edition. — *Puck.*

WIFE (sobbing)— Some day you'll find me lying at death's door, and then what will you do?

HUSBAND (courteously)— My dear, have you ever known me to be so ungallant as to allow a lady to open a door when I was present? — *Texas Siftings.*

"WELL, you know, Mr. Winters," said Miss Bosbyshell, airily "a girl of eighteen is quite as old as a man of twenty-one."

"Oh! frequently," retorted Winters. "I know an eighteen-year-old maiden who was born in 1862." — *Harper's Bazar.*

GLADYS.— I suppose your brother Henry hasn't done much walking since he bought a bicycle?

BERNICE — No; he broke his leg the first time he tried to ride it.— *Free Lance.*

"I DIDN'T see anything funny in the story that fellow just told. What made you laugh so over it?"

"Do you know who he is?"

"No. Who is he?"

"He's the head of our firm."— *Life.*

MRS. HASHLEY.— Well, what do you want?

HUNGRY HANK.— I see, ma'am, that you advertise furnished rooms, and breakfast if desired. Now, I do not care for a room, ma'am, but I greatly desire a breakfast!— *Puck.*

WARBURTON — Mamma, may I have a slice of bread and jam now?

MAMMA—No; you must not think of eating now, because you will spoil your appetite for dinner. It will be ready in three hours.

WARBURTON—I only had lunch three hours ago, didn't I?

MAMMA—Yes.

WARBURTON—Then I don't see how the bread and jam can spoil my appetite for dinner, when my lunch did not spoil the appetite I have now for bread and jam.—*Puck.*

BETROTHED.

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THE PROPAGANDA.

THE CONGREGATION AND ITS COLLEGES.

BY REV. FRANCIS A. CUNNINGHAM.

OUR Holy Father, Leo XIII., in his allocution of March 2d, 1884, uses the words: "But if we rise to higher considerations, we discern what the Propaganda really is — an institution of an order altogether beyond the common level, and by its nature independent of all lay authority, for it was founded by the Roman Pontiffs in virtue of the supreme apostolic ministry with which they are invested, and it is directly ordered for the purpose of propagating and preserving the Faith in the various parts of our globe, and for fulfilling the sublime mission of the Church, to save the world.

"For this end the Roman Pontiffs transferred to the Propaganda such an important part of their sublime power; it is by its means that they cause the blessings of redemption to reach the most distant nations. Innumerable regions of Africa, Asia, North and South America, Oceanica and of Europe itself, are indebted to this blessed institution for the light of the Gospel, and for the true civilization which the Gospel imparts.

"It is no wonder, then, that men who were no friends of the Catholic Church have always bestowed unbounded praise on this institution. It is no wonder that its property was spared even by the Imperial French government, and that the conqueror, who then seemed the master of Europe, had only great admiration and sure protection for it."

The Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda was instituted by Gregory XV. in the year 1622. It was, at this time, but the revival of an older congregation for the propagation of the Faith among the Greeks, an institution of Clement VIII., in 1599. The aim of Gregory XV. was the universal extension of the Catholic religion in accordance with the command of Christ: "Going, therefore, into the whole world, preach the Gospel to every creature." The work which this latter pontiff began was brought to its perfection by Urban VIII. in the early part of the seventeenth century. Even to-day, except for some accidental changes in its organization, the essential

features of the Congregation remain undisturbed.

The scope of this Congregation is the propagation of the Christian name by means of missions, and the direction and government of the latter. Hence for all those countries, over which it has spiritual jurisdiction, it possesses the greatest and most ample faculties of all the other congregations, and thus, although matters of special importance are usually sent to their proper congregations, yet, properly speaking, the Propaganda takes cognizance of all petitions sent to Rome from missionary countries. The reason of this is, that all countries or dioceses whose government is not and cannot be entirely conformed to canon law are thereby brought directly into the administration of the Pope, who has ordinary jurisdiction in every diocese. The Holy Father, however, manages the government of missionary dioceses through the Propaganda. To this congregation, therefore, exclusively all communications from such dioceses must be sent, and thus they are directly concerned with this one congregation, "*habens ceteras congregationes in ventre.*"

When a new country is opening up to the reception of the Catholic Faith, the Propaganda entrusts its missions first to a priest, who thereby receives the title of Prefect Apostolic. When the missions have so far increased as to give the district almost the population and importance of a diocese, the Sacred Congregation then appoints a Vicar Apostolic, who is therefore consecrated a bishop or archbishop *in partibus*. He is thereby merely an auxiliary bishop of the Pope. Moreover, even the bishops of full grown dioceses in missionary countries are not appointed to vacancies, as in other lands, in the Papal consistories, but must be chosen through the intervention of the Propaganda. For this purpose the diocesan consultors, the permanent rectors to the diocese, and the bishops of the province unite in recommending the names of three candidates, which names are sent to Rome, and from them the Sacred Congregation selects one, who is thereby appointed bishop of the vacant diocese.

The jurisdiction of this celebrated Congregation extends overthe greater part of the world and comprehends more than twenty millions of subjects. The church of the United States not being as yet under full canon law, forms one of its most important charges. The greatest efforts of its wonderful zeal, however, must necessarily be expended upon the struggling churches of Asia, India and Africa.

Its government is carried on by two distinct committees of cardinals, who form the body of the Congregation. A cardinal-prefect presides over the whole, assisted by a secretary, who is always a most distinguished prelate, and generally destined to wear the purple. Besides these there are the assessor of the Holy Office and twenty-four consultors, with their subalterns. The present prefect is Cardinal Ledochowski, successor to the late Cardinal Simeoni. He is ably assisted by a man well known to the American Church for his hospitality and his readiness to accommodate the Catholic pilgrims who year by year make Rome the terminus of their travels. The present secretary is Archbishop Jacobini, a nephew of the late secretary of state, Cardinal Jacobini.

One of the most important charges of this celebrated Congregation is the College of the Propaganda. The

colossal proportions of this vast edifice are perhaps the first objects to attract the traveller as he steps from any of the small streets that lead into the Piazza di Spagna. A massive quadrilateral building, almost

COLLEGE AND PALACE OF THE PROPAGANDA.

triangular, juts into the great square and bears over its façade doorway the legend denoting its mission and purpose: "*Euntes in universum mundum*," etc. Established in the seventeenth century by Urban VIII., it still bears its founder's name. From its humble beginning it has gone on increasing in power until to-day it extends its influence through a thousand ramifications to every part of the world. Within its walls, at the lecture hour, may be seen representatives from almost every nation on earth. What a sensation is produced in looking down through its crowded lecture halls upon the faces that meet there! Black as

night, the son of an African prince looks up from his notes and his black eye contrasts strangely with the gray of the more congenial American boy at his side. There are men there from Waterford and Limerick who chat in fluent Italian or Latin with the Chinese or Syrian from the far East. The Hindoostanee is there to narrate the wonders of his native land, and even the Indian from our own Western prairies may occasionally amuse his fellow-students with the performance of a Sioux war dance. And yet, but for the slight difference of color, of hair and speech, one could not find a more harmonious gathering in our own cultured city. There are those who have gone into those halls with bitter prejudices against our Faith and have come forth from the exhibition therein contained more convinced of the truths of our holy Religion than they could be by the most eloquent arguments of priest or professor.

The College of the Propaganda pursues a method of government and instruction peculiar to Rome. The college proper has but one hundred and twenty boarders, who come principally from Oriental countries. Yet there are at least four hundred more who belong to the Propaganda in as much as they come from missionary lands and attend the daily classes of the central college. These latter are the Americans, Irish, Greeks, Bohemians and Maronites. They reside in communities with fellow-students of their own nationality — the Americans in the American College, the Irish in the Irish College, and so on.

The American tourist always carries away from Rome the memory of the kindness and hospitality of the American College's genial rector, Mgr. O'Connell. And there are few who do not manage during their short stay in the Eternal City, to get a glimpse of the gentle eye and a radiant smile from that most fatherly of men, Mgr. Kirby, the Irish rector.

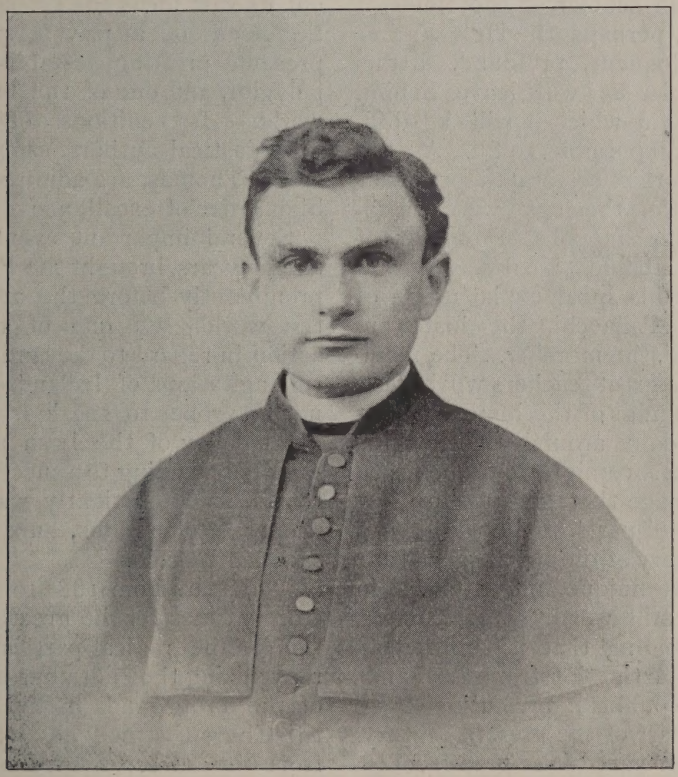
Besides these, large numbers of students attend the Propaganda from religious houses. The Franciscans, Conventuals and Recollects are scarcely more numerous than are the silent representatives of that order which the late Cardinal Lavigerie instituted for the arduous missions of Africa. The students of the various colleges march in bands of ten or twelve to and from their daily attendance at the lectures. It is a pleasing sight, indeed, on a fine day in Rome, to stand at the corner of some great thoroughfare and behold these long processions pass by. You would know the Americans, not merely from the red color of their sashes, the blue borders of their *sopranos*, and the white of their neckwear — their national colors, indeed — but especially from their jaunty walk and the expression of fearlessness that beams from their eyes. "*Non temono niente*," — "they fear nothing" — the late Cardinal Simeoni once said when speaking of the Americans of Rome.

The clerical dress is, of course, worn on all occasions, indoors and out. Each college, however, has its distinctive colors, some carrying these merely as borders upon a black foundation, others forming their whole costume from one color; the Germans in flaming scarlet, the Greeks in blue, the Scotch in violet. These colors blend together harmoniously as the different colleges disband for recreation on the Pincian Hill or in the Villa Borghese.

The free hours of the Propaganda student are lighted up with a continual round of attractions. His holidays find him, perhaps, wander-

ing at will through the vast aisles of St. Peter's, or roaming through the long galleries of sculpture and painting in the Vatican. The sublime conceptions of Michael Angelo, the tender graces of Raphael, the beauty of Carlo Dolci become familiar to his eyes; and when the afternoons are short a few minutes' walk brings sport for the holidays. The name of Bishop McQuaid of Rochester, will long be remembered for his patronage of outdoor sports, as will that of Vicar-General Byrne, of Boston, for his provision of amusements for the long evening hours.

During its last few years the Propaganda has been attracting



MGR. D. J. O'CONNELL, D.D., Rector of American College.

him to the gem-like churches in some one of which he is always sure to find the Forty Hours' Devotion in progress. He studies the early history of the Church in the Catacombs, in the subterranean prisons of the Mammertine, or in the remains of the Forum, Coliseum and ancient baths. Nor is he without American special attention on account of the brilliancy of its teaching faculty. Brightest of all the luminaries who adorn its chairs is Archbishop Satolli, whose name has, of late, become so familiar to the American world. A man of the most delicate culture, he unites in himself the deep knowledge of the scholar with all the

finesse and wisdom of the diplomat. A protégé of the present reigning Pontiff, he received from the very start that solidity of education which he made remarkable by his own original genius. By many he is recognized as the most thorough exponent of St. Thomas, whose doctrines he explained with so much profundity and eloquence as at times to hold his hearers spell-bound. The finest Latin scholar of the times, if we except, perhaps, the Holy Father himself, eloquent, profound, attractive, lovable, he will leave behind him a vacancy which it will be difficult, if at all possible, to fill. Associated with this celebrated professor of dogmatic theology were Archbishop Stephanopolis, Professor of Liturgy, Ubaldo Ubaldi, so well known for his lucid explanations of Scripture, Panacchi, the historian, and Chechi, the moralist. The memory of these great teachers will be lasting in the minds of the hundreds that gathered daily around their chairs, and many a sovereign would be proud of the homage that goes up to these men from all parts of the world.

The library of the Propaganda, one of the most unique and extensive in Rome, is still worthy of its name, notwithstanding that it suffered almost total extinction from the hands of the Republican revolutionists in the early part of the present century. The greater part of its grand collection is the donation of Cardinal Borgia — during the whole of his life a friend of the Congregation. The College has honored the name of the latter by placing it in the official title of its grand museum. The Borgian Museum of the establishment is, in fact, superior for its treasures to the great library. How greedily the eyes of archæologists must regard its priceless manuscripts! Among these, perhaps the most celebrated is that Mexican codex which the Spaniards found at the Conquest. Among other curious manuscripts is a letter written by the Chinese to Leo XII. Every nation and people seems to have contributed its part in the making up of the collection, and not the least curious of its objects is the series of the gods worshipped by the pagans of Asia, India and Africa. To carry out its vast ideas the Propaganda saw the need of a private press. Its present printing establishment is polyglot, and one of the best in the world. Its editions of standard ecclesiastical authors, especially that of St. Thomas, are admired for their high order of excellence.

Several important events have, in recent years, brought the Propaganda prominently before the attention of the world. Of one of these — its action in regard to the land and home rule agitations of Ireland — it would not be proper to speak as yet. The great policy of the Irish party is so rapidly hastening to a successful close that we may patiently wait for the proper explanations, sure of being satisfied therein.

The years from 1881 to 1884 were stormy times for the great Congregation. The radical parties of Italy, recognizing the enormous importance of the Propaganda in the welfare of the Church, turned its assaults away from the direct centre of ecclesiastical government, and made this venerable institution the object of its attacks. This new policy, despite the express guarantees of the usurping government of 1870, was begun by the confiscation of the students' villa at Montalto, in 1874. The Propaganda was forced to yield to this cruel and tyrannical disposition, but yet had hopes that the persecution might cease there. Their hopes

AN EVENING ON THE PINCIAN.

were destined to disappointment. On July 12, 1881, the greedy officials of the Italian government seized, for sale, numbers of city and country estates belonging to the Propaganda. On July 5th of that year, the Congregation appealed, but unsuccessfully, and was condemned to pay three-fourths of the court expenses. Another appeal on September 22, condemned it to pay the full expenses. Other appeals were made to the Supreme Court, and to the Court of Ancona, whence it was finally sent to the Court of Cassation, the court of last appeal in the kingdom, where, on the 29th of January, 1884, the case was definitely settled, and the Propaganda robbed of two-thirds of its valuable property.

Protests, indeed, went up from all over the world, and none were more strong than those uttered by the press and in the public halls of our own country. The Americans, at least, found that their demands for fair dealing were to be respected,

REV. F. Z. ROOKER, D.D., Vice-Rector of American College.

inasmuch as the American College, which was included in the deed of confiscation, was restored, or rather untouched.

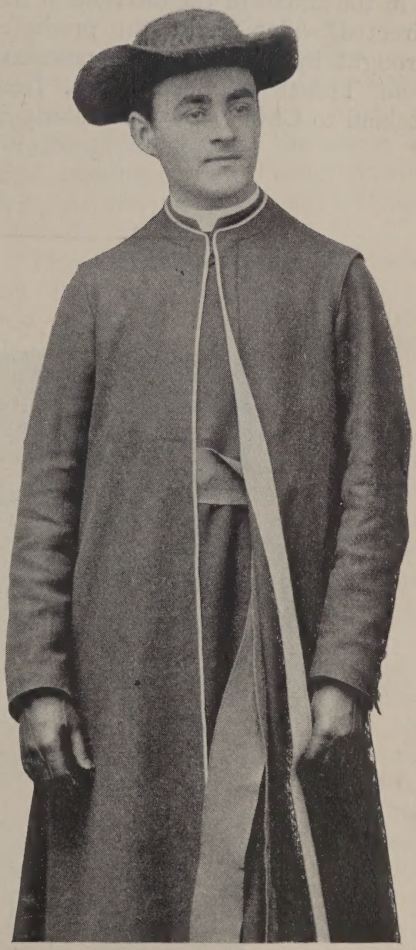
The effects of those terrible spoliations have not, however, been able to cripple the giant energies of the Propaganda. It feels, indeed, that the eyes of a ravenous monopoly, un-

equalled in the world for its unscrupulousness and rapacity, are turned full upon her, and that, unless the sympathies of the world are aroused to effort in her behalf, she may yet see herself beggared of every means of carrying on her beneficent operations.

I cannot better end these few words of comment than by quoting the expressions contained in the letter from the Secretary of State, in 1884, addressed to all the nuncios and diplomatic agents of the Holy See. The Propaganda must be "considered as an emanation of the supreme apostolic office of the Papacy; it must, therefore, in its sphere of action, be considered as an eminently cosmopolitan institution; its purpose is to propagate the Faith — that is, the truth; the means generously bestowed upon it should be employed

A SYRIAN STUDENT.

in accordance with the pious will of the donors, in carrying out such a design. Hence it is that the patrimony of the Propaganda is the prop-



AN AMERICAN STUDENT.

erty of the entire Catholic family. Such considerations easily prove that the Propaganda represents the most splendid and efficient creation of the papacy for the purpose of preparing ready for use and employing the principal means adapted to the fulfilment of the divine mission given it to propagate the Faith and civilization among nations.

"As to the manner in which the Propaganda has answered to the purpose of its founders we have proof of it in the annals of the missions it has directed, which record the prodigies wrought by the Catholic apostolate from Thibet to Scandinavia, from Iceland to China, and particularly in the East and West Indies. Writers, even non-Catholic, have acknowledged that the assimilating action issuing from that centre and radiating to the remotest countries has everywhere been productive of the peaceful conquests of religion and of civilization."

MEDITATION.

PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATIONS.

BY JAMES REALF, JR.

OWEVER simple in details, the ceremony of a presidential inauguration is a thing that appeals to the average imagination. It must so appeal as long as any high ideals of progress in government are cherished by mankind. Every inauguration day, of course, has been a time of great mark and moment. But some inaugurations, on account of the very striking character of the men who played the chief part in the drama, or by reason of their happening in an era of deep disturbance, stand out in the vista of history, and seem to claim our special attention.

First among these naturally is the inauguration of that majestic figure who has been described as first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

It was, indeed, a most picturesque occasion, and to the many who have little time to spend on a minute study of history, a brief account of the installation of Washington as President of the United States, may be of more than passing interest. On the first Wednesday in January, 1789,* presidential electors were chosen in eleven States. Those electors met on the first Wednesday in February, and Congress convened on the first Wednesday in March.

The Senate, of which John Langdon was *pro tempore* President, sent Charles Thomson to Mt. Vernon with a letter officially announcing to General Washington his unanimous election. Thomson arrived April 14. Washington accepted the office and that evening rode to Fredericksburg, Va., to bid farewell to his aged mother.

The next morning, accompanied by Thomson, Col. Humphreys and his valet, a favorite negro slave, Washington began his journey to New York, where the ceremony was to take place.

Everywhere on the route he was received with unbounded joy. Bonfires were lit, floral arches erected, banquets spread and speeches made in his honor that might have turned an Oriental emperor as green as malachite with envy of such riotous and luxuriant adulation.

But Washington went through this continuous rain of compliment courteous with the calm of an aboriginal stoic. His immense sense of personal dignity appears to have been curiously supplemented by an almost equally great modesty. Arrived at New York, still more blossoming honors fell thick upon him, and when on the 30th of April he took the oath of office, it was probably the most impressive spectacle of modern civilization.

The ceremony began at sunrise with a thunder of cannon from old Fort George in the Harbor near Bowling Green. At nine the church-bells rang and congregations gathered. At twelve, in slow order before the President, the military began their march to Federal Hall, formerly

* So stated by the latest historian, Bowen, but Lossing puts this election of electors in the autumn of 1788. Two of the States, Rhode Island and North Carolina, had not ratified the Federal Constitution at this time.

the Town Hall, situated on the corner of Nassau and Wall Streets.

The military, on this occasion consisting of only five hundred militiamen, was very properly a subordinate feature. For this was the celebration of a victory of peace, a victory of union achieved by agreement between eleven sovereign States, and not a mere celebration of martial success which must ever be more or less barbaric.

The processional arrived at one. The building had been crowded since ten and among the assembled congressmen a long parliamentary wrangle arose on the question just how to receive the President-elect. This being settled, Washington was conducted to an open gallery in front of the Senate Chamber, looking on Broad Street. This gallery had a canopy or awning of "red interstreaked with white," and in the centre was a table where on a cushion of crimson velvet lay a large Bible. That was all.

Down below was a still ocean of upturned faces flashing in the sun, with one unanimous tidal wave of enthusiasm running along them and waiting to break out in one long-pent-up cheer. Around this silent sea every window and every roof that could command a view or even catch a glimpse were packed with people.

Washington was dressed very simply. He never wore a wig, though that was usual, but his profuse hair, powdered, clubbed and ribboned at the back after the fashion of an old Virginia gentleman, framed, with a certain soft handsomeness, the solemn, war-worn face, with its deep-set, light-blue eyes. His suit was of dark-brown velvet, so dark that one feminine describer calls it black, and this with his white silk stockings rising to the knee, and his sword hanging at his side, made him a picture of grace as well as majesty.

At his left Robert R. Livingston, Chancellor of the State of New York, read the oath, and in a clear voice, yet vibrant with intense suppressed emotion, Washington repeated it: "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." Then Secretary Otis, taking up the Bible on its crimson velvet cushion, raised it toward him.

Washington, not waiting for the completion of the action, bent low and kissed the book. Holding it a moment between his hands and with closed eyes, the President then added in a deep, slow tone, "So help me, God!"

"It is done," said Chancellor Livingston, unconsciously plagiarising the words of our Saviour on the Cross, and then, turning to the hushed and expectant populace, the Chancellor shouted: "Long live George Washington, the First President of the United States!"

At that moment the crowd surged upward with one tremendous cheer, a flag on the steeple of Federal Hall ran up the mast, eleven guns were fired by the artillery, all the bells rang and still the crowd shouted. Washington, paler than ever he had been in the determination of battle, bowed low to the people and withdrew from the balcony to the inner hall, where he delivered a speech of great feeling.

As he left the gaze of the crowd, the Galveston, a warship belonging to his Catholic Majesty, Charles IV. of Spain, which happened to be in the harbor, fired a salute of fifteen

THE WHITE HOUSE DURING AN EVENING RECEPTION.

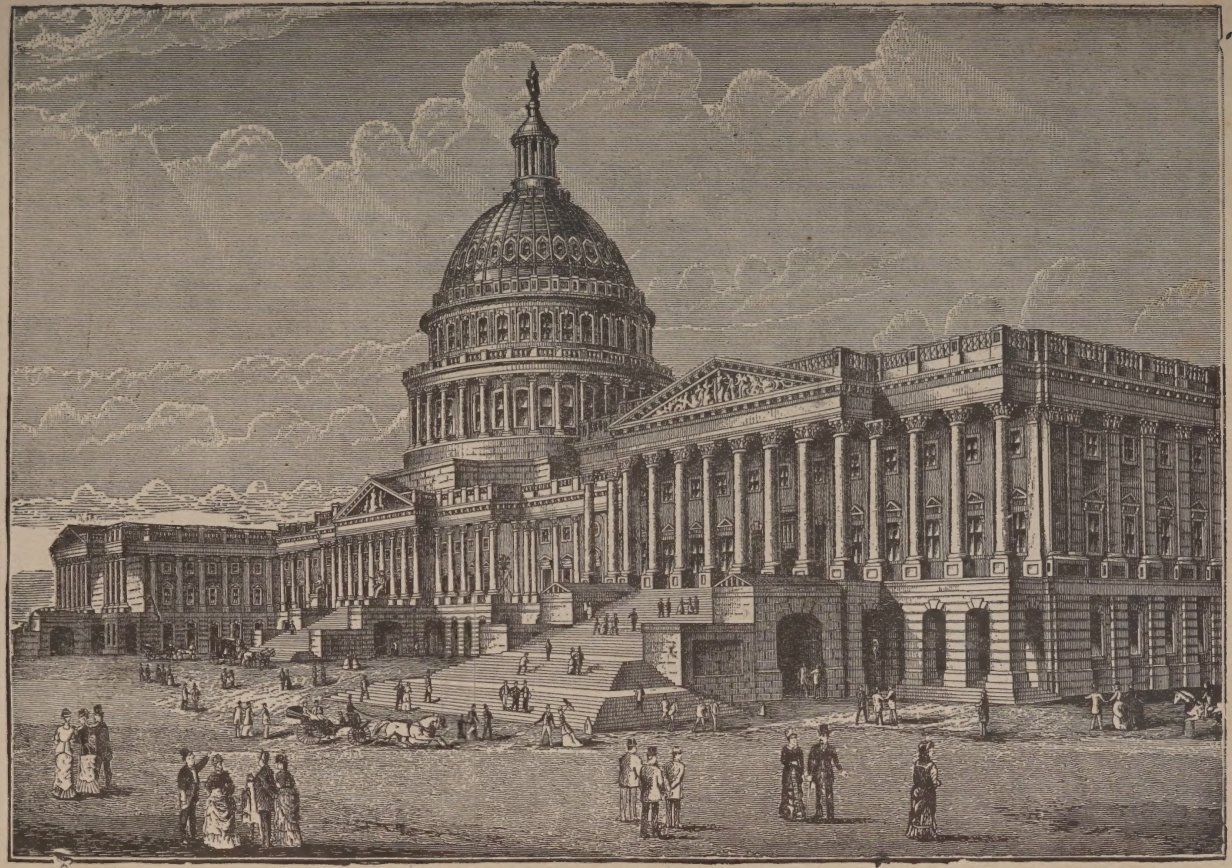
guns. The rest of the day was spent in merry-makings, with processions and elaborate illuminations of gardens and houses and fireworks during the evening, which Washington watched from the house of a friend.

Then, so large was the crowd in the streets, the great man had to walk, instead of driving, to his own especial quarters at the early hour of ten. Thus with democratic simplicity ended one of the most wonderful ceremonials of modern times.

Simplicity has been supposed to characterize the administration of Jefferson, the next man of commanding personality in the presidential office, and this simplicity is commonly believed to date from the inaugural ceremony, the legend being that this sturdy republican who hated all the pomps of office, rode to the Capitol on an old horse, tied him to a picket fence and walked up to the scene of the ceremony like an ordinary private citizen. There is no truth in this legend beyond the fact that Jefferson rode, instead of driving. He was escorted, however, by a troop of militia, with music playing and banners waving, and his ascension of the steps and induction into office was proclaimed by the thunder of cannon.

The inauguration of Jackson, next president of preëminent greatness, was marked by some novel incidents. Then for the first time the capital became a Mecca for newspaper men. Hungry editors from all parts of the country (very hungry, indeed, for the happy epoch of patent insides had not yet dawned) swooped down on Washington like a cloud of locusts. It was an amusing sight, but nevertheless a strong attestation of the hold on popular affection which the hero of so many just wars had gained. That Jackson was profoundly pleased is quite certain, though he was embarrassed by the

THE STATE DINING ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE.



THE PRESENT UNITED STATES CAPITOL.

flood of intellectual riches thus placed at the disposal of his administration for use in the filling of offices. But, while he could not possibly satisfy all the demands of their official hunger, he had made preparations for their editorial physical thirst. Barrels of orange punch had been brewed at the White House to be drunk in honor of Jackson and hospitality.

THOMAS JEFFERSON RIDING TO HIS INAUGURATION.

So dense was the crowd, however, and such the pressure at the reception, that not only was the damask furniture ruined by the muddy boots of excited men who clambered on it, to catch a glimpse of their idol, but a great deal of the punch was spilled before reaching its destination, and the only final resource was to shift that part of the entertainment into the gardens, which, luckily, it was possible to do, for that 4th of March had been a balmy day, very like a May morning.

Jackson's successor in office, a clever little New York lawyer, Van Buren, had one thing to mark his administration at the start. It appears that at this administration began the custom of having the retiring president attend the incoming president on his way to the ceremony and back to the White House. Little John Van Buren, the president-elect, and Andrew Jackson, once more technically a private citizen, drove to the Capitol together in a phaeton made for the occasion from timbers of the old Revolutionary frigate, the Constitution.

The next inauguration of note was that of the hero of Tippecanoe, General William Henry Harrison, grandfather of the now retiring Pres-

THE OLD CITY HALL, Nassau and Wall Sts. New York City, where President Washington was Inaugurated

ident. General Harrison was sixty-eight years old, but his inaugural bore no signs of senility. It had been edited by Daniel Webster, who had run his blue pencil through a great many vivid, but not quite appropriate, classical allusions. Webster said humorously at that time, when some friend accused him of unusual glumness, that he couldn't help looking remorseful, for he had just killed a dozen Roman Pro-consuls

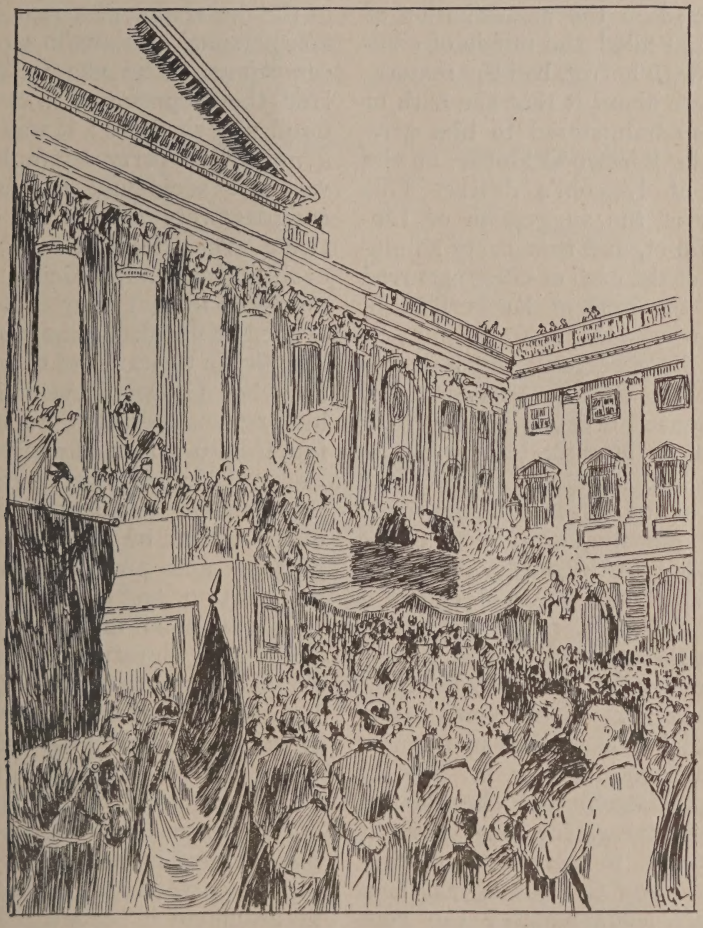
in the greatest effort of President Harrison's literary life. The weather on that 4th of March, as it generally is along the northern half of the Atlantic coast, was very bitter, and no doubt the inclemency of the season hastened, if it did not actually cause, Harrison's death, for he died the following month, and this fact, with the additional one, that the lives of a great many spectators of the inaugural ceremony are inevitably shortened by the same cause, suggests the impropriety of the 4th of March as inauguration day. The ceremony, being a public and open air one, should take place at least a month later. Why not put it forward to the 19th of April?

The inauguration of Abraham Lincoln was unquestionably the most solemn event in the history of the American nation. Washington's displayed the solemnity of joy, Lincoln's the solemnity of danger, doubt and the foreshadow of disaster. Such was the tumult of the times that Abraham Lincoln, than whom probably no braver man ever existed, had felt it his duty to slip into Washington, the scene of his grandest success, almost "like a thief in the night." As he had come quietly the latter part of his journey on account of his friends' fear of an attempt at assassination, so, as he drove with Buchanan to the Capitol, the line of his progress was doubly guarded by military stationed at all points to prevent by their crossfire any attempt at firing from the windows into the presidential carriage. It is just possible that the custom of having the outgoing president attend the new-comer helped to prevent a catastrophe, for as Buchanan was not unpopular with the men who desired to disrupt the Union, they were not likely to take the chances of killing him also, which firing on the presidential carriage would involve. When Lincoln came through the corridor of the Capitol to the eastern portico where the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States was to administer the oath in the same form in which Chancellor Livingston had administered it to Washington, the essentially poetic temperament of the greatest of American presidents must have been struck with the suggestiveness of the surroundings, with the meaning that sometimes starts, like a fresh young face peering through an old mask, from the silent surfaces of material things. For at that time the Capitol building, so emblematic of the totality of this nation, was not completed; the construction of its architectural head, the great heaven-kissing dome, was still in progress, and the vast derricks, cobwebbed with ropes of steel like myriad swords, towered over the unfinished emblem, while in the grounds before him (as the poet, John Hay, also an historian, suggestively remarks) leaned a bronze figure of Liberty which, by some curious coincidence or freak of fatality, had not then yet been raised to the pedestal from which she now greets the first smile of morning. Who can doubt but that, if Lincoln's eye beheld that statue amid the mass of breathing statues before him, he must have felt that the Immortal Spirit which that bronze Liberty in her unraised position personified, was making at that time a mute appeal to him?

His inaugural speech which he had most carefully edited, and which Mr. Seward, a man only a little less able, had helped him to revise, is a document which must command the admiration of all time, for its manner

as well as its matter. There was in it no retrogression from the key of his Cincinnati speech in which he said: "The people of these United States are the rightful masters of both congresses and courts, not to overthrow the Constitution, but to overthrow the men who pervert it." Never before had so beautiful an appeal for peace been made; never before to blind and hasty men distraught with passion, pride and prejudice, was addressed so profound and profoundly tender an argument. After references to those men and the States under their misguidance that wished to break from the Union, Lincoln ended his inaugural with this passage of lofty patriotism couched in most poetic language:

"I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though Passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of Union, when again touched, as they surely will be, by the better angels of our nature."



PRESIDENT GARFIELD TAKING THE OATH. (From a Photograph.)

Then while the battery on the brow of the hill saluted with thunder, citizen Buchanan and President Lincoln returned to their carriage, and the soldiery escorted them from the Capitol to the White House.

The inauguration of Andrew Johnson happening in a still more troublous time, when the assassination of Lincoln had filled the minds of civilized men with horror, had the remarkable feature about it that the oath of office was administered to him privately at the Kirkwood House, on the morning of Lincoln's death. This was done at the suggestion of Lincoln's cabinet, and this hasty administration of the oath of office occurred again in the case of Rutherford B. Hayes, who, the 4th falling on Sunday, did not wait till Monday, but took the oath at Senator Sherman's house, because there were rumors of an attempt to forcibly inaugurate Mr. Tilden in spite of the decision of the electoral commission. Possibly the unquiet state of the public mind justified this departure from official custom, as of course it was justifiable, or rather eminently proper, in the case of Mr. Arthur, when came the news of Garfield's death.

The inauguration of James Abraham Garfield was marked by a tender human episode similar to that of Washington's riding off the evening before he started for New York to bid farewell to his aged mother. Garfield, when the words had been said which consummated the ceremony of inauguration, with the simplicity of a boy turned and kissed his mother. This greatly pleased the American people, who are susceptible to drama in conduct when it is direct and simple. There was no sign on the surface of the times, no cloud on the popular sky even as large as a man's hand, to betoken that the administration of James A. Garfield would come to such a sudden and melancholy termination.

The first inauguration of Grover Cleveland was an event of peculiar significance in American politics, it seems to me, because it marked the culmination, and thus the beginning of the decadence, of a very objectionable personal element in our political campaigns. The victory Mr. Cleveland then represented was not a triumph of principles; it was not even a numerical party triumph; but it was the accidental success of the comparatively obscure and local politician over the statesman who had evolved from a politician, but who unluckily in that very evolution had evoked an unusual amount of personal hostility in the ranks of his own party. So, when Grover Cleveland drove to his first inauguration, he must have felt, if he is a man of analytic as well as synthetic mind, that he was really the greatest accident in American history; that he represented chiefly passion and prejudice, instead of deliberation and doctrine. An intrinsically small man would not consider such elevation an accident or would be loth to admit it to himself. But Mr. Cleveland proved himself gifted with a certain kind of greatness which even his enemies must admit, by putting forth a principle during his first presidency for his party and himself to stand or fall by. Concerning the correctness of that principle no argument is needed. Time is to adjudicate that point. But the distinct achievement of Cleveland's first presidency is the fact that he made his party mean something besides and beyond a mere desire to eject Republican office-holders. The immediate result of Mr. Cleveland's not resting content with being an accidental President, but becoming, in-

stead, an originator of policy, was his heavy defeat at the polls four years later by a man who did not represent the full strength of the Republican party. But, when Mr. Cleveland drove his conqueror, General Harrison, to the Capitol, March 4, 1889, if he were at all an imaginative man, he might very reasonably have looked forward to the most singular, and, apart from party, perhaps the most refreshing sight which a philosophic spectator of our American experiment at government could possibly behold. For could anything be finer, or appeal more subtly to what may be termed the imagination in history, or the ideal principle at work in politics, than this turning over with profound courtesy and cordial respect by General Harrison to Mr. Cleveland of that lofty office which four years ago Mr. Cleveland at the will of the people gave up to him? Thus this second drive of these two American citizens towards the Capitol marks a new era in our national life, for it is the first time a defeated president has been reëlected and reëlected over his former conqueror. Is it not also the first time a civilian has beaten a soldier? And is it not most assuredly a triumph of principles instead of personalities? Grover Cleveland's tariff views may be right, may be wrong, or may be mixed. But the American people have voted by a very large majority to give them a fair trial, and since the inauguration of Washington no man has entered the presidential office more on his own merits and under fairer auspices than the man who once got there by accident. May he fulfil the omen!

GENERAL WASHINGTON ON HIS WAY TO NEW YORK.

A FEW FLOWERS ALL CAN GROW.

BY CLEMENT MILTON HAMMOND.

EVERYBODY likes beautiful flowers. Many people find pleasure in cultivating the plants which produce them; others, who are as fond of the blossoms when they are produced, lack interest in the process of germination and growth. It is for the former class only that this article is intended. If you do not like plants for their own sake you could never be able to make them produce flowers in perfection. This rule applies to plants or to persons: those who are nearest to you, you love not so much for what they do as for what they are. The growth day by day of a plant must mean as much to you as the culmination of your hopes which comes with the combinations of colors and shapes in the blossoms. Each new leaf that unfolds gives promise of the beauty to come and continues anticipation. It is the continuance of this anticipation which gives the pleasure with the growing plants as with the developing of any project in which you are engaged. With most plants the period of bloom is but a few days or a few weeks at longest, while the period of preliminary growth is one of months. It is these months that must contain interest or the flowers would be too dearly bought. You desire one thing — success; and if as the plants grow you can, because of their constant condition, feel reasonably assured of this, the pleasure of anticipation is always with you. "It will be" makes you continually satisfied with your care and labor; "it ought to be," or "it may be," are not worth laboring for.

Preliminaries.

How much ground space have you to spare? How much time have you to give? If very small space or very little time you must confine yourself to a few varieties and a few plants; but never mind how much space or time you have, it is always better to make a sharp limit to the varieties. Twenty plants of one variety require no more care ordinarily than a quarter of that number each of a different variety, and to the plant lover there is enough individuality to each plant regardless of variety. For a very small garden, such as one can have in the back yard of a city house, six or eight kinds of plants are all that should be attempted; for the largest garden for an amateur, twelve to eighteen varieties are enough. In making your selection of the plants that you are to cultivate, choose those that interest you: if you like roses, cultivate roses; if you like chrysanthemums, cultivate chrysanthemums. No plant is too difficult to raise successfully if you take a deep interest in it; no plant is easy to raise if you do not take interest. The amateur

will do better with a certain species of plant if he be very fond of it, than a professional whose interest is only commercial, never mind how expert he may be. Years ago I took a fancy to Dutch bulbs, or, rather, to their blossoms, — for I had never seen a hyacinth bulb before, — and made an attempt at their cultivation. I followed the hastily given advice of a friend and after months of care met complete failure. The next year I made a more careful study of the subject and had partial success. The third year I potted some three hundred bulbs in the fall, and more than ninety per cent. produced perfect blossoms. I have now, February 6th, about one hundred hyacinths, jonquils, crocuses, etc., in bloom and some three or four hundred others in bud. My early failures gave me renewed interest each succeeding year because I liked the plants.

It is better always to begin with the seed, bulb or cutting. Many plants do better if started in the house during March and April. For seeds a box sixteen by ten or twelve inches and not over three inches deep, will give room for six varieties, planted in rows. The earth should be sandy and should be kept always moist, but not soaked. The box should be kept in a warm place and strong light, but until the plants appear should be protected from the sun. The smaller seeds should be covered very lightly with earth. As soon as the second leaf appears, the plants should be thinned to from one-quarter to one-half inch apart. From this box the plants are to be transplanted either to the garden when danger from frost has passed, or into pots, one in each pot.

The box for cuttings should be of about the same size and depth, but should be filled with coarse, clean mason's sand which should always be kept quite wet. The warmer the place in which it can be kept up to eighty-five degrees the better, and it must be kept warm. A knife will make rows in the wet sand. They should be about two inches apart. The cuttings, or "slips," which are the ends of branches of healthy growing plants, are set out in this sand in the rows made by the knife. Two or three leaves at the top are all that should be left. Strong light is needed, but the plants for a week or two should be protected from the strong sun with a newspaper. Roots will form in from ten days to a month according to the variety of plants. In this box may be put cuttings of chrysanthemums, geraniums, heliotrope, fuchsias, coleus, pinks and alyssum. All except the heliotrope and pinks will root with moderate heat in about three weeks, the others in about four weeks. When rooted — and it will do them no harm to pull them up carefully and examine them — they should be put in individual pots ("thumb" pots as they are called by florists, and which can be bought for twelve or fifteen cents a dozen in small quantities) and changed to larger sizes or to the garden as they grow.

Two shallow boxes and an assorted lot of pots that you can buy of any florist, a peck of mason's sand, a bushel of good garden soil and a few seeds and cuttings are all you need if you start now. Buy your seeds from a reliable dealer and get your cuttings from friends or some greenhouse.

Selection of Varieties.

Now you have to determine what you are to grow. This must depend largely upon your taste; but there are certain flowers that are favorites with all and it is these that

I will consider. These are the chrysanthemum, the geranium, the pink, the heliotrope, the tuberose, the sweet pea, the aster, the balsam, the canna, alyssum, and the nasturtium. Dutch bulbs — hyacinths, tulips, jonquils, etc. — are to be planted in the fall, so I do not consider them in this article.

The Chrysanthemum.

There is no more satisfactory flower to raise than the chrysanthemum. It gives blossoms at a time of year when nature out of doors has gone to sleep, and when every bit of plant life is exceedingly grateful to the eye.

Having prepared your cutting box as already explained, get from some greenhouse twenty or thirty cuttings of four or five different varieties. Be particular that the cuttings are from healthy plants that have been growing for a few weeks in the sun or a strong light. This can easily be told from the color of the leaves; they should be of a dark green and near together. Make them of a uniform length of about two and one-half inches, and take off all the leaves except a few at the top. Insert them about three-fourths of an inch in the sand. Keep quite warm and well watered. They will form roots in from two to three weeks. Pull them or pry them gently from the sand. Wash the roots and pot them in "thumb" pots, spreading out the roots and pressing the earth down firmly. Keep well watered and in a moderately warm place. For the first four or five days after potting give them no sun, but good light; after this the more sun they have the better. In about three weeks the tops should be pinched off and a week later they should be put in three-inch pots.

Let me explain here that the art of potting and repotting, while simple, cannot be explained by words or pictures. It is better that the amateur take a lesson from a professional florist, for success often depends upon this. The pots which up to this time have been kept in the house can now be removed to the garden and sunk in the earth close together quite up to the top. As growth goes on they should be repotted from time to time using one size larger each time. Occasionally the ends of the branches should be pinched off, in order to make a spreading growth and keep the plants in shape, but this should not be continued later than August 20. Keep always in a sunny situation and well watered. Liquid manure should be used once in two weeks. I have always had good success in using for this purpose a tablespoonful of any good commercial fertilizer to a gallon of water. About the 1st of September — certainly not later than the 5th — the pots should be removed to the house, the branches supported by sticks, and given a sunny position. Six plants of the size they should be if well grown, will fill a window and give from one hundred to two hundred perfect blossoms. If you desire a few plants on which to raise extra large flowers, take some cuttings from your plants in May, root them in the cutting box and treat them like the others, with the exception that you are not to nip the end. Each plant will then make only one straight stalk. This will throw out half a dozen buds. Pinch off all but one. The whole strength of the plant will go to this one and a blossom of enormous size will be the result. The larger plants, with their profusion of blooms, will, I think, be much more satisfactory. While in blossom the plants should be kept

in a cool place, but in the sun or a strong light.

The Geranium. Everybody raises geraniums because they will stand any kind of treatment, and blossom in spite of every difficulty. If you wish a fine bed of geraniums for next summer, begin now. If you have old plants, cut off the ends of the branches, making them about three inches long, and removing all but two or three leaves at the end. Put them in your cutting box, not too near together, and when they have made roots transplant them to small pots. With a rootlet half an inch long, or even without any, if the end has headed, they will live and push forward rapidly to vigorous plants. When four or five inches high they should be transplanted again to three-inch pots, and about June 1st they can be put in the permanent bed out of doors. They need a sunny situation, but very little care.

Pinks and Heliotrope. Pinks (carnations) are to be treated almost exactly like the chrysanthemum. The cuttings can be obtained from a florist, put in the cutting box, transplanted, nipped, repotted from time to time and removed to the house in the early fall.

Two or three plants of heliotrope are sufficient if well grown. The cuttings require usually about four weeks to form roots. After transplanting they should be kept in a warm spot and should not be taken out of doors till June 1st. They can either be transplanted into the garden or kept in pots sunk in the ground. They require a great deal of water.

The Tuberose. A dozen tuberose bulbs, or, rather tubers, of the dwarf variety, will give a houseful of fragrance in September and October. The tubers should be carefully trimmed with a knife, removing all roots, and the lower end cut off entirely about a quarter of an inch from the bottom. Put a little earth in a thumb pot, place the tuber in this and then fill the pot. Much of the upper part of the tuber will be exposed. Place the pots in a very warm place, a warm closet or near a stove, and keep moist. After the roots have begun to form, which will be in four or five weeks, transplant into six-inch pots and after the middle of May these pots may be sunk in the earth of the garden and left till August 20th, when they should be removed to the house. They should be supported by tall sticks.

Sweet Peas. I know of no other flower grown out of doors that will give the variety of colorings combined with sweet odor that the sweet pea does. Plant them early, the 1st of April ; plant them deep, at least three inches, and give them abundance of water and liquid manure. Protect them from the sun near the ground when they reach a height of six or eight inches, but let the upper part have as much sunlight as possible. Sticks four feet higher should be placed in the row about two feet apart and string run on these three or four inches apart. Give plenty of water, as this I find the most essential thing. Protection from the heat of the sun for the roots can be had by the use of straw or a narrow board. Sweet peas should be cut before they drop. If you allow seed pods to form blossoming will cease.

The Nasturtium. Next to the sweet pea the climbing nasturtium is my favorite. It begins to blossom early in summer and lasts

till long after the first frosts. Its culture is most simple. Plant the seed about one-half inch deep and about four inches apart where they can climb on a fence or trellis. The earth should be quite rich, and they do better when well watered. When three or four inches high tie a string about them and train them on this to whatever they are to grow against. Always pick the seed as soon as formed. If you do this blossoms will continue until a hard frost kills the vines.

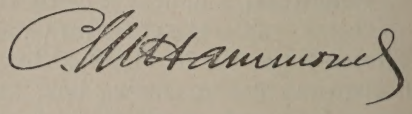
Asters, Balsams, etc.

The seeds of asters, balsams (lady slippers) and alyssum should be planted during March in the house in your flat box, then transplanted to pots and to the garden, or to the garden direct from the box. Asters require a sunny place, balsams a shady one and alyssum will thrive anywhere.

Canna seed should be started at once. Soak them for an hour or two in hot water, plant them in a small box of sand, keep wet and hot as possible. When they show themselves above the ground remove them carefully and put in three-inch pots. Keep in the warmest place in the house and transplant to the garden about the 1st of June. Unless kept very warm the seed is very slow to germinate. Because of this there is a certain fascination about them, and their magnificent foliage and bright blossoms make them a very desirable plant.

In conclusion.

There are, of course, scores of other plants worth cultivating, but as you cannot give room or time to them all, I think that I have selected for you those that will give most pleasure. If you can raise but one, take the chrysanthemum; if two, add to this the sweet pea; if three, the nasturtium comes next. When you have grown these three successfully for a season or two you will care little for other plants, except Dutch bulbs, in which I hope to interest you next September if the editor of DONAHOE'S feels so inclined.



A FRESH ANECDOTE.

BY A. H.

ONE of the drolleries of the pagan Colonel Ingersoll in which there was no harm, but a vast amount of sly humor, was delivered at the expense of General Grant during Grant's lifetime. Some gentlemen were discussing the President's character and one said he was extravagantly fond of praise; in fact, greedy of flattery. Another, questioning this warmly, appealed to Ingersoll as one who knew Grant well and could settle this point. Pursing up his lips and looking graver than a graven image, the Colonel replied in a sort of blank verse and in very slow tones till he reached his closing figure:

"'Greedy of flattery!' O, no, sir! no!
I wouldn't go so far as to say that;
But Grant's a firm man; yes, he's very firm;
In fact, so thundering firm a man is he,
I do believe that he could stand unmoved
Right under — a Niagara of molasses!"

A PLEA FOR THE BOHEMIAN.

BY JOHN BODEN.

ERHAPS a plea for the Bohemian would be as unpopular a task as a writer could set himself. The world, staid and dogmatic, considers him an eccentric, indolent man, who has never a thought for the morrow, who has no notion of economy, no ambitions financially beyond present needs, no home, ofttimes, save the place which affords him temporary shelter. It assumes he is eccentric, and condemns him readily without taking the trouble to enquire as to the justness of its verdict. It takes his philosophy and calls it an indolent indifference, scorning to take the time necessary to analyze it. Good people sometimes shake their heads sadly when the name of a friend is mentioned, and emphasize their meaning by an explanation that he has become a Bohemian.

They never stop to think that the Bohemians are the men who make our songs, who paint our pictures, who, out of wood and stone, chisel marvellous creations, who compose our sweetest poems, who write our newspapers. Misunderstood and reviled, the Bohemian goes on in his own way, oblivious of what the world thinks, accepting all situations as they present themselves, content to live and let live in perfect harmony with every surrounding. He seeks only a share of the sunlight which should come into the lives of all men, but he grumbles never a word when some unfeeling ones force him into the shadow.

All classes and trades of men have burdened the world with their wants and their woes, save the Bohemian. Who ever knows of the struggles of the men whose brains are their only tools, of their heartaches and despair, their bitter disappointments? Who knows of their battles for the bread they need? Now and then some poor, weak soul, wearied by a woe too great, seeks from another world a justice owed him here. Bohemia mourns him a day, there are possibly a few lines in some newspapers saying that overwork — which is diplomatic language for underpay — killed him, and all is over. Or, maychance, the weirdly humorous tale over which you laugh so heartily recounting the adventures of a poet in search of a purchaser, had for basis a personal experience of the author. He could not sell his poem, but must have bread, and so out of his misfortunes he made good cheer. His adaptability is one of his peculiarities. The ordinary man, rebuffed by fortune, would sit down and mourn himself into an illness. The Bohemian utilizes those very reverses, and both he and the world are the merrier eventually for them. There is much more fact than fancy behind many of the tales that make pass pleasantly an evening by the fireside. The Bohemian is not a trespasser on the time of any man, nor a trader on the sympathies of a world that does not understand him. He contributes his brains, while other men contribute their brawn, and yet the latter claim all the rewards for the progress made in the ages.

The Bohemian envies them not their position nor their imaginings. The former is in a world as separate and distinct as if it were on another planet. His home is Bohemia, the only secular place in all the wide earth into which money cannot purchase an entrance. There is no highway to it. Insensibly a man is drawn into it, or he never reaches it at all. Talent, love of com-

radeship, a sunny disposition, honor and fraternity— these are the magnets which will draw one toward it, and once in it there is no world elsewhere one would live. It has its obligations, its trials, sore and frequent, its code of honor, rigid as the most unbending militarism; but there is a charm of companionship of kindred minds within it; there is a friend to bear half your troubles and share with you half his joys; there is an absence of jealousies and of pettiness that make you powerless to rid yourself of its enchantment. Circumstances may sometimes call one out of Bohemia, but he turns to it again with a yearning for the old life — free as that of the Arabs.

It is an ideal world, but not of that luckless, hapless sphere which they who have never tasted its sweets, or enjoyed its hallowed companionship, assume and assert it to be. There are mothers who would pale at the thought of any child of theirs ever becoming a Bohemian. And yet who is the author of those beautifully worded apochryphal tales which that same mother uses to instil high thoughts into her children? Some poor Bohemian, a thousand chances to one, has written them. He is educating your children, is furnishing you with enjoyment or instruction, is leading the world through its magazines and its newspapers. His brain is the raw material out of which is manufactured nine-tenths of the highest and best gifts in life. His life is a thing apart from yours, but why chide him for it? He builds on the ruins of no other man's life; he feeds on no scandals; exults in no misfortunes, but goes on his way imbibing the sweetness of life from every flower, and, in his own way, scattering the perfume broadcast. Some do it through pictures, some through sculpture, some through books and papers, asking in return only that they enjoy life as to them seems suited best. Who will refuse it?

What matters it whether that story which brought tears to your eyes was written mayhap to buy bread that was sorely needed, or to replenish the beer mug long since empty? The pretty fable with a moral, written to ennoble the thoughts of the young, may have been dashed off to prolong a merry evening party. It loses none of its flavor thereby. The joke you laugh at, the droll conceit, the humorous sketch, may be the product of a man weary almost of a fight for a living. The stirring poem which becomes a school epic, and achieves immortality in a reader, may have been written as a means of securing the wherewithal to appease an irate landlady. The Bohemian does not accompany his song or his story with an explanation of why it was written. He is content that it be measured by its own excellence. He never labels it "the best in the market," or "the most original." He leaves all these little inuendoes of superiority to men who are of the world that looks down on him. They trade on their rivalries; he on his brains.

It is a mistake, grievously unjust, to assume that Bohemians are merely a lot of idle, luckless fellows. Bohemians must be good men. They must have brains of good quality, and hearts in the right place. They may have no home now, but they all did have one once. That is why they can draw it so accurately. In numberless instances they were the pets, the bright boys of the family. They grew tired of the villages in which they were born and flocked to larger cities. Mecca-like, New York received them. It was the great market in which men who had brains to dispose of to others did their trading. Common aims made these young men friendly. They met in Newspaper Row, in the art galleries, in the queer, interesting, quiet quarters that scholars seek, in quaint old restaurants where food was good as well as cheap, and character abounded. Insensibly they were drawn together, and a bonding of heart and purpose was made. They got to know where to find each other. Their cause was common, and together they flocked in a practical community of interest. This was Bohemia.

Since those days it has branched out, and, like all other worlds, has temples wherein its devotees meet. The Press Club, the Lotus Club, and that most unique of all Bohemian institutions, the Tenderloin Club, are the marts in which its people gather on stated days; but, exquisitely interesting as they are to the stranger, they by no means contain the essence of the charm of the Bohemian's life. In the club he is to some slight extent, at least, conventional. He pays a tribute now and then to fashion, but it is only a passing one, and he is away again to where his household gods hold unlimited sway. He is back to his little room which is his workshop, his temple, his parlor, his playhouse and his dormitory.

He does not call it home. There are too many sacred memories clustered about that word, and so the generic term of "den" is given to these abodes. A bed in one corner, a bundle of books in another, a grate with a crackling fire, a mantel filled with bric-à-brac, walls littered with rare gems of the painter's art, a cupboard too often empty, but always open, a wardrobe, with always an abundance of books, a table filled, mayhap, with manuscript — place a man in there, of any age from twenty to fifty, and you have the Bohemian in his den. There are times when, from prudential reasons, he would rather you would first send up your card, but there is no formality among members of the guild. The door always swings inward on its hinges, and you are as welcome as you would be by your own fireside.

There is a communism, rational and refined, about these dwelling-places. One-half at least of all he has his needy brother may use with pleasure. There is a recognition that while your brother may be in the trough of the sea to-day he will be on the top of the wave triumphant to-morrow, but, whether he is or not, the Bohemian recognizes by personal experience that merit is not always rewarded and that failure to temporarily succeed implys not a lack of talent. They have too much to do with the world and its vagaries to accept its judgments. They know that the articles, whether of books or of paintings, that were refused in their callow days sell now when their names are established, and many and many a hearty laugh goes round the board at the way in which this wise old world is fooled by the men who are thought to be only idealists. Many a time is the world made to bestow its best approval on works of mediocre value merely to gratify the whim of a dozen or two of the critics. The world may get the lion's share of the money, but Bohemia rules its ideas. It laughs when Bohemia decides that laughter is the proper thing, and it weeps when Bohemia declares that tears should flow.

The painting which creates a furore does so only because Bohemia has prepared the world for it. "The Angelus" might have stood for a thousand years in a public park and attained no celebrity. But the Bohemians of Paris declared it good. They had seen it first, had passed their judgment on it, and Paris and all the world beside were anxious to view it. None dared to question it, for Bohemia had set its stamp of approval on it and that was all sufficient. The new drama, its situations and its dialogue are not first given to the world. They are the work, in the majority of instances, of Bohemians and are thoroughly and carefully canvassed, and so, ofttimes before it is put upon the boards the public has already grown anxious for it. They have learned that Bohemia has commended it. Nothing that Bohemia has condemned has ever met with popular approbation, and this is the tribute, high though unconscious, which the world pays to it.

The impersonality of the Bohemian is one of the sources of his power. He speaks to us in the newspapers through all the force and dignity of the editorial "we." The biting caustic editorial on a national crisis may have been written by a man sitting in a room awaiting a covering of darkness in lieu of something more substantial to hide his coat frayed at the cuffs and worn at the

elbows. The article which rouses a people from pole to pole may have come from a room that has not seen a ray of sunlight in weeks; the deep pathetic story that wells the eyes with tears may have been written in scraps between the hours of a night's carousal. The speech which made a politician famous may be the product of a man whose name is never known outside Bohemia; the sermon, and this is ofttimes true, that is preached by notoriety-loving men who fill high places in certain churches, may not have been given into the hands of the preacher until within a few minutes of the hour for delivery because, may-hap, the man who wrote it had to rush along a column of jokes or a pasquinade for some weekly. There is no theology in those sermons, but there is a fair amount of pyrotechnics and as notoriety only is sought, the Bohemian understands exactly what is needed.

And the Bohemian, what of him? Is he a cynic? O, no! His enjoyment of life is far too keen for that. He has that exquisite delight of seeing the world delude itself. He watches it take up his ideas and work them out with eagerness, while did he himself come upon the boards they would not hearken to him. He views its follies from the vantage ground of a student, without being an active participator in its struggles. He leads it as he pleases, while it all the time goes on, heedless of who are its prompters. He has the gratification of seeing it adopt his suggestions, and would not be other than he is. His life is a strange one, but it has no deception. He is neither better nor worse than he makes himself, and in the companionship of Bohemia he finds pleasures that could not live in other and less sympathetic atmospheres.

He burdens none of us with his woes. His triumphs are known only in his own sphere. He does half our thinking, originates two-thirds of all the movements for the social reclamation of the world; has no jealousies; is no hypocrite before the mighty, nor heartless in the face of the unfortunate. He is misunderstood by the world, but goes on manfully and cheerfully in his own way, with a philosophy all sufficient to carry him through. He covets no man's goods, but lives on in his own quiet, interesting, exquisite life. Do not condemn him because he does not do as you do. He asks only a share of the sunlight of life. Do not crowd him out of it.

A BRAVE PRIEST.

SOME of the honor of the Dahomey campaign accrues to the brave priest, the Père Dabordere, who, in his quality of army chaplain, faced the enemy's shot with an intrepidity equal to that of the bravest soldier. A French officer, just returned from Dahomey, relates that on one occasion when the French soldiers were firing on their knees, concealed by brushwood, the Père Dabordere insisted on standing upright. This was that he might scan in every direction and see who were struck by the balls of the Dahomeans. When constantly urged by the officers and soldiers to withdraw from spots of danger, he would never do so. When told that he would meet his death his reply was, "We shall see." With the skirts of his soutane tightly tucked up round him, his was the task to bear away the wounded as they fell, and to administer the last Sacraments to the dying. An ovation awaited him at Abomey, where Catholics, Protestants and Jews alike received him with open arms.

THE FUTURE OF ELECTRICITY.

BY PROF. A. E. DOLBEAR.

PROPHET is a foreteller of events, but there are two well-defined classes of prophets — one who bases his predictions upon knowledge more or less accessible to every one; the other bases his upon knowledge purporting to come from mysterious sources unknown to any but himself. The one takes for granted that the multiplication table will hold good, and that uniformity in nature's proceedings may be depended upon. The other takes nothing for granted.

One tells us to the second when the moon will be next time eclipsed and how long it will take Niagara River to wear away the falls. The ultimate reason for his prediction is that two times two are four and likely to continue to be four. Calculated previsions are possible because one may have all the data needful.

On the other hand, if one should predict a European war in May or that a diamond meteorite would fall on Boston Common next Fourth of July, he must need get his information from other sources than tabulated human knowledge, and such prophecies are radically different from the former sort. Any one may become one kind of a prophet if he be capable of forming a proper judgment, and will be to the pains to acquaint himself with the sources of human knowledge. Heaven alone chooses the man and the message of the other kind of prophecy. He may run away with his message like Jonah, or he may wonder at the mechanisms he describes, like Ezekiel. It hardly needs saying that in writing upon the future of electricity only human prophecy, based upon present knowledge of what has been accomplished, is attempted.

In scientific affairs fifty years ago is really olden time. Even those whose recollections go no further back than twenty years may well wonder what in the name of science one is likely to see or hear of next.

Historians tell us how in prehistoric times men made rude implements of stone, then of bronze, then of iron, the use of these serving to mark the advances in intelligence and skill, and so the bronze age succeeded the stone age, and the iron age succeeded the bronze. There was a time, called the Dark Ages, when men learned nothing new and apparently forgot many things before known; yet even that age finally blossomed out into great activities in many directions, literary, scientific and industrial. Like a century plant, though apparently standing still, it was gathering energy for the days to come. The past hundred years may be called the age of steam, and what the steam engine has been to the race it is impossible yet to duly reckon. Now we have entered a new epoch which may fairly be called the Electrical Age, inasmuch as electricity has fairly been made subservient to man's wants and control. The Arabian genii were summoned by rubbing a lamp, the modern genii by touching

the button. Until a few years ago the chief service was for speed in message-bearing, but now like blind Samson he bends to the wheel and nothing is too difficult for him to attempt. Unlike Samson, electricity has no nerves, so one's sympathies are not drawn upon when the load is heavy and the grade is steep.

Electricity in its Infancy.

Although electricity has now a commercial value next to steam power, and has been successfully applied to such a multitude of uses, one may often hear the remark that electricity is in its infancy. One would not like to think of it as in its dotage, but certainly one might think it had attained to vigorous youth and that its swaddling clothes were quite outgrown. If by the expression is simply meant that the possibilities of the employment of electricity have not yet reached their limit, it is true in one sense, but far from being true in another sense. There appears to be a vague notion in the minds of some persons that electrical energy is illimitable, so that with machines more perfectly adapted to electrical laws, more and more work can be done by a given amount of electrical energy. One may sometimes hear of an enthusiastic inventor who claims to have devised a dynamo or a motor two or three times as efficient as any other, or a galvanic battery which can take the place of a dynamo for extensive electrical work. It is to be remembered that in order to obtain electricity for any purpose whatever, some kind of power must be provided to produce it. Steam, wind, water, or chemical action are antecedents. If a steam engine of fifty horse power is made to drive a dynamo, no more than fifty horse power can possibly be got out of the electrical current the dynamo generates; indeed not so much as that on account of the mechanical losses unavoidable in all machines. But the dynamo of to-day is one of the most perfect and efficient machines the art of man has yet produced. It will return as much as ninety-five per cent. of the power applied to it, which shows that no considerable improvement in its efficiency is possible. This is true also of motors and of so-called transformers, so one must not think of dynamos and motors as being in their infancy. They are full grown, and either may be designed to do any amount of work with even greater accuracy than is possible with a steam engine for the same service. If it were true that more work could be got out of an electric machine than is turned into it by an engine, then perpetual motion would at once be attained. If ten horse power of steam would produce eleven horse power of electricity, the dynamo could run itself and have one horse power to spare.

What may not be Expected.

One may depend upon it no one will hereafter make dynamos more efficient than they can be made to-day, though doubtless machines may be made smaller and lighter, capable of doing the same amount of work. There is a doctrine in physical science known as *conservation of energy* which is so fundamental and is so well established, that every scientific man lets it dominate in his reasonings and does not entertain for an instant any idea which implies its denial. For such reasons he believes that this part of electrical science is not in its infancy.

Again there is also prevalent an idea that the knowledge of electrical phenomena and their laws possessed by electricians to-day is so far from

completeness that one may look any day for an announcement of some newly discovered laws that will practically abrogate most which we now think is well established. It may seem incredible, but this is nevertheless true, that there is not a single electrical action now in such common use but has been known for a generation or more. Arc lights have been known for eighty years. Incandescent lamps for thirty years. Electric motors drove machinery sixty years ago. An electric locomotive was made forty years ago. The telephone was used thirty years ago. The patent was held on a legal technicality, not for intrinsic novelty.

There are plenty of electrical phenomena well known which are lying fallow. The illustrious Faraday made many electrical discoveries. One of them was a mechanical origin of electrical currents which has issued in the modern dynamo. Another was the action of magnetism upon light, and this has no commercial value at all as it has not been made to serve any economic purpose. The known mathematical relations of electrical phenomena make it very certain that in this direction nothing can come to materially modify present knowledge. This, in many ways, is as complete as the astronomical knowledge that enables one to compute the time of the next transit of Venus.

What may be Expected.

These stated limits do not in the least imply that there is little or nothing more to be expected in the future in the development of electrical industries. Indeed it is certain that both improved methods and new uses for electricity will appear, and some of these are now very near. The man in the rigging can often see the hull of a vessel which is below the horizon to the man on deck, and there are several electrical crafts now visible from such an elevation. To describe such minutely is not, of course, possible; but the main features are discerned without difficulty.

Telegraphing without Wires.

For many years telegraphic work was carried on in what is technically called a closed circuit, which means a continuous electrical conductor from the generator through the telegraphic instrument back to the generator. The ground has often been made a part of this circuit. When the telephone began to be used it was noticed that telegraphic signals could often be heard coming from circuits wholly disconnected, sometimes even a mile or two away. Professor Trowbridge of Harvard, showed how it was possible to telegraph across a river or even the Atlantic Ocean without having any connecting cable. An electric current in the earth spreads out in a wonderful way from its ground terminals, and when it comes to a conductor better than the earth a larger proportion will follow it wherever it may lead; hence a part of a current sent into the earth at one place may be utilized in another circuit quite apart from it, and the further apart the earth terminals of the first circuit the greater distance away may the second circuit be. Now if a telegraphic circuit had one terminal in, say Greenland, and the other in Brazil, and another circuit had its terminals, say in Norway and Liberia in Africa, any electric current in one would be felt in the other, and signals with a Morse key made in one might be heard in a telephone in the other circuit. Such effects are due to

conduction in the earth, and the observed phenomena has served to show that an intermediate wire is not essential for telegraphic communication. It was shown by the writer some years ago that a conducting circuit was not essential for electrical processes, for telegraph signals and talking have been heard in a telephone quite disconnected from any circuit, and fifty feet away from the nearest, and subsequently he found it possible to set up rapidly intermittent currents between two places several hundred feet apart, by discharging opposite terminals of induction coils into the earth, the second terminal of each coil being in the air so that telegraphic signals could be heard in one circuit without what is called a complete circuit in either apparatus. There is no special limit to this method.

Maxwell pointed out from theoretical considerations more than twenty years ago, that what we call light was probably electro-magnetic in quality, and a few years ago Hertz showed how to produce such waves five hundred thousand times longer than common light waves; also that such waves were reflected and refracted like light with proper lenses. A beam from what is called a search light can be directed and may be seen in clear air in the night a hundred miles or more away. In murky air and fog such light is quickly absorbed, but the longer artificial waves are not thus affected. A beam of Hertzian rays can be thus directed and not suffer so great loss, and being received by a proper electrical apparatus can be made visible; signals thus can be sent where the eye can see nothing in the space, and curiously enough such substances as wood and brick walls are transparent to such waves. There is no limit to this method but the curvation of the earth and the delicacy of the receiving apparatus.

Another method of signalling depending upon electrical conditions will probably be common in a short time; namely, by projecting a beam of light from a powerful electric arc upon the sky or clouds. Such a shaft of light directed upwards can be seen many miles, and by making it intermittent a code of signals can be made useful, say for the weather bureau, in announcing the probabilities for the next day. Lighthouses and vessels at sea can thus indicate their whereabouts when direct light would be cut off by dense fog. With the aid of a long focus lens we shall soon see all sorts of advertisements and fantastic shapes in the sky.

Electric Lighting.

Every one knows that the common steam engine is a very uneconomical machine rarely utilizing more than five per cent. of the energy of the fuel spent upon it, and the same thing must be said of the common incandescent electric lamp as it gives back in light generally less than five per cent. of the energy spent in it — a loss of over ninety-five per cent. of the original energy. It is evident that here is a great field for improvement. Whatever waves are given out by a lamp either too long or too short to affect the eye are so far wasteful in the production of light. That high temperature is not essential for luminousness is evident from glow-worms, fireflies, the phosphorescent light on decaying stumps, and the luminous streamers in the wake of large meteors, where the temperature must often be many degrees below zero. When electrical discharges are made to pass through Geissler's or Crooke's tubes they glow and may give out a

good deal of light yet not become appreciably warm. The efficiency of such tubes as light producers is very high, for most of the energy spent in them is visible. It has been known for a long time that such tubes are especially sensitive to electrical discharges, and that they do not need to be connected to the source of discharge in order to shine; relatively long electric waves are operative with them. Tesla has lately worked this out at length in many ingenious ways, and has been able to light an incandescent lamp held in his hand with an expenditure of energy not so much as one-tenth of that spent in an ordinary lamp for the same amount of light. This means that with proper appliances ten times as much light can be got as we get now with a given expenditure of power. These effects are the result of high tension and alternating currents. With such a system of lighting the ordinary apparatus and connections are dispensed with. Sheets of metal or the gilt paper on opposite sides of a room are connected with the terminals of a suitable induction coil. The lamp may be an independent portable thing like a vase or book. If held horizontal it may be lighted. If placed vertical it will cease to shine; whether it is here or there in the room will not make much difference. With all this no one in the room need be conscious of electrical action, as such high frequencies — that is, number of alternations per second — produce no sensation. The details of this system are being worked out, and no one knows how soon common electric light apparatus will go to the dump.

Heating. The temperature of an electric arc may be as high as eight thousand degrees, but it is confined to a very small space. If the same amount of heat was diffused through a quart of water it would at best but keep it boiling, and it is found practicable to raise the temperature of a given wire to any assignable temperature below fusing and maintain it there with a constant current of electricity. So devices have been invented for both cooking and heating apartments. The mechanism is simplicity itself, and regulation is as easy as turning a stove damper.

An expenditure of about one horse power is needed for such cooking as, say, frying griddle cakes, three at a time, costing at ordinary rates about ten cents an hour. This of course is much too costly for much work, but when the power is convenient and time more valuable than fuel and a cook, the convenience would balance the cost. Heating rooms with an electric current is also entirely feasible, and the only reason it is not now in common use is its cost. When methods of producing electrical currents are cheapened there will be no reason why houses should not be heated as well as lighted by the energy that comes in a wire. One may remember that the reason we did not have electrical lights thirty years ago was simply the cost of the production of electricity.

Cooling. In the fable of the Man and the Satyr the man was reproached for blowing both hot and cold with the same breath, but that is precisely what a current of electricity can do. When the face of a thermopile is heated it gives a current of electricity. If a current from some other source be sent through the pile in the opposite direction the face of the pile is cooled and ice may be formed in this way. The same current at the table will keep the tea hot and the water cold, allaying apprehensions of deadly microbes in the ice now used.

Rapid Transit.

The wants of civilized man have increased faster than his ability to supply them, and every increase in speed has increased business in a greater ratio. Fifty or sixty miles an hour has been considered rapid—and the average rate on railroads is only about half that, but we are now on the eve of a great change. Strength of mechanism to endure the strain, cost and safety are the conditioning factors. It has been shown that with properly constructed roads one may be safer at sixty miles an hour than on a poorly constructed road at twenty miles. The actual increase in cost at the higher rate is but a small figure and with an electric motor in place of the steam locomotive there is great advantage for speed in many ways. A five hundred horse power motor can now be made as readily as a five hundred horse power locomotive, and that the former can run safely two miles a minute there is no manner of doubt. It is altogether probable that within a year from this time electric trains will be run at this speed between Chicago and St. Louis and with as great safety as with present express trains. The completion of that road will probably precipitate a rapid change in all railroad work. It should be remembered that the sudden adoption of such a new method which renders useless the present appliances would be ruinous to most roads in the country; nevertheless the time may not be so distant when all locomotives will have gone to the dump, save here and there one in a museum standing like an extinct mastodon. For transporting mail and express packages still other electric devices, like Williams' Portelectric system working at still higher speeds, will automatically travel from city to city.

Gem-Making.

Diamonds, sapphires, rubies and emeralds are admired for both their scarcity and their intrinsic qualities; chiefly the latter. There are numbers of things scarcer than diamonds, for instance, the metals thallium and rubidium. Rubies and emeralds are but crystals, as are snowflakes and rock candy. They are extremely hard, and can be fused only in an electric furnace. They are composed of alluminum and oxygen. This compound is found uncrystallized in great abundance, and when fused in an electric arc it becomes as hard as the ruby, and any color may be given to it. If not allowed to cool too quick, it crystallizes and may then be polished, when it is an artificial gem. Dealers in gems have for commercial reasons agreed not to call such stones gems, because they were not so-called natural products. It should be remembered, however, that no one can endow matter with the physical qualities that make a gem an object of admiration; crystallization, density, hardness, color, refraction and so forth, are inherent in the substance and do not depend upon whether the material is assembled in the laboratory of Faust or Vulcan. Faust with a dynamo can turn out a product as good as Vulcan with his forge, and, if he be encouraged, will soon bring to the poorest in the land the most beautiful things; and will make the distinction between the rich and the poor to be only one of quantity, not the quality of one's possessions.

Planetary Signalling.

Are the planets inhabited? This question every thoughtful person must often ask himself. The distances between the earth and even the nearest is so immense as to appall one to think of.

When our telescopes have apparently reduced the distance a thousand times they are still too remote to see any evidence of the existence of intelligent beings. If there was a city on Mars the size of London it would seem but a speck not distinguishable from other areas. If such a city had electric arc lights such as we possess, it seems very certain they would sometimes be seen with our larger telescopes, and in like manner their inhabitants could sometimes see our lights if provided with as good telescopes as ours.

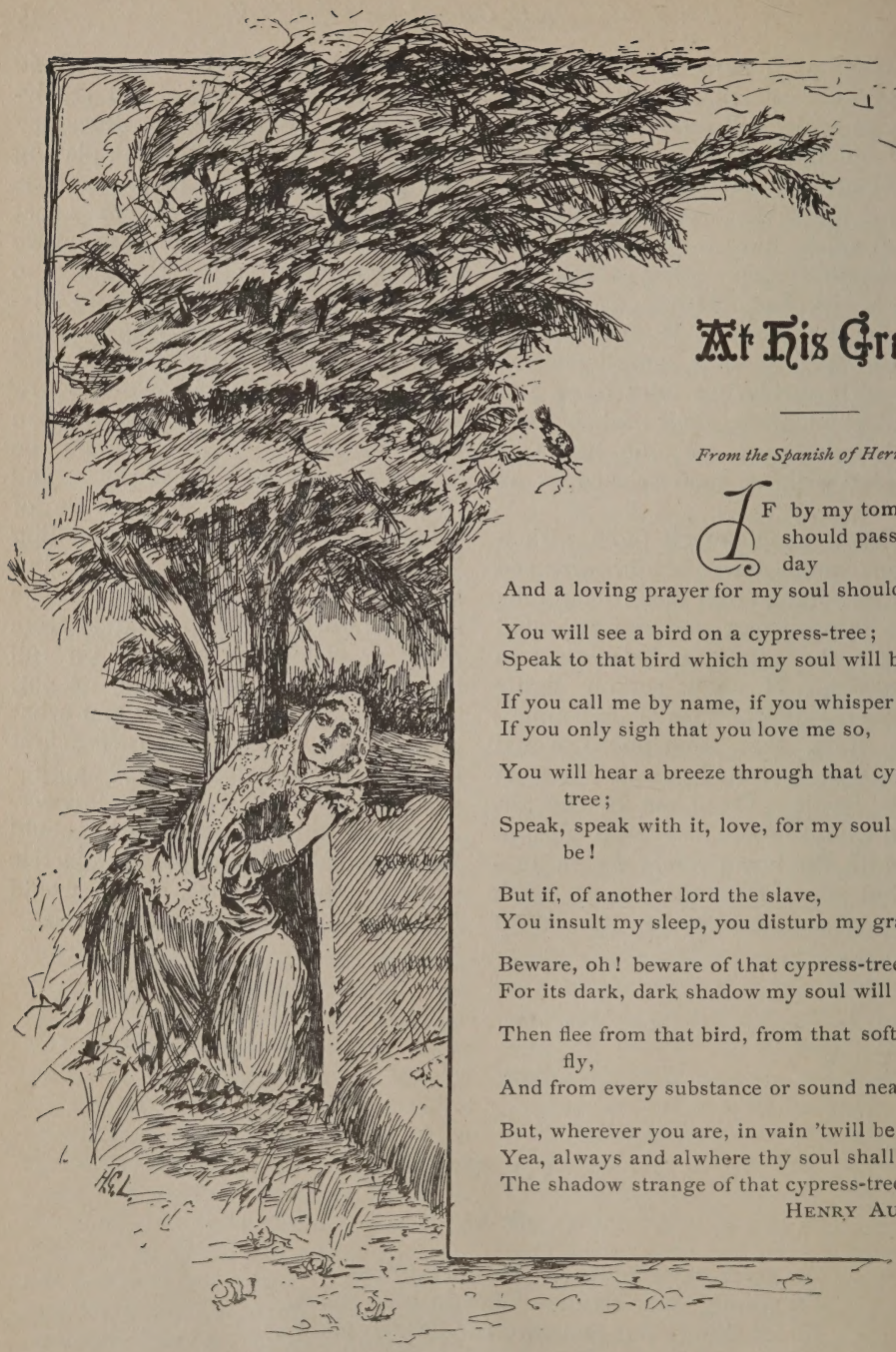
With a good search light with a million candle power or more directed towards Mars, the beam could be made intermittent and signals could be sent the same as between two mountains. If such search lights were sent from the tops of high mountains here, the atmosphere would not absorb so much as it does at lower levels. Once out of the air, there would be no loss from absorption and the beam would fly on, taking but about four minutes to reach Mars when nearest to us. With similar facilities in Mars there would be no trouble in sending and receiving signals. We have the necessary outfit; it only waits for the placing and patient testing. If no response was made it might signify only that there was no observer there when we were signalling, or that there was no electric light known there or no telescope. It may be drawing a long bow, but I will venture to add that what I have already spoken of as Hertzian waves of greater length than light waves can in like manner be directed to Mars or elsewhere, and there is nothing in the nature of things to hinder electric signalling between planets. One cannot but speculate upon the effect on the civilized world of the first signal from Mars or elsewhere, whether its full significance was understood or not, and one may well reflect upon what question he would like to have first answered by an inhabitant of another world if he could expect an answer. Are there not philosophies that could be exploded with such an electric signal? In any case, many would be made glad and many made sad.

T. C. Dolbear

To M. W.

BY A. H.

As stars pay tribute to Aurora's grace,
By veiling their strange faces in blue space,
So all things fair and rare the garden shows,
Seem gathered and condensed within the Rose;
And so the Rose another lately sent
To breathe of thee, and only thee was meant;
Because thou art the sum of every sweetness —
My Star, my Dawn, my Rose, my Life's completeness.



At His Grave.

From the Spanish of Hermosilla.

IF by my tomb you should pass some day
And a loving prayer for my soul should say,

You will see a bird on a cypress-tree;
Speak to that bird which my soul will be!

If you call me by name, if you whisper low,
If you only sigh that you love me so,

You will hear a breeze through that cypress-tree;
Speak, speak with it, love, for my soul 'twill be!

But if, of another lord the slave,
You insult my sleep, you disturb my grave,

Beware, oh! beware of that cypress-tree,
For its dark, dark shadow my soul will be!

Then flee from that bird, from that soft wind fly,
And from every substance or sound near by!

But, wherever you are, in vain 'twill be;
Yea, always and alwhere thy soul shall see
The shadow strange of that cypress-tree.

HENRY AUSTIN.

AT HIS GRAVE.

Si por mi tumba pasas un dia
Y amante evocas el alma mia,

Veras un ave sobre un cyprés;
Habla con él que mi alma es!

Si tu me nombres, si tu me llamas,
Si allí suspiras que así me amas,

Da oido al viento dentro el cyprés;
Habla con él que mi alma es!

Pero si, esclava ya de otro dueño,
Turbas é insultas mi ultimo sueño,

Guardate, ingrata, de ir al cyprés!
Huye su sombra que mi alma es!

Huye del ave, huye del viento,
De toda forma, de todo acento!

Pero es en vano! Doquier estés,
Veras la sombra de ese cyprés.

TREASURES IN OUR TRUST.

BY REV. MORTIMER EDWARD TWOMEY.

"What is a man,
If the chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feel? A beast — no more.
Sure He who made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unused."

Hamlet, Act IV., Sc. III.

THE old Greeks and the old Latins had each in their respective language two diverse words signifying *man*. One word indicated simply a member of the human family; an animal endowed with reason. The other word pointed to a special member of the human family; always an animal endowed with reason, but valuing that reason, appreciating that reason, and seeking the solution of the higher things of life by the best guidance reason could give. In our English tongue we lack the double word to denote the distinctive idea and resort to expressions such as "the manly fellow," "a manly man," unless perchance the genius of a Shakespeare convey to our intellect the meaning in the word "man," as when Marc Anthony, bending over the body of Brutus on the plains of Philippi, spake:

"This was the noblest Roman of them all:
. . . . .
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

And in the better and the nobler sense, are there many men in our midst to-day! Does the youth stepping forth upon the highway of life pause long enough to consider "the chief good and market of his time," his capabilities in the great struggling mass of humanity, his destinies as they loom up before the eyes of his fellow-man, and beneath the eye of his Maker?

Is the young man of to-day satisfied to rush with the great number into the pursuit of riches for what they are in themselves, or for what they bring? Or does he think out all alone with his own soul that there is a great vast craving somewhere within the depths of his own being, a yearning for the nourishing and the developing of his godlike reason?

Our Divine Teacher lays it down as wise that before beginning to build the house the builder compute the expense, lest having begun, he may not finish, and may become the object of laughter to his neighbors. Now a young man is to build his house; the passing habitation and "the house not made with hands." His ordinary destiny is to be a husband and a father in the home, a citizen in the republic and an heir to an everlasting inheritance. Now to build his domestic house, his social house and his everlasting dwelling, he should look into his capital. He should compute as capital his strength of mind, his strength of will and his

strength of body, and according to this threefold strength he should build.

To deal specifically with the strength of mind. Let it be said at the outset that comparatively few young men realize the depth of mind they possess, the necessity of delving for its magnificent riches, of polishing its priceless diamonds. A gold mine is discovered in the far West, or pearl fisheries in the South Sea Islands, and thousands of men are rushing thither at once. Some die in the way; some are killed grasping the prize in their quivering hands; the majority fail, the few succeed. The young man hears and reads of the golden opportunities all about him. The fever of gain impels him on. He will be rich as others are rich. Money becomes his destiny; not to be the good husband, not the good father, not the good citizen, not the good Christian. Rich, rich! and lo! the untried wealth within him, the unused riches that are all his own. "My mind to me a Kingdom is." The last thought is for the godlike reason that is his. There is the light of God within him, the image of the All-glorious shining in his soul. And he is blind and will not see. The riches of the past, the glories of the present, the mysteries of the future, all offer themselves to his ready touch. And he will not of them.

Strength of mind has the young man to learn of himself and the little happenings of his daily life and of the "little great men" about him, and then remembering that the cackling of his native bourg is not the murmur of the world, to go forth into the broad wide world to absorb by reading the thoughts and the doings of his fellow-man, to be interested as the old pagans even, that nothing concerning man and his progress shall be outside his sphere. Then from the vast resources of his own mind he should find the lead into the great treasure-houses of the noble intellects, the scholars, and the wise men of the olden times, and he should draw loads from their garnered stores into his own. The earth and sea open beneath him and the broad heavens above him, claiming that they are but the servants of his intellect, calling on him to explore into their mysteries, and read aloud to the world their stories.

And his searchings abroad being over, his return home shows that indeed to him his mind a kingdom is, and that every effort spent upon the development of its natural resources has been most profitable.

"We grow by what we feed upon." Does the young man of to-day read? Yes; read he does. But is his reading wholesome, and will his mind receive renewal of force and life from its usual diet? We make selections in our bodily food, and greater circumspection must be observed in our mental food. The sensational column of the newspaper is no power and warmth and energy for the spiritual intellect.

Does the young man read? Apart from the daily paper the general answer must be, "No." Occasionally there is found one who will devote the few spare hours between the ceasing of his day's work and his time for repose, to books. But such a one is rare. The bulk, so absorbed the livelong day in the acquirement of money, are intent in the leisure of the evening or the Sunday only on the enjoyments the wasting of that money can bring, and yet these young men will persuade themselves that life is something serious even to them.

"What is a man,
If the chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast—no more."

The opportunities for mental improvement are vast. This small book the young man is reading now offers him much knowledge, an ever-ready means of success in life; the large number of excellent books and magazines and papers, at his hand for a mere trifle, will fortify him on all sides.

The woman who shall share his lot for life will honor and respect him if he be a man with disciplined and cultivated mind; the children of his name and of his blood will seek wisdom from his learned lips; the noblest of governments — in which he rightly glories — will be proud to call him to the making or enforcing of her laws; and Heaven, that approves the industrious, will not blame him as an idler hiding away the useless talent, but will reward him as the faithful user of a sacred trust.

Cry it out from the housetops, shout it in the market-places, go ye down into the by-ways and the hedges: proclaim to all, that the feast of books, honest books, trustful books, generous books, is ready, and that all are invited!

Two men that have died in the near past illustrate the relative influences of lives whose primary object was in the one, gain; in the other, the soul's education. Which do you prefer, young man, which do you admire, which do you say the better fulfilled his destiny, which was the more man—he of the money, or he of the books, Jay Gould, or John Boyle O'Reilly?

THE CHOSEN FEW.

BY ANNIE C. MINOGUE.

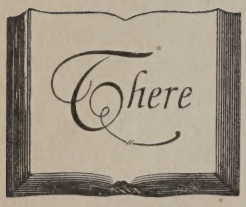
"And he taketh Peter and James and John with him.

STILL, Christ, as in that far-off night of woe,
Are souls Thy wisdom nearer draws to Thee.
Their faith sublime, the awful mystery
Of Thy great plan, to them unfolds; and lo!
They clearly see what we but dimly know.
And resting there on Thy Divinity,
Like anchored ships upon a tranquil sea,
Hear not the storms that 'round us wildly blow.

This faith from us, O Lord, Thou didst withhold,
Nor dare we question what Thy laws ordain;
Nor envy those whom, like the three of old,
Thou call'st to find e'en here their promised gain.
But pity us, dear Lord, without Thy fold,
Who blindly strive with darkness, doubt and pain.

A SCHOOL QUESTION OF MOMENT.

BY REV. JOSEPH V. TRACY.



IS a pressing question to which the recent school action of Rome gives rise—one of deep interest to many parishes and many priests; it is: Are the parish schools already in operation, or those about to be opened, going to suffer by reason of that action? It is well that a plain answer be given, for the interests at stake are of moment, and equivocation would in this instance be absolute untruth. Are parishes having such schools to be placed at a disadvantage? Will they not be forced to keep up these expensive establishments, while their less energetic neighbors enjoy the benefits of a public school freed of objectionable features? Or if they themselves should seek to make satisfactory arrangements with the public authority, will they not have an elephant on their hands in the shape of deserted school-buildings, which will have been erected at a large expense and after untold efforts on the part of priests and people?

The practical side of the problem is evident; and hence in dealing with it, not merely a theory, but facts and probabilities — things as they are and as they are apt to be for some time — have to be taken into account. Bearing this in mind, the following observations may be ventured.

First: In New England (and it is for that section of the country this paper is intended) the time does not appear ripe for an agreement between Catholics and the Public School Committees such as the former would desire. A few leading men—President Eliot, of Harvard College, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the Rev. John Bascom, and such—recognize the justice of Catholic claims, but their present influence with the masses, in this matter, has not amounted to much. Will it amount to anything more now that Catholics themselves see a way clear to a *modus operandi*, and so need not hesitate to encourage the efforts of liberal-minded Protestants?

Certainly there is no likelihood of a general change taking place all at once. Little by little, in one place now and in another later on, modifications in line with some one of the plans proposed by the Papal Delegate are apt to occur. This development is sure to be an affair of some years, likely of many, during which period the parish schools will meet an acknowledged need.

But, secondly: If a change does come, these very parishes are the ones which will be first, and most benefited. Where Catholic schools are, there live, and will live, Catholics in largest number; and there consequently our claims are apt to be urged with most emphasis, and most readily yielded to. Besides, the mere existence of a Catholic school is the strongest protest against the wrong we labor under and the strongest argument in favor of righting this wrong. When a fair-minded man sees five or six hundred children

being educated at the cost of their parents, who are meanwhile helping to support the schools of the state, which, because of their non-religious character, they cannot in conscience make use of, his conclusion is — This is unconstitutional! These parents concede the right of the state to see to it that its future citizens attain a certain minimum of mental training; when this is done, the state has no further call upon them, and it is the prerogative of these parents to have this minimum of learning imparted after the fashion they may wish. Since, then, they save the state so much of an outlay *per capita*, justice demands that the amount saved be put at their disposal. But if the Catholic school does not exist in a district, then Protestants have no palpable evidence of the unfairness done us, and so are apt to consider that the complaints which reach their ears are sentimental. If imbued with this belief, how improbable is it that much attention would be paid to our cries, or that it would be thought worth while to reform the present system, acceptable as it is to all except ourselves?

Thirdly: If, moreover (and this is a weighty consideration), a compromise did take place, the fact of a parish holding the title of the school property might prove an advantage of no small moment. For should narrow-minded men at any time fan the fires of bigotry, and manage to obtain, for a year or two, control of the machinery of the school administration, then their venom could do no lasting harm; since Catholic properties, once the year's lease expired, would be safely in their owners' hands, and it would remain for these to set their own terms before any new compact would be entered into; or, if a fair contract were impossible, then to revert to the former method of running the school. Consequently it may be truly affirmed that, taking the circumstances as they are, and as in probability they will be, parishes having schools, or planning to have them, are rather to be envied, or, better still, imitated by less fortunate districts. This presentation of the case is borne out by what has up to this occurred; in Faribault, Minn., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and in other places where Catholics have been allotted a just proportion of the school funds raised by general taxation, parochial schools already existing have been the recipients of the benefits.

Fourthly: Whatever happens it cannot come to pass that schoolhouses will be useless structures, burdening the churches which own them. The state erects buildings as there is need of them. Once it is seen that many Catholic children are attended to in private schools, then Americans will provide public school accommodation as needed by the others. Even though the withdrawal of our children leaves some buildings with unoccupied rooms, the steady increase in population will before long fill these again. Hence any proposed future amalgamation of the two systems would find the buildings owned by both necessary to house the children. More than this — should Catholics consider it desirable to dispose of their property to the state, they are sure of a good interest upon the money they have invested; for increasing population means, among other things, a rise in the value of property. Business men consider that there is no investment more promising than real estate. An increased value of ten per cent. in the course of as many years is a conservative estimate for lands and

buildings shrewdly chosen — and who have shown, or show, better foresight in buying than Catholics? Usually, the properties owned by them are among the very best in their various localities.

Fifthly: Indeed to a Catholic who is willing to look deeply, and without prejudice, into the recent school action, there is contained in it consolation of a very real kind for pastors and parishes having, or hoping to have, their own schools. This action makes it possible to obtain the invaluable aid of the state, so that such schools can have means at their disposal they could never hope for otherwise. All they have to rely on under present conditions is a limited parish income. As a result, school buildings must be few and inconveniently located — one house having to do for an extended district; Sisters and Brothers have to be supported at a minimum — and this means that the mother-houses of the various Orders are hampered for means to properly train their teaching corps; finally, text-books and many other required school expenses have to be economized to a harmful degree. But once we are furnished with our lawful share of the educational fund these drawbacks disappear. Having the same resources we can have the same equipment as the public schools. We can even excel, for salaries need not be the drain upon us they as matter of course must be for them.

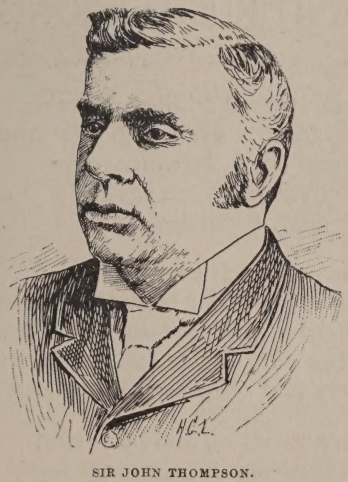
In answer, therefore, to the question asked at the outset, may one not answer unhesitatingly — In the recent Papal School action there is no danger for parish schools, but on the contrary everything to encourage their continuance or inception. Without doubt, such schools in actual operation will be the occasion of justice being done unto us, and themselves will be the foremost to receive it. None, in very truth, have more cause to be grateful to the Holy Father for the able and comprehensive document sent us by the hands of His Grace, Archbishop Satolli, than the earnest, self-sacrificing priests and laymen who have strained themselves almost to the limit of endurance in order that the Catholic school might be; for now there is hope abroad, the strain is not to last forever. Until the Pope spoke, the future was dark; there was small chance of mutual understanding between the state and us. At last the chasm is bridged; rather there was not the chasm extremists would have us believe there was. Arrangements are proposed, plans sanctioned, by which state and church can hold safe the unquestioned rights of each in the school, each being withal confined to its own proper sphere.

It but remains for American fairness and common sense to hasten the day when these plans will be of universal application. Thereby, the state will be a gainer — much will be saved its treasury, especially if Catholics insist upon providing their own school buildings, and certainly less dissatisfaction will exist among its citizens. The schools, too, are sure to be bettered, for where there is greater harmony, then must there be greater efficiency.

May this year of eighteen hundred and ninety-three, opening propitiously, witness an advance in the right direction!

CANADA'S CATHOLIC PREMIER.

TO-DAY Canada boasts of many able leaders, conspicuous among whom are many of Irish descent. Indeed the chief particular star among the galaxy of leaders there is Sir John Thompson, premier of the Dominion and minister of justice. Sir John is now in his forty-eighth year—a rather young age for a leader and statesman. To succeed the astute and famous politician, Sir John Macdonald, he must be endowed with splendid qualities. That Sir John Thompson has exhibited such qualities goes without saying. His past career may be briefly told. He was born in Nova Scotia, one of those "provinces down by the sea" which have furnished Canada with many notables, such as Howe, Tupper, Tilley, Davies, Foster, Tupper the younger, Ritchie, and others.



SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

The descendant of an Irish Protestant family, Mr. Thompson many years ago became a convert to Catholicism and married a very estimable young Catholic lady. He received his early political training when a member of the Nova Scotia Legislature; and his brilliant success as a lawyer and member of the bench, influenced Sir John Macdonald in 1885 to single him out for the cabinet minister of justice. He has held this position ever since and he has conducted his department with the strictest integrity and honor.

During his seven years career as minister of justice, apart from all the duties and responsibilities incident to that office he codified the criminal laws of the country and left behind him an enduring monument of high legal knowledge and untiring industry. He was the Canadian plenipotentiary at the last Behring Sea commission, and it is an open secret that though Messrs. Chamberlain and Tupper assisted thereat, the controversy was conducted by Messrs. Blaine and Thompson.

He is not an orator in the exact sense of the word, but he is a good speaker. Calm, deliberative, logical and impressive, he always commands respectful attention from friend and foe alike. Enjoying the highest repute for integrity, his words are always persuasive. During the great debate four years ago on the Jesuit Estate act, Sir John was supposed to have delivered the most eloquent discourse ever heard in the Canadian House of Commons.

In character and appearance Sir John Thompson is considered a model man. He is of medium height, portly of person, with an athletic frame and singularly robust in mental as well as physical structure. Of an affable and genial disposition, courageous in his devotion to the interests of all, and resolute in what he deems the best policy for his country, such is Sir John Thompson who now guides the destinies of Canada. He takes a deep interest in the concerns of the land of his fathers, like all Irish-Canadians, and

whenever approached for financial aid he always contributes to the support of the cause.

Naturally, Catholics rejoice to see one of their number at the head of affairs in this country; just as Protestants are pleased when a Protestant leads. But the pleasure should not affect the judgment. Let Sir John Thompson be judged as a statesman. Let him be judged by the members of his own party by his fidelity to the principles which are the basis of their system, by his justice and firmness in his treatment of his followers. Let him be judged by the independent voters who stand aloof from parties, and decide the fate of administrations; by the ability and devotion to Canadian interests which he displays in dealing with great public questions. Let him be judged, in fine, by his countrymen as a whole from the broad standpoint of Canadian nationality, not as a member of the church of the minority or the majority, or the leader of one party or the other.

A THRUSH'S SONG.

BY MAGDALEN BOCK.

AFAR from Ireland's hills and vales,
O'er pavements dark with spot and stain,
I hastened till I heard a strain
Of melody, then once again
I stood in dear, familiar dales.

Within its cage a throstle sang,
And for a few brief moments' space
Transfigured was that squalid place.
I felt the pure winds fan my face;
Around my feet the cowslips sprang.

I saw thick mists of bluebells rise,
White daisies and primroses fair;
The wild marsh-marigold grew there;
The scent of gorse was in the air;
I heard the love-lorn culver's cries.

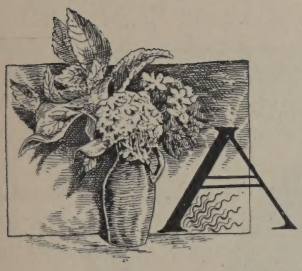
I saw the blue smoke curling high
From cottage homes, the wide boreen,
The brooklet with its hazel screen,
And every well-known place and scene
I used to love in days gone by.

And all the busy passing throng
Had forms and features dear to me;
That city highway seemed to be
More fair than famous Arcady
By magic of a thrush's song.

IN AMERICAN STUDIOS.

MARCUS WATERMAN.

BY HENRY AUSTIN.



A SMALL State is Rhode Island, but a State founded by a man whom the genius of Freedom inspires, however small in area, is never bound to be so in those productions which really count. Athens was a tiny commonwealth in the matter of acreage; but, just as one dark drop from the octopus has power to color and re-characterize a hundred tons of water, so the essence of the life of that small republic has sufficed to impregnate two succeeding civilizations composed of many and divers states. With this magnificent difference leaping out of the comparison, that whereas the potent chemistry of the drop of animal life clouds what it colors, it is the distinctive glory of the intellectual distillation of Athens to have rendered the beautiful more present to the souls of men, to have lent torches to caverns and for all succeeding ages to have illumined life.

But what has Athens to do with American art and artists? some one may ask. It has much. For who can think deeply on Art or Genius without turning to that home of all the Muses? Moreover, the illuminating, the inspiring power of such eternal verities cannot be preached too often to mankind, especially in the mad scramble for money and position which retards our American attempt at civilization. It was the material smallness of Rhode Island and the fact that it had produced a painter of such power as Marcus Waterman which led my mind by the hand of association back through the charmed labyrinths of memory to that half-oriental atmosphere where once a flawless Parthenon shone in the roseate morning. How nobly Emerson said:

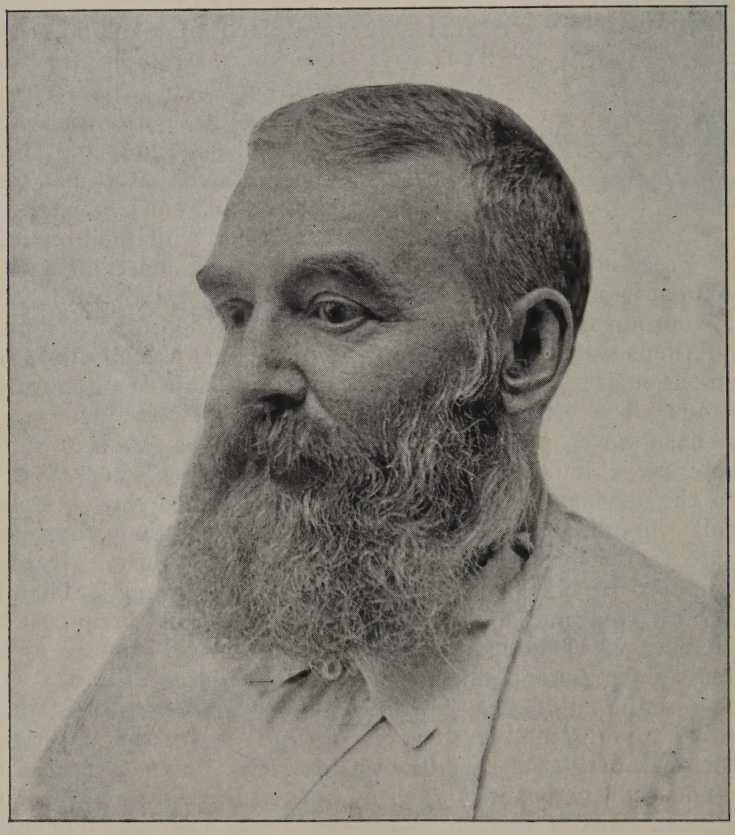
> "Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
> As the best gem upon her zone."

It was a divine temple of that deathless religion whose goddess is the invisible Spirit of Beauty. Divine temple still, though Time has made it a ruin and new revelations of spiritual truth have been vouchsafed to the children of men.

What makes the real greatness of a state? Not the material wealth it produces, not the palaces it builds, but the kind of men who build them. This was the teaching of Athens. This it is that makes the weakest play of Euripides more potent in its impress on the race than all the Pyramids of all the Pharaohs. Do we Americans honor enough our most productive and really valuable citizens? Would it not be a safe guess that in the possession of one Governor of Massachusetts there are four times as many of Marcus Waterman's pictures as are owned

by any connoisseur in the State of Rhode Island? Yet it was in Providence, about sixty years ago, that this artist first beheld that kindly light which he was destined to see so much more clearly than most men and most painters.

The outside existence of Marcus Waterman can be summed up in a few words. After graduating at Brown University he spent thirteen years in New York, where in the society of Richard Hubbard, Sanford Gifford, George Boughton, Leutze and Kensett, the young colorist was cordially received. His talent was recognized at once by these older men, who were perhaps the most intellectual group of painters we have ever had, but whose paintings have not lasted for chemical reasons, many of their best ones having turned black in a few years. They looked upon Waterman as the coming man in their school, and one, Hubbard, was deeply grieved when Waterman after a few years of attempting to follow that school, shook himself free from its shackles. Hubbard seriously considered the young man's determination to be himself a sign that as an artist his chances were surely ruined.



MARCUS WATERMAN

Waterman often refers fondly to these men with whom he companioned in those early days and who saw such promise in pictures of his which he now considers were very poor. The intellectuality of that school he admits, but thinks it was frittered away on a mistaken application.

The rest of his days, save a few years passed in Europe and Africa, have been spent in Boston, married to his own art, friendly to all others. Neither seeking nor avoiding notice, but living for his Art and his friends, Marcus Waterman, though not making a fortune like some artists, has for years lived serenely in a realm of his own. Those men of his ilk who know anything and who are happily free from envy, already regard him as one of Time's elect. Not long ago a brother artist said of him, when somebody asked why none of his pictures were going to be sent to the Columbian Exposition, "Why, Mark Waterman has no need of Chicago or of any exposition. Why should he bother about putting himself in evidence? He cares only for his Art, and he has talent enough for two."

This is very nearly true, and herein lies the difficulty in writing about his work. To attempt selection is very much like being in the position of Aladdin after he had rubbed the lamp and found himself in the magical garden of the subterranean palace of the genii. The lusciously gleaming fruits on the trees that wooed him to eat them proved, as the reader will remember, to be jewels of enormous size. Aladdin was dazzled with splendor and embarrassed with riches that were not the fruits of exertion. So, among Waterman's pictures, which do not seem to be the fruits of exertion, but simply the facile growths of some luminous legerdemain, the gems are so many and so massive that to carry them away in the mind or to present them to others in any sufficient description is no easy task.

This allusion to oriental fable, now that I have made it, strikes me as rather apt, perhaps even felicitous, for Waterman is eminently a colorist, is above all an Orientalist. At least a dozen of his finest pictures, I believe, deal directly with the Arabian Nights, and if the Mohammedan religion did not expressly forbid painting, and if popular superstition in Moslem lands did not regard it as akin to Black Art, Waterman as an illustrator or illuminator would probably be illustrious beyond all dream in Islam. As it is, in his attempts to make pictorial studies among those benighted people, our Oriental American narrowly escaped at times the spite of the especially devout. What a contrast here forces itself upon us between Catholicism and Islamism! The Catholic Church in all ages has been the foster-mother of art, and, with very few exceptions, has enlisted in her service the master artists of the past.

Sometimes the spite of the superstitious Mohammedan peasant was merely amusing, however, and not dangerous. For instance, the spirited reproduction of Arabian goats here presented was an attempt to catch on canvas a flock of these very variant animals. "But," said Waterman, "no sooner did the basking Algerian goatherd get it through his sunbaked skull that the stranger at the foot of his hill was trying to paint his property than his superstition overcame his professional laziness. Rising slowly from his picturesque — or I might say his Arabesque recumbency, he began driving his goats round the hill to

another place. I followed. When he discovered me again engaged in my mysterious mischief, again he roused from his tobacco-clouded day-dream and fulfilled his function as a faithful guardian of those valuable goats canvas for possible use in some future picture. So that wretched Arab, with his Cashmere goats, played hide-and-seek with me, round and round that hill a whole morning; I obstinately determined to steal the

A ROUGH STUDY OF ALGERIAN GOATS.

by disturbing them at their breakfast and me in my study of them, driving them still further round the hill. Again I followed, bound to take away the character of those goats on my beauty of his goats, he just as obstinate to prevent my painting their likenesses, for you see he firmly believed that if I succeeded in doing so, it would inevitably fasten a curse on

each unlucky animal which my evil eye and more evil hand portrayed. It is even more difficult in those lands to make exact studies of men and women, for they are suspicious of strangers, and if any sign of the artistic calling is in evidence they will contort, or seek to disguise themselves like a just-captured criminal in the photographic rooms of the police who does not wish his likeness to adorn the Rogues' Gallery. Barring this little objection to the dubious immortality conferred by color, these Orientals are to me especially charming, the most courteous and well-bred people in the world. This remark applies to the so-called lower classes almost as thoroughly as to the men of rank and power. Courtesy is a thing which an Oriental feels he owes to himself as well as to you. It is not like a habit of dress put on in the intervals of business, but a habit of his nature."

One might be tempted to continue reproducing the easy, unassuming and suggestive conversation of Waterman page after page, instead of writing comments on his pictures, for his unpremeditated talk is of the kind that readily lends itself to memory; but his art, not his talk or his personality, is the theme before us. I have spoken of Waterman's finding foundation or story groundwork for some of his splendid visions of color in the Arabian Nights, that book which has charmed so many a childhood and which, if studied for its occult meanings, would be discovered to contain much more profound wisdom than many of the pompous philosophies that befog the soul and stunt the mental originality in our occidental colleges. In that realm of orient romance Waterman's imagination seems to have been very strongly appealed to by that High Priest of all yarn-spinning sea-captains and retired but never tongue-tired travellers — Sinbad the Sailor. Sinbad's magnificent mixtures of fact and fiction, Waterman, with his wand of many colors, succeeds in making royally real to us by that luminous idealism which insists on going below mere surfaces and which refuses to be chained to earth and to mud by the absurd doctrine in art, that Realism and Commonplaceness must be identical.

Take, for instance, the story of the Roc's Egg out of which grew Sinbad's most millionairy lie about his visit to the Valley of Diamonds. This was evidently one of that charming story-teller's favorite fabrications, and for the benefit of those who may have forgotten, let us reproduce Sinbad's opening of it:

"At last I resigned myself to the will of God; and not knowing what to do, I climbed to the top of a great tree, whence I looked about on all sides to see if I could discover anything that would afford me hope. Casting my eyes toward the sea I only distinguished sky and water; but perceiving something on the land side that appeared white, I descended from the tree, took up what provisions I had remaining and went toward it, the distance being so great that I could not determine what it was. When I approached nearer, it seemed to be a white dome of a prodigious height and size. I proceeded close to it, and touching it found it very smooth. I went round to see if there were an opening, but could not discover any and it appeared impossible to get to the top, it was so very even. It was probably fifty paces in circumference. The sun was at this time nearly setting, when suddenly the air became as dark as if it had been covered with a thick cloud. But, if I was astonished at this sudden obscurity, I was much more so on finding it occasioned by a bird of monstrous size that flew toward me. I remembered a fowl called roc, of which I had often heard mariners speak; and I conceived that the great dome, which I had so much admired, might be its egg. In short, the bird alighted and sat on it, as if to hatch it. Perceiving her approach I crept close to the egg so that I had before me one of the legs of the bird, which was as large as the trunk of a tree. I fastened myself strongly to it with the cloth that surrounded my turban, in hopes that

when the roc* flew away next morning she would carry me out of this desert island."

This adventure Sinbad tells in his account of his Second Voyage, and very cunningly, too, contrives to corroborate it incidentally in his narrative of his Fifth Voyage by showing how the unruly sailors, when his vessel stopped at another desert island, broke up a roc's egg with their hatchets and roasted and ate a young roc that was just going to break its shell. The parent rocs returning take vengeance on the murderers by dropping a huge fragment of stone on the ship and sending all to the bottom of the sea; that is, all but Sinbad, who comes to the surface, grasps a piece of the wreck and swims ashore.

It is the moment when the sailors are discussing the feasibility of breaking the beautiful white marble-like shell of the enormous egg, and are smacking their foolish lips over the gastronomic novelty involved in the idea of having young roast roc on their bill of fare.

It is an awful moment for Sinbad. He has made the roc's acquaintance in a former voyage. He knows the tremendous power of the giant bird. In the ominous heavy clouds that are rolling up over the sky in the background of the picture where sea and sky meet in a comradeship sublime, Sinbad can see a foreshadowing or a strong suggestion of the wings of the parent birds who may return so soon to help the sun in hatching their marvellous egg. Finding it destroyed, how quickly they will seek to wreak vengeance on the fools whose appetites would not listen to reason! Against the suggestive clouds billowing up in the background, with dazzling gleams of that intense tropic sunshine which Waterman knows so feelingly, the great smooth egg lies poised, with a curious lightness about its bulk withal, as if it were conscious that at any moment a living wingéd thing might start from its warm, sun-kissed, marble sleep. The surrounding sand is soaked in sunshine as well as baptized with an occasional overblow of the soft spray of the summer waves.

Such is the genius of the painter that any beholder who possesses a grain of the divine gift of imagination does not really need to know the story of Sinbad in order to grasp the force of the fantasy and the beautiful latent meaning of the picture. You feel, as you gaze on that group of Eastern sailors, that they are plotting a foolish plot against that exquisite oval creamy thing, so suggestive of hidden life and of beauty yet to be revealed, and as your eye takes in the vastness of the egg and then wanders to the winglike clouds that conflict with the prosperity of the sensuous tropic sunlight, you infer the punishment that must come for any wanton violation or desecration of the Sublime and Beautiful.

In the picture of Sinbad and the Elephants, which we give in this article, how different is the story! Here not the headlong folly of the human appetite is the tale told in the colors and attitudes, but the magnificent rage of the most reasoning of the brutes; the elephants, who, having treed our friend, Sinbad, much as a man trees a coon, proceed to uproot and destroy the whole splendid tree just in order to annihilate one poor little scamp of a sailor whose chief claim on our pity is

* Marco Polo, in his Travels, and the Jesuit, Father Martini, in his History of China, speak of a huge bird that can take up an elephant or a rhinoceros in its talons and bear it away over the Siberian Mountains. Some writers identify this with the roc of Oriental fable, but though the possibility of so large a bird is clear from recent revelations of science, no trace of any such existent in the last few thousand years has been discovered.

that he knew how to lie charmingly for the benefit of posterity. In this picture we are invited still more warmly into a kingdom of color which Waterman has proved his own by right of nature perhaps just as much as by right of conquest. To those who have only seen an elephant in the tame sadness of a menagerie, or decked merely with the gaudy caparisons of a circus processional, this exhibit of him in the easy exercise of his tremendous strength amid the manless solitudes of the primeval forest, must be an instruction as well as a refreshment.

THE ROC'S EGG. Pen and Ink Sketch by H. G. Laskey.

The contrast offered to the western mind between the man-mastered elephant of the public show and the man-hunting elephant in his native privacy is very strong, and here again you are struck with the wonderful versatility of an artist who can paint a huge eastern elephant in a towering passion with the same superb ease with which he depicts a little domestic goat prancing about in a fit of merriment. The way the tree, which is Sinbad's covert, protests against the elephantine siege, the way its arms try to shield the frightened adventurer, whose face is blanching underneath its natural tan, the way the branches resist with the passive force of fortitude the slow activity of the elephants' attack, are all brought out through the colors in such a manner that you feel all the technique in the world to be a vanity, an inanity, unless one can mix in with his paints a little of "that light which never was on sea or land, the inspiration and the poet's dream."

I have spoken of the versatility of Waterman. This was the thing that impressed me next, after the passionate feeling for color which his works exhibit. Orientalist at heart, born

accidentally into Occidental conditions, he nevertheless renders the peculiar quality of our paler skies with the fidelity of an Inness, and while his genius revels in the rich, the suggestive and the imaginative, he can turn aside to paint a quiet landscape of Vermont, with fading light and a simple flock of common geese for his accessories; and without prettifying in the least, can make these clumsy waddling fowls align themselves in grace with a soft dream of departing tints.

This picture of Vermont scenery which I have in mind just now is a miracle of strange alluring color, a surprise of summer twilight in one of her rarest moods. From the simplicity, the domesticity of the geese in the foreground up along the pallid pools of dimlit water over the bar to the water again, which by itself without the aid of the soft heavens behind could tell the story of crepuscular stillness, all is repose, rest, peace; peace that remains unbroken, even by any possible sibilance on the part of the geese, or basso booming of hidden frogs, or occasional *tr-r-r* of still more secret tree-toads. Above the gathering gloom of the foreground, with its single hint of social life, above the spectral linger of light on the weary water of the winding stream, above the middle ground where shine and shadow rest in a sort of truce before the final crossing of their swords, an after-sunset sky renders up to our eyes one of the most subtle secrets of serenity in its ever varying treasury of color, a tender, evanescent, almost elusive green. I believe it was Wordsworth who first among Nature-lovers noticed or remarked upon this peculiar phenomenon that sometimes happens in England, sometimes in New England, but more often in the tropics, a sunset or afterglow in which a most exquisite, yellowish green is born to hold sway of the western sky only a few moments, fading away so quickly as to convey a feeling of pathos in connection with its weird and penetrant charm.

The soft pellucid green of that sky in which a New England sunset is fading off, as it were, into shallows, like a receding tide of the mysterious sea, when contrasted with his free handling of a tropical green such as that of a jungle covert, furnishes proof of Waterman's wonderful range in color-tones. The same marvellous differentiation marks his blues, from the dull cerulean that overhangs a waste of Provincetown sand off Cape Cod—a place where Waterman, like Monks, is fond of going — to the deep-shining, almost dazzling blue of the sky of Algeria.

Power and splendor, originality of conception, subtleness and directness combined, knowledge analytic as well as synthetic, are the distinguishing marks of Waterman. Contrast his Poisoned Elephant, with the cruel arrow sticking in his side trying to raise himself near the pool where he has sought in vain to slake his dying thirst, while behind with greedy eyes the carrion kites, some lit and some alighting, are holding social congress over his impending doom — contrast the pathos of that picture of Power brought low with the elephants besieging Sinbad in the tree already mentioned, and then again with a picture like his Three Men of Murcia, too subtle for reproduction in a magazine, and you will be amazed at the man's variety as well as his greatness.

But the best picture he has recently done seems to me his Lioness and Cubs which was recently at the Art Club Exhibit, and which was bought as soon as seen by

SINBAD TREED BY THE ELEPHANTS.

Mr. Houghton. This is a picture in which Power may be said to be lying a-dream in the arms of Grace. The lioness in cool shadow at the mouth of her lair seems half-asleep, although her head is not low, but she is watching through lazy lids her cubs on the rich greensward before her. They are in full sunshine approaching with kittenish curiosity a dainty butterfly

THE LIONESS AND HER CUBS.

alit on the edge of the sun-gilded green. The serene, almost motherly expression of the lioness, the sense of coolness which her cave throws out against the vivid warmth of the sunny grass, the cunning cubs making a tawny tangle of motion with the stillness of their verdurous carpet, the hint of a bright blue stream down below them lost in the meshes of ranker green herbage, the little breakings of blue sky through the heavy, sun-resisting greens of the jungle covert at the back, combine to make a picture never to be forgotten. To me who have lived in the tropics the truth of this coloring is so absolute that I could feel the start of one who accidentally comes on such a scene. The slight motion of the curious cubs does not break the spell. Here is a richness of repose in which a lioness might well forget all her leonine instincts and indulge only her maternal ones. Then, too, merely from a color standpoint, what a glory of green has Waterman given us! Green is the Waterloo of so many artists; it grows over the graves of so many artistic ambitions; but this

man understands all its harmonies, handles it as easily as all other colors.

I might go on writing about a dozen more of his pictures. I might speak of the artistic honesty that will sometimes keep a picture for years before offering it for sale, simply because his own intensely critical eye is not quite satisfied with some minute point. I might dilate how for forty years, follower of no school and never having had a master, Mark Waterman has toiled on, till now his beard is silver and his bright dark eyes are not quite so bright.

But the fugacious years have not taken away; they have simply added clearness to the commanding mental vision and cunning to the faithful servant hand. Some blockhead of a would-be critic once said it was a pity that he had never studied under a master, and lamented that he lacked the technique of a late French school. Greater nonsense has rarely been written. Marcus Waterman never needed a master, for the simple reason that he is one. If he had hidden himself away like a hermit in Morocco and sent his pictures over to Paris or New York to be sold, they would long ago have been the rage and have brought him five times what they do now.

But what does such an artist care for money? He paints his riches, and if men appreciate the gems of imagination and the jewels of color which he lays before their eyes, well and good! If they do not, still he has had his reward. What was it Tennyson wrote to Bulwer-Lytton in that literary quarrel they had?

> An artist, sir, should rest in art
> And waive a little of his claim.
> To have the deep, poetic heart
> Is more than all poetic fame.

Waterman has never made any claim, never posed before the public in any way, but simply done his work. American art-lovers, however, are waking up at last after years of neglect and are beginning to realize that no collection of really great American paintings can be complete without a Waterman.

AN OLD IRISH INN.

THE ANSWER.

BY ARTHUR WILDE.

THOU askest why. I cannot say;
I know not why I love thee so;
Ask warblers why they sing, when day
In a clear sky begins to glow.

Thou askest why. 'Tis hid, my love!
The mind could never sound the mind;
And less of soul, that ranks above,
Can we the reasons find.

But when we leave earth's dreamy cheat
And infinite become,
Perhaps I may not, O my sweet,
Upon this theme be dumb.

Then wherefore, wherefore should we try
The mystery to explore?
The sweetness is enough; and I —
How could I love thee more?

Stay! That's but partly true, my Life,
And thou shouldst know the whole —
My love of thee grows more, sweet Wife,
The more I see thy soul.

JEAN'S LETTER.

From the French of Paul Favel.

SIX years old; breeches broken at the knees; hair blond, curly, so rich and thick it would have coiffed the heads of two pretty ladies; two great blue eyes that still tried to smile a little, though they had cried so much; a jacket well cut, but falling to rags; a girl's shoe on one foot, a boy's boot on the other, both shoe and boot too wide and too long, turned at the toes and lacking in heels behind — this was Jean.

Little Jean, so cold and hungry this winter evening, who had eaten nothing since noon of the day before and who had finally decided to write to the Blessed Virgin. And how, say you, did Jean, who no more knew how to write than he knew how to read, arrange this letter?

Listen, for it is that which I am going to tell you.

Below there, in the quarter of the Gros-Caillou, at the corner of the avenue, not far from the Esplanade, there was a shop, in the days I tell of, of a public writer, for in those days also there were so many claims and petitions to be made to the Government and so many people, like Jean, that did not know how to write.

And the writer that kept this shop was an old soldier far on in years, a brave man, but a little testy, who was anything but rich and had the additional misfortune of not being sufficiently chopped to pieces to secure admission to the Hôtel des Invalides.

Jean, without prying at all, had many times seen him through the dingy glasses of his little cubby-hole, smoking his pipe and awaiting customers, and so to-day he entered fearlessly with a civil —

"Good-day, monsieur. I have come, if you please, for you to write me a letter."

"Ten sous, little one," Père Bonin responded, gazing over his spectacles at the midget before him.

Jean had no cap, and was therefore unable to lift it, but he said very politely:

"Then excuse me," and he turned to re-open the door.

But, pleased with his manners, Père Bonin stopped him.

"Stay!" said he; "tell me first, little one, if you are the son of a soldier."

"O, no!" said Jean, "only mamma's son, and she's all alone."

"I see," said the writer; "and you have not the ten sous?"

"No; no sous at all," said Jean.

"Nor thy mother either, 'tis plain to be seen! And thy letter, little one — is it to make the soup come?"

"Yes," said Jean; "exactly."

"Advance, then. Ten lines on a half-sheet; one is never too poor for that!"

And Père Bonin spread out his paper, dipped his pen in the ink, and wrote at the top of the page, in the beautiful hand of the quartermaster that once he had been:

PARIS, January 17th, 188—

Then a line lower:

TO MONSIEUR——

"Well, go on," said he; "how do call him, baby?"

"Who?" demanded Jean.

"Parbleu! the gentleman."

"What gentleman, monsieur?"

"The one to make the soup come."

Jean this time comprehended,

"But it isn't a gentleman," said he.

"Ah! bah! a lady, then?"

"Yes — no — that is ——"

"Name of names! midget," Père Bonin cried, "don't you know whom you are going to write a letter to?"

"O, yes!" said the child.

"Out with it, then, quick! I can't wait all day!"

But little Jean stood all red and confused. The fact is, it is not as easy as it looks to address one's self to public writers for correspondences of this kind, but Jean was brave and presently answered softly:

"It is to the Blessed Virgin that I wish to send a letter."

Father Bonin did not laugh, not at all; he simply wiped and laid aside his pen and took his pipe from his mouth.

"See you, midget," said he severely, "I don't want to believe that you mock an old man; besides, you are too small for me to trounce. Face about; march! Out you go!"

Little Jean obeyed and wonderingly turned heel, or foot rather, since heel he had none; and seeing him so submissive, Père Bonin a second time reconsidered and regarded him more closely.

"Name of names, of names!" grumbled he, "but there is misery in Paris! What do you call yourself, baby?"

"Jean."

"Jean what?"

"Nothing — just Jean."

Père Bonin felt his eyes sting, but he only said:

"And what do you wish to say to the Holy Virgin?"

"To tell her that mamma's been asleep since four o'clock yesterday, and that I can't wake her up."

The heart of the old soldier suddenly stood still. He feared to comprehend. He demanded again:

"But that soup you spoke of a while ago?"

"Yes," said the child, "I know; I had to speak of it, you see, because mamma before going to sleep yesterday gave me the last piece of bread."

"And what did she eat, pray?"

"Nothing for more than two days — she always said she wasn't hungry."

"And you tried to wake her, say you — how?"

"As I always do — kissing her."

"Did she breathe?"

Jean smiled, and that smile made him beautiful.

"I don't know," said he. "Don't we always breathe?"

Père Bonin had to hastily turn his head, for two big tears were rolling down his cheeks, and his reply to the child was another question.

"And when you kissed her," said he, "you noticed nothing strange?"

"Yes, I did," said Jean, "how cold she was; but then it's always so cold in our house."

"She shivered, then, your mamma — shivered with the cold?"

"No, she was just cold, but so pretty, her hands crossed so; her head back and her eyes looking at the sky."

"And I wanted riches!" Père Bonin murmured; "I, who have enough to eat and drink, when here is one that died of hunger!"

And drawing the child to him, he took him on his knee and softly began to talk to him.

"Thy letter, my baby," said he, "is written, sent and received. Now take me to thy mother."

"Oh! yes, I will, but — but why do you cry?" demanded Jean, astonished.

"But I am not crying, Jean — no, men never cry! 'Tis you, my precious, who will soon do that!"

Then straining him in his arms and covering him with kisses: "I, too, know you, little Jean, once had a mother, whom I see even now in her bed, so pale and white and saying to me, the image of the Virgin resting at her head: 'Bonin, my son, be an honest man always, and always a Christian!' An honest man I have been, but a Christian — ah, dame!"

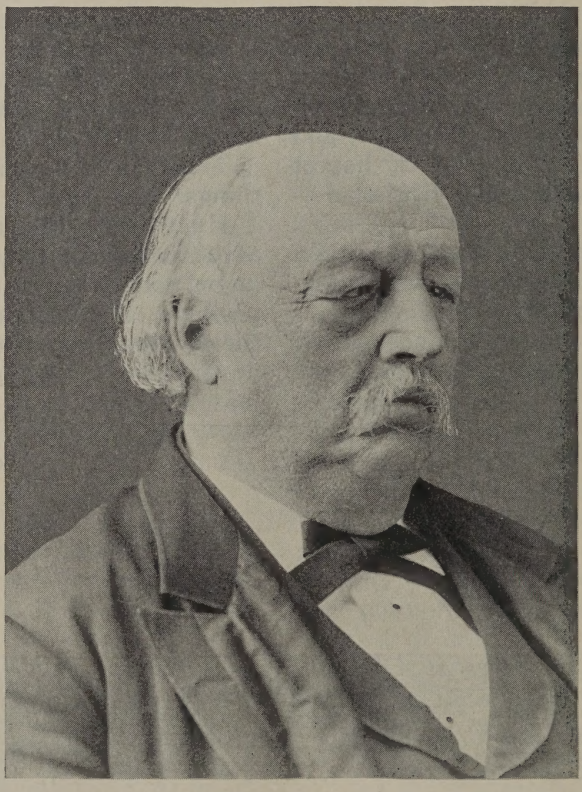
He sprang to his feet, the child still hugged to his breast, and speaking as if to one invisible:

"But now, old mother, now, I say, rest thou in peace, for thou art going to have thy way. Friends may laugh and jeer if they will, but where thou art I wish to go, and there will I be led by this precious angel here, who shall never leave me again. His letter, which was never even written, has made a double shot — it has given him a father and me a heart!"

That is all; this story without end is done. I know no more save that somewhere in Paris to-day there is a man still young, a writer also, but not as Père Bonin.

This man is a writer of eloquent things.

His friends still call him "Jean," as he called himself, and though I know not, either, the name of the postman that carries letters like these, they always reach their destination.



Benj. F. Butler

A NEWSPAPER MAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF GEN. BENJ. F. BUTLER.

BY JAMES W. CLARKE, A. M.

IT was my fortune first to meet General Butler in 1874 as a stenographic reporter, detailed by a leading Boston newspaper to follow him from place to place and report his nightly deliverances on the stump. Acting under orders of my editor I had been making my reports of General Butler's reception in the different cities and towns where he spoke as uncomplimentary as possible. It was at that time and for many years afterwards the unwritten law of nearly all Boston newspaper offices that General Butler should be held up to as much public contempt and ridicule as possible on the safe side of the law of libel. The paper on whose staff I was employed in the campaign of 1874 was, perhaps, the most virulent of all his newspaper assailants. As I was then a very young man, anxious to get a fair start in my profession, and hence chiefly concerned to please my managing editor, I had taken great pains from night to night to make my reports of General Butler's speeches and the popular reception thereof as full as possible of the "gall and bitterness" which I had been instructed to put into them. It was under these circumstances that I first met General Butler in a railroad car on the way from Boston to Gloucester. I was one of a party of newspaper men all bound on the same errand; namely, to report the General's speech that evening at Gloucester. We were seated at one end of the car, chatting together, when the door at the other end opened and General Butler stalked down the aisle. As he came to our end of the car he stopped and, recognizing us as newspaper men, greeted us with a hearty "Good morning, gentlemen." Then pausing a moment he asked: "Can you tell me who the man is who is reporting me in the ——?" Notwithstanding a sudden apprehension that I was booked for an unpleasant personal experience, I spoke up and said, "I am the man, General." Instead of the outburst of anger which I had looked for, a playful smile curled up the corners of his mouth, and he rejoined: "Well, sir, I trust you are well paid for your work; you certainly ought to be, for I have rarely seen newspaper lying done in so superior a manner."

From that time on until he died General Butler and myself were on the warmest terms of friendship. There was something so broad and magnanimous in the make-up of a public man who could thus speak of, and to, a reporter who had been specially detailed to misrepresent him, that I was there and then impressed with the conviction, which grew upon me and strengthened the more I knew him, that he was a very great man. By a curious sequence of events I was never once, in the course of nearly twenty years of newspaper work in Boston, connected

with any newspaper that was on political good terms with General Butler. He ceased to be a Republican just as I left my first position on a Democratic newspaper, and remained a Democrat all the time I was in Republican journalistic service, and again later on, just as I transferred my pen to a Democratic paper, he ceased to be a Democrat. Yet through all that time, with my pen steadily employed by papers that were politically hostile to him, he never failed to draw the line sharply and distinctly between his personal friend and political supporter and his newspaper opponent. Many other newspaper men have had the same experience with him and know how exactly he distinguished between the owners of newspapers who laid down their policies, and the hard-working men of the press, who, as salaried editors or reporters, carried those policies out — often enough on lines contrary to their own personal sentiments. Hence it was quite a common thing, in the height of a Butler campaign, when the newspapers of Boston with one exception were all against the General, to go to his office and find gathered around him in friendly conference representative men from all the papers by which he was being daily and most unfairly assailed. It was said at the time — and I have no doubt it was true — that a ballot taken in the newspaper offices that were most strongly opposed to him in 1882–83, would have shown a majority of three to one in his favor. On many occasions, as we all know, General Butler denounced the newspaper press in the most scathing terms, and that he meant what he said no one who heard him talk in private on the subject had any doubt. Many times I have heard him declare, speaking among a few friends in a quiet parlor, that unless something were done to put curbs and checks on the unbridled liberty which newspapers were every day taking with the names and characters, not only of public men, but of private citizens as well, there would come a time when personal vengeance would be taken by injured individuals with such frequency that some new law on the subject would become a necessity. He was particularly incensed about the reckless manner in which the newspapers took up and discussed the gravest criminal charges against persons who had not yet been brought to trial. I remember his once saying to me: "We talk about trial by jury, but there really is no such thing; there is nothing left nowadays but trial by newspaper; long before the jury that is to try any case of importance is sworn the case has been discussed by every newspaper in the State, and an editorial verdict has been hammered into the general mind so that it is impossible to draw a jury free from preconceived opinions such as the law contemplates." He thought the English law on this subject, which absolutely prohibits the offering of any opinion upon a grave criminal case prior to the trial thereof, was a righteous one.

At the time of the Guiteau trial there was a rumor afloat that General Butler had been retained for the defence, and I believe there was an attempt made to do so. In conversation with him while that trial was going on I found that he took a unique view of it. "Guiteau," he said, "is not by a strict construction of the law guilty of murder, for the simple reason that he did not kill Garfield, and without killing there can be no murder. Garfield was not,

in fact, killed by the bullet which Guiteau fired at him; he was killed by the doctors." This view of the matter was so novel to me that I asked him to explain it a little more. Thereupon he took up a pencil and gave me a most interesting and instructive off-hand lecture on the surgical phase of the case; drawing diagrams to show the course of the bullet in President Garfield's body, how the surgeons treated the wound, and how, finally, when the autopsy was held, it turned out that the bullet had not taken the course which the surgeons supposed it had, but was lodged and safely encysted in such a way that, if there had been no surgical skill employed, but only the simplest and plainest of nursing, President Garfield could not, humanly speaking, have failed to recover. In other words, General Butler was firmly of the opinion that President Garfield's death was not the inevitable or necessary consequence of Guiteau's act, but was due to the blunders of the doctors who attended the President after he was shot. When I suggested to the General that Guiteau, in this view of the case, was going to be executed for a crime which he did not commit, the General replied: "There will be no great harm done; it ought to be a hanging offence to assault the President of the United States, with or without fatal results." On a line with this view was his well-known opinion that an attempt to wreck a passenger train on a railroad should be punishable with death. If my memory serves me he recommended a law to this effect in his message as governor to the legislature of Massachusetts.

One of this great man's peculiarities was his proneness to ask his friend's advice as to something which he proposed to do, and then disregard it. There may have been some serious step in his political career as to which he asked and accepted friendly advice, but there were not many. I have a very amusing recollection of his inauguration as governor, in 1883. He had drafted his inaugural address and sent out a number of invitations to his closest friends to meet him at the Revere House on a certain evening and hear it read. I was one of those who attended. The General produced his draft and read it to us section by section, stopping at the close of each passage that dealt with a specific subject to ask for suggestions. There were present many eminent lawyers and political leaders, and various modifications in the draft were suggested by one and another. The General made notes of these suggestions, and in several cases requested their authors to send on their ideas in writing, which many of them did. In the few days that followed this meeting the General was, I know, deluged with proposed amendments to his address, and they all seemed to be more or less favorably entertained. When the address was finally published, however, it was found that not a single amendment of any consequence had been accepted. I feel sure, nevertheless, that none of his old friends whose amendments were rejected felt the least surprised or annoyed, because all of us who knew him well recognized that it was almost an impossibility for him to see any question through anybody's spectacles but his own. As illustrating this same trait of character, I remember that in his campaign for reëlection (1883), several of his most devoted friends were convinced that he was doing himself harm by appearing so often on the stump; their idea was that the more he talked the more he aroused not only his

supporters, but his opponents, and that his chances of reëlection would be stronger with a quiet and short campaign than with a noisy and long one. Accordingly they called upon him and pressed this view of the situation upon him, and, incidentally, one of them urged him, if he continued on the stump, to drop certain matters on which he had been talking and turn his attention to other topics, which, in his friend's judgment, were calculated to win him more votes. The General heard all these suggestions with great courtesy and respect — but he continued on the stump all the same and stuck to his own pet topics. In explanation of his course he wrote to one of his friends who had so earnestly tried to change it and enclosed him a ballad which appeared in the New York Sun about that time, entitled, "Taking the Twist Out of the Pig's Tail."

The idea of this ballad was that a certain pig had a very odd twist in its tail which its owners thought was a flaw in its otherwise perfect porcine beauty; so they went to work to take out this objectionable twist. By dint of great exercise and the use of extraordinary expedients they did take the eccentric and obnoxious twist out of the pig's tail — but then the pig died. The obvious moral which General Butler desired to have his critical friends draw, was, that if they could contrive to take the peculiar twist out of his own way of conducting his canvass, it would be a flat failure. And he was right, for he was undoubtedly *sui generis*, and a Butler campaign conducted on any but Benjamin F. Butler's own lines would have been like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out.

Whilst he often denounced newspapers for unfairness and untruthfulness in dealing with public men, he was not in the least thin-skinned; and whoever thought that his excoriation of certain editors and journals was due to his wincing under their attack upon himself altogether misunderstood the man. Benjamin F. Butler was as ready to take as to give blows. His "ability to stand punishment" was indeed remarkable. No other American public man has ever been lampooned alike by writers and artists with more extravagance. For a quarter of a century his personality was the pet target of the caricaturists. The comic papers could not have lived without him. The newspaper wit and humor of the entire country, suffused with the venom of partisan malice, appropriated "Ben Butler" as their chief stock in trade, and made free with all his personal peculiarities, never sparing even the malformation of his eyelids, which was his lifelong affliction. It was quietly assumed in every newspaper office that he had no rights that any of his fellow-men were bound to respect if they stood in the way of penning a pungent paragraph or drawing a comical cartoon. But no one ever heard the bluff old man complain. He did remark to me once that he thought of introducing a bill in Congress to amend the copyright and patent laws, so as to give every citizen the right to protect his own face by taking out a patent on it and getting it copyrighted. "Then," he said, "you newspaper gentlemen couldn't use my face as you do without paying me a royalty, and I should grow rich on my royalties from the comic papers alone." Yet it is doubtful if anybody in the United States laughed more heartily than himself at the newspaper cartoons of which he was the subject. He kept a complete collection of them, and would turn them over with a

friend, and shake his sides at the best of them; the harder they hit him the more he appreciated them, and going over them with me one evening he stopped several times to point out where an extra touch or two of the artist's pencil might have made them still more biting and effective. "That would have hit me much harder," he would say — with a merry laugh that was contagiously cheerful — "and he never thought of it." And it really seemed to be a matter of regret with him that the artist had overlooked his opportunity.

It always seemed to me, as I think it did to every one who was on a personally intimate footing with General Butler, that the extent of his scholarship and literary cultivation was widely, if not generally, underrated. That he was learned in the law and subtle in its practice the bench and the bar knew, and the people at large understood. But more than that, he was a man of very wide and varied reading, and whatever he had read he appreciated and remembered; and his prodigious memory enabled him to quote it readily. He knew Emerson as well as any of the Hub's literarians. He was talking with me one morning in his law office on the subject of the personal risks which public men ran at the hands of cranks — a lunatic had recently been threatening him with personal violence — and I asked him if he had taken any precautions in the matter. "Not at all," he said; "I regard that as one of the dangers that must be faced squarely, because it is useless to run away from them;" and then he asked me if I had ever read Emerson's translation from the Persian:

"On two days it steads not to run from thy grave,
The appointed and the unappointed day;
On the first, neither balm nor physician can save,
Nor thee, on the second, the Universe slay."

His familiarity with the Scriptures was well known, but I do not think he was generally credited with the extensive acquaintance with the modern classics which he undoubtedly had. Byron was a favorite with him, and I have often sat and listened to him while he recited anywhere from ten to forty lines from that poet with the utmost ease. He could just as readily quote from Arnold's "Light of Asia," and the most caustic passages in the Junius Letters were at his tongue's end. Victor Hugo's works he had read very closely, and often called my attention to strong passages in them which fitted in as illustrations of points he was trying to make. He must have been, besides, an omnivorous reader of American historical authorities. Time and time again I have gone to him to ask for light upon some political question that had suddenly come up for discussion — like, for example, the question that arose in 1881 as to what constituted the "disability" of a President — and, without a moment's hesitation, he would pour out a stream of historical data on the subject just about as fast as I could take it down in shorthand. He seemed to know all that had ever been said or done on the subject, from Washington to Garfield inclusive. Other newspaper men, many of them, have had similar experiences with him. He had a genuine taste for journalism, and, while he was never recognized as one of the editorial staff of any Boston paper, it is safe to say that during the past twenty years he practically wrote, that is to say, he furnished both the inspiration and the information for hundreds of the very ablest news-

paper articles that have appeared in that city. And as a *sub rosa* contributor it is pretty well understood that he was not altogether unknown in the newspaper offices of New York. In a delightful chat with him on a Sound steamer on the way to New York a few years ago he confessed to me that he should have enjoyed, above all things, to have been the controlling owner and editor of a great metropolitan newspaper. "There is no power like that of the editor," he said, "if only it is rightly used." He had a large and, as it seemed to me, a fanciful scheme for the establishment of a great national newspaper under the direct control of the General Government. Another writer, to whom he had also imparted this journalistic conception, fully described it in the New York Sun just after his death, so that I will not do so here. Briefly summed up, General Butler's scheme was for a newspaper which should have the first official announcements of all government business, appointments, removals, bids, contracts, etc., and the only authorized reports of Congress. Everybody interested in the doings of the Federal government, he believed, would have been practically bound to subscribe for it. I think he estimated that its circulation could not be less than a million copies a day. If any one else had outlined this project in my hearing I should certainly have laughed; but as it was General Butler I thought it over as possibly feasible. I now think it might have been done, but only on the condition that General Butler could have himself personally conducted the experiment, for if he devoted himself to its accomplishment almost anything was possible with such a man.

I cannot close these scattering thoughts and recollections of a man whose friendship I shall always treasure among the best memories of my life without a few words on the side of his character which was least in the public view — his unfailing pity for the poor, the weak and the friendless; his sure and invariable sympathy for "the under dog in the fight," to use one of his own phrases. He could be sharp with the men of cunning, hard with the men of money, and merciless to the strong men who unsuccessfully crossed swords with him in law or in politics; but the struggling and aspiring young man never asked for his aid to be refused; the old veteran, or the old veteran's widow, seeking a needed pension, never went to his office to be turned empty away; the cause of the operative in the mill, the mechanic at the bench, or the day-laborer on the public streets, never failed to enlist his unpaid services. His brain, they say, was very big; his heart was bigger than his brain. I know of many instances in which his hand went into his pocket on the instant, and the best legal talent he had was placed free of charge at the service of poor, helpless men who were being ground to powder by conscienceless men of wealth and position. One case was typical of all. It was that of an old man the savings of whose entire lifetime were in the grasp of a man who controlled the company in which he had invested them. For years, by fraudulent book-keeping, the corporation had been made to pay no dividends. Cooked accounts were annually filed showing that there were no profits to be divided. The man by whose villainy this conspiracy to cheat the minority stockholders, of whom the old man was one, had been successfully carried on for years, could not

be easily made to disgorge. He stood high in the community, wrapped in the cloak of seeming respectability; he was a pillar of his church; prominent (on paper) in all good works; and, so cleverly had he kept within the technical formalities of the law, it appeared very doubtful if his victims — all of whom had, of course, become poor by his dealings with them — could take him into the courts with any hope of success. The case was brought to General Butler's attention. He advanced the money necessary to bring the suit and threw his own superb legal abilities into the scale on the side of the outraged old man. The highly respectable defendant showed fight for a time, but the General found the weak joint in his armor — the dishonestly-kept books — and secured an order to bring them into court and open them for examination. Then the highly respectable defendant surrendered at discretion, and the old man, who had been his helpless prey up to that time, recovered a large part of his investment. That was General Butler. His very name was a terror to all that class of evil-doers. It would be interesting to know how many just claims, that otherwise never would have been recognized, were paid on the threat — "I will take my case to General Butler." That they were numbered by hundreds I feel certain. Several of such cases came under my own personal observation.

More than for his splendid talents; more than for his fervid patriotism; more than for his great gifts as lawyer, soldier and statesman; more than for all his wit, his humor, his learning and his unique genius as a leader of men in the field or the forum — let us remember him in affection and honor as the friend of the friendless, the lover of his fellow-men of poor estate, the chivalrous champion of "the under dog in the fight."

James W. Clarke

STEADFASTNESS.

BY REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

WASTE not the present hour in vain regret
For prizes forfeited in days gone by;
It naught avails for fair winds lost to sigh
Or mourn the glow of suns forever set;
Entomb thy past, bid Memory forget
The fixed and changeless years that rearward lie;
Charge but thy constant soul with purpose high,
And life shall cede thee of its treasures yet.

The Now is thine, a goodly battlefield
Whereon all past defeats redeemed may be;
Fight bravely on and vanquished foes will yield
Thy valiant sword a path to victory.
'Tis cowards droop and moan, "It might have been!"
"It yet shall be," the steadfast cry, and win.

BEAUTIFUL BELLS

BY DENIS B. COLLINS

Chimes of St. Alphonsus, Limerick

HEAR them aloft in the air
Calling the people to prayer,
Ringing our hearts into love,
Waking the angels above,
Rousing Teervoo from her rest,
From Mungret afar to the West -
Ringing and swinging,
Singing and flinging
Music most sweet
Under the feet
Of God.

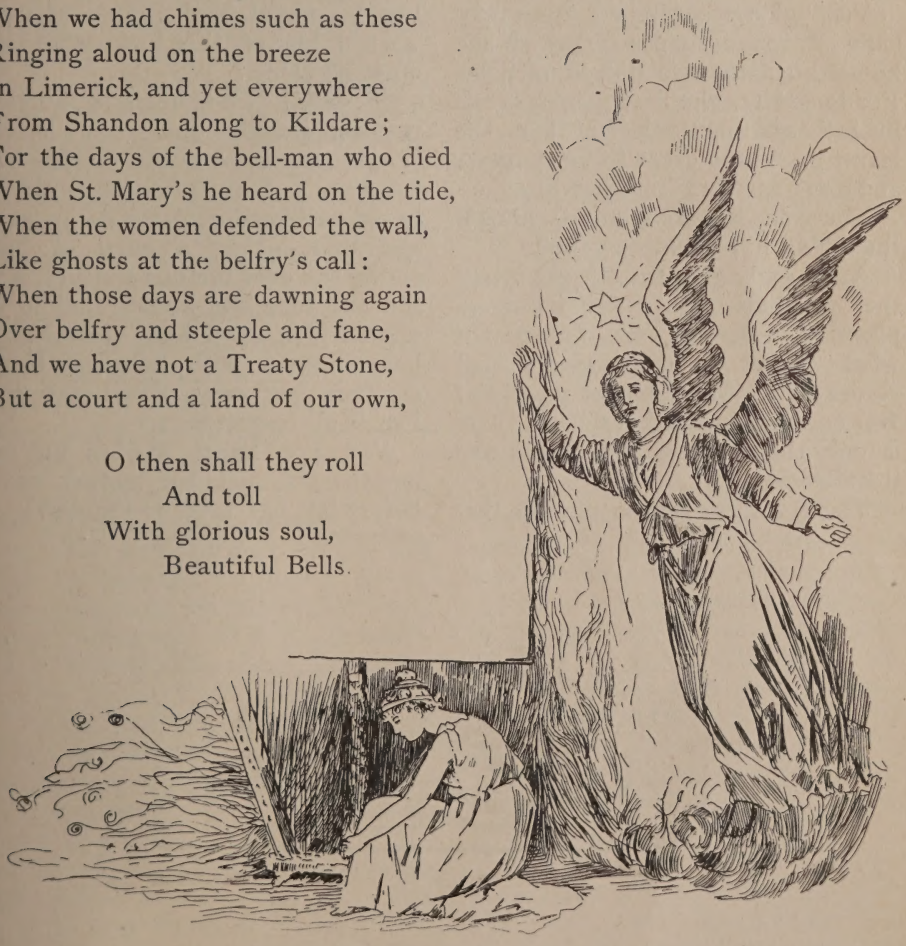
Oh ! how they roll
And toll
Without a soul,
Beautiful Bells !

List to them ringing aloud
Up through the sunlit cloud,
Over the morning air
Unto the hills of Clare.
Look at the Shannon too
Under the spell, like you,
Now with the sunbeams dance,
Now in a dreamy trance
Standing to hear.

Hear how the songbirds are still !
Mute is the thrush on the hill,
Watch how the lark in the sky
Pauses to listen from high.
Glorious music and loud !
When on the edge of each cloud
Angels are sitting to hear
It vibrating softly and clear,
And, as the firmaments shake,
Ask how the human can make
Organs so true.

Oh ! for the good days of old
Ere our dear Country was sold,
When we had chimes such as these
Ringing aloud on the breeze
In Limerick, and yet everywhere
From Shandon along to Kildare;
For the days of the bell-man who died
When St. Mary's he heard on the tide,
When the women defended the wall,
Like ghosts at the belfry's call:
When those days are dawning again
Over belfry and steeple and fane,
And we have not a Treaty Stone,
But a court and a land of our own,

O then shall they roll
And toll
With glorious soul,
Beautiful Bells.



ETCHING: ANOTHER WORLD.

Depicts the terrors of a young soul awakening in the darkness.

SHE does not know when the change came. Her last memory is of the familiar surroundings that blended themselves with her first dreaminess and were lost in the deep, sweet sleep that followed — sleep undisturbed by visions of the change that was to come. And now the awakening to this new world of dusky silence!

Vast gloom stretched on every side. Strange shapes for which she knows no name rise dim in menace. For long after the first glance she is hushed and motionless; then the terror grows too great to be endured, and a cry quavers from her lips.

The voice is hers — she is herself though all her world be gone!

Again and again the shrieks pierce the brooding night; demanding — pleading — defying she knows not what. What is the memory that eludes her? What horror impends? But no voice speaks her doom; there is only the increasing darkness and the silence.

There was for her no creed in that past, which seems already remote, no thought of the future. With all her dainty witchery she has been but a creature of sense, with only imperious demands and thankless acceptance of present happiness. No one taught her the sorrowful knowledge that comes with years, though wisdom and age have knelt at her feet. Why have none of those, who made the old lips so sweet with love's serving, warned her of this hour when she must be alone?

It ends! She hears a hurried, rushing sound — she feels herself caught up in a quick clasp — she breathes a faint perfume — she is borne swiftly through the darkness — and then — then a burst of light shows the dear familiar nursery, with the one face she knows smiling ineffable love upon her. Inarticulate love-murmurs with mingled kisses smother her cries — and the past fear is all forgotten.

For, you know, she is but six months old, and her mother never before left her alone in the dark.

—FRANCES BURR in "Short Stories."

PATRIOTISM: A DIALOGUE.

BY LELAND MASON.

[FOUR men — a clergyman, a professor, a merchant and a politician, who had been classmates and intimate friends at college,— met by chance at one of the Boston clubs on the evening of October 21, 1892. They had all seen a portion, at least, of the great demonstration which had taken place during the day in honor of Columbus, and their after-dinner thoughts naturally turned to that subject. Their conversation is here set down as nearly verbatim as the writer, who was a silent listener, can recollect it.]

MERCHANT. Of course you all noticed the prominence given to the Stars and Stripes in the parade to-day. Seems to me that's a sign of the times — an indication of the development of the patriotic spirit in our citizens of foreign birth or descent.

POLITICIAN. Yes; and it shows that our foreigners are quite as patriotic as the descendants of the Puritans.

MERCHANT. You are right. And I observed that the American flag, whenever it appeared at the head of a division or elsewhere, was greeted with louder cheers than any other emblem.

CLERGYMAN. There's where you get your evidence of genuine patriotism. Its outward and visible sign may be flaunted on every housetop, and yet its inward and spiritual grace be lacking. It is in the enthusiasm of the masses that patriotism has its root.

PROFESSOR. In other words, patriotism is purely emotional in its nature — a thing of sentiment.

CLERGYMAN. To be sure, it is an emotion — a mere sentiment, if you like, but it is a mighty spiritual force, just as real as any of the forces that control human actions.

PROFESSOR. Would you mind being specific and giving us a definition of this force?

POLITICIAN. No unnecessary sarcasm among old friends!

CLERGYMAN. Certainly I will give you my definition of patriotism. It may not be yours, or Webster's, or anybody else's, for no abstract term conveys the same idea to two minds. Patriotism is the spirit of devotion to one's country.

PROFESSOR. Good! And from what does this "spirit of devotion to one's country" arise?

CLERGYMAN. It arises from a purified instinct, and it exists for purposes of enlightened benefit. It is nursed and hallowed by Christian principle, and draws to its aid all the resources of genius. It is a constructive quality, quickening the intellect to zealous ambition to improve the country and raise it higher. It is also an imaginative sentiment. It comprehends mountains, plains, rivers, in a broad conception, and from traditions and institutions — from all the life of the past and the vigor and the noble tendencies of the present—it individualizes the destiny and personifies the spirit of its land, and vows its vow to that.

PROFESSOR. Beautiful, sublime! Seems as if I had heard something like that before. Its rhetoric is immense. We'll look at its logic later.

But tell us first something about the exact origin and development of this fine sentiment — give us its biography, so to speak.

CLERGYMAN. I'll have to do that in my own words and in my own way. First, the love of society is an instinctive principle in man's constitution. From his very birth, without any effort of volition or any guidance from reflection, he is a social being, and in the family may be traced the outline of the great structure of civil society. The child loves his parents, and by an easy transition his fondness is communicated to all who are allied to him either by blood or by affinity. As time develops his character, the circle of a family becomes too confined for the range of the social principle, and his mind, with quickened perceptions and enlarged views, embraces a more extensive prospect of life. The town, the state, the country begin, in manhood, to mean to him what the home meant in childhood. Hence arises the force of that sentiment which we experience towards all who have been born in our own country. When natives of the same town, or even of the same land, are accidentally thrown together in a foreign country, the latent affection which subsisted between them is instantaneously called into action. This feeling may also be discerned in the eager preference of men for their fellow-citizens; in their suspicion and dislike of strangers; in their disposition to overvalue in the one those qualities which they depreciate in the other; and, above all, in the enthusiasm with which men of different classes, different pursuits and different tempers spontaneously unite in the hour of peril or distress. Further, men cannot work out the ends for which they are placed on earth without being gathered into communities under the protection of Government. For this reason, Government must have man's respect, reverence and cherishing affection. It is not intended that we should, and we *cannot*, care for France, or for Germany, or for Ireland, or for Madagascar, as we do for our own country. *Here* the God of Nations has set us down; and drawn about us the bonds of public order; and girdled us round with ocean barriers and with chains of ocean lakes; and spread out this realm of day-dawn and sunset, and healthy climates, and mighty forests, and glorious prairies, long kept and hid from other lands by the waves and storms of the deep — this realm richer than the Hesperides, vaster than imperial Rome — to be the empire of a great people.

MERCHANT. Waiter, bring two more bottles!

PROFESSOR. Now suppose we come down for a moment from those perilous altitudes of rarefied ether, and fill our lungs with some every-day oxygen. When I asked you that simple question about the origin of patriotism I had no idea you would fetch up on the other side of the solar system.

POLITICIAN. Tut, tut! Sneers are out of place in a patriotic discussion.

PROFESSOR. I crave the reverend gentleman's pardon.

CLERGYMAN. It is granted. Go ahead.

PROFESSOR. First, I beg to enquire if patriotism, as you have defined it, is a perfectly right and proper sentiment?

CLERGYMAN. Most assuredly. It is wisely ordained by Providence that this love for our country should be more forcible and more constant than our love for mankind at large. An active principle is thus created which

directly tends to promote the greatest possible measure of general happiness; for every nation consults its own advancement and zealously maintains its own privileges against foreign encroachment. And the love which we bear to our country quickens our sense of those political obligations on the efficacy of which not only the renown, but the safety also of every nation must depend.

PROFESSOR. Just one more question, if you please. Is the sublimated species of patriotism which you have described the noblest sentiment, the most exalted passion, of which the soul is capable?

POLITICIAN. Don't flatter yourself that our humanitarian friend is going to walk straight into that trap.

CLERGYMAN. I will answer his question, even if it should contain a hidden snare, which I do not believe. True patriotism, as I have intimated, sees the ideal of a nation and sees its mission among the nations of the earth, as Paul saw the mission of the Hebrew race in God's hieroglyphic message to them, written over the face of their providential past; as Pericles conceived the genius and the destiny of Greece; as Washington and Franklin grasped the idea of a free representative government. True patriotism not only sees the country's mission, but seeks to fulfil it, realizing that it is a part of God's great plan. And, in this sense, patriotism is surely the most exalted passion of which the soul is capable.

PROFESSOR. Good! Now we have something definite and tangible. In the first place, you hold that patriotism is devotion to one's country; second, that it arises from the social instinct innate in man, and is a sort of progressive development of filial love; third, that Providence has ordained that we should love our countrymen more than we love the Zulus, for instance; and, fourth, patriotism — of the right kind — is the noblest of human sentiments. Have I misstated your propositions?

CLERGYMAN. I don't think you have; but go on.

PROFESSOR. Well, as to the meaning of the term "country." It seems to me to be susceptible of a twofold interpretation, and that "loyalty to one's country" may mean both a love for persons and places — growing out of a sort of material and local instinct — and a moral love for the abstract ideas the country is supposed to represent. Did you mean to include both in your use of the term?

CLERGYMAN. I did.

PROFESSOR. And you would say that true patriotism must include both?

CLERGYMAN. Assuredly.

PROFESSOR. How, then, can the millions in America, born in other lands, under other institutions and other ideas of government, ever be patriotic in your sense of the word?

CLERGYMAN. Patriotism is not like a suit of clothes that you can buy and put on. It is a state of the soul that, like the Kingdom of God, cometh not with observation.

PROFESSOR. But how can it come at all, under alien skies? Can it be plucked out, root and branch, and transplanted in foreign soil? Or can a man serve two masters whose interests are opposed? No matter about that now. We'll come to it later. First, I want to ask you, how you reconcile the proposition that patriotism arises from the social instinct with your other statement that Providence has ordained that we should love our countrymen more than foreigners?

CLERGYMAN. I fail to see how

they are inconsistent with each other.

PROFESSOR. If patriotism is an outgrowth of the social instinct, has Providence thrown artificial and accidental barriers in the way of its gratification? Has Providence ordained that I should care less for a man who lives on the other side of an imaginary geographical line or on the other side of a river or a chain of mountains, than for one who happens to vote in my precinct? Does Providence play fast and loose with my "social instinct" in this way?

CLERGYMAN. See here, my friend, you can't afford to be disingenuous. You know very well that I meant only that a man naturally and necessarily loves his kith and kin, his friends and acquaintances, more than strangers. How could it be otherwise?

PROFESSOR. Have we, then, been wasting all these words only to arrive at such a lame and impotent conclusion — such a stale platitude? No, no! Our conceptions of patriotism are diametrically opposed to each other.

CLERGYMAN. I am curious to learn what your patriotism is, although when I hear you I am tempted to say with the character in Aristophanes, "You will not persuade me, even though you do persuade me."

POLITICIAN. Yes, go ahead; but don't try that Socratic method on us again. Socrates was an insufferable bore, and richly deserved the hemlock.

PROFESSOR. Patriotism is clannishness. That's my definition in plain English. And clannishness is another name for narrowness and selfishness. Patriotism is to a nation what egoism is to an individual. Nations, such as the United States, England, France, Germany, and cities, such as Boston, Chicago, Berlin, behave like persons possessed of a character, a mind and definite interests. We may think of them as we think of individuals; they have, like persons, a feeling of their essence and a desire for self-preservation, so much so, indeed, that a nation or a city may be compared to an animal, which is so ingenious and so fertile in schemes when it is necessary to save its own life and secure the propagation of its species. The same is true of churches, of religions, of all associations of men constituting organic wholes — they behave like individuals. Hence the struggle for existence in all of them. This struggle in a nation for existence we call patriotism. It is neither a moral nor an immoral quality — it is a simple fact of Nature, an unconscious, blind, unreasoning, but resistless impulse. Don't misunderstand me. I am not by any means affirming that pure egoism, or enlightened self-interest even, is the mainspring of all human actions, and that the sentiment of piety, of self-abnegation, can be eliminated. No; a thousand facts all around us would give, every day, the lie to such an assertion. But all our modern civilization, with its infinitely complex life, is nothing but the trophy which man, the warrior, has at last borne off in his unceasing struggle against his limitations.

CLERGYMAN. Pray, come down from your philosophical pillar, O Simeon Stylites, long enough to tell us what all this has to do with patriotism.

PROFESSOR. It has this to do with patriotism: Long before the dawn of history the cave-dweller was "patriotic" when he went out and

smashed the skull of the first stranger he met and robbed him of his food and raiment. Every nation has been "patriotic" when it has sought to extend its power and increase its glory. Bismarck was "patriotic" in 1870 when, according to his own recent confession, he deliberately provoked France to war. And the French emperor was equally "patriotic" when he accepted the challenge. "Patriotism" makes Europe to-day one stupendous arsenal.

MERCHANT. But how, then, is the life of a nation — which you have said is an organic whole, like the life of an individual — to be preserved, if not by resisting attacks, which implies warfare? Do you condemn all wars as unrighteous?

PROFESSOR. I condemn nothing. Have I not said that this is not a question of morals, but only the working out of that blind instinct of self-preservation which Nature seems to have implanted in all organisms? Every war has been a necessary war, for I take it that Providence is wise enough not to permit unnecessary things to happen. But to return to our somewhat cold mutton. In the childhood of the race, patriotism was the struggle of the individual for existence, then of the family for existence, then of the tribe, the gens, the clan; then, as man's horizon widened a little, of the city, of the federation of cities, and finally of the nation. To-day, however, thousands in every civilized land are beginning to see that every nation suffers, not only spiritually but physically, with the suffering of every other nation; that human interests cannot be tied up like bundles of dry sticks and wholly isolated one from the other; that when wages are cut down in England or Germany, or when Russian peasants die of famine or cholera, or when the pestilence sweeps over India, we, too, here in Boston, are the sufferers. We are beginning to realize the significance of Paul's words to the Athenians: "He hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." So patriotism, instead of being a narrowing love for one particular locality, or race, or form of government, becomes a love for humanity as a whole.

CLERGYMAN. That is beautifully vague. Now will you tell us how this sweetness and light is to be propagated and diffused, so as to become vital and effective?

PROFESSOR. How it is to be diffused? Say, rather, how it is being diffused. In countless ways and by numberless agencies. By the railway, the telegraph, the printing press; by the merchant, the traveller, the foreign missionary; by the removal of restrictions to trade and commerce, and by making the nations better acquainted with one another; by the manifold influences at work here in America, this rendezvous of Old World peoples; by the influence of Christianity and of the Catholic Church especially, which, with its clear vision, sees the drift of modern thought, and with its marvellous organization is capable of accelerating the progress of humanity.

CLERGYMAN. Toward what goal?

PROFESSOR. Toward the goal of which you and I and every man in his best moments have caught at least a passing glimpse, and which the seers and prophets of all lands have clearly discerned.

CLERGYMAN. And this far-off, divine event is to be reached by eschewing patriotism, among other things? How strange that a sentiment so natural and beautiful as love of home and country should be so misleading, so wicked!

PROFESSOR. It has its place in

the development of man, like the love for mother, sweetheart, wife and child, but it has missed its end unless it puts us in training, as Emerson says, for a love which knows not sex, nor person, nor partiality, but which seeks virtue and wisdom everywhere. Beautiful the love of country may be, but not necessarily indicative of the highest type of character. It may amount to a consuming passion, as in the case of the Portuguese Jews in the fifteenth century. After being tortured with most inhuman cruelty, they were finally expelled from Portugal. But so strong was their love for that country, which had been the scene of all their sufferings, that they found means of importing earth from Lisbon, which they preserved with the fondness of a miser for his treasures, and which on their deathbeds they conjured their friends to place, as a sacred deposit, in their graves. What could be more beautiful or more pathetic? Or, the love of country may take the form of superstitious veneration for the sepulchres of one's forefathers. Don't you remember in the old story-books, the reply of the Indian chief of a Canadian tribe, on being urged to emigrate: "We were born in this land," he said; "here are our fathers buried; can we then say to the bones of our fathers, arise, and come with us into a foreign land?" Now that is certainly a beautiful sentiment, and I am sure he was a very good Indian who uttered it, but will any one venture to say that it indicated any breadth of character? Patriotism is all right in its place, but its place is a narrow one. There is a grain of truth in Schopenhauer's ungracious remark that "*Jeder Lump, der nichts auf sich hat, ist stolz auf seinem Vaterland*,"—

MERCHANT. Merciful heavens! talk English. We're not all Elihu Burritts.

PROFESSOR. Oh! that was only Schopenhauer's paraphrase of Dr. Johnson's pleasantry that "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." Cicero, however, comes nearer the truth in asserting that duty to one's country is more sacred than the filial tie, for the reason that the greater includes the less. And Schopenhauer, who disliked all mankind, including his own countrymen, too much to be very patriotic, has this recognition of patriotism: "He who dies for his fatherland is free from the delusion that existence is summed up in his own person; he transmits his being to others, in whom he continues to live, even to generations yet unborn — whereby he regards death as we do the winking of the eye, which does not interrupt our seeing." That's his thought. Perhaps I haven't translated his words very accurately.

CLERGYMAN. Then your patriotism is only altruism?

PROFESSOR. Precisely.

CLERGYMAN. Our old friend charity, that suffereth long and is kind?

PROFESSOR. Exactly so. The charity that begins at home, but does not end there. The charity whose quick ear detects a deep harmony in the discords of the world. The charity which would have looked into the strange faces in that long procession to-day — Antonio, José, Jean, Hans, Paddy — and said: "They are all my brethren. Some of them may have no conception of the real significance of the parade, but that doesn't matter. It is bringing them nearer together, and unconsciously effacing race prejudice. When that is accomplished they will be true Americans, and even the Loyal Legion of Lovely Ladies will then have nothing to fear."

POLITICIAN. I move we adjourn.

SHOULD YOUNG MEN GO INTO POLITICS?

DUTY to one's country is one of the most sacred of obligations, for in the proper discharge of that duty is involved the performance of nearly every other, but how best to discharge that duty may well occasion serious study to the young man who has just donned the mantle of citizenship. So many young men in politics employ methods which to say the least are open to question, that it is little wonder that there are those who confound politics with the machinations of men who bring the name into disrepute; but the duty felt by all and which none can rightfully escape—of taking an active part in what is best for their country's advancement, honor and glory—is well portrayed in the following opinions afforded DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE in answer to the pertinent query, Should Young Men Go Into Politics?

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

To the question whether a young man should go into politics, my answer would be, emphatically, "No." I assume that the question means, Should he adopt politics as a career? Every young man should start out in life with three definite objects: first, to earn an honest living; second, to secure an income large and permanent enough to support a family, and, third, to lay up something for old age and the care of the helpless ones whom he may leave behind when he dies. This excludes of course other and obvious efforts in life, and confines the question simply to the material side of success. If a young man enters the professions, or business, or the trades, and is industrious, intelligent, economical and of good habits and associations, he is sure to rise until, in a less or greater measure, he accomplishes the three objects I have named.

The trouble with politics is that its pursuit is an adventure and not a career. The office may furnish larger compensation at the beginning, several times over, than could be had in any vocation. But promotion is not accorded to merit, but to political influence. If the beginner starts in any department of the government, he must have men powerful with the party continuously behind him to retain his place or to secure an advance in either position or pay. His competency, honesty and usefulness are subordinate factors in his success. The longer he remains in the service, the greater the dangers of his position. The time will certainly come when he will be compelled to give up his place to a member of the opposite party which has come into power, or a man possessing more influence than his own. He then finds himself handicapped with a family, untrained for business and out of line with the active competitors of the community. In other words, there is no place for him in the law office, counting-room, the railroad or the shop.

If he enters the field for an elective office, he encounters still greater perils. If he has talents which fit him to shine in debate, or of an executive order, he may, while his party is in power, win prominence

in state affairs and become an important factor in national legislation. His pay will at times be wretchedly inadequate to the position he has to maintain and the expenses he is compelled to incur. Besides, he must have the money to carry on his canvass when a candidate for re-election.

When the revolution which is inevitable comes, and he is thrown out of office by the defeat of his party, his position is unfortunate to a degree. His prominence, high position and reputation are a bar to his getting a foothold in practical affairs. His experience, talents and habits are useless to the firm or corporation. There seems literally no standing-room for him anywhere. I have known in my time more than a score of statesmen who had been leaders of their party, had enjoyed national fame and had done inestimable service for good legislation, who, after twenty years of a career full of honors and fame, suddenly found themselves out of office and facing want. The efforts of these men to earn a living in fields already full of trained and experienced competitors have generally ended in defeat, despair or death.

One of the most pitiable sights which I have ever witnessed was presented to me in the appearance of some twenty politicians of national reputation, who came to me after the overthrow of an administration, and begged me to aid them in securing employment. They were the heads of large families and they candidly confessed that they were out of line and did not know where to "catch on" in the race of life. I took care of some by giving them subordinate places, and some gladly accepted consulships in remote parts of the earth, even in Asia and Africa.

Every young man should be interested in politics and take as active a part in the political affairs of his neighborhood as the time at his disposal from his business will permit; he should belong to some party and understand its principles; he should attend its caucuses and do such party service as he can; he should go to political meetings and never fail to vote on election day; when there are movements on foot for reforms necessitated by corruption, or to put bad men out of office, he should be on hand and ready to fight for the redemption of his city, town or state; when he has become sufficiently independent to afford the luxury of public life, or his business can be run without him, so that he can give his time and thought to the performance of official duties, or he has partners who will run the office or shop which takes care of his family while he gives his energies and mind to running the government; then, and not till then, can he enter politics as a pursuit with any prospect of happiness, any hope of permanent success, or any future but failure and wretchedness.

Chauncey M. Depew.

JOSEPH J. O'DONOHUE.

WHETHER a young man should go into politics depends, mainly, to my mind, upon whether it would afford him that scope for honorable endeavor which would be best suited to his own individuality and inclinations. If he be seeking for success in life, he must, naturally, direct his energies into a congenial field. It is now

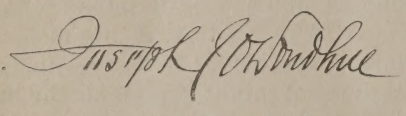
narrated that strong influence was exerted upon the late General Butler, when he was a boy, to divert his life-work into the ministry. The boy's inclinations would have led him to West Point, but he compromised in the law. That he eventually became soldier and politician as well as lawyer was proof of his versatility, while indicating that in some instances political emolument may lie through the field of battle, and emerge by way of the bar.

But since these views are somewhat discursive and general, the most direct and therefore the best answer to the question in hand is to be found in the concrete form of example. Surely, Governor William E. Russell ought to serve as a living affirmative response to this query. Thrice elected to the chief executive chair of the old Bay State, and at an age when the head of many a man older in the cause is just rising above the political horizon, this public officer is sufficient evidence that it is indeed well for at least one young man to have gone into politics. But the chief benefit of Governor Russell's career lies in the fact that his political life is a public good, a blessing to the community in which he lives or has his being, to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and to the country at large. He is, therefore, not only a young man in politics, but a young man inspired by honorable motives and controlled through consecration to public duty.

Another example I would instance is William Sulser, the youngest speaker ever chosen to preside over the Assembly of the State of New York. He came from lowly surroundings. A few years ago he was a lawyer's clerk, then a law partner, then in legal practice for himself, then — when hardly out of his teens — a member of the Assembly from the city of New York, and now, in his third term as Assemblyman, placed at the head of the body he is at so early an age identified with. His example is proof of the possibility of rapid rise in our political system, when integrity, fidelity to public duty, ability and unremitting determination are the characteristics of the man.

But it is by no means early and, so to speak, instant success that should be the inspiration of a young man to become a politician in the best sense of the word. Success may, and in most cases, probably will come late, and while the desire to succeed is an honorable one, there is behind it a broader and more worthy motive which any young man entering public life should respond to. And that is the desire to serve his country and to advance the general welfare of his fellow-citizens so long as he shall be a public servant. It is true that this highest and purest motive is not so much in vogue as it might be, but all the more reason that a young man who nowadays wishes to enter politics should let that motive be his guiding star. He may imagine, as he looks upon a certain class of politicians, that he must set out for success at all times and under all circumstances, regardless of the means so long as he shall not be discovered in any mere trickery. But should he follow this line of conduct he will be sure to come to grief, for in the long run the public invariably discovers the mainspring of a public man's action and it will set its seal upon him accordingly. In plain English, the character of every man in politics is sure to be found out by the public, precisely as in private life it becomes known to his neighbors.

Therefore, from the standpoint of pure policy, no young man who has high hopes of success, should go into politics unless he makes up his mind that honor, integrity, conscientiousness and fidelity to his public trust shall control him. With such motives, he may rightfully aspire to be a public servant. The two instances of early success in politics which have been cited show the possibilities of this form of life. When, however, it comes to a final decision as to whether young men should enter politics, it rests with each young man to determine the answer for himself, he to be guided by his own tastes, proclivities and abilities, precisely as much as in making up his mind as to any other field of labor. The vista of politics is as broad and inviting as any other, and while its emoluments are alluring, it may be deeply strewn here and there with disappointments and unsatisfied ambitions.



FREDERICK R. COUDERT.

You do me honor to ask me whether young men should "go into politics." I will assume, first of all, that I am to speak of young men equal in education, intelligence and honesty to the average young man of our common country; that they really entertain a love for the land that bore them and would like to serve it, even if they found no direct reward to follow the performance of that service. There are many of that category in this broad country of ours. They are not only fairly patriotic in the ordinary circumstances of daily life, but there is down in their hearts a reserved fund of devotion to the honor and interests of their home and people, of which they themselves are unconscious. That sleeping sentiment will always awake at critical periods.

As I understand the word, every young man who believes in his country and in himself, who prefers purity and efficiency in government to corruption and neglect, should devote some thought, some time and some effort to politics — that is, to public affairs. If this implies "entering into politics," let him enter into the spirit and do the work. He owes a debt to the people, including that part of the people which consists of himself. If he is honest, he is bound to discharge it. The citizen who acknowledges no civic duties ought to be cut off from civic rights, especially that of grumbling at maladministration.

They may belong to the party of iron-clad, machine-made politics, or not. If they have, as they should have, any opinion of their own, they should join a political party, the one that most nearly represents their views, remembering that it is not necessary that one should abdicate his manhood because and when he becomes an active Democrat or a zealous Republican. Let their submission be conditional upon the party's fidelity to the cause that they believe in. As the shrewd attorney that Dickens wrote about, who signed his love letters, "Yours without prejudice," so let your adhesion to a party be without prejudice to the call of honor and decency and good order. The country is worth either party or both. If they cease to be agencies for good, they do not deserve to live. Let them die or try to bring them back to their original purpose. It is a greater thing and a better one to feel and to say, "I am an Amer-

ican," than to proclaim, "I am a Democrat," or "I am a Republican." And then, too, it will win in the end, if guided by the Polar star of patriotism, that true patriotism which shuns everything mean, which frowns upon all that is foul and admits none to serve it except they bring clean hands to the task.

I trust they will ever look Fortune in the face and laugh at her frowns. Read up the old poet who says of her, in Dryden's Paraphrase:

> I can enjoy her while she's kind;
> But when she dances in the wind,
> And shakes her wings and will not stay—
> I puff the fickle jade away.

F. R. Coudert.

REV. JOSHUA P. BODFISH.

I DEEM it a patriotic duty for young men to take part in every effort made to promote their country's welfare. To do this effectively they must engage in politics: using the word in its good and proper sense.

The general welfare is promoted by having good men in office who will consider it their first duty to provide for the common good. If by politics you mean to engage in an unseemly scramble for office, I would not advise any young man to engage in it. But it is important that the great public trusts of our Government should be in worthy hands.

To accomplish this, primary meetings must be attended and the machinery of politics must be directed towards this most desirable end. If this is undertaken from honest and upright motives, I say by all means let every young man do his full share to preserve and perpetuate the blessings of honest government.

He should prepare himself by a study of the history of his country and of the different political vicissitudes through which it has passed. This will give him an insight into sound political principles. He should always be governed by sound and definite political principles, and not yield to the low motives of party expediency. It is always more important that we have honest and patriotic rulers over us, than that this or that party should control the government patronage.

It is often remarked, however, when men have once fattened at the public crib and enjoyed the short hours and large pay and honor and ease that often come with public office, that when they are put out of office, by some change in political conditions, they seem wholly averse to settling down to their former business and earning their living by the sweat of their brow, but continue to haunt the public buildings and waste their time and energy in looking for another lucrative place.

They soon fall into the methods and habits of the army of office-seekers who place party success and personal aggrandizement before a patriotic purpose to serve their country and promote the common good.

This is very demoralizing, and it is certainly a misfortune for a young man to desert his trade or profession by which he could gain an honorable living, for such a precarious and unworthy method of life.

I am always glad to see men of ample means going into politics, for they are not open to so many temptations and are likely to be influenced by patriotic motives of duty in devoting their time and their fortune to the service of their country.

J. P. Bodfish

THE AMERICAN CITIZEN.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

He boasts no tawdry garter, no coat of arms, nor crest ;
No ribbon of a royal guild is flaunting from his breast ;
He cannot point to pedigrees grown gray with age and dim—
To be a son of Adam is quite good enough for him !
His blood is not of azure blue, and on his brow are set
No princely gems, no diadem, no ducal coronet ;
No titled prig, no dude is he, for since his race began
He is what God meant him to be — he's every inch a man !

A man with proud unfettered soul of aspirations high,
And chainless as the eagle bird whose palace is the sky —
Strong and undaunted as the rock that breasts the angry foam,
Equality his citadel, and liberty his home :
No Old World chains clank 'round his limbs to tell him he's not free ;
No sport of silly potentates — no parasite is he,
His birthright is his charter — he bows before no throne,
He serves no earthly master — he kneels to God alone !

Yet if a sceptre he doth wield, he holds within his hand
A staff of gold that makes him king and sovereign of the land :
He hews the pines, he ploughs the fields, he fructifies the soil,
And builds a gran'ry for the grain that groweth from his toil,
And with the wealth thus treasured up from busy day to day,
Erect of gait and resolute, he goes his missioned way
Onward and on through prairies vast, o'er mountain, slope and plain,
From California's Golden Gate to Vermont and to Maine.

A pioneer of men is he for whom all future time
Reserves its greatest triumphs — its laurel wreaths sublime !
Progress and peace his destined goal, and work his sacred creed,
He lifts the world to higher heights by thought and word and deed !
"Old Glory" floating o'er his head, its flagstaff, strong as death,
Held firmly in his brawny hand — more valued than his breath,
He marches on with rapid step forever in the van —
This peerless knight of humankind — the true American !

CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

A Few Stray Thoughts on his Life and Works.

BY JAMES B. DOLLARD (SLIEVE-NA-MON).

LONG will the memory of the gifted, patriotic and loving-souled Kickham live in the hearts and by the firesides of the Tipperary peasantry, whose joys and sorrows he has painted with such a master-hand.

The story of his life amongst them is simple and touching.

We see him as the dreamy schoolboy roaming along the banks of his beloved Anner, climbing the heathery slopes of Slieve-na-mon, or mayhap eagerly listening to some white-haired peasant who related a hoary legend of the hill-top, or a fiery tale of the men who had thereon battled for Ireland.

We see him again amongst them after his years of cruel and woeful servitude, the loving heart harrowed with sorrow — chastened, not embittered, for his was the heart of a man honest, humble and God-fearing — the heart of sterling gold.

It is a curious commentary on England's rule in Ireland, that of such class were the men she found necessary to have thrust into her prisons and treated as criminals of the deepest dye.

That Kickham's interest in the lot of the poorest among the peasantry with which he lived was deep and sympathetic, the following words which I heard from an old farm-laborer will show,— by the way, they always mention him by the endearing name Charley —"When we workmen were eating dinner or supper, as the case might be, Charley would sit by us and chat with us pleasantly the whole time. His usual subject of conversation was concerning the old ruins and castles scattered over the country, and he related, or got one of us to relate, the old legends and stories connected with them."

This was when he had come back from prison and lived at the house of his brother, broken down in body and in spirit.

How sad must have been his thoughts as he strayed once more through the scenes of his youthful hopes and dreams, and knew how rudely his air-castles had been overthrown, and saw the chains of slavery more firmly than ever fastened on his beloved country.

And that he had also his own proper sorrows and heart-yearnings we know, for he hints as much to us in that pathetic little ballad, "She lived beside the Anner."

This touching story of the peasant girl of the "Mountain-foot" had always a peculiar charm for me, and ever came to my mind when I looked on the swelling sides of Slieve-na-mon, deep blue in the distance.

> "She lived beside the Anner,
> At the foot of Slieve-na-mon;
> A gentle peasant girl
> With mild eyes like the dawn."

It is a story which is but too often true, alas, in poor Ireland.

The innocent, brave-hearted peasant girl, leaving the happy scenes of her childhood and her grief-stricken parents to go to America, that Eldorado of the Irish peasantry, there to toil for money that will keep the old father and mother alive at home. And not seldom is the burden of exile too heavy for her shoulders; so while yet youthful, she fills an exile's grave.

I have heard it said by some that the peasant maid of the mountain-foot had stolen away the gentle heart of the poet before his long imprisonment, and that it was only after his release he heard of her death in far America, whereupon the little ballad gushed from his heart. The closing verses are wonderfully pathetic:

"'Write word to my dear mother,
Say we'll meet with God above;
And tell my little brothers
That I send them all my love.
May the angels ever guard them,
Is their dying sister's prayer.'
And folded in the letter
Was a braid of nut-brown hair.

"Ah! cold and well-nigh callous
This weary heart has grown;
For thy hapless fate, dear Erin,
And for sorrows of my own.
Yet a tear mine eye will moisten
When by Anner's side I stray,
For the lily of the mountain-foot
That withered far away."

I have heard this ballad sung by the peasantry to a very sweet air, and it never failed to touch responsive chords in the Irish heart.

Kickham's prose works are like his few poems; faithful and masterly pictures of the daily life, the joys and the sorrows of the people among whom he lived — unfortunately they are not so widely known as they deserve to be.

I say unfortunately, because as those who are happy enough to possess copies of them well know and appreciate, they have a simplicity, a beauty and a raciness rarely to be found combined in works of fiction.

If a book like his "Knocknagow" were written, say by an English or Scotchman about his own peasantry, it would, in my humble opinion, gain him world-wide and well-merited fame; but as it is, it has been written by a poor, heroic Irishman only, for whom England could find no better use than breaking stones in her convict prisons, so it could scarcely be expected she would concede him a high place amongst the adorners of her literature.

However, it is the proper duty of Irishmen to see that the works of Kickham are published and read and given the prominence in Irish literature they so highly merit.

For my own part I cannot understand why the works of Lever and Carleton should be well known and widely read by Irishmen the world over, while the beautiful productions of Kickham are left to partial obscurity. To any one who has lived among the Irish peasantry it is plain that the latter has painted more faithfully their every-day life and entered more skilfully and lovingly into the aspirations and affections of their hearts, while the delineations of former writers too often approach caricature.

The injustice which Kickham saw being daily done to the peasantry, the heartless evictions and the consequent emigration and scattering of the people — all this was a dagger of sorrow in his heart, as we may see from all his writings. There is one passage of his "Knocknagow" that is both striking and instructive; we are introduced to an Indian battlefield — the fortunes of the day tremble in the balance. The enemy fighting desperately have successfully resisted repeated attacks of the British,

when the general gives the word "Charge!" to an Irish regiment composed mostly of Tipperary men.

With a ringing cheer the brave fellows dash forward, capture the breastworks and leap among the astounded enemy with the cold steel. The foe was routed — the day was won. But here comes the striking part. Among the poor heroes who, after that charge, lay on the ground pouring out their hot blood for England's glory, was one Jemmy Hogan. And away on a green Tipperary hill-side Jemmy's father, a gray-haired old man, dazed with woe, was being mercilessly evicted from his home, a troop of the same glorious British army protecting the brutal ruffians that did the deed!

This was what was happening at home while Jemmy Hogan took part in that charge which won from the lips of the English commander these enthusiastic words deserving of letters of gold:

"Magnificent Tipperary!"

So did selfish England ever recompense the services of the Sister Isle. She took to herself all the glory of Sabraon and Waterloo, of the Goughs and the Nelsons and the Welleslys, and for their country had nothing but injustice and contempt.

Every day are the writings of Charles J. Kickham gaining ground in the affections of the Irish people, and especially in the south of Ireland his is a name to conjure with. This is but just, as he was peculiarly their own in soul and sympathy. For my own part I could never view the mountain-foot and his beloved Anner gliding along through the green fields, without remembering and praying for the gentle soul that sang their beauties and loved them so well.

LEO XIII.

BY D. J. DONAHOE.

FROM when, upon the lake of Galilee
The rugged fisherman, at break of day,
Sat mending nets, and heard the Saviour say,
"Be fisherman of souls; rise, follow me,"
Until this latest age, when wondrously
The world shines out with wisdom's brightest ray,
And feels the heaviest dole of error's way,
No fisherman of souls like unto thee

In patient toil hath worn away the night.
O grave old man, pure, strong, and without fear,
The glory of the Faith abides in thee,
And love and hope live on, a blessed sight!
Even now the Master speaketh, soft and clear,
"Cast out again the nets into the sea."

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MARCH, 1893.

Devotion to the Catholic Faith is Loyalty to the American Flag.

STATISTICS are not necessarily dry. We do not wish to use them too often for the foundation of our editorials, because there are broader grounds than mere figures — the grounds of universal human feeling and aspiration on which men can write well, if they make the heart their inkstand. But figures which tell the truth often point the way to a higher truth and sometimes one can draw inspiration from them. Let us consider just a few. The total Catholic population of the United States is 8,632,521 according to Sadlier's annual directory of the Roman Catholic Clergy. This in a national population of 62,481,000 is what the late George William Curtis, generally a purist in language, used to call a very "significant sign" of the times. When we reflect that fifty years ago the Roman Catholic was one of the feeblest communions in the land and that now they are nearly twice as many as the Methodist, which is accounted the strongest and most vital of Protestant denominations, does there not seem to be a nationally growing reason for the Faith that is in us? Indeed, in this country Catholics now are almost as numerous as the Methodists and Baptists put together, and the growth in Catholic charities and educational facilities has been equally noteworthy in the last fifty years. Truly, this is a marvellous advance; and no man can idly criticise, when Catholics hail it as a higher than human proof of the vitality of their Faith, and bless it as a great step towards universal awakening to spiritual things and the world-wide practice of Christ's teachings.

But to Catholics who study these figures there ought to come thoughts of responsibility as well as of satisfaction. Every gain made by the Church makes greater the debt of each Catholic to his Father, his Faith, and his fellow-man. Glorious is this debt, and to be paid by obeying God's laws, by devotion to the Catholic Faith, by kindness, by generosity, by helpfulness to our fellows. Brethren, let us keep this responsibility in mind.

RIGHT on the death of James G. Blaine comes out Murat Halstead in a letter acknowledging that in life he had wronged him. "I do say that I assailed Blaine upon insufficient evidence and had hardly made the fight against him before the understanding came to me that I had been too swift in condemnation."

"Too swift in condemnation!" Yes; there is a whole volume of human injustice condensed in those four words, and the trouble with many of us is that we wait till it is too late for our recantations to be of any avail in this world. We are so — yes, it is an appropriate

adverb in this case — so *infernally* ready to condemn another's conduct, when probably, had we been in the same situation, with poverty, disease or temptation at work upon us, we might not have passed the ordeal any better; perhaps not so well. It was a Catholic poet, Adelaide Proctor, who sang:

"Judge not! The workings of his brain
Or of his heart thou canst not see.
What seems to thy dull eyes a stain
In God's clear light may only be
The scar brought from some well-fought field
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield."

Of course, there are a few cases, where persons of smooth and easy lives, possessing everything that should help them to be unselfish and honorable, are base and cruel to a monstrous degree. But these instances of depravity — this class of men and women which recent science calls the Instinctive Criminal — are comparatively rare; and to one who has not merely studied like a scientist, but felt like a man and compassioned like a priest the tremendous pressure of the social organism on the social unit and has witnessed the frightful, almost fatal, power of heredity and environment on human character and conduct — in short, to one who has ever looked below the surface of worldly life, the wonder is, and grows, that men and women can be on an average as good as they are. This comfortable conclusion, however, should not tempt any one of us to rest content with the amount of average goodness he or she may possess. The chances are that we are the very ones who keep down, instead of building up, the human average. And about the best step towards spiritual progress we can take is a double movement: to go a little slower in condemning others and a little faster in condemning ourselves.

From the bright sunshine of the Christmas holidays with all their glad influences we pass within the shadow of the sombre and penitential Lent. With the year, as with life, joy and sorrow so alternate that when we are apt to lose ourselves in the contemplation of the one, lo! we are ushered into the presence of the other. It is well that this is so. A life all sunshine would be too bewildering, would exert too fascinating a hold upon the senses, or become a pain finally by the very monotony of pleasure.

It is well that there should be a time when we are particularly impressed with the serious questions which affect the present life and the life to come — a time when, turning aside from the mere consideration of the things of earth and disassociating our minds as far as possible from that which is fleeting and transitory, we may reach out to grasp that which is imperishable and immortal. While our eternal concerns should always be kept in mind, yet it is the special province of the Lenten season, with its sacrificial influences, its unclouded atmosphere, to give us a deeper, a wider and more far-reaching appreciation of those concerns. It is a time when we are nearer to God and farther away from that which is merely earthly and material, and in that very closeness to Divinity we draw the inspiration of a deeper devotion and derive a higher spiritual appreciation of what life means and what it should be, as the stepping-stone to eternity. Thus, the Lenten season is a blessing to humanity, a time of rest and purification; and out of its

shadow we emerge better able to enjoy the succeeding sunshine and to take up and carry forward to their highest possibilities the duties which were so specially impressed upon us in the solemnity of the Lenten hour.

Even to those so unfortunate as to be little affected by the religious influences of the hallowed time, the coming of Lent cannot be otherwise than a benefit, for it is a season of enforced relinquishment of social festivities and of relaxation from the exacting, nerve-killing demands upon the modern entertainer, furnishing a time of needed rest and recuperation. They, too, are the better for its coming, but how immeasurably less is their benefit than that which falls to the lot of those who have enjoyed its highest privileges and are the better, purer and more deserving children of God through the happy reconciliation afforded them.

The Church wisely, and appropriately to the season, dons a sombre garb, the organ's note of triumph is succeeded by the plaintive sigh of sorrow and contrition. We live over again those agonizing days leading up to Calvary, strengthened by the knowledge that the all-pervading shadow will at length retreat before the radiant effulgence of the dawning Easter, when again the Church will re-array herself in her most glorious adornments, and the organ's jubilant and triumphant note proclaim the glory of the risen Lord.

Our editorial last month on Victor Hugo's prophecy of the abolition of war as one of the achievements of the twentieth century, seems to have caused considerable sympathetic thought.

Among the interesting things asked of us in this connection, is the question whether an alliance offensive and defensive between the English-speaking nations — that is, between the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland with its colonies, and the United States of America, would be strong enough by sheer force of numbers to compel peace on earth.

This idea that the English or American-speaking race might be able to constitute itself a sort of universal umpire is not a novel one; nor is it, perhaps, absolutely desirable as yet, in the present very imperfect state of American and English civilization, that either or both of these great nations should seek to play the rôle of policeman to the world in general.

But a study of statistics touching this point suggests some curious possibilities. The figures on which the following calculations are based, are taken from Michael J. Mulhall's Dictionary of Statistics, and will, therefore, bear the strictest analysis. According to this distinguished authority, who follows the French statistician, Levasseur, the population of the world is roughly one billion and a half. Of this Asia contains more than half, Africa less than a seventh, America about one fifteenth and Europe about a fourth.

We need not concern ourselves with the exact figures of population, but simply take Levasseur's estimates of the fighting men, or persons capable of bearing arms in those countries where statistics can be fairly well verified by regular official censuses.

Taking, then, the countries dominated by the English-speaking race, we find that 333,481,000, or about a fifth of the world, would at once come into that alliance for the suppression of war whose possibility we are considering.

To be sure, two-thirds of this enormous aggregate of human force are colonial dependencies of the British Crown and their affection for England, as in the case of India, is by no means certain.

Yet the fidelity of Indian troops, officered by English, Scotch or Irish, if brought to Europe, as Disraeli at Berlin somewhat theatrically foreshadowed by his celebrated order: "Sepoys to Malta!" might be perhaps relied on. It might indeed be counted on, if a Liberal English Government should impress upon the Hindoos in general, that the English people felt every year an increasing fraternity towards them.

At any rate for our purposes, which are purely suggestive and not declarative, it is fair to figure India in the estimate, when making up the available military force of the Americo-Anglican Alliance or Peace-Trust. This gives us the enormous total of 90,294,400 men capable of bearing arms, to enforce by the very shadow of their numbers the desired end, peace, in any part of the world.

But how would this work in Europe? Against this array of available fighters we have in Europe, if all the European states combined (a thing, however, very unlikely), an opposing army of only 81,749,000. We must add, however, to this, as we did in the case of England, the available levies of the colonies of France, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Germany and Denmark, and this addition throws the beam the other way, for the same system of calculation gives the extraordinary amount of 17,181,558 as possible soldiers from these colonies. The totals then stand, 98,930,558 to 90,294,400 of the Perpetual Peace Confederation.

But let us not indulge in any mathematical despair. Let us look below the surface of these figures. In the first place it would be extremly difficult for any European power to mobilize its colonial forces on a campaign in Europe. Secondly, the weaker nations of Europe — those whose territory would be bound to suffer, or who run the risk of being dismembered by their very much larger neighbors, for instance, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, Greece, Belgium, Holland, Portugal and Spain— would be likely to come into the Peace Trust and ally themselves with America and England, as against the other European nations.

We think they would be likely to do this from motives of enlightened self-interest alone, without counting the weight of the teachings of religion, and the promptings of the growing spirit of human brotherhood, to which the latest literature of all these countries bears exceedingly strong witness.

Now their available fighting force is 12,385,000 which plus 8,540,000 of colonial auxiliaries, if taken away from the European combine, and added to the Peace Trust, makes 111,219,400 against 77,789,000. In this estimate we have figured the fighting forces of Servia and Roumania, amounting to 1,940,000, along with Russia, Austria, Italy, Germany and France, who have respectively 25,200,000 plus 10,440,000, plus 8,480,000, plus 12,460,000, plus 10,844,000 of war capables.

But is it not clear that a country so enlightened as France, especially, too, since republican ideas are fermenting there to a nobler ideal of freedom and fraternity, would not linger long in this combine? Could not her hereditary friendship for America be expected to countervail her centuried distrust of

England, especially when coupled with her soreness toward Germany? Let France then drop out of the war combine, with her colonial and home forces, and the fighting total of the war-worshipping nations sinks to 58,405,000 against 130,503,400 men ready to compel peace.

We might pursue this subject further, but we think we have shown enough by these figures to convince the thoughtful that Victor Hugo's prophetic dream of the abolition of war in the twentieth would not be mathematically impossible if a unification of English and American-governed countries should take place.

THE message that President Harrison recently sent to the Senate embodying a treaty of acceptance pending perfect arrangement of the terms of annexation with Hawaii suggests the introduction into the Union of Hawaii under a form of government somewhat resembling that of Alaska. This may be well, considering the illiteracy of a large majority of the natives, and yet, when our colored brothers after the war were clothed with full voting powers, illiteracy was not considered for a moment. It seems to us, and we throw it out as a suggestion to the senators and representatives from California, that it would be a much fairer and simpler thing for the Hawaians, if the great State of California were willing, to have Hawaii added to California as a county.

WHILE to the American nation territory is on the point of being added by the proposed annexation of Hawaii, from the American people their special territory is always on the edge of being stolen. This stealing of course is being done under cloak of law by the octopus corporations which will plunge this country into complete anarchy, if they are not checked pretty soon. A fresh illustration of this fact has been furnished by the West End Street Railway Corporation of Boston. Every patriotic heart in America has felt the holy wrath of a just indignation at the impudent demand made by this ravenous monopoly upon the Legislature for a slice of the sacred soil of Boston Common. Are these corporations not only without soul, according to the legal joke which has been no joke for the people since the growth of corporation laws, but also without mind? Are they utterly mad in their horrible hunger for money? Do they not realize their danger? We tell them the American people will not stand this kind of thing much longer. Why, there are enough Irish-Americans in Boston of the type of John Boyle O'Reilly to protect Boston Common with their lives, if the West End should be able to buy permission from some corrupt or easily corrupted legislature.

MR. JAMES REALF, JR., in his picturesque article in this number on Presidential Inaugurations, makes what seems to us a very striking and equally sensible suggestion. In view of the fact that 4th of March as an Inauguration day is generally so inclement and has probably caused, through unnecessary exposure, the loss of so many valuable lives, he says, "Why not put it forward to the 19th of April?" Considering that the day, as an anniversary, would thus represent the initial skirmish of the Revolution which made us a nation, and also the closing skirmish of the civil war which made us a Union, is not the idea an eminently happy one?

To be a literary fad is to become the idol of unreasoning, ephemeral popularity, which however pleasant it may be to the one so dignified for the time, has its dark side in the rapidity with which the idol is cast from its pedestal to give place to a new and fresh pensioner upon the regard of the fad followers. It was the custom in ancient times to array the creature intended to be offered as a sacrifice, in garlands of flowers, surrounding it with every comfort and according it the most exceptional honor, preliminary to immolation. In much the same manner do the devotees of a literary fad treat their unfortunate victim, and if he is not absolutely sacrificed and is able to survive the infliction, it augurs a tenacity of life that is the rare exception which goes to prove the rule.

So-called "æstheticism," as personified by Oscar Wilde some years ago, was taken up and ran its ridiculous course thanks to the craving for a fad. Later a more serious turn was evidenced and the inane mannerisms and pseudo-realism of the Bunthorne School gave place to the Browning craze, which swept the English-speaking world. In turning their attention to Browning, the fadites made a departure from their usual rule which had hitherto been to take up some new literary personage. Evidently at a loss what to do for a temporary idol to bridge the time until some unknown literary novelty could be secured, they seized upon the venerable poet whose labyrinthine verbosities seemed a meet field for exploration. It is a great proof of Browning's worth and strength that his work survived the handling of these fickle and irresponsible McAllisters of popular taste. Then a new star appeared above their contracted horizon in the person of one who dwells in the land of the Vikings and Ibsenmania became for the time the prevailing literary epidemic. The rugged Norseman was not destined to secure any firmer hold upon this whimsical body than did his predecessors, and he was speedily relegated again to the mountain fastnesses of the Scandinavian peninsula, while from the sunlit land of India arose the latest favorite in the person of a Kipling. Now the latter's star is upon the wane and bids fair to be permitted to retire again to the seclusion of its native bungalow, as its whilom admirers are busily casting about for a new idol upon which to lavish their transitory devotion.

Thus it is and thus it has ever been. Whoever hears now of Andrew Bun? Yet at one time in his career he was as much of a fad as any of those mentioned, and was killed by the very fatal worship of which he was the temporary recipient. Bun wrote the libretto of that ever-popular opera, "The Bohemian Girl," and to him we owe the beautiful lyrics so identified with that opera; but how few who sing "The Heart Bowed Down," "You'll Remember Me," or "I Dreamt I Dwelt," know even the name of the poet!

Alas! for the writer whose work degenerates into becoming a fad, since his literary doom is sealed. As in the case of a song that is sung till people grow aweary of its very name, the poet who, if left to natural, wholesome, enduring appreciation would have attained and held his proper place, drops to the level of a bore and then finds an easy road to obscurity.

The introduction of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, on February 13th,

ended the suspense of two years as to the measure of Home Rule to be granted to Ireland. As those acquainted with the condition of affairs in Ireland had hoped, and as was pointed out in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE on more than one occasion, it has practically been the means of forming a common ground of agreement between contending Irish Nationalists — a result which is not by any means the least among its good effects.

Nationalists of all sections have recognized in the main principles of the measure an honest attempt to keep faith with the people of Ireland; and as such they have welcomed it.

While reserving their right and determined to perform their duty in criticising and endeavoring to amend the defective portions of the bill, they have, nevertheless, accepted its principles as embodying what may be made the basis of a real and lasting settlement of the Irish question. To our mind this is a great point gained, for with Irish unity practically reëstablished by the bill, waverers in Mr. Gladstone's own party will hesitate long before coming to an open rupture with their leader, and earning for themselves the title which the present Home Secretary applied to the Liberal Unionists a few months ago, that of "apostates."

But far more important than any mere Parliamentary gain will be the effect of this reunion in the Irish ranks among the people of Ireland. It will bring together again, if not on the same platform, addressing the same gathering, at least in a common struggle for the same end, men who for years were loyal and earnest comrades in the fight for Irish freedom, but who for some time past have, unfortunately, been less friendly than the interests of their country seemed to demand. And with Ireland united, there is little fear as to the ultimate result.

By opening its columns to a fair and full presentation of the issues which have hitherto divided sterling Nationalists on both sides, this magazine may justly claim a share in the bringing about of a better understanding, and is proud of the result. It can only add the expression of the hope that ill-advised criticism, or needless denunciation of men, with every one of whose acts we may not agree, but whose aims, at least, are as patriotic as ours, will not be permitted to mar the good effect already produced, nor hinder the good work now so auspiciously begun.

With both sections of Irish Nationalists speaking in favor of the main principles of the Home Rule Bill, the difficulties of passing it into law have been considerably reduced. The men in the Liberal ranks who might have been glad to find in Irish disunion a pretext for voting against this or that particular provision of the bill, and thus endanger its passage, have now no option but to stand by their grand old leader, or come out in open revolt against him. They will hardly care to take the latter course, in view of what would almost certainly be the result to them.

With the Liberal party committing itself for the second time to the principle of self-government for Ireland, the ultimate triumph of the Home Rule cause is assured. It would, probably, be too much to expect that the House of Lords would display common sense enough, or regard for the wishes of the electors, to the extent of allowing the measure to become a law at the present

session of Parliament. But, for the Liberal party, no matter what happens, there is now no receding. Whether it takes one session or five to carry the bill, the Home Rule banner has now been nailed to the mast, and Ireland will never be asked to accept a bill granting fewer privileges than the one now before the House of Commons.

And, now, a word as to the nature of the bill itself. Nobody, of course, not even the author of the bill, as he has himself stated, expected that when introduced it would be perfect, or that it would not require amendment in many particulars. Lord Thring, the draftsman of the bill of 1886, has admitted that the bill which he drew in that year required amendment, even in the very opening paragraph, and that amendment has been put into effect in the drafting of the present bill. It would be an impossibility to draft a measure intended to confer self-government on a nation which would not require amendment in some particulars. When it has passed through committee, and comes up for a third reading will be the time to judge of whether it is a good bill or a bad bill, for it frequently happens that the author of a measure would scarcely recognize his own handiwork when it has reached that stage.

The readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE do not need to be reminded of what the Irish people have deemed the essential principles of a Home Rule measure; for it has been repeatedly discussed in these pages. For the present, therefore, it is sufficient to say that, in its main features, the bill offers a fair settlement of most of the grievances under which Ireland has been suffering, and by the time it has passed through committee it should have been hammered into such shape that it will prove a genuine measure of Home Rule.

The control of the police, which it was demanded should be vested in the Irish Parliament, has been granted in the bill, the force to come under Irish control within six years. The judiciary has been dealt with in a similar manner, although it was necessary to wait for the publication of the bill in order to ascertain the fact, as the cabled reports of Mr. Gladstone's speech were somewhat vague on the point.

The "oblique method" of dealing with the land question has been pursued. It is to be reserved to the Imperial Parliament for settlement for a term of three years, and if it has not been disposed of within that period, it will then be turned over to the Irish Parliament for settlement. Home Rule will probably have been enacted in the meantime, and it will then be a choice of evils with the Irish landlords. If they do not accept what the Imperial Parliament agrees to offer them they will have to take their chances with the Dublin Parliament.

The financial portion of the bill is one which cannot be too carefully considered. Ireland will need to drive the hardest bargain she can, in order to secure her just rights in this respect. She has had to bear more than her just share of imperial taxation and expenditure in the past, and her representatives will need to be constantly on the alert to prevent a perpetuation of the wrong under the new system of government.

Another question which might have caused friction between Mr. Gladstone and the Irish members has been satisfactorily arranged. The veto of the Crown is to be exercised on the advice

of the new Irish Privy Council. This will be perfectly satisfactory to the Irish people.

There remains but one other important point to be disposed of; namely, the retention of the Irish members at Westminster. Any method of solving this knotty problem would, doubtless, be open to objection. If the Irish members were to be excluded, Englishmen would see in it visible proof of the "Dismemberment of the Empire." If they were retained they might always be a standing menace to the pet schemes of designing British statesmen. It is useless, however, to disguise the fact that Mr. Gladstone's proposal to retain the Irish members at Westminster, but to reduce their number to eighty, is a very grave one, on which much may depend for the future of Ireland. It is putting into effect the principle of "one man one vote" as regards Ireland before it is done for the rest of the United Kingdom. If the settlement of the land question is undertaken within three years by the British Parliament, with the Irish representation reduced to eighty members, Ireland will be seriously handicapped, by the reduction of the number of her members. This is the most serious blot in the bill as it stands to-day. Mr. Gladstone, however, has not made it a vital portion of the measure, but has left it to the House of Commons to settle. His object, as he has repeatedly declared, is to make the settlement a real and lasting one, and there is every reason to hope that the Irish members will be able to convince him of the injustice to their country of this portion of the bill, and that he will agree to leave the Irish representation undiminished, at least until the land question has been satisfactorily disposed of. With that defect remedied, and the other details to which reference has been made improved, there would be good reason to hope that Mr. Gladstone would at length have solved the problem which has puzzled English statesmen for many a generation.

A SNOWSTORM.

BY WALTER MAINE.

OUTSIDE I see the armies of the storm,
The dazzling millions of the bright, white snow;
But, though so countless is the constant storm,
I smile upon them from the cosy glow
Of my well-furnished fire. Besides, I know
That very soon the Spring, with kisses warm,
Will charm these armies to another form
And bid them in gay streams like music flow.
So I rejoice. But something like a sting —
A thought like Banquo's ghost which will not down —
Still haunts me. There are some to whom the Spring
Will bring no message; some on whom the frown
Of Poverty hangs so dark they feel this storm
Without a fire or hope, to keep them warm.

IGNORANT ESSAYS.

BY A PERIPATETIC PHILOSOPHER.

THE annexation of Hawaii, which would seem to be the *piece de resistance* of the last days of the administration of President Harrison, raises many reflections in the minds of those people who are familiar with the little kingdom, and who, not being financially interested, have no axe to grind.

PERSONALLY, I do not believe in our playing foster-mother to the group. Hawaii is eight days to leeward of San Francisco by steam, and the population is alien and non-assimulative.

THE natives proper are fast dying out. This is to be regretted, for they constitute in many respects a most charming race. Their places are being filled by Chinese, Japanese, and Portuguese.

WE are turning the Chinese out of this country. This is a brusque way of putting it, but it is a fact. The Chinese exclusion act, and the Registration act, if enforced, mean the driving home of many thousands of Celestials within a few months. If we are about to rout thirty of the one hundred and fifty thousand Chinese in California, why should we at the same time annex thirty thousand of the same objectionable race in Hawaii? The position is neither logical nor tenable.

IF the Chinese within our gates refuse to be photographed and tagged — like sheep — is it likely that their fellow-countrymen, separated from us by 2100 miles of water will be more in love with our peculiar legislation regarding them?

THE principal article of diet among the Hawaiians is poi. Much has been written about poi, but it is impossible to do full justice to it in cold type. Poi must be known to be appreciated. Regard for it is an acquired taste, and after one has learned to love it, it fastens itself on his affections forever.

THE meeting of the civilization of Polynesia and of the effete Caucasian nationalities, wrought a great discovery. It was that of the Poi cocktail. This great discovery carried no shock to the temperance world, for it contains no alcohol. It is simply and purely poi. It is poi somewhat diluted, but the original and potent essence is there, and those who have been rescued by a poi cocktail are loud in their assertions that they will forever eschew hock and soda water. That is, if they can get poi.

FOR the benefit of the uninitiated,

I may say that poi is a vegetable production. It is made from the root of the taro plant. Taro is a tuber, somewhat resembling a large potato or yam. It grows beneath the water, the leaves rising above the surface. It is carefully cultivated by the natives. They boil it, mash it and allow it to ferment slightly. It is then eaten, and in appearance resembles corn-starch.

I HAVE lived on poi, and its excellent qualities compel my most distinguished consideration. The method of eating it in Hawaii is peculiar. Several people surround a large dish of it, and plunge their fingers into it. The poi that adheres to the fingers is then licked off. This is done with perfect dignity and propriety. It is the custom of the country. The taste at first seems sour, acrid and unpleasant; but the dish grows upon the novice, and the poi habit is soon established.

I ONCE enjoyed the distinguished honor of a game of billiards with Kalakaua, Rex, late king of Hawaii. We played in the billiard room of the Hawaiian hotel, and took our refreshment from the bar in truly democratic style. His Majesty was arrayed in a suit of white flannel, white canvas shoes, and he wore a white helmet. He played a fairly good game, and his shoes creaked as he walked around the table. Divested of that "divinity that doth hedge a king," David Kalakaua was a pleasant and exceptionally intelligent mulatto, who enjoyed good living and was never overburdened with superabundant moral scruples. He was very generous with his friends, and possessed a keen sense of humor. He was also a fairly good poker player. Had his sister Liliuokalani possessed the quality of humor that David enjoyed, she would probably still be queen of Hawaii Nei.

ALTHOUGH something of a sybarite, the late king had a strong head. I recall a reception given at Honolulu by the officers of the Russian ship of war, Yaponetz which was lying in the harbor. I had a pleasant acquaintance with the captain and officers, and while on board during the afternoon preceding the party, heard them give instructions to prepare twenty or thirty extra berths for the night. I enquired the reason for this, and was told that they would probably be needed. During the banquet that evening, the Russians prepared a bowl of their celebrated *Yunka* and served it with a liberal hand. It is almost superfluous to add that the extra beds were occupied by the guests whom the Russian hospitality had placed *hors du combat*, but David Kalakua walked home to the palace with a firm tread, and with sundry roubles in his pocket that had fallen to his lot in a friendly game of "draw."

WHILE in Honolulu, I had an amusing experience with Sergeant Sleigh, an English barrister who acquired some fame through his connection with the celebrated Tichbourne case. Sleigh, who was beginning to get old and who suffered terribly from sciatica, was amusingly fussy and irritable. Nothing enraged him more than our American habit of calling lawyers "judge," and druggists "doctor." At the time that I write of, a Mr. Dangerfield of California was practising law in the Islands, and was familiarly known as "judge Dangerfield." When Sleigh discovered that the Judge was simply a practising attorney, his in-

dignation knew no bounds. "I have sat upon the bench," said he, "and tried men for their lives, and yet I am not entitled to be called Judge. It is infamous!"

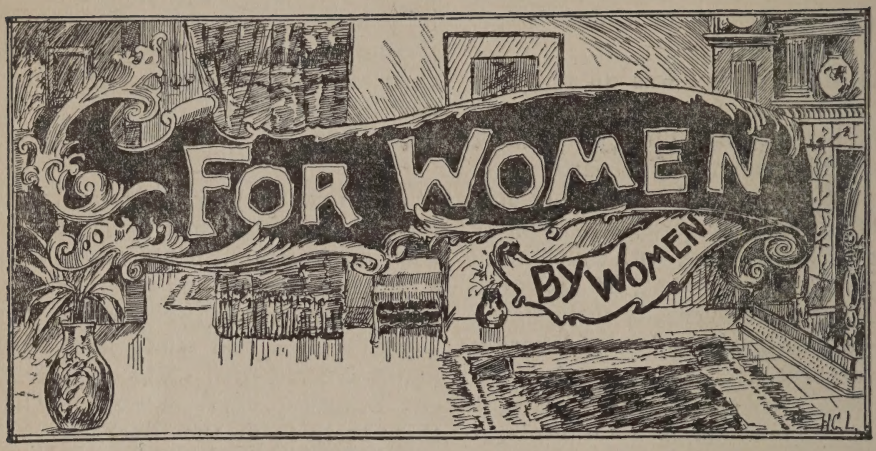
As the sergeant was an old man and an invalid, I gave up my room in the hotel to him during his short stay. The room was a particularly pleasant one with a beautiful outlook. The first night he occupied it, shortly after he had retired, with much difficulty and many groans, he appeared among us on the veranda of the hotel, clad in his dressing robe and laboring under great excitement. "A great creature," he exclaimed, "has got into my room. It is a tarantula, a centipede, a scorpion. It is awful!"

We formed a committee and accompanied the old gentleman back to his room where we found that the cause of his fright was the hook fixed in the ceiling, to which the mosquito curtain was attached. The inflamed imagination of the sergeant had transformed it into a terrible and dangerous denison of the tropics.

WHETHER kingdom, republic or dependency, Hawaii will be ever beautiful. A year of life spent there is the happiest in my recollection. To the weary traveller by sea, the first sight of the islands is like a glimpse of paradise. The entrance to the harbor of Honolulu from the ocean leaves upon the imagination a charm never to be forgotten. There is a wondrous beauty in the changing color of the ocean as it roars over the coral reef and kisses the feet of the graceful cocoanut palms that fringe the beach. The dense foliage in the background, with the rising hills still further beyond, make a picture that is as delightful as the clear air, wooed from its torrid temper by the gentle trade winds, is refreshing.

AND then the people. Lazy, laughing and languid, formed by Nature for their environment, it has never been a question in my mind whether they would have remained happier had Captain Cook and subsequent navigators steered their barks away from the beautiful coral shore and left them to live out the natural poetry of their lives. The native Hawaiian is gentle. He is the soul of hospitality and he is a poet. Why should he toil all day unloading the ships of white men, when he can live on bananas, poi and fish, the raising and catching of which is pleasant pastime? At his native feasts he decorates himself and his guests with flowers, and if you ask him for a song, he will improvise with skill, and you, his guest, will be the burden of his pleasant lay. Although you are of the race that wrongs him, he will ever greet you with a cheerful and kindly *aloha*.

Hawaii possesses natural wonders startling and unique. The sublimity of Haleakala, greatest of dead craters, cannot be surpassed, and the marvels of Mona Loa, with its continuous volcanic throbbing, terrific outbursts and appalling lake of fire, stand alone in records of organic nature.



ARE GIRLS BURDENS?

Once upon a time there was a certain household where girls weren't wanted nor welcomed, but they came and came with the most absurd feminine persistency till the magic number seven could be counted over their unlucky heads. The neighbors had grown used to saying "another burden!" when anything happened over the way; but one morning the wonderful news went forth that a man-child had been born; and then they nodded their heads in a satisfied way and remarked complacently, "They had a long run of bad luck, poor things, but now they'll have some help in their old age."

Well, the years went by; the "burdens" grew apace and proved to be industrious, energetic maidens. Two worked themselves up from going out sewing by the day into a firm of fashionable dressmakers; two more became teachers, one is a trained nurse, another is a bookkeeper and the youngest remains at home to take care of the old people.

By their combined efforts the seven "burdens" freed the farm of debt, bought a snug home for themselves in the city and — most herculean task of all — they educated the "help." Nature had been rather niggardly with him in the way of brain, but the girls were ambitious and he was their only brother, so they paid his way through college, and by dint of scolding and much advice, to say nothing of the waste of money, they forced him through "the law" till he came out a full-fledged barrister. And then — before he had secured a brief — the "help" brought home his bride. It was a little hard on the "burdens." They had counted so on being taken out and made much of on account of their distinguished brother; they had even cherished secret intentions of shifting a little of their responsibility to his broad shoulders, but, after shedding a few bitter tears, they generously buried their own hopes and set up the family idol in a brand-new office, where he may be found to-day with nothing nobler in the vista of the future than the advancement of his own bumptious, selfish self.

Now this case was bad enough, but there is no condition so bad but that it can be worse. To illustrate this aphorism: There was another couple who had had an even longer run of "bad-

luck," for after eighteen years of married life they found themselves the proud possessors of nine daughters and never a son to gladden their hearts. All their friends pitied them and their enemies exulted exceedingly, but despite adverse circumstances the girls grew and flourished, and to-day their parents return thanks for what they had once regarded as a visitation of Providence. Not one of the nine proved to be a burden; all are zealous workers in different fields of labor and attribute their success to a fearless disregard of conventional traditions.

As this true story has a moral, another group of girls may help to emphasize it.

The eldest girl in this particular group could vaguely remember a darkened room, a shrouded form and a kindly neighbor's whisper, "If they'd been boys they could fight their own way, but six girls, and motherless! God help them!" And He did.

The two least fitted for a life of care were called away from it early. The others honestly tried to do their best, which might have been much better if they could have sobbed out their childish griefs and difficulties on a mother's sympathetic breast. They were never pious or amiable like the children they read about, but it was soon noticed by unfriendly critics that they were very "clannish." A fault due, perhaps, to a habit they acquired when feeling particularly desolate, miserable or wicked. At such times, the tie of blood asserting itself more strongly, they forgot their natural reserve and indulged in a general embrace with the baby in the centre as a sort of family fetich. From that childish trick came their unconscious adoption of the motto, "In union there is strength." Well, these girls, too, grew to womanhood, enduring much, missing none of the refined cruelties that the world loves to inflict on the sensitive poor. Perhaps the discipline was salutary. What was lost in sweetness was gained in strength of character and integrity of purpose. Having suffered much they can sympathize more fully with the sorrows of others, and, looking back on past failures, have learned to thank God humbly for the grace given them to persevere.

Another instance of well-directed effort triumphing over adverse circumstances is furnished by an untrained, unskilled girl, thrown on her own resources to solve the problem of ways and means — a sorry situation brought about by a mother's folly in centring all her ambition in her boy. Every available dollar was expended in furthering his interests, and to-day he is more worthless than the worst pair of old boots ever cast in an ash-bin. His sister, with character enough for both, assumes what should have been his proud privilege — the support of their aged mother.

No; our girls are not burdens. If more convincing proof be needed stand on the Common any evening at the hour when the stores, factories, offices and other hives of industry set their employés free, and you will see overwhelming evidence of the energy and independence of women. The time has gone by when a girl was born to no higher destiny than a humiliating dependence on father and brothers, or a sordid, loveless marriage.

MARY O'SULLIVAN.

MENTAL FORGET-ME-NOTS.

THERE is a natural balance in the forces of nature. Water is the truest exponent of this; it seeks, finds and maintains its own level, even though it creates a commotion by so doing. Why, Niagara Falls, the most glorious spectacle in American nature and also the noisiest, is only a great natural body trying to find where it belongs, and, get there. So it is with human beings, the greater the nature the more force they put into the effort to find their level, and the more apt they are to sweep away any obstacles that may get in their path, with the result that they are denominated by the casual onlooker as destructive and dangerous persons.

How much better we can swim if we

know there is a man in a boat rowing along near us to render aid if we need it. We won't be apt to call on it, if it is there, but if we feel we are alone, in all that great water, we will realize how far it is to the bottom, and practically demonstrate how quickly we can get there. The knowledge that we have some one to turn to in our troubles keeps the troubles from becoming so great that we must load some of them off on a friendly shoulder.

Is there any misery on earth so great as that which we endure by reason of an act of ours which makes us seem, no matter how innocent, unworthy the commendations of the person for whose sake we most wish to shine? Every criticism of us seems an aspersion of his judgment and a consequent reflection on him. The fact that he may not so consider it does not make the matter any easier to bear; rather harder if anything. I don't know whether men feel this in as strong a degree as women, but certain I am that women are very seldom disconcerted even by the pecuniary side of business failure unless there is a fear that some one will say to the man in the case (and there always is one), "Is that what you call a clever woman? I don't think much of her management."

HAPPINESS is a right of every human being. If God had not intended us to be happy He would not have put us on this beautiful earth, where everything combines to make us so. But we can't sit still and be passively happy. We must be active verbs of happiness. We must remember the poet's advice—

"They who joy would win
Must share it. Happines was born a twin."

WE have no right to sit still and let happiness go by us. We should seize upon every opportunity that presents itself for being happy, for happiness is one of the greatest and most powerful things in the world. Mind, I mean real happiness, not pleasure, or mirth, or any of the transient enjoyments, but that great overwhelming thing we call happiness, for want of a better word, which comes to us and makes us stronger and better and braver and more pitiful and more tender, and makes us try to make somebody or everybody happier. We know of course that they can never be as happy as we are, but we would like to give them just a little taste, anyhow.

IF you think a moment, you will see the difference between reaching out after happiness and "cultivating it" as we are often advised to do. This last is idiotic. Happiness is not a potato. You might just as well try to cultivate the life-giving sunshine or any of the glorious but inexplicable forces of nature. If you insist upon meddling with or cultivating happiness, you will change it into something else.

Sorrow alone may make people softer and more lovely in nature, but the true usefulness and beauty comes when Sorrow plows and plants the seed and happiness comes after with the warmth that gives life.

Isn't it a wonderful thing how our capacity for work or happiness grows by exercising the power we already have? That which, while we were accomplishing or enjoying it ever so short time ago, seemed then the limit of our power, is now, if we have grown as we should, a very little thing in comparison with what the present shows. And by this growth we may judge the realness of our work or our happiness. It is only the false that stands still. The true grows and progresses, becomes more complete and all-pervading, till it absorbs our whole being, and makes every thing in and about us subservient to itself.

IF you are going to be away from some one you love for a whole day, it shortens the time wonderfully if you know approximately what he or she is going to do at certain hours during the period. Counting the mental milestones makes the journey shorter.

THE NEXT SUMMER GIRL.

A PROPHETIC STUDY IN FASHIONS.

OUTING COSTUME.

STREET DRESS.

JUST LITTLE PRETTIES.

I DON'T believe the woman lives who wouldn't rather receive as a gift a little pearl picture frame or a turquoise heart, than a pair of gloves, a pair of boots or a bonnet. The love of pretty things for their own sakes is as much a feminine characteristic as the satisfaction derived from a good cry, and I always distrust a woman who never buys anything "just because it was pretty, and I wanted it."

THE trade dollar locket is a pretty thing to have around. There is such an amount of satisfaction in the knowledge that hidden away in that innocent-looking coin is a dear face which no one else can discover, but which you can reveal at pleasure because you know just where to press the hidden spring.

NOBODY buys two hearts surmounted by a coronet any more. The latest thing is a single heart, winged, but whether for the purpose of destroying sentiment by constantly reminding the wearer of the fickleness of the organ or not is a question even the jewelers cannot answer.

THE prettiest imaginable gift is a silver-mounted atomizer. Spraying the hair and throat is the most refined way of using perfumes, and the atomizer is more attractive on the dressing-table than is the conventional toilet bottle.

NOBODY is wearing necklaces any more. Even the string of gold beads is passé. A tiny gold chain barely strong enough to hold the pendant is all that is permitted save on the most sumptuous occasions.

COLORED pearls are popular this spring. A brooch or ring set with four pearls of different shades is considered beautiful.

HANGING lamps should be of metal. This will preclude the possibility of cracks which might let oil drip through. If you wish for perfect light use only the best oil, and keep all the lamps scrupulously clean.

AMONG the novelties in silver is a beautifully wrought knife, with a broad blade on one side and prongs on the other for serving macaroons. This is one article the use of which is apparent at the first glance — for which many thanks be given. How many articles of table ware require hours of study before their availability can be decided upon.

A LOVELY lamp-shade can be made by the possessor of a little taste and an embroidered china silk handkerchief. The former necessary adjunct is often omitted in home manufactures of this kind.

SILVER and gold crochet needles are among the pretty bits of uselessness that find their way into my lady's boudoir basket. When she wants to make a shawl or a baby sacque, she uses her old bone one.

HAT pins have become so elaborate that women are now being robbed of them in cars and theatres. The prettiest for every-day use have little silver bow-knots on the end, which turn on hinges whichever way the wearer desires. In point of fact the silver pins bend horridly and will never be half so satisfactory as the old steel ones with heads like shoe buttons.

THE bonbon spoon has grown into a great shovel-like affair for serving nuts and raisins at dessert. It is more susceptible of striking decoration than the smaller article, and is popular for wedding presents.

"A NEW idea fresh from London,—" a curiously constructed silver teaspoon. The bowl was perforated and had a netted wire lid, which fastened over it with a catch. The space enclosed held just one very full teaspoon of tea, which makes a good cup of tea with a minimum of trouble. It is a capital convenience for travelling.

HER NEW SIDE-BUTTONED GOWN.

I. II. III. IV. V.

VI. VII. VIII.

HOW WRINKLES COME.

ENOUGH is said of the treatment of wrinkles to make us all wise to avoid them, if wisdom were enough.

But wrinkles, like love, will find out a way, and in spite of massage and oils and balms, wrinkles will set their delicate seal of thought and perplexity upon the forehead and under the eyes and about the lips.

The reason of wrinkles, any one will tell you easily, is years. But why is it that years make wrinkles? What connection is there between the flight of time over our heads and the fine tracery upon our features?

Here is the explanation as well as a layman can give it:

Underneath the skin in the flesh are embedded multitudes of little muscles that hold the flesh and keep it as we say "solid and firm." The skin also has a certain muscular power of contracting and stretching, as necessity demands, and which depends upon what is called the tonicity of the skin.

As years creep along the muscles weaken and grow lax, no longer holding the flesh up firm and hard as before. All the lines in the face droop therefore with age, and the flesh has a tendency to fall down in little ridges.

Just the same thing happens to the skin. It loses its contracting power, and relaxes. Then come the little wrinkles. It will be seen, then, that wrinkles are due to changes in the constitution of the skin itself.

Anything that acts as a stimulant upon the skin, keeping it active and so keeping up the tone of the muscles, will tend to prevent wrinkles.

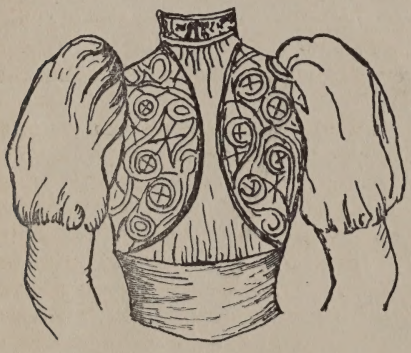
But even if they do come why should one be unhappy? They are as honorable as gray hairs. They indicate thought as well as years; they give character and dignity to the expression.

Freckles and sunburn have had their day of being fashionable. Why not wrinkles? They are beautiful if we only think so.

FAVORITE JACKETS.

Of all the dainty bits of feminine adornment, there is nothing that is such a joy forever as the Figaro jacket. It is ever so much more available than even the fichu for brightening up or remodelling a worn or *passé* bodice. It gives a jaunty air to the simplest toilet, and, being made of more substantial material than the pretty front piece, does not crumple and crush if you carry it with you to wear when you go somewhere to spend the evening.

One can have half a dozen at very



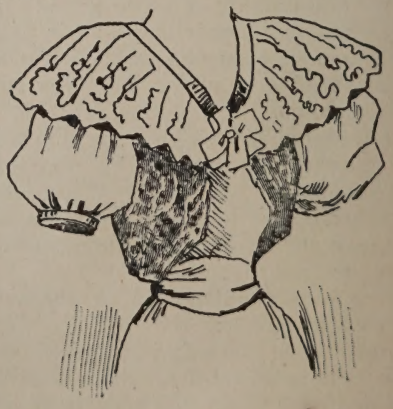
trifling cost, for they are so tiny that they require but a scrap of goods; bits of old brocade and remnants of velvet are very available, and, if the truth were known, they are easier to fit than a plain yoke. Made of rich glowing colors, they can be worn with any tint, and harmonize or contrast with everything, almost as if the subtle coquetry of the Spaniard was inherent in the characteristic garment.

A gorgeous one constructed entirely of gold braid will be a cherished possession of every woman, and can be easily made. Fit yourself first with a jacket of silesia (and, by the way, it is lots better to make patterns of silesia than of paper; they last longer, and can be experimented with). Then cut a copy in brown paper, trace on it an elaborate pattern, over which baste gold braid, connecting and fastening with stitches of gold thread. When it is finished, tear off the paper and behold yourself the owner of a jacket which could not be duplicated in a store for six times the amount spent on the materials.

The zouave jacket is almost equally pretty and fully as fashionable. It can be had in a variety of shapes, but always retains its characteristic seamless back and rounded fronts. Nowadays it has sleeves, and very full ones at that. Velvet is the most approved material, and the prettiest trimming of all is the quaint little quilling of ribbon our mothers so fancied.

The Eton jacket is, of course, less elaborate, being usually made of the dress material and worn as was the last season blazer. There are plenty of modifications, however, one of the prettiest having, in connection with the conventional Eton back, fronts cut in long sharp points that run up to the armholes and allow of a broad and full vest underneath.

The tea jacket is the very latest fancy. It is quite the most elaborate and certainly the most fascinating garment worn nowadays by women. It is "Sainte ni touche." The languor and the sweep of the tea gown is absent, but the delightful contradiction given by the easy lines of the garment to the



prim walking skirt with which it is generally worn is a bit of daring

play which women enjoy and men admire, but cannot define. One shown at a very exclusive establishment had full sleeves and a yoke of India silk glorified with lace. From the yoke fell the folds of the jacket (?) two fingers below the waist, absolutely straight and full, and innocent of the faintest suspicion of a belt. The simple term India silk does not give any idea of the amount of lace and embroidery the modiste had contrived to get on the garment.

YOU MUST LAUGH OR IDEALIZE.

IT may sound very egotistical to commence an article "I think" or "I always," but there is a certain amount of force in any statement that has a ring of personal conviction or experience. Will everybody please accept this as an apology and let me say what I want to?

I think that there are just two things, speaking in a non-religious sense, which are absolutely essential to a woman if she is to get comfortably through this world. They are a sense of humor and the power of idealization. I put humor first advisedly, for there are lots of things no human being living can idealize, and there is where the humor comes in. A good way to divide it is to idealize the big things and see the funny side of small ones. Any woman can idealize her homekeeping and housework, but not the bothersome details, such, for instance, as jumping up in the middle of an article you are writing, or a plate of cream you are whipping, to answer a ring at the bell. That has got to be laughed at or the tears will come, if it is often repeated. I know two women who were invited on a yachting trip. They were newspaper women on vacation (spent at home mending their gowns), so of course there was no money to pay car fares to the place of meeting. One of them sold a silver bracelet to buy the tickets, and they were the jolliest women on the trip. They saw the fun of the episode, and when the week was over they told the whole story to the party who had thought them living on assured incomes. One of those same women had such a quick sense of humor that she really grew fat on semi-starvation. She used to laugh at the bad times she had. One of her best jokes related to one day on which she had not eaten a mouthful. She was invited to a theatre party that night and could hardly sit through the play for anticipating the supper. She told the people bright stories so that they might not notice how much she was eating, and she said afterwards she had much ado not to hide a few things in her pocket for breakfast. These are, of course, exceptional cases, but it helps along marvellously to see the funny side of every-day matters, especially one's men folks.

I know a man who told his wife the day they were married that she must never expect him to be amiable in the morning till he had eaten his breakfast. She idealized that through the thirty-five years of their married life and taught herself to believe it was a lovely thing for him to have frankly confessed his weakness. If she had not done that the twelve thousand eight hundred and five mornings of bearishness would certainly have been hard to endure. Personally, I could have laughed at that man and made a joke of the way I avoided him till he had breakfasted.

I have known a woman sit suddenly down during a toilsome day when everything went wrong, and everybody found fault and scolded, and laugh herself happy again at a funny episode no one else had noticed, or fairly rout a thoroughly unreasonable husband by seeing the funny side of his ill-temper.

A good rule is never take any daily up or down seriously till you have tried to laugh at it. If you can't see the funny side, try idealizing it. If both fail, there are no hopes for you, and you may take it tragically with a clear conscience.

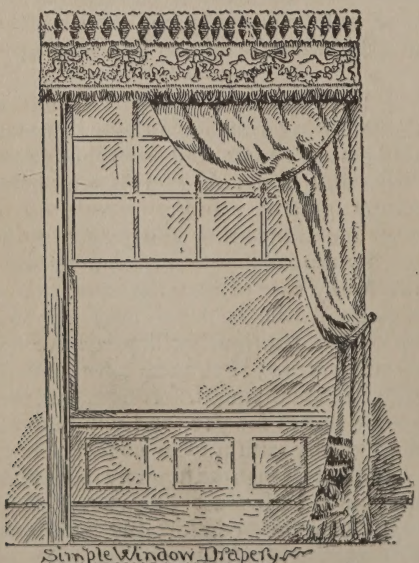
Lots of things and many people are like pills and must be coated before they can be comfortably swallowed. The coating must depend on your temperament.

THE HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Some Suggestions for the Adornment of the Family Fireside.

THE homes of the people are the best evidence of their thrift, culture and happiness, or of the absence of these desirable attributes. They need not necessarily be expensively furnished, for good taste and deft fingers will assert themselves wherever they join forces, and the home will be a beautiful one in a material sense whether it be a mansion or a cottage. But an attractive home has a far greater value than that which is merely material, and that is in its refining influence upon the character of its inmates and the happy bondage in which it holds them within its haven of safety.

It is the woman or the women of the household who do most to adorn the home, for the men can only contribute the measure of their appreciation; therefore, it is to the women, the presiding genii of the home, that the accompanying suggestions in the way of interior adornment, are addressed, knowing that their fertility of invention and resource will enable them to make the most of the suggestions.

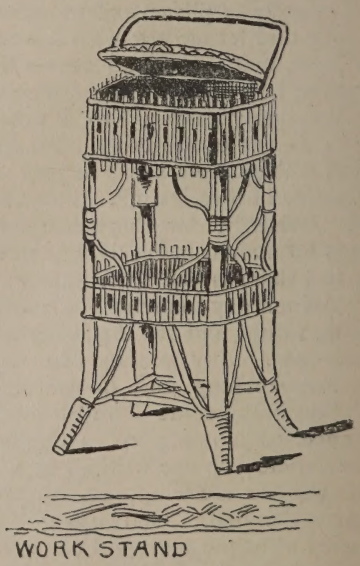


Simple Window Drapery

The windows are the first points of observation both from without and within, and as a hint for a simple yet effective window drapery the foregoing illustration will prove valuable.

No more chaste and at the same time attractive way could be devised of arranging a chamber window, as the treatment is quiet, simple and restful to the eye.

The following design is one that every woman will appreciate, and is as

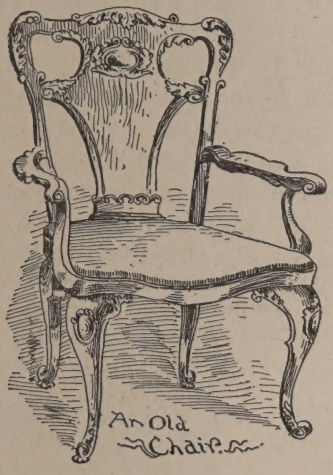


WORK STAND

neat a thing in the way of a workstand as could well be conceived, while as an article of convenience and utility it will prove a decided accession to the home furnishings.

The quaintness of the antique in home furnishings is now a great attraction, and people are beginning to realize that we have by no means improved upon the methods of those who have

gone before us in the matter of making the home beautiful, and therefore in building we see them going back to the roomy colonial dwelling and ignoring modern architectural eccentricities. To those who are looking for the antique in furniture design the following fine old chair is submitted that carries with it a generous suggestion of comfort.



THE BUTTERFLY'S SEASON OVER.

THERE can be no question that many recent marriages indicate a new tendency in the selection of wives. Many things suggest that the girl who dances well, who dresses like a fashion plate, or whose chief attraction consists of a pretty, baby face, is not the one who scores the triumphs. She may wield a sway in a circle of passing admirers for a season or two, but in the great number of instances she ultimately becomes a recruit to the enlarging army of spinsters who simply repine and wear out a dull existence without even an enlivening human interest of any sort to occupy their attention. It is the smart and bright girls, the rather reserved and domestic young women who of late have been figuring most as brides, and the time when a practical knowledge of housekeeping and domestic economy, or even a familiarity of cooking, is considered a detriment to the wife of a man of means or position seems to have gone by.

WHAT MAKES TEETH ROT.

A discussion that should be of great value to society is being at present carried on at the annual general meeting of the British Dental Association, which at present is holding a sitting at London, says Harold Frederic in the New York Times. The dental surgeons in council assembled appear to be unanimous as to two great causes of the obvious deterioration of human teeth. Among the causes of the loss primarily was the fact that people were lavish in their waste of teeth. They had them pulled out on very trivial provocation. The second cause was that with all appearance of health and strength, many teeth were starved. The modern methods of preparing flour and bread, the use of tinned preserved meats and fruits, together with the scarcity of fish as a common article of food, tended to eliminate the earthly salts most necessary to the nourishment and preservation of teeth. Education also had something to answer for, for a child's brain was overstimulated, and in activity assimilated more than its due share of the phosphates from the circulation, and the teeth, therefore, are starved.

Another cause of tooth failure is the chronic dyspepsia produced by continual swallowing of masses of bacteria. To give an idea of the minuteness of these organisms, one of the members of the association said that in one case, at least, it would require no fewer than 27,556,000,000 to cover a square inch. The siftings of the association continue, but as yet no speaker has brought forward a permanent cure for toothache or for teeth's decay.

A SUGGESTION FOR A PICTURE FRAME.

A CONVERT QUEEN.

MARIE, Queen of Bavaria, widow of King Maximilian and first cousin of William, Emperor of Germany, who died at Elbingeralp on the 19th of May, 1889, was a convert to the Church, and led a life of extraordinary piety. There has rarely been a prince or princess who valued less the earthly splendors of a great name, and added more imperishable honor to it. She maintained the strictest simplicity of dress and surroundings, and was indefatigable in doing good; while she was so truly humble that she bore the bitterest humiliations with perfect resignation. Twice a week she went to confession, and at least four times a week approached Holy Communion. She could not be induced to have a special seat in the church, but insisted upon praying in the midst of the poor country people; "for," she said, "before the majesty of God all earthly greatness is as naught."

The Redemptorist Fathers, when conducting a mission at Elbingeralp, noticed in the congregation one regular and especially interested attendant, who proved to be the Dowager Queen of Bavaria. The profound dovotion with which she followed the exercises of the mission made a strong impression upon the clergy and was an example to the people.

On one occasion when the parish priest wished to take the Blessed Sacrament to a sick person, it happened that there was no one to accompany him. The Queen was praying in the church; and, divining the need of the priest, she went into the sanctuary, took the lantern with the blessed candle, and, ringing the little bell, led the way through the streets.

Queen Marie walking and praying before the Blessed Sacrament on Its way to the hovel of the poor is a picture worthy a place in the gallery of the confessors of the faith.

VERY little silver is given nowadays for wedding presents, rugs, lamps, chairs and articles of bric-à-brac which go a long way toward furnishing the new home, are in ever so much better taste.

A MOTTO BY CHANCE.

MANY years ago there was need of a new clock in the hall of the famous Temple of London. The clock was made and set up in due time, but there was one thing it lacked: an inscription under it. At the time the clock was ordered, its maker had been told to go to the Benchers for a motto when it should be needed; but he had gone again and again, to find the old fellows busy or lazy, or, at any rate, indisposed to give him instructions. He was a persevering man; and at that period a clock was not complete without some pleasant saying or phrase of warning to meet the eye of him who glanced upward to learn the hour. So he tried once more, and arrived at a most inopportune hour, the old Benchers being about to sit down to dinner, a very important function with them.

"The motto, kind sirs?" said the clock-maker. "Have you thought of one"

"This is really intolerable!" responded a crusty veteran, with one eye on the savory dishes which were going around. "To the mischief with your tiresome old clock!" he added, impatiently.

The clock-maker sat down to wait. He was tired of all this procrastination.

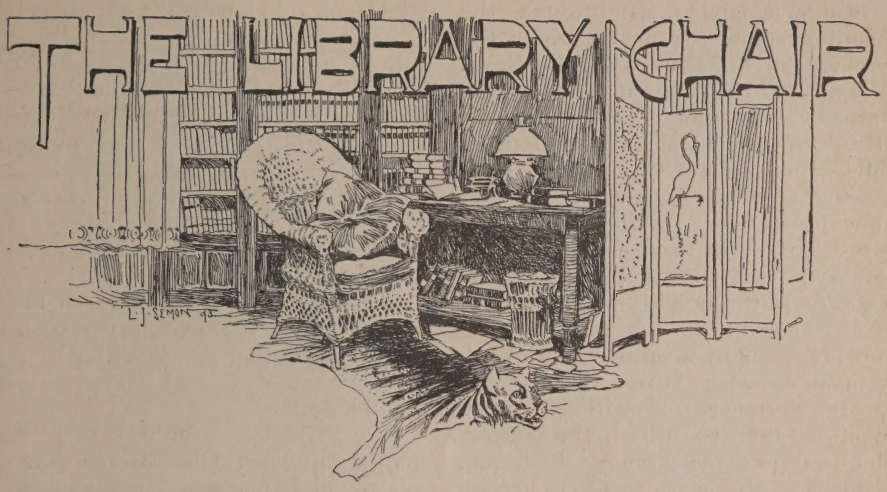
"Master clock-maker," called another, "go about your business!"

"Ah, thank you, sir!" answered the workman,—"the very thing!"

And, going home, he inserted in its proper niche at the bottom of the clock, "Go about your business!"—a motto, which, the old Benchers afterward declared, could not have been improved upon if they had thought until their heads ached.

The very same story is told of the old sun-dial in Temple Garden, in which the great Lord Bacon takes the place of the impatient Bencher, and his pertinacious querist is an idle student instead of an industrious builder of clocks. You may take your choice of the two incidents.—*Ave Maria.*

THE LIBRARY CHAIR



As one cosily accommodates himself in a reclining chair in front of the cheery hearth on one of these mid-winter days prepared to forget the inclement weather outside the walls that afford him shelter and protection, he naturally turns to the current periodicals as a treasury of pleasure and information. Whatever may be the flight his fancy chooses to take, he is very apt to find the way outlined for him and an entertaining guide in the pages before him.

It is one of the charming characteristics of the mid-winter magazines that they eschew the bleakness and inclemency of the season in which they are called forth, and introduce us to warmer atmospheres with the sunny skies, the velvety verdure, sweet birds and flowers to which we look forward, surfeited as we are with the howling of the Arctic wind and the snowy winding-sheet of the winter time.

The February magazines abundantly fill the measure of one's desires in this particular. If sufficiently American to prefer our own Southland to the more distant and classic scenes of the Old World we may with Harpers in hand and Julian Ralph for a guide ramble through the quaint French quarter of New Orleans, enjoying its semi-tropical *dolce far niente* sort of dreamy existence and be a participator in the pleasures of the *Mardi Gras;* or with H. S. Fleming in The Cosmopolitan, journey among the cotton fields. If inclined to linger in our own New England, to ramble 'neath a summer sky amid the scenes made memorable by the life and verse of Whittier, and mingle among his friends, Annie Fields affords us the happy opportunity in the pages of the same periodical.

Mayhap, however, we may desire to make a pilgrimage to the Old World, and this being so, the February magazines afford a variety that is well nigh bewildering of interesting vistas of strange scenes. John B. Shipley, in Harper's, conducts us to England and in a way that we could not go ourselves unless time should roll back three centuries, landing us in the quaint old city of "Bristol in the Time of Cabot;" Friedrich Spielhagen, in The Cosmopolitan makes us at home in Germany's imperial capital; Murat Halstead, in the same publication, takes us to Genoa, the birthplace of Columbus, a city especially interesting to us at the present time, and leads us among the mortuary glories of its famous Campo Santo. Lingering still in sun-

kissed Italy, Henry Van Dyke in Scribner's, conducts us through the romantic region "From Venice to the Gros-Venediger"; and E. H. and E. W. Blashfield, also in Scribner's, land us in Florence and among the Florentine artists of the Italian renaissance; while with Frederic Crowninshield we derive the "Impressions of a Decorator in Rome." From Italy we may journey to France and ramble among the ruins of that historic pile, St. Cloud, through the medium of Grace Ingersoll Bigelow in The Cosmopolitan, and then turning southward, again, enjoy with Alfred Jerome Wilson, in Scribner's, transition "From Spanish Light to Moorish Shadow," mingling amid the stranger sights and scenes of Morocco's capital. From Africa to Siberia is an extended journey, but one that can be made at greater speed than the sun can accomplish, even if that great luminary could be tempted to reverse its order of going, when done through the mere exchange of one periodical for another. Via "The Great Trans-Siberian Railway" by Valerian Gribayedoff, in The Cosmopolitan, we are brought to that land of sorrow, to countless Russian exiles whose sufferings have aroused the sympathy of the civilized world. Before bidding farewell to Asia we are permitted, through the pen of John Fairlie, in The Century, to exchange the black, barren, sorrow-laden Siberian mines for the warmth, color and tropical luxuriance of "Life in the Malay Peninsula."

If appreciating with Pope that

"The proper study of mankind is man,"

we prefer to indulge in such study rather than carry the pilgrim's staff, the February magazines afford the opportunity. In The Century, Camille Saint Saëns writes appreciatively of Franz Liszt, the great Italian tragedian, gives "Leaves from the Autobiography of Salvini;" Henry Van Dyke has a tender paper on Tennyson; and W. Lewis Fraser has an "open letter" on the American artist, William Thorne. In Harper's, Annie Fields, as previously stated, writes of Whittier and John W. Chadwick gives "Recollections of George William Curtis." In Scribner's, the Marquis de Chambrun presents "Recollections of Charles Sumner" In Lippincott's, John Russell Young writes, in the "journalist series," of Bennett, Greeley, Raymond, Prentice and Forney; and James Matlock Scovil treats of Lincoln and Seward.

In fiction, poetry and other fields of literary effort the February magazines are as rich as usual, while the illustrations are as profuse and elegant as could well be desired.

The Atlantic Monthly, that staid and sterling periodical which has not yet found it necessary to embellish its pages with the pencil of the artist as an accessory to its worth, depending solely and simply upon its literary excellence, is a very strong proof of that excellence that enables the Atlantic to hold its own in the teeth of the sharp competition of its richly illustrated rivals. Its contents for February are of the usual high order, — and this is praise sufficient, — fiction being the predominant feature.

Turning from the art-embellished pages of the illustrated magazines, and from the solemn stateliness of the Atlantic, the lover of trenchant, vigorous English takes up The Globe, that pugnacious quarterly, so redolent with the breezy, go-ahead character of the "wild and woolly West." To turn from the wild Eastern method in dialectics to the sledge-hammer blows of W. H. Thorne, which, like a battering ram, break down all opposing arguments, is to be introduced to something new and refreshing, to say the least. The last issue of The Globe emphasizes that distinctive claim which it has to consideration on account of the vigorous personality who is at its helm.

THE New England Magazine for February was an exceedingly rich and attractive number, and one in every way worthy of that distinguished success it is achieving as a charming periodical in text and illustrations.

One of its chief features is the instalment, "Ye Romance of Casco Bay," by Herbert Milton Sylvester, which is infused with that quaint descriptive charm that is such a distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Sylvester's work. Another decidedly valuable feature of the New England, and one to which the regular reader eagerly takes up, assured of finding something out of the beaten track of such departmental contributions, is "In a Corner at Dodsly's," by Walter Blackburn Harte. There is a freshness and vigor to Mr. Harte's style that makes reading him pleasant and profitable.

THE February issue of the Catholic World is a golden jubilee number, in recognition of Pope Leo XIII's anniversary. It is a beautiful number and is most appropriately opened by three exquisite sonnets dedicated to the Holy Father's career — "Poet," "Priest and Prelate," "Pontiff,"— by Eugene Davis. There is an appreciative paper, "Lavigerie, the New St. Paul," by Rev. J. R. Slattery; "The New Home Rule Bill," by John J. O'Shea; "The Land of the Sun," by Christian Reid; and a beautifully written and illustrated article on "Maryville; a well-known Convent of the Sacred Heart." There are other interesting features and all combine to forman exceedingly attractive, valuable and instructive number.

NEW MUSIC.

THE following new music has been received from the White-Smith Publishing Company, Boston: Vocal — "God Is Everywhere," by C. C. Stearnes; "Stars Trembling O'er Us" (boat song for male quartette), by C. C. Stearnes; "Love Untold," words by Mabel H. Van Hise, music by E. H. Bailey; "The Merry-makers," trio arranged by E. H. Bailey; "What It Is?" whistling song, words by George Gilbert, music by D. L. White; "I've Heard from the Man in the Moon," topical song, words by Frank N. Scott, music by D. L. White; "A Twilight Serenade," song, with violin obligato, music by Lindsay Lennox; "If I Were You," words by S. S. T., music by Louis Campbell-Tifston; "Baby's First Shoe," waltz song, by Edward O. Risley; "Morn and Eve," English words by "Nemo," Italian words by "Camillio Montelli," music by M. H. P. Piccolomini. Instrumental — "Selections from '1492'," waltz, potpourri for small orchestra, by Carl Pflueger; "White Squadron Patrol," by Loren Bragdon, arranged for two banjos, by G. L. Lansing; "The Accordian Dance," by Ewan Ogilvy; and "Good Hope Mazurka," "Shakespeare Gavotte" and "Sophia Mazurka," by Louis V. Eckert.

OUR WRITERS THIS MONTH.

AT the head of those whose pens have contributed to the value of this number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE may be placed Prof. A. E. Dolbear, of Tufts College, one of the greatest authorities in the world on electrical matters, and whose paper is worthy of the wide attention it is bound to attract.

HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, who leads the contributors to the symposium, "Should Young Men Go Into Politics?" needs no word from the editor of DONAHOE'S. His is probably the best-known unofficial name in American life to-day. Of the other contributors, the Rev. Joshua P. Bodfish is well-known as one of the most eminent and eloquent priests of the Boston archdiocese. Frederick R. Coudert and Joseph J. O'Donohue are leading citizens of New York, the former eminent at the bar, the latter among the most prominent in business life.

JOHN BODEN, whose delightful paper, "Bohemia," is a feature this month and who will present the article on "Catholicity in the Maritime Provinces" in a forthcoming number, is an attaché of the New York Press and a writer whose work is always brilliant and interesting.

EUGENE DAVIS, who is represented by a vigorous poem, is well-known as an Irish literarian whose pen has rendered loyal service to his Motherland and who for some years was a resident of Paris. His devotion to the cause of his native country caused his banishment from France at the instigation of the English Government. He is now a resident of Boston.

CLEMENT W. HAMMOND, who gives a practical talk upon the growing of flowers, is one of the strong men in American newspaper life. Winning his spurs as an editor in Boston, he has achieved front rank as a publisher and business manager in New York. Born on Cape Cod, his home is now in Metuchen, N. J., and in his leisure hours he practises there what he preaches here — the lovely art of flower culture.

MARY B. O'SULLIVAN becomes a contributor to our woman's pages this month. She is at present a resident of Roxbury, Mass. Our readers will know more of her later, and with that knowledge must surely come appreciation.

MADELINE ROCK, who is also one of the poets of the present number, is a resident of Ireland and a writer whose verse is becoming familiar on both sides of the Atlantic.

REV. FRANCIS A. CUNNINGHAM, who writes so entertainingly and instructively in regard to the Propaganda, is a young priest whose name is occasionally met in association with the excellent lyrical work from his pen. He is stationed at Quincy, Mass.

REV. MORTIMER E. TWOMEY, whose paper, "Treasures in Our Trust," is a gem in its way, is an assistant priest at Newburyport, Mass.

ANNIE C. MINOGUE, who appears in his number with the poem, "The Chosen Few," is a resident of Carlisle, Ky.

MESSRS. HENRY AUSTIN, JAMES W. CLARKE and LELAND MASON have already been introduced to the readers of DONAHOE'S in previous issues.

THE articles on "Catholicity in the Maritime Provinces" and "The Sisters in the War," which were to have a place in this issue of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, have to be held over until a future number, owing to the pressure of matter the appearance of which could not well be postponed.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made to place DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE on every news stand in the country. If any of our friends are unable to obtain a copy of any newsdealer or bookseller in their vicinity, notification of that fact sent to this office will be a favor to us.

CHOICE ROSES.

The Good & Reese Co., Springfield, O., publish a beautiful 144 page illustrated catalogue of roses and seeds, which they will send postpaid to our readers for ten cents in stamps.

Writing to Know about that Free Bank Account.

Writers for Donahoe's for 1893.

George Parsons Lathrop.
Prof. A. E. Dolbear.
Cardinal Gibbons.
Archbishop Ireland.
Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.
Nathan Haskell Dole.
Arlo Bates.
Eliza Allen Starr.
Henry Austin.
Helen Campbell.
Justin McCarthy.
James Jeffrey Roche.
Francis H. Underwood.
Louise Chandler Moulton.
Herbert Milton Sylvester.
Joseph Howard, Jr.
Clement Milton Hammond.
James W. Clarke.
Frederick R. Coudert.
Thomas B. Fitzpatrick.
Eugene Davis.
Madeline Rock.
Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.
Christian Reid.
Maurice F. Egan.
Walter Blackburne Harte.
John W. O'Keefe.
Richard H. Clarke.
Brother Azarias.
Mary Elizabeth Blake.
Katherine E. Conway.
Rt. Rev. John J. Keane.
Alexander Agassiz.
H. H. Boyesen.
Thomas Wentworth Higginson.
Chauncey M. Depew.
W. Bourke Cockran.
Estelle M. H. Merrill.

J. Gertrude Menard.
Margaret Sullivan
Frederick Stansbury.
Godfrey Egremont.
Rev. Charles Warren Currier.
Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C.S.C.
Very Rev. William Byrne.
Rev. Joseph E. Tracy.
Rev. Joseph V. O'Connor.
Rev. James Halpin.
Rev. F. A. Cunningham.
Rev. Mortimer Twomey.
John Boden.
Marshall Cushing.
C. W. Ernst.
Leland Mason.
E. Clarence Hovey.
W. S. Snyder.
Victor O'D. Power.
Katherine Tynan.
P. O'Neill Larkin.
John S. Browning.
John O'Callaghan.
Jessie M. Burgoyne.
Archbishop Walsh of Dublin.
Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax.
Patrick Sarsfield Cassidy.
William D. Kelley.
Rev. Alfred E. Young, C. S. P.
Robert J. Burdette.
James Whitcomb Riley.
Denis B. Collins.
Margaret E. Jordan.
Annie C. Minogue.
W. H. Tammem.
Mrs. Tucker McColloh.
Mary E. McKay.
Mary B. O'Sullivan.

Charles S O'Neill.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Genoa the Superb.

WHILE Rome is the city of tombs, and Florence the home and workshop and temple of art, and Pisa has the sacred soil, and Bologna has a throng of sepulchres that have the gift of beauty, it is in Genoa that the most remarkable evidence is found of development in the artistic decoration of graves. The city is in many ways entitled to the name she bears — the Superb. The climate is singularly alluring, soft and brilliant. The mountains that inclose her form a barrier that guards Genoa from the chill of the Alps, and the Mediterranean tempers the airs of distant Spain and Africa. The orange-trees glow with green and gold in the winter, and the palms and ferns receive the sunshine and repel the frost. It is to Italy and to southern France that the invalids are sent from the harsh climes of northern Europe — and they often go too late. Here, on one of the old streets nigh the harbor, is the house where Daniel O'Connell died, and a tablet with medallion in the wall by the window where he breathed his last, revives recollection of his strenuous life and strong career, so peacefully closing at last on this sunny shore.

On an eminence that commands a charming view, is the tomb of Smithson, the founder of the Smithsonian Institution, a noble monument of one who was himself a mystery, and giving his fortune with a genial trust to do good in a distant land, made his name one of happy relations for all time — a household word in the mouths of the countless millions of a great nation.— *From "An Italian Campo Santo," by Murat Halstead, in The Cosmopolitan.*

Archbishop Ireland.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND, of St. Paul, is a tall, broad-shouldered, profoundly benignant-looking man of five and fifty, and is, like so many other distinguished Americans, an Irishman. He is energy personified, possessing in a marked degree, all the breezy, hustling qualities characteristic of the great West. He served in the war as an army chaplain, and he still clings to the free and easy methods of the camp rather than to the diplomatic veneer of the salon. His pulpit oratory, too, is pointed rather than polished. Even his voice is loud and harsh. His His efforts to reconcile the public and parochial schools by the introduction of the Faribault system, attracted considerable attention and caused a very lively controversy in ecclesiastical circles both here and abroad. When he has a project in view he goes at it in an aggressively whole-hearted style that usually overcomes any obstacles, falling upon his opponents with all his might and literally whirling them away, so much so that his co-religionists have irreverently nicknamed him "the consecrated blizzard." He has also been christened the "Father Mathew of the West," because of his pronounced prohibition views. He has long been an ardent advocate of total abstinence. One of his pet schemes is to colonize all Catholic emigrants on the farms of the West, instead of encouraging them to settle in cities. The experiment has resulted in several flourishing colonies, in none of which a saloon is to be found. He is a veritable glutton for work, and withal, a broad-minded, progressive, good fellow. He has been a bishop since 1875, and will doubtless yet attain the much coveted red hat.— *From "Men of the Day," by M. Crofton, in Lippincott's.*

Abandoned Rhode Island Farms.

LIKE the larger New England States, Rhode Island has her abandoned farms, and waits for better means of transit and a juster economic system to give new impetus to agriculture.

According to the report of the Rhode Island commissioner of industrial statistics touching this topic, there are towns in the little State with far less population than they had when the whole country did not contain over 4,000,000 people.

To cite one striking instance among several; the town of West Greenwich contains less than one-half the inhabitants that it did over 100 years ago, and the census of 1890 shows the population to be only 30 in advance of that of 1748, which was 766.

As late as 1860, towns in the western part of the State, some of which at one time had upwards of 35,000 inhabitants, now can hardly boast of as many hundred. Of others nothing remains but the ruins of houses, and occasionally a log hut and a cemetery to remind the traveller that once the place was a busy town.

But the future has much in store for the redemption of these wastes. Millions toil in Europe on lands to-day not so good as these. Hilly Rhode Island labors under the general disadvantage of poor roads. The electric car, general railroad enterprise and free raw material will yet quicken her deserted farming sections into new life.

Furthermore, there are gratifying signs that the taste for agriculture is yet to be revived in New England. Better things are coming, and New England is again to take her place at the front, where she belongs, and where there is every reason that she should stay.— *Boston Globe.*

THE SAINTS' CALENDAR FOR MARCH.

March 1.— St. David, patron saint of Wales. He lived in the sixth century, was bishop of Caerleon and founded twelve monasteries. He died March 1, 561.

March 2.— St. Chad, abbot of Lastingham, near Whitby, Eng. He was appointed bishop of the Mercians and fixed his See at Lichfield. He lived in humble poverty and died in the year 673.

March 3.— St. Gilburt, abbot and founder of the Gilburtines, the only monastic order ever founded in England, which at his death had a membership of seven hundred canons and fifteen hundred nuns.

March 4.— St. Casimir, king of Poland. He was born in 1458 and led a life of singular virtue, humility, charity and piety, dying at the very hour which he had foretold would be his last, at the age of twenty-five. He is the author of a long and beautiful hymn of love for our Blessed Lady.

March 5.— St. John Joseph of the Cross, who was a Sicilian by birth and received the Franciscan habit at the age of sixteen, and in 1678 at the age of twenty-four, became superior. Many miracles are attributed to him, while in 1702 his firmness and charity saved the very existence of his Order, which was imperilled by internal dissensions. He died in 1704.

March 6.— St. Colette, who was a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, and lived in a hut near her parish church of Carbie in Picardie. She reformed her Order in response to the bidding of St. Francis in a vision, and founded seventeen convents of the strict observance. She died in 1447.

March 7.— St. Thomas Aquinas, the "Angel of the Schools," and one of the great doctors of the Church. He received the Dominican habit at Naples, at the age of nineteen. His writings have won him the title of the Angelic Doctor. He died in 1274.

March 8.— St. John of God, who was born in Portugal, ran away to Spain and served against the French and later against the Turks. At the age of forty a change took place in his wild life and he employed himself in ministering to the sick. Later he began to collect the homeless poor and support them by his work and by begging. The bishop of Granada became his patron and gave him the name John of God. He died in 1550 at the age of fifty-five, of an illness brought on by plunging into a river to save a drowning boy.

March 9.— St. Frances of Rome. She founded the Oblates and after her husband's death, barefoot and with a cord about her neck, she begged admission to the community and was soon elected superioress. She died in 1440.

March 10.— The Forty Martyrs of Sebaste, soldiers who when their legion was ordered to offer sacrifice, separated from the rest, and formed a company of martyrs, suffering the most fearful tortures for the Faith.

March 11.— St. Jane of Valois was born of the blood royal of France, being the daughter of Louis XI. She founded the Order of the Annunciation in honor of the Mother of God, and died in 1505.

March 12.—St. Gregory the Great, for fourteen years Pope and one of the four great doctors of the Church, was of noble birth and while still young was governor of Rome. On his father's death he gave his great wealth to the poor and became a monk. As Pope he healed schisms, converted the Arian Lombards, revived discipline, kindled anew in Britain the light of Faith and set in order the chant and prayers of the Church. He died in 604.

March 13.—The Martyrs of Japan who gave up their lives for the Faith in the persecution which broke out in that country about forty years after the death of St. Francis Xavier.

March 14.— St. Dorothy who suffered martyrdom at Cæsaria.

March 15.— Venerable Clement — M. Hofbauer who was born in Moravia in 1751, and died at Vienna, March 15, 1820. He was a Redemptorist priest of whom Pope Pius VII. said, he was "a veritable apostle, a true saint and a pillar of the Church."

March 16.— St. Julian, martyr, who gave his life for the Faith in the Diocletian persecution in the third century.

March 17.— St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland.

March 18.— Brothers Paul, John and James, Japanese martyrs, and native members of the Society of Jesus.

March 19.— St. Joseph, foster father of Our Lord and spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

March 20— St. Cuthbert, who was born in 637 and died in 687. At the age of fifteen he became a postulant in Melrose Abbey, and after thirty-four years of religious life was made Bishop of Lindisfarne.

March 21.— St. Benedict, abbot and father of the Benedictines.

March 22.— St. Apollonia and the martyrs of Alexandria, who perished in the mob fury against Christians in that city in the year 249.

March 23.— St. Turibius, bishop of Lima and apostle of Peru, who died in 1606.

March 24.— St. Clare of Rimini, the daughter of wealthy and noble parents and who had been herself twice married, forsook the follies and pleasures of the world for a life of austerity, humility and religious zeal.

March 25.— St. Irenæus of Sirmium, bishop and martyr, who suffered death in the Diocletian persecution.

March 26.— B. Alexis Falconieri, a Florentine noble and priest, and one of the founders and the propagator of the devotion of the Seven Dolores of Our Lady. He died in 1310 in his 110th year.

March 27.— St. John of Egypt, who at the age of twenty-five left the world and committed himself to a holy solitary of the desert. He dwelt fifty years in a cell at the top of a cliff, thinking only of God. He died in 394.

March 28.— St. Dositheus was brought up in luxury and attained to high rank in the imperial army, yet exchanged all for the austerity and seclusion of a monk.

March 29.— St. Montanus and companions who in the third century suffered martyrdom at Carthage.

March 30.— St. John Climachus, hermit and abbot. The rules by which he guided his life he wrote out at the request of a brother abbot and this work, "Climax, or Ladder of Perfection," has been prized in all ages for its wisdom, clearness and sanctity.

March 31.— B. Nicholas of Flüe, known for his intense devotion and piety, became a hermit at the age of fifty, and leaving family and home retired to the mountains above Flüe, his native Swiss town, where he spent the balance of life in prayer, mortification and leading an extraordinary life of sanctity.

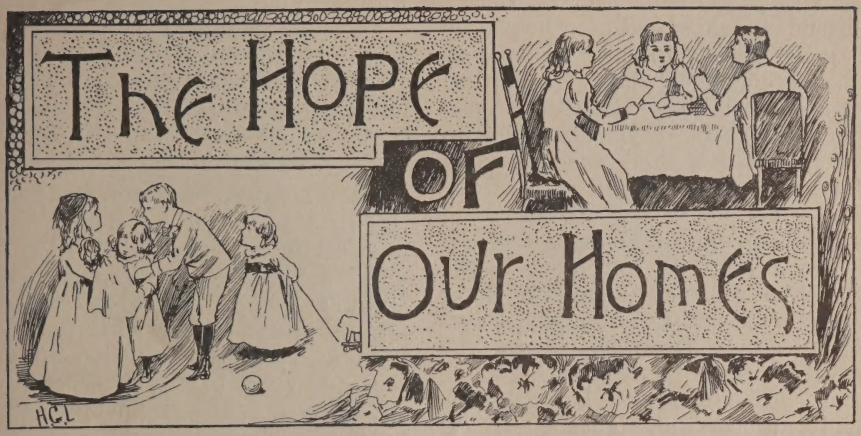
U. S. SENATOR ROACH.

THE Hon. William N. Roach, who, although a stanch Democrat, has been elected United States Senator by the Republican legislature of North Dakota, is a Catholic, and, like the late Senator Kenna of West Virginia who was also a Catholic, was born in Virginia, being descended from early Catholic settlers of the Old Dominion.

Senator Roach was born in London County, Virginia, in 1840, and studied at Georgetown College, under the tutelage of the Jesuit Fathers, in the class of '59; but did not graduate on account of ill health, retiring to his home in Virginia where he worked on his father's farm. He was a witness of many of the tragic war scenes transpiring in his neighborhood.

When his health became better he entered mercantile life in Washington, D. C., and was at one time cashier of the Citizens' National Bank of that city. He married the daughter of Dr. Lieberman, one of the physicians summoned to the bedside of the dying President Lincoln.

About thirteen years ago Mr. Roach was in the northern part of Dakota Territory, and operated the opening mail route between Grand Forks and Fort Totten. He settled on a farm, after three years of service in the postal department, in the Elk Valley, preempting a claim and adding to it until now he is the possessor of fifteen hundred acres of land, mostly devoted to wheat culture. He was elected to the Territorial Legislative Assembly in 1884, although he was a Democrat and the district had a Republican majority of thousands. He has been President of the Board of Regents of the University of North Dakota, and has been chosen Mayor of Larrimore. In 1889 and 1890 his friends voted for him for Governor, but although receiving very complimentary support, he was defeated.



TICK-TACK.

This was Lulu's secret.

She had invited all her little friends — boys as well as girls — to spend Saturday afternoon at her house to make tick-tack. Nobody knew what this was, and Lulu wouldn't tell because this was to be the surprise.

You may be sure that everybody came, and came early,— although it was snowing so thick you could not see your hand before you — and when Lulu brought the company into the sitting-room they opened their eyes to see spread before the big open fire — a large white sheet.

This, they presently learned, was to protect the nice carpet.

A basket, heaping with ears of popcorn, stood near by.

The children were not long in settling themselves upon the sheet, and, while some shelled as fast as their nimble fingers would go, the others took turns in popping.

Very soon the big dishpan was heaped to the brim with great white flakes of corn. Then Lulu brought a little saucepan, into which she put two cups of pulverized sugar just moistened with water. When this had boiled up enough to make the softest kind of candy — which was proved by dropping a tablespoonful into a cup of cold water — she added some drops of essence of vanilla, poured the mixture, hot and foaming, into the pan of corn which one of the boys stirred as fast and hard as he could with a long-handled spoon.

When corn and syrup were well mixed then the fun began.

With shouts of glee the children rolled up their sleeves, plunged their hands up to the elbows into the delicious, warm, sticky mass, and seizing great handfuls, pressed and patted and moulded them into beautiful, crisp, shiny balls, which they heaped on platters in pyramids — not forgetting to put by a special dish for the mammas upstairs.

Then the children sat on the floor before the glowing fire, watching the snow falling outside, and munched, and munched, and munched.

They all agreed that tick-tack was "just perfectly lovely"— and so will everybody else who tries it.

BEGINNINGS OF AN INVENTOR.

A Berlin correspondent sends to the New York Tribune a letter about Werner von Siemens, the famous inventor who died recently in that city. The whole city, and indeed the whole of Germany, was in mourning for him.

Among those who felt his death the most keenly were the poor of Berlin, thousands of whom had been helped by his generosity. In his "Memoirs," which he completed only a short time before his last illness, he dwells upon an incident of his boyhood, trifling in itself, that had a great influence upon his subsequent career. It was nothing more than a victory over a gander.

His younger sister, he says, was sent by her mother to get some trifle in the barn. She returned a minute later crying, because a terrible gander had tried to attack her as she passed the barnyard gate.

A second attempt on her part was equally unsuccessful. Then an appeal was made to Werner.

"My father," he writes, "gave me a stick and told me to use it when attacked by the gander and all would go well. With my sister I opened the gate and the bird, hissing, and with bended neck, started toward us. My sister, crying, clung close to me.

"I wished to flee, but remembering my father's words, I marched toward the gander with my eyes shut and brandishing my stick to the right and left. True enough, the bird turned and ran away, and we accomplished our errand."

To the boy it was a great victory, and he never forgot it. In after life, whenever he was near becoming discouraged before some almost insuperable difficulty, he remembered the gander, and shutting his eyes, as he used to say, he pushed on to a new triumph.

His first patent was applied for from a prison cell. After graduation from the artillery school, in Berlin, he was attached to a regiment in Wittenberg. Here he acted as second in a duel and was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. In his cell, however, he was allowed to fit up a laboratory and continue the scientific experiments on which he had been engaged.

Within a month after his incarceration he perfected his method of galvanic gilding and applied for a patent. It was granted, and a pardon with it. Probably a pardon was never received with less glee.

Siemens had other experiments under way in his workshop and begged to be allowed to remain till they were finished, but the keeper told him that such a course would be an insult to the king, and sent him forth.

HOW FLOWERS PRODUCE PERFUME.

THE rose would no doubt "smell as sweet by any other name," but how does it contrive to "smell sweet" at all? In other words, by what mode do flowers produce their perfume? This is one of those things which, although they may seem to belong especially to the realm of poetry, cannot escape the pursuit of science.

M. Mesnard, a French chemist, has been subjecting flowers to analysis in order to find out how they become fragrant. Being cut into sections and having pure hydrochloric acid poured over them, it is no wonder that the tender flowers gave up a portion of their secret. Yet they did not give it up entirely. M. Mesnard was only able to ascertain that the fine oil which gives the perfume is apparently derived in every case from chlorophyll, and is usually located at the upper surface of the petals or sepals in delicate cellules.

There seems to be some inverse relation between the amount of pigment, or coloring matter, in the flower and the perfume. Some of the more soberly-colored flowers have the most delightful fragrance, while brilliant hues do not imply a corresponding sweetness of smell.

The fact that the perfume oils are derived from chlorophyll is interesting because, as will be remembered, chlorophyll is that substance in plants which, when acted upon by sunlight, turns a leaf into a sort of chemical laboratory. But it cannot act without the sunbeams.

We know how much we owe to the sun as the source of all life and energy upon the earth, and yet is it not a little surprising to reflect that the great orb of day is directly instrumental in the production of the exquisite perfume with which a bouquet salutes our nostrils?

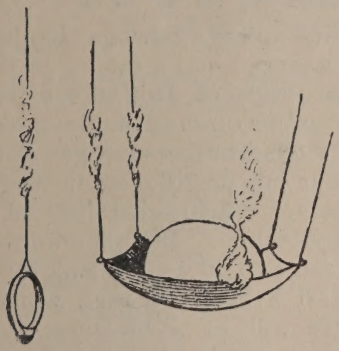
— The Youth's Companion.

SUSPENSION WITHOUT CORDS.

A Simple Trick That Will Surprise An Unsuspecting Audience.

DIP a thread in strong salt water, then dry it thoroughly. Do this two or three times in succession, but do it secretly, so that your thread may appear to the audience like any ordinary thread. Suspend to it as light a ring as you can get, then set fire to the thread, which will burn from one end to the other, and the spectators will be surprised to see the ring remain suspended by the ashes of the string which has just been destroyed before their eyes.

In reality the fibrous part of the thread has been burned, but there remains a small tube of salt solid enough to bear the weight of the light ring attached. Be careful that the operation is not exposed to a draught.



This experiment, which is known under the name of "Suspension without cords," m y be varied in the following manner: aTie four ends of thread to the four corners of a square piece of muslin, thus forming a hammock. Dip the whole in strong salt water, then dry it, repeating the operation three or four times. As soon as the muslin and threads are well saturated with the solution and thoroughly dry, place an empty egg in the suspended hammock, as represented in the illustration. Set fire to the hammock, which with the threads will burn, and if this experiment be well prepared, the egg will remain suspended to the great astonishment of the audience.

CHESTERFIELD ON WIT.

OF wit Chesterfield gives one of the finest definitions ever penned in a letter to his godson. "If God gives you wit," he writes in this charming letter, "which I am not sure that I wish you, unless He gives you at the same time at least an equal portion of judgment to keep it in good order, wear it, like your sword, in the scabbard, and do not brandish it to the terror of the whole company. If you have real wit, it will flow spontaneously, and you need not aim at it. Wit is so shining a quality that everybody admires it, most people aim at it, all people fear it, and few love it unless in themselves.

"A man must have a good share of wit himself to endure a great share of it in another. When wit exerts itself in satire it is a most malignant distemper; wit, it is true, may be shown in satire, but satire does not constitute wit, as most fools imagine it does. A man of real wit will find a thousand better occasions of showing it. Abstain, therefore, most carefully from satire. The more wit you have, the more good-nature and politeness you must show to induce people to pardon your superiority, for that is no easy matter." Equally happy is the philosopher's description of "*je ne scay quoy*." "It is a most inestimable quality," he says, "and adorns every other. It is, in my opinion, a compound of all the agreeable qualities of body and mind, in which no one of them predominates in such a manner as to give exclusion to any other. It is not mere wit, mere beauty, mere learning, nor indeed mere any one thing that produces it, though they all contribute something toward it. It is owing to this *je ne scay quoy* that one takes a liking to some one particular person at first rather than to another. One feels one's self prepossessed in favor of that person without being enough acquainted with him to judge of his intrinsic merit or talents, and one feels one's self inclined to suppose him to have good sense, good-nature and good humor. It is, in short, an extract of all the graces."—*From "A Philosopher in the Purple," by G. Burnett Smith.*

Start a Bank Account.

THE desire of every father and mother worthy the name is that their children may attain greater success and happiness than they themselves enjoyed. In our civilization and under our government, we are the creators of our own positions. No accidental circumstances of birth or condition hinder our progress. All fields are free and the harvest is to him who shows and exercises the greatest industry, intelligence and thrift.

We are not content to sit all our lives as the footstools of others. The mechanic aims to be master, the clerk to be merchant, the servant that he may gain recognition. You may have to till and to toil now, but for what is it all? First, that you may gain a competence; next, and always, that your children may start in life at least one peg higher than you did. As a people no fault can be found with our industry, nor are our educational facilities egregiously lacking. If in any of the three requisites of success — industry, intelligence and thrift — we are weak, it is in the last.

Thrift is the Necessity

of the time. To practise it themselves, to teach it to their children, is the duty of all worthy parents. "A penny saved is a penny earned" is a trite truism, but with children a penny saved or earned is at least a dime gained in the mental habit or physical discipline induced by the act. Not that we would preach stinginess. Thrift and meanness are as wide apart as the poles. Judicious expenditure is essential to our progress, but the sooner children are taught the value of money the better. How can they best be taught this? By each having his or her own

Bank Account

in the rise or fall of which each can observe the value of his various little sacrifices or squanderings. It is safe to say that the child who has a bank-book of his own will as a man draw his own checks. Yes, you say, that's all very well; but how am I to give my children bank accounts, when my wages are barely enough to keep my family in food?

∴ WE WILL START A ∴

BANK ACCOUNT

FOR YOUR CHILD.

WE WILL DEPOSIT

TEN DOLLARS

for him in any Savings Bank you may name.

The price of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is $2.00 a year in advance. For ten subscribers we get $20.00. If your boy or girl gets us ten subscribers we will give half of the money to him. In other words, we will put $10.00 in the bank for him to start a bank account, which we believe will be a blessing to him, both in its intrinsic value and its incidental discipline. This offer is open only to children of subscribers, or children who are recommended by subscribers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Boys and Girls,

Let us start a bank account for you. Subscription blanks and full instructions will be sent you by writing to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, 611 Washington Street, Boston.

Send in the subscriptions as you secure them. We will credit you with each one, until the number is ten, and then the bank account will be opened.

THE STORY OF THE MONTH.

FEBRUARY has been a month of momentous events in the religious and political world.

Wherever a Catholic church lifts its cross heavenward, whether in the most noted cities of Europe or in the remotest wilds of equatorial Africa, recognition has been made in devout and prayerful thanksgiving for the preservation of Pope Leo XIII. to the celebration of his golden jubilee — the spiritual sovereign whose benign sway is honored by his children of all lands whatever may be the hue of the skin in which God has clothed them; in this jubilee they have a common interest, as in the glories of the Universal Church they have a common inheritance.

What an evidence is this of the brotherhood of man knitting a bond that is superior to all racial differences and above all mere national ties. It is a recognition of the common origin of the whole human family and its equally common claim upon the mercy and beneficence of Almighty God.

The entire civilized world offered its congratulations to the Holy Father on this auspicious golden jubilee, his own immediate children joining with him in thanksgiving at the common altar of their Holy Faith, and those without his spiritual family tendering their esteem for the influence of a great, noble and uplifting personality.

In a political sense the two great events of the month have been the presentation of the bill for Irish home rule in the English Parliament, and the sudden and momentous political overturn in Hawaii.

Whether the great body of the English people through their representatives are as ready to do as full and complete justice to Ireland as are Mr. Gladstone and his official advisers, remains yet to be proven; but as the Liberal party came into power upon the Home Rule issue, it is fair to presume that they are as ready to endorse this great measure of justice as they were to place the control of the government in the hands of those who have promulgated the bill.

This is not the place to discuss in detail the measure as presented. That has been done in its proper place in this issue of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE; it is sufficient here to record the fact of its presentation at the bar of that tribunal which has the power to crystallize its provisions into living operative legislation.

As directly affecting American affairs, and in view of the international complications which it may involve, the Hawaiian crisis is a matter of deep interest and concern.

The American policy in its relations with other powers has been from the beginning, friendship for all, "entangling alliances with none," and while the so-called Monroe doctrine sufficiently broadened this policy to claim as it were an elder brother's right to extend its protection to the other republics on this continent, and declare, "Hands off!" to European acquisitiveness, it has never before attempted to extend its hand either in conquest or protection beyond the lines of the American continent. If Hawaii is annexed in accordance with the message of President Harrison, it will establish a precedent of a new departure in American policy. Even in the matter of San Domingo, the annexation of which was recommended by President Grant, Congress dissented and the President's recommendation fell to the ground. San Domingo is as close to us as to almost be a part of this continent; but the case is quite different with a group of islands anchored midway in the Pacific, and which have had for years a recognized hereditary government.

What the outcome of the Hawaiian matter will be time alone can determine.

In France the sensation continues to be the Panama scandal and the sentences inflicted upon the chief movers in the scheme. It is pitiful to see the great engineer, De Lesseps, after all the honor which his triumph at Suez won him and bending with the weight of years, condemned to imprisonment as a swindler. What a commentary it is upon the French social order to-day. Here is De Lesseps, honored for years as one of the greatest engineers of the century, and with him Eiffel, whose engineering triumph, the great Parisian tower, made his fame universal, both branded with stained hands and condemned in the full light of the world's publicity.

One of those touching romances of the Civil War is recalled by the death of Mme. O'Rourke, Superior of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, at Elmhurst Academy, near Providence, R. I. The beautiful daughter of an old American family of Rochester, N. Y., she became the reigning belle of her native city. Here she met and married Patrick Henry O'Rourke, then a West Point cadet, who, on his graduation in 1861, was immediately assigned to duty on the staff of General Tyler and served at Blackburn Run. The young cadet rose rapidly through meritorious conduct and crowned his record of patriotic courage and devotion with an heroic death at Gettysburg, having risen to the eagles of a colonel. His young and widowed bride entered the order of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, and to the duties of that order she devoted the balance of her life. Pupils of Elmhurst from all parts of the country will feel grieved at the announcement of her death, and will pray that she be granted a happy reunion with the beloved husband who gave up his young life upon battle-scarred Round Top.

The election of Michael Davitt to represent North Cork at St. Stephens' sends that indefatigable Irish patriot to Parliament. It will be remembered that Davitt was elected last year for one of the Meath constituencies, but was unseated on the ground of intimidation, the principal evidence of the opposition being the pastoral letter in his favor by the patriotic Bishop Nulty. North Cork is one of the two seats carried by William O'Brien in that election, and as Mr. O'Brien preferred to sit in Parliament as the representative for Cork City, Davitt was named for North Cork and returned without opposition.

The death of James G. Blaine which occurred too late to be noted in the last issue of Donahoe's, was not unexpected, since for some time all hope had been abandoned. With his death another name was added to the list of eminent personages who closed their career this winter. Blaine was one of those magnetic personalities whose influence is powerful in shaping the destinies of their country. He was a great man in many ways, but his very greatness was found to provoke antagonism. It is the fortune of men who have the capacity for making warm and enthusiastic friends that they make equally as bitter enemies, and Blaine's enemies alone kept him from the realization of the dream of his life, the Presidency. This was the lot of Webster, Calhoun, Clay, Cass and Benton. Recognized too early as presidential possibilities, their opponents were well prepared and disciplined. It is no discredit to Blaine that he aspired to the presidency, but it is doubtful if the attainment of that honor would have added anything to his memory, while the fact does not admit of contradiction that he was a greater man in all the essentials of statesmanship than some who achieved the honor which to him was denied.

During the month the Archdiocese of Boston lost one of its most venerable and venerated ecclesiastics, Right Rev. Mgr. Patrick Strain. Father Strain was one of the hardest workers in New England, and had been for many years

pastor of St. Mary's Church, Lynn, Mass. He was a truly apostolic priest, ever mindful of the spiritual concerns of his people and had endeared himself to the people of Lynn generally, by his devoted service to the cause of religion and of education. In recognition of his zealous service to the Church, Pope Leo XIII. made him one of his domestic prelates with the title of Monsignor, Father Strain being the only bearer of that title in the Archdiocese of Boston while there were but three in New England, two now remaining, Right Rev. Mgr. Thomas Griffin of Worcester, Mass., and Right Rev. Mgr. Peter Hevey of Manchester, N. H.

One of the striking incidents of the month, and one that has been the occasion of much interesting comment, was the appearance of the Right Rev. John J. Keane, of the Catholic University before the Unitarian Club of Boston, and his address at that gathering; but there is no occasion for the surprise manifested. Bishop Keane is too great a man to do anything for mere sensational effect, and he has a perfect right to address any body of gentlemen when invited so to do. Some years ago, the Rev. E. H. Welch, S. J., then stationed at Boston College, delivered a sermon by invitation of the Rev. Edward Everett Hale in the church over which the latter has been pastor for many years. It was a sermon in a course at that church wherein all the leading Christian denominations, as well as the Jewish faith, were represented, and Father Welch's appearance on that occasion, being unusual, was provocative of the same expressions of surprise as have found voice in regard to Bishop Keane's presence at this recent meeting. The Catholic preacher is a big and broad enough man to appear and speak anywhere when the occasion requires, without violence to his faith, or sacrifice of an atom of his ecclesiastical dignity.

The celebration by the New York Recorder of its second anniversary of life this month, in the glad environment of acknowledged success, furnishes striking suggestion to all thoughtful men who follow newspaper events. It is an illustration of the fact that in journalism, if nowhere else, it is the man, aud not the money, that is the more vital. Two years ago the Recorder was started with unlimited backing and with the alleged determination of its owners to make a great newspaper, if it cost untold millions. Its backers were business men. They went in to buy success. They bought the best brains available. They had as good department men as any newspaper ever published. After six months they grew tired of newspaper life. In a few months more they found it necessary to unload the burden. Money had failed to make a newspaper. Then George W. Turner took it. He had been business manager of the New York World, a very successful newspaper; and had contributed much to its success,— just how much was a matter of doubt. What he would do with the Recorder was a greater doubt. It had no field apparently; it was Republican in politics, and that party in New York City was pretty well supplied with morning papers by the Tribune and the Press. The Recorder's success proves that fields don't count in the face of brains and work, backed with money enough to keep afloat. Turner took the good men he found in the dying Recorder, distributed ideas and schemes with prodigal hand, put a guiding, a permeating influence into the enterprise, furnished, as it were, the mortar of fertility to the bricks of ability he had to work with, and the result is the structure of newspaper success the Recorder is to-day. All the while he added to his business and editorial staffs the strongest men he knew, and when heg ot them he trusted them. The Recorder's success is the success of a man — Geo. W. Turner. Donahoe's Magazine does not know him personally, but being familiar with the main facts of the Recorder's life, it extends to him its congratulations. He has won the hardest fight ever made in American journalism, as we view it.

IN MERRY MOOD.

Original Verse and Prose Vagaries.

A CHANGED WOMAN.

A cheerful girl she used to be,
But now, she's not the girl we knew:
She wears a violet veil, and she
Is always looking blue.

A SIGNIFICANT REPLY.

"Do you believe in love at first sight?" she asked.

"I did not until I met you," he answered.

LEX TALIONIS.

He lived for himself, and no heed did he pay
To the sorrows that those round him shared;
He died for himself, and his passing away
Was quite fitting, for nobody cared.

A REASONABLE HYPOTHESIS.

"THE word 'Hello' must come from the Sanskrit."

"What makes you think so?"

"The telephone has been known in India for thousands of years."

SUPEREROGATION.

He overdoes the thing, we feel,
And subject makes for talk,
Who throws a piece of orange peel
Upon an icy walk.

HE MIGHT BRACE UP, BUT —

Brace up and be a man, said she,
And, though th' advice was good,
He could not be a man, for he
Was nothing but a dude.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

ANNIE.— When I was your age, I had no such frivolous notions.

BESS.— Possibly; but that's such a long time ago you may not recall it with exactness, dear sister.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"THE rate of mortality is very low in your village, I understand?"

"Yes, it is, now. The only doctor we had in the place moved away some time ago."

WOMAN'S SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE.

"The dress is made with a train," said she,
"And seam and gusset and band
Of her gown," the maid described to me,
But I could not understand.

And I said to myself, said I, this shows
As plainly as anything can,
How much more the sex that we honor knows
Of certain things than man.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"WHAT is the difference between a Christian philanthropist and a usurer?"

"The Christian philanthropist prays for his fellow-men, and the usurer preys on them.

WHEN a baby is very homely indeed, its mother is apt to think that it takes after her husband's family.

SHE. — "The play was very affecting; I was moved to tears."

HE. — "Very. I should have liked to see the woman ahead of me moved two tiers." *Brooklyn Life.*

THE BRIDE.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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The First Easter.

BY CHARLES S. O'NEILL.

Dark hang the clouds o'er sad Golgotha's height,
As if to veil from starry eyes of Heaven
The grim reminder of Earth's direst sight,
Whereat in anguish e'en the rocks were riven—
Gaunt arms extended, the ensanguined Cross,
The Sign of future gain, but present loss.

All sound is hushed, the stillness is intense,
Portentous silence o'er the land prevails;
Earth, awe-struck, waits in mute and keen suspense,
And man's Redemption trembles in the scales;
The hour is fraught with mingled hope and dread,
Encompassing the living and the dead.

Day dawns, Earth quivers with a joyous thrill,
An Era radiant with God's light is born;
The gloom dispelling from the Cross-crowned hill,
A flood of glory deluges the morn;
And from the Tomb where Heaven and Earth have met
A Sun arises, nevermore to set.

CATHOLIC MUSIC FOR HOLY WEEK AND EASTER

BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

WHY do certain names seem to contain history in solution? They are a fountain of poetry. Composed merely of dry letters, the sound of which on repetition becomes almost ludicrous, they are yet full marvellous depths of beauty. They fill the heart with harmony. It is the perpetual miracle of language. What contradiction between the mere sound of the common English pronunciation of JESUS, with its hissing sibilants, and the thought which it rouses.

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!"

The Church, meeting all the requirements of man's nature, neglects not his capacity for joyous celebration. Life is by no means wholly a festival. There is no one whose cup is not filled with the mixture of bitter with sweet. Sacrifice, deprivation, poverty, death, form for the world the great background. But the truly Christian spirit sees the bow of promise all the brighter for the contrast with the blackness of the cloud. Joy alternates with sorrow, as sunshine follows rain. Even death is brightened by the hope or the certainty of a blessed immortality.

This train of thought is illustrated, is illuminated by the great annual epoch of Easter following upon Lent.

Etymologically, Lent simply means Spring, and is derived from an Anglo-Saxon word signifying "to lengthen." "Easter" has also a Saxon origin. "Eostre" or "Eastre," in ancient German "Ostara," was the goddess of the spring. The word *East* from a root *us*, meaning to shine, looks toward the sunrise. There is poetry, there is music, in the idea.

The Church, with her universal wisdom, converts times and seasons even as she converts and baptizes men. It is not for nothing that the very word *ceremony* may possibly be derived from the Etruscan village of Coere, where the Romans, after the capture of the Eternal City by the Gauls, deposited their sacred vessels and relics; or that the Vatican itself derives its name from the ancient oracles which were once consulted on the site of the sacred edifice; or that the very word *Matins* has its root in the worship of Matutina, goddess of the dawn.

The Christian Easter, or Spring Festival, is like a temple built upon a hill-top. Beautiful, and often truly religious must have been even some of the ceremonies of the heathen festival. But the Christian observance is divine. The custom of pre senting Easter eggs was originally heathen; its significance is obvious. The egg is a concrete miracle of creation. From that chemical union

of lime and albumen, plus the never-yet-apprehended mystery, arises the new birth. We may call the coloring matter of the leaves chlorifyll; but that does not explain the miracle. So eggs and flowers, being above and beyond chemistry, are peculiarly appropriate to Easter-tide.

During Holy Week and on Easter Sunday there is every opportunity for Music to touch every gamut of the sensibilities. Sorrow, awe, passion, love, indignation, thankfulness, pity, submission, may in turn be roused in the breast. One remembers the words of St. Chrysostom: "On these days was the tyranny of the Devil overthrown, sin and its curse taken away, and Heaven was opened and made accessible."

As one of the earliest awakened and strongest instincts of man is the dramatic, it is not strange that what might be called the Sacred Drama of the Atonement should have been expressed by the early Church in visible form. The concrete naturally appeals to the exoteric mind. While we cannot imagine that any outward spectacle would make divine things clearer to the mind of a Newman, we can see how a people just awakened from the darkness of barbarism or heathendom might be really brought to a knowledge of salvation by the outward and visible, by veritable acting. True, there was danger in such spectacles, and they have been banished for the most part from the ritual. Nevertheless, relics of such ceremonials still exist. For example, the exercises of Palm Sunday commemorate the Saviour's entrance into Jerusalem (St. John xii. 13), when a great multitude took branches of palm-trees and went forth to meet Him, crying: "Hosanna, blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." The whole congregation, as it were, take part in that episode of the drama.

It would take too much space to enter into full details of the whole

PALESTRINA.

[Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina was born in the town of Palestrina, in the Roman States, in 1524, and died in 1594. He saved music to the Church by establishing a type superior to anything that had preceded it.]

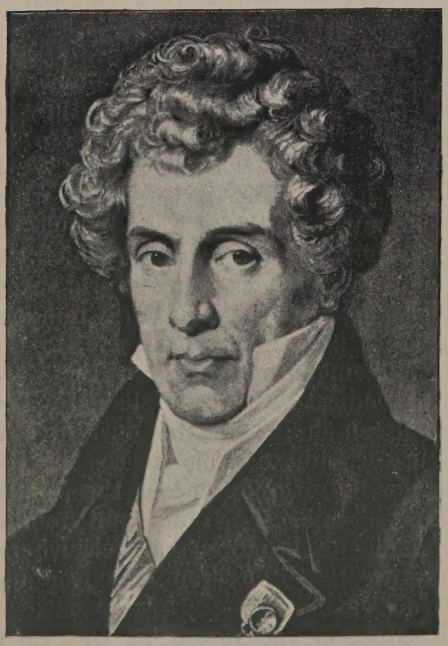
week at Rome. Eduard Schelle says in the first chapter of his study on the Sistine Chapel (*Die Päpstliche Sängerschule in Rom*): "Holy Week and Easter Day is the time when one must see Rome if one would experience the poetic magic which the ancient capital of the world exercises upon the sympathetic mind of man. For then the miracle, to the commemoration of which the days are dedicated, is accomplished. The Vatican shakes off the dust of centuries and suddenly arises in the splendid magnificence of the Middle Ages, amid the ruins and tombs, which here, more than elsewhere, betray the iron step of advancing time."

Most of the music in the early part of the week, the *Kyrie Eleison*, the Graduale, and the *Tract* on Palm

Sunday, the anthems and other hymns on Maundy Thursday and the other days, are sung in the plain song by the papal choir, which surprises almost all attendant strangers by the effects produced by so small a body of singers, rarely numbering more than thirty-two. Mendelssohn, writing to his sister in September, 1839, as she was on the eve of going to Rome, recommended to her above all to listen to the intoning of the Psalm *Benedictus Dominus Israel*—"All four voices *unisono fortissimo* in D minor." . . . "It sounds very grand," he adds.

During the last three days of the week the Church "celebrates the funeral obsequies of her Divine Spouse." Hence the altars are stript and bare. Thursday, however, bears the impress of mixed sorrow and gladness.

At the High Mass at the Sistine Chapel the crucifix and tapestry are covered with a white veil; the throne is white, the Pope wears a white cope; the facing of the altar represents Christ dead, His descent into limbo and His resurrection. After the Gloria in Excelsis no bells may be tolled in Rome: *troccole* or boards struck with iron are used in accordance with ancient custom and corresponding to the reversed arms of soldiers. It has been thought that the silence of the bells signifies the silence of the Apostles at the crucial time. After the offertory of the Mass, Palestrina's motet, "*Fratres ego enim*," is sung.



CHERUBINI.

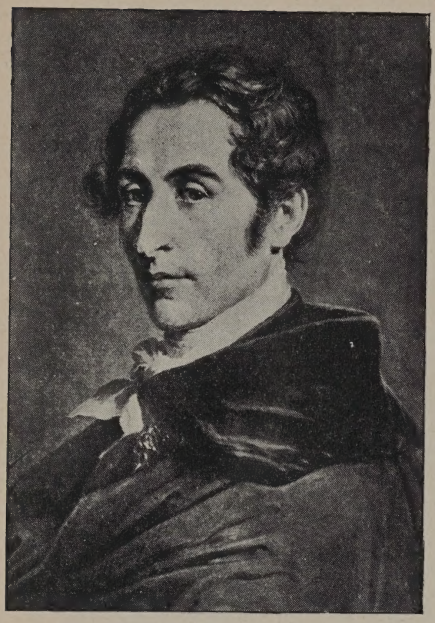
[Luigi Carlo Zenobio Salvatore Maria Cherubini was born at Florence in 1760, and died at Paris in 1842. Beethoven regarded him the greatest master of sacred music of his time.]

After the Mass all the clergy proceed to the Pauline Chapel, with its frescoes by Michael Angelo and Federico Zuccheri. The hymn sung is the wonderful *Pange lingua* sung in honor of the Holy Sacrament, after which the procession moves to the loggie in front of St. Peter's and the Pope blesses the multitude.

On Good Friday the services are held in the splendid Sistine Chapel, built in 1473. The candles and torches are yellow, in sign of mourning. The cardinals are in mourning purple; the bishops wear black stockings; the guards carry their maces and arms reversed. The Cardinal Grand Penitentiary is in black; there is no incense; the lights are extinguished; the Pope is dressed in his red cope. At the adoration of the Cross the cardinals, joined by two tenor voices, sing "Behold the wood of the Cross whereon hung the Salvation of the World," answered by the choir with their "Come, let us adore." While the Pope is making the first genuflexion the choir sing the Improperia or complaint composed by Palestrina.

At the end of each Improperium the Trisagion is sung by one choir in Latin and by another in Greek:

THE SISTINE CHAPEL, ST. PETER'S, ROME.
(Interior View, Showing Angelo's Famous Fresco, "The Last Judgment," over the Altar.)



WEBER.

[Carl Maria von Weber was born at Entin in Holstein, Dec. 18, 1786, and died in England June 5, 1826, while on a visit to that country. His chief work, the opera "Der Freischütz," first saw the light in Berlin in 1822.]

"Holy God! Holy Strong One! Holy Immortal! have mercy on us!" After the adoration and the Improperia the choir sing the anthem *Crucem tuam*, the Psalm *Deus misereatur* and the same magnificent hymn, *Pange lingua gloriosi lauream certaminis*, which Baini declares is one of the few instances of a rhythmical chant handed down by uninterrupted tradition and adorned with all the ancient ornaments.

It was formerly the custom to celebrate Mass on Easter eve, but now it is set back before noon on Holy Saturday. At the Sistine Chapel is observed the ancient ceremony of blessing the fire and incense. On this day the Magnificat was composed by Luca Marenzio, known otherwise as the greatest of Italian madrigal composers; he died in 1599. The Mass for Holy Saturday is the famous *Missa Marcelli* whereby Palestrina, according to the oft-told story, rescued ecclesiastical music from the danger that threatened it.

The sadness which has prevailed in Improperia, Lamentation, Miserere and in mourning-garb disappears on Easter morning. At Rome, as elsewhere, it is the great event of the Church year. Symbolically, by flowers, music, artillery and every demonstration of joy, the Church announces to the world that Christ is arisen. The Pope, supported by his imposing retinue of priests and cardinals, celebrates High Mass in St. Peter's.

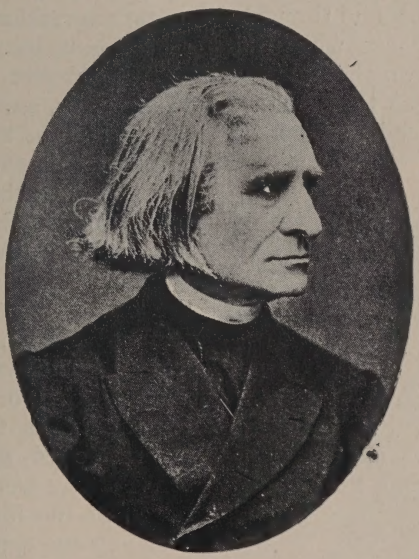
His Holiness wears a white cope, covering his sapphire decorated girdle, striped silk upper tunicle, dalmatic and other symbolic vestments, and on his head is the tiara — perhaps the one presented to Pius VII. by Napoleon Bonaparte, and made of velvet with three crowns adorned with sapphires, emeralds, rubies, pearls and diamonds, the upper part of gold ornamented with rubies and pearls, while at the summit is a large emerald surmounted by a cross enriched with diamonds.

As soon as he appears within the church, the choir intones the *Tu es Petrus;* then at the proper moment after the benediction the bells all peal forth and the salvos of cannon are fired from the Castle of the Holy Angel.

The character of Easter music is joyous and triumphant. On this day, as on Christmas, it is customary to employ orchestral additions to the vocal harmonies of Mass and carol. This was expressly permitted by Pope Benedict XIV. (1740–1758) not that it should be more artistic, but "solely for adding to its force, that the sense of the words might penetrate deeper into the hearts of the faithful, and their spirits, being roused to the contemplation of spir-

itual things, should be elevated toward God and the love of divine objects."

Giovanni Gabrieli was one of the first composers to add musical instruments. He was only five years old, when, in 1562, Adrian Willaert died, but the music of Messer Adriano, which the Venetians called potable gold, made such an impression upon him that he developed the ideas of the Netherlander and added a cornet, an instrument at that time like a horn, and three trombones for the support of one choir, and three trombones for the other; for organs then had no swells.



LISZT.

[Abbe Franz Liszt, greatest of pianists, was born at Raiding, in Hungary, in 1811, and died in 1886.]

Even before Palestrina's day, the Church was not lacking in great composers There was Josquin (1458–1531) of whom the Rev. Thomas Twining, translator of Aristotle, writing to Burney, the last century historian of music, said: "He was an admirable fellow and I had no conception that such harmony existed near a century before Palestrina." And he declares that "though a man must have neither ear nor soul who is insensible to the wonderful improvements in melody, grace, expression and rhythm, and even harmony itself in some respects, which have been going on gradually to the present time, yet I can still see beauties of another kind in the ancient harmonious style, which make me listen to it with great pleasure. As religious music I really think we have had nothing comparable to it since."

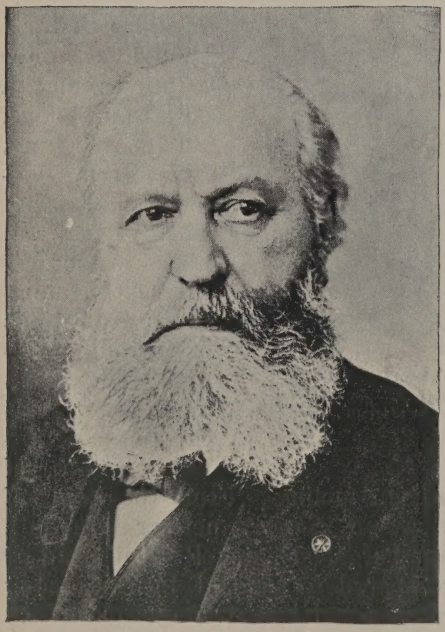
With the same conservative feeling, the Catholic historian of music, Clément, speaking of Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* written to supplant that of Scarlatti's, which had been sung for many years at the San Luigi del Palazzo on Good Friday, and acknowledging that it was full of profound sensibility, sustained expression, compassion and love, asserts that the liturgy should be now so presented to the people. "The Church demands," he says, "that it should be at once a prayer and a solemn, unctious, calm teaching, free from violence and passion. She rejects all that which expresses the tumultuous aspirations of the soul, the ill-regulated excitement as well as the too penetrating accents of human feeling. From this point of view no *Stabat*, neither Haydn's, nor Pergolesi's nor Rossini's can be compared to the old liturgical song consecrated by so many centuries."

Such things are a matter of taste, and the same Clément denied that Beethoven had a religious soul. He says: "You would seek in vain for the accent of prayer in his Masses or even in his oratorio. He astonishes, he transports, he overwhelms the soul; he commands admiration,

but he does not touch the feelings." He also declared that Cherubini's music lacked simplicity.

But it is especially Beethoven and Cherubini whose sublime Masses are selected for performance on Easter day. There is great range of length in them. Cherubini's in B flat is only five hundred and twenty-four bars long, while that in D minor, written in 1811, has the enormous length of two thousand five hundred and sixty-three measures. Beethoven's in C, composed in 1810, has one thousand two hundred and fifty-six, while that in F is a little over two thousand.

Picchianti declares that Cherubini's Mass for St Cecilia's Day, the



GOUNOD.

[Felix Charles Gounod was born in Paris in 1818. His "Messe Solemnelle" first brought him into general notice, while his opera of "Faust," produced for the first time in 1859, raised its composer to the first rank of contemporary musicians.]

one in F, is sufficient alone to immortalize his name. By this, he says, "he created a new kind of religious music, which has nothing in common with anything that had been produced before." Comparing him with Palestrina he goes on: "With the same profound thoughtfulness of the old Catholic music enriched by the perfection which art has attained in two centuries, and with all the means which a composer can nowadays employ, Cherubini perfected another conception, and this consisted in utilizing the style adapted to dramatic expression when narrating the sacred text, by which means he was able to depict man in his various vicissitudes, now rising to the praises of Divinity, now gazing on the Supreme Power, now suppliant and prostrate; so that while Palestrina's music places God before man, Cherubini's places man before God."

"Palestrina," observes Fétis, "and the other great masters of the old Roman school, had conceived of music as an emanation of pure sentiment, stript of all human passion. Cherubini, on the contrary, wished his music to express the dramatic sense of the words, and, in the realization of his idea, has succeeded in blending the serene beauties of counterpoint and fugue with dramatic expression, sustained by all the wealth of instrumentation."

Adolphe Adam declared that if Palestrina had lived in our own day he would have been Cherubini.

There is plenty of critical evidence that this dramatic, not theatric, employment of music is perfectly legitimate, especially in celebration of the Church's triumph. We may therefore without scruple listen to the sublime harmonies of Beethoven and Cherubini and allow our souls to rise on the "wings of song" toward the throne of God. The ocean-like harmonies of the organ may be still

further expanded by the strains of the full orchestra, as the winds of heaven blow over the great deep.

We have no space to speak fully even of the masterpieces of these greatest of composers. But there are others who deserve mention as having written joyous music for the Catholic ritual of Easter day. Haydn's cheerful nature was thus employed. Indeed he has been criticised for having made his Masses one long strain of triumph. Mozart, perhaps, lacked depth of nature and was inclined to make the voice predominant, but what splendors of melody he poured forth! What is more magnificent than his Twelfth Mass? Then shall we forget Niedermeyr, Hummel and Reissiger, Weber and Gounod, and Liszt? The names are almost legion; but all are united in the sincere and noble service of God in wedding to immortal harmonies the sublimest words of the glorious ritual.

ROSSINI.

Gioacchino Rossini was born at Pesaro, Italy, in 1792, and died in 1868. His fame as a composer rests on his operas "Tancredi," "Il Barbieri di Seviglia" and "Semiramide," and on the well-known "Stabat Mater."]

Nathan Haskell Dole

EASTER MORNING.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

SUNBEAMS that dance on the waters which glisten
Down where they lie in the meadows outspread;
Lilies that burst into bloom as they listen
To the glad songs of the birds overhead;
Winds that seem whispers of seraphic voices,
Winter dethroned, and sweet Spring queen instead;
While all mankind on this morning rejoices,
Since Christ is risen, in sooth, from the dead.

BROKEN BLOSSOMS.

BY GEORGIA ALLEN PECK.

A STATELY lily grew within my room,
A fair, sweet hope struck root deep in my heart;
Each joy of other seemed a subtle part.
My soul, expectant, waited for their bloom,
Hushed, longing, eager, while life's mystic sway
Slow wrought its wondrous will by night, by day.

Straight, glorious, virginal, my lily grew,
Heaven's golden rays their tender magic wrought,
While, leaf by leaf, unfolding like a thought,
The snowy chalice opened; pearly dew
Gleamed in its fragrant heart — its incense sweet
Made my poor room for vestal service meet.

My fair hope felt the magic thrill of life.
From my heart's blood its wand'ring roots were fed:
Far wide and deep the vital netwo[illegible]k spread;
The vibrant air with notes of joy wa[illegible] rife,—
And lo! a crown o[illegible] glory 'mi[illegible] the g[illegible]oom,
Made glad my life with radiance and bloom.

My glorious lily hangs upon its stem,
Its fragrant life-blood spent, its golden heart
Reft of its sunny splendor — while apart,
With downcast looks that fatally condemn
The tiny culprit, stands, in wonder mild,
He of the ruthless grasp, my rosy child.

Soft little hands stray o'er my stricken head,
The merry eyes with swift tears overflow —
What knows the baby heart of deeper woe?
A lily broken? Yea, a sweet hope dead,
For in that self-same hour, love's chalice rent
Wasted forevermore life's sacrament.

Like withered flower that sacred trust lies sere —
On aching heart my child's sweet accents fall:
"Don't cry, mamma! this isn't hurt at all,
It's planted in again — see, mamma dear!"
Fond, foolish comforter! How should he know
Dead hopes and broken blossoms cannot grow?

HOW THE VOID WAS FILLED.

BY KATHLEEN M. MARSHALL.

HY this restless longing? Why this incessant clamoring for a something — an indefinable, satisfying something? What causes that apparent void in my heart? I cannot understand it, Mary? Seemingly, I am always happy, and yet beneath that gay exterior there ever beats an unsatisfied heart. True, I have a devoted husband, dear friends, wealth, social advantages, and all that a human being could wish, and yet I am not truly happy. There is that something lacking. Pardon this little outburst, dear. I seldom allow any one a peep into my inner heart, but when I look into your always joyous face and witness the simple beauty of your daily life, I fear I envy you a little. You seem to lack nothing to complete your happiness. When alone, and not occupied with the little duties that interest me, I am wretchedly unhappy. Now, what do you suppose it is that I lack, dear? Give me your recipe for contentment, pray."

The speaker, a handsome young woman, who, as she said, had apparently everything to make her happy, watched closely the flushed face of her companion, and, as she finished speaking, reclined gracefully in her easy chair to await the reply. Miss Ogden was a beautiful and accomplished Catholic young lady, and for several years had been a very confidential friend of Mrs. Armour, yet on the subject of religion they had never exchanged words, and with much hesitancy now Miss Ogden felt obliged to suggest the truth.

"My dear Belle," she answered gently, "do you really not understand why you are not wholly satisfied? One of your affectionate nature should have no difficulty in solving such a simple problem. Don't you know, dear, that in every human heart there is a void — a great gnawing void — that only the Divine can fill? Have you never tried to erect there a little tabernacle in which He shall ever dwell, and occasionally from the human side of your happiness turn to enter there awhile and ask His love, His protection, His counsel, to talk to Him and tell Him how you appreciate what He has done for you, how you love Him, how you are sometimes tried and troubled? Take to Him your little grievances and ask Him to be that something, and if you do, you will find, dear Belle, that that aching void will be satisfyingly filled."

"Why, Mary! you are quite a preacher. But you speak as if I were not already a Christian. You know that I love God, but I don't believe that He requires me to tell Him so often that I love Him. He knows it. He knows my heart without my getting on my knees to beg of Him to save me and love me. He is a loving Father and without my continual asking He is going to do it."

"But what proofs, dear, has He of your love for Him? Do you ever make a sacrifice for His sake? and do"—

"Sacrifice?" laughed Mrs. Armour, interrupting her. "Ah, my little Mary! do you believe He requires sacrifice?"

"There is no love without sacrifice, dear. Our Heavenly Father withholds His love from you in order that you may hunger for Him, and it is that hunger, that thirst for His love, that causes you such unaccountable uneasiness. Now, dear, what is there, ask yourself, that you do just for His sake, just to show Him that you are working for His glory? True, you do a great deal of good; you are generous to the poor, you are exemplary in your manners and habits, you are kind to your servants, sympathetic, you do all that a good, kind heart dictates, but, dear, you do it to please yourself, to humor your own generous impulses, to feel that you have benefited others, to know that you are doing good; but you never think to do this or that good act for His sake, out of the love that you bear Him, never with the intention of promoting His glory; and without these motives actuating you, all the sweetness of the happiness that emanates from Divine love is lost, and the human can never satisfy. You think you love God, dear, and yet the least little provocation will cause you to remain away from Sunday services, while in our Church we sacrifice rest, pleasure, dress, anything, to attend Mass, and then we never regard it as a sacrifice. Nothing will keep a good Catholic from attending Mass and receiving the Sacraments when possible, and thus strengthened by His love and presence, ever communing with Him in that inner temple of the heart, always working for His sake quietly and unostentatiously, they feel the mantle of His love ever encircling them, and the heart is satisfied."

Mrs. Armour listened attentively. She drank in the truth of all her young friend said. She now had the secret of her continuous happiness, but she was not inclined to hear any more; so, laughingly accepting the quiet rebuke, she hastily changed the subject. But she was none the happier for what she heard. It set her thinking, searching into herself, questioning her motives for doing charitable acts, questioning the sincerity of her love for God, and the more she questioned herself the more perplexed she became. She felt now that what Miss Ogden said was true, and she set herself determinedly to work to overcome her erroneous habits. Henceforth she would do everything for love of Him; she would pray to and humbly implore Him to teach her how to love Him as He wished. She would endeavor to follow her friend's example and carefully watch the result.

A few months passed. Mrs. Armour was at heart a changed woman. Those restless yearnings were partially satisfied, yet she felt that could she only draw closer to the Heart that loved her, her happiness would be complete.

One evening she called on Miss Ogden, who was seriously ill. She found her sitting up in her bed with her crucifix and beads in her hands. The boudoir seemed to her to breathe of Heaven. Everything in it suggested the Holy Family. A beautiful painting of the Sacred Heart hung over the mantel and underneath it burned a waxen taper. Statues of the Sacred Heart, of Mary and of St. Joseph adorned the mantel-piece. "Christ on Calvary," and "Christ Blessing Little Children," were two other handsome paintings that graced the walls and suggested the Divine Presence ever there.

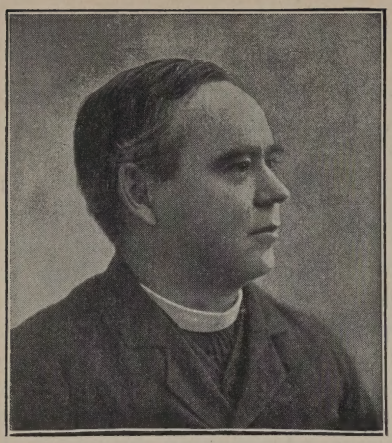
Mrs. Armour was deeply impressed with the girl's ardent love for God, and compared it with her own, which she had thought could not be surpassed.

"Why, dear Mary, do you have so many pictures of Christ about your room? Don't you think it savors a little of idolatry?"

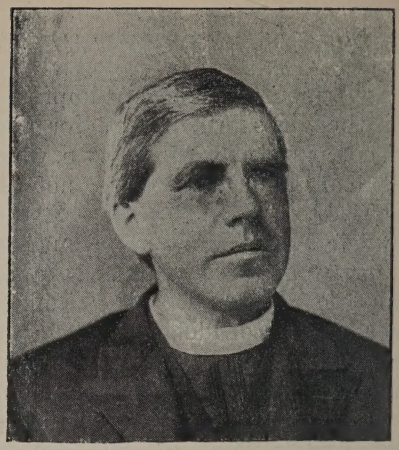
"For the same reason, Belle, that you have in every room in your house a picture of the little child you lost. That child's face is indelibly impressed upon your memory; you think you need nothing to assure yourself of your love for it, and yet you want its picture in every room you enter in your house, so that you may not possibly forget it, and so that showing it to your friends you may talk of the beauty of its short life, of its graces and sweetness, and thus have your friends occasionally speak of it. Do you call that idolatry? When I look at that sweet sad face of the dear Christ, and at the unfathomable love in the pure, tender face of His Blessed Mother, how could I ever, feeling that they are watching and guiding and loving me, yearn or long for anything else? O, Belle! that is the satiable love; that is the love I covet and live for and work for. Do you wonder that I am happy, dear?"

The frequent visits to her sick friend added more and more to the happiness of Mrs. Armour, to the intensity of her love for God and to her desires to love Him with the same childlike humility and reverence that Miss Ogden evinced. Gradually, one by one, she adopted the suggestions of her friend; she began to look at things in a different light and almost before she was aware of what she was doing she had a handsome painting of the Sacred Heart in her own boudoir.

Frequent interchange of thought with her young companion threw an entirely new light on her religious views. The more Catholic she became, the greater her zeal to draw still nearer to the Church. The sweet peace that had stolen into her life was a constant incentive to practise still more devotions. Every doctrine of the Church was so beautifully explained both by Miss Ogden and the parish priest — for whom Mrs. Armour had evinced a very high esteem — that she finally in the month of March began a novena, to St. Joseph for a temporal favor, promising if he would manifest his love for her by obtaining for her that particular request, she would then fully and freely enter into the bosom of the Church. The favor was granted. The dear Sacred Heart whose picture she had already loved and who ever tenderly watches and leads the souls that yearn for Him, reached out for the heart that coveted His love, and according to the promises made to Blessed Mary Margaret, blessed and favored His loving child; and through the example of her bosom friend, through the powerful intercession of St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin Mary, and above all, through the unceasing love of the sweet Sacred Heart, Mrs. Armour, to-day, rests contentedly in the fold of the Mother Church, and all the insatiable yearnings have long since been satisfied.

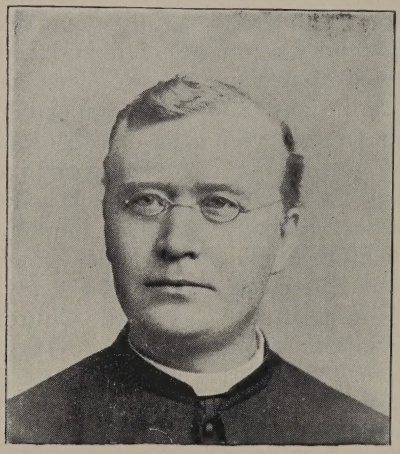


REV. THOS. MCMILLAN, C. S. P.



REV. T. J. CONATY, D.D., *Treasurer.*

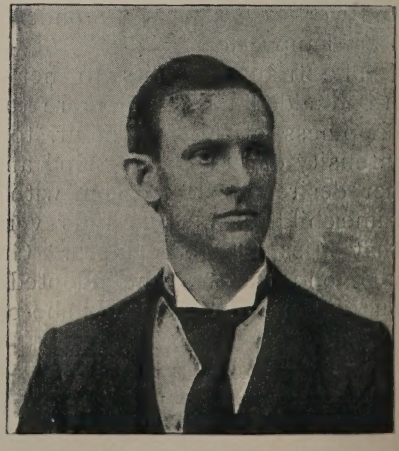
OFFICERS FOR 1893.



CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

REV. JAMES F. LOUGHLIN, D.D., *President.*

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.



WARREN E. MOSHER, *Secretary.*

THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

ITS BEGINNING AND ITS PROSPECTS.

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

THE beginning of the Catholic Summer School of America was simple and spontaneous in the extreme. Indeed it appears to have been a movement which made itself, and carried people along with it, rather than one which was carried on by them. I do not mean that there was not much work connected with its inception and administration. There was a great deal; and that of a very arduous kind, demanding perseverance and devotion, to win success in the face of many practical difficulties. What I refer to is the suddenness with which the enterprise came into being; the power with which it drew to its support the service of men who, if they had yielded to their first impression, would have declared it impossible for them to give the time or attention required, and would have held to that declaration; and, finally, the remarkable interest of the students, their delightful loyalty, their quiet, fine enthusiasm.

The idea was first suggested by Mr. Warren E. Mosher, of Youngstown, O. (now the secretary of the association), in his Catholic Reading Circle Review. He gathered an informal expression of views from priests, high dignitaries of the Church, and laymen; publishing these in the numbers for March and April, 1892 They were very favorable. Next, some of us who had interested ourselves in making enquiries as to the practical possibilities of trying an experiment during the summer then at hand, were gratified by an offer from the Catholic Club of New York, to place at our disposal rooms in its superb home on 59th Street, for purposes of a conference. In that place, therefore, was held the first meeting, May 11, 1892; and a provisional organization was formed, with a General Council of nineteen and, as President, Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, of Pittsburg, Pa.

First Session.

Not many days later New London, Conn., was chosen by the General Council as the spot where the first session of the School — for three weeks, from the 1st to the 20th of August — should be held. But it was impossible really to get to work at practical details until about the 1st of June. Hence only two months remained in which to correspond with and engage lecturers; tabulate and announce the whole scheme of studies; distribute prospectuses and circulars of information; make arrangements with railroads for transportation; classify and secure accommodations in New London for those who wished to be present; and attend to the literally hundreds of other details, all of vital importance in one way or another,

which must inevitably arise in such an undertaking. The time was very short; and what complicated matters still more was, that we found a much larger number of persons anxious to be informed, and disposed to come to the session, than we had expected. Considering the rapidity with which the idea was being put into practice, and the high standard we were setting in the range and character of lectures, the prevailing estimate in the Council as to the number of students likely to seek the course was conservative and moderate.

It was thought that if there should be a constant attendance of one hundred and fifty the Summer School would be doing very well, in this its initial stage, and as a thing hitherto untried among Catholics. The actual result, when the session came to pass, was that, instead of one hundred and fifty, the audience present at each lecture averaged all through the three weeks, about five hundred; and the total number of people attending during that period was about fifteen hundred!

When we consider that Chautauqua, after eighteen years of growth, counts an average steady attendance at its parent establishment of something like eight thousand persons, our average of five hundred at the very first session, and after only two months' preparation, is relatively almost startling in size. It gave so solid a proof of general interest and such bright promise of future development, that there could no longer be any doubt as to continuing the School.

Curriculum of Session.

A brief glance back at the studies of 1892 will be appropriate here. Fifty-two lectures were given. In the regular day *horarium* there were forty-three, on Ethics, History, Literature (English and American, and Catholic literature in the East, in Spain, Italy and France), "Capital and Labor," "The Church and the Republic," "The Church and Socialism," Astronomy and Revelation, and Anthropology from the Christian point of view. Without attempting to name all the faculty, it may be mentioned that among them were Rev. P. A. Halpin, S. J., Prof. Maurice F. Egan, Rev. Dr. Brann, Richard Malcolm Johnston, Dr. Marc F. Valette, Brother Azarias, Rev. Thomas Hughes, S. J., and Rev. G. M. Searle, C. S. P., of the Catholic University. Besides these contributions to the formal schedule, there were eight evening lectures (several of them illustrated), intended to be of a more popular kind; three of which were the work of women and read by their authors, Miss Katherine E. Conway, Miss Katherine O'Keeffe, and Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake. In all, the lecturers numbered twenty-six, and five of them represented New England States. The others came from New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Washington, D. C., Virginia and Missouri. On the other hand, the larger proportion of students and visitors were New Englanders; with a strong contingent from all parts of New York, some from New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, the District of Columbia, Virginia, Kentucky and even as far South as Alabama; a few from Ohio, from Detroit, from Milwaukee, and other Western places. Many bought season tickets for the entire courses, at five dollars, and remained on the spot through the whole three weeks; others took the two dollar tickets, which were good for any ten lectures they chose to go to; and still others who were able to be in New London only for a day or two paid their

single admission fee of twenty-five cents for each lecture.

Interest of those Present.

It was very gratifying to learn that a number of those who "took in" the whole term had given up cherished summer plans, already formed, in order to have a part in this new experiment. And their constancy in coming to all or nearly all the lectures, even on the hottest days, was good to see. Each day there were two lectures in the morning and one in the afternoon; the latter being at 4.30 P.M. — an hour, as we soon found, when every one, including the faculty, yearned for rest and recreation and some agreeable outing by sea or land. Yet always at the appointed time the pleasant theatre where the school was held once more received its expectant audience, in the size of which there was rarely any perceptible falling off. On those dates for which the evening lectures were set, the devoted students listened to four discourses of a solid hour each, and I believe there was one day when we actually had five. This undoubtedly was a good deal of a strain, even upon such willing and intelligent minds as theirs; and it has been determined that in the session of 1893 at Plattsburgh, only two lectures a day shall be given, as a rule, though exceptions may be made; one lecture in the morning, the other in the evening. This will leave the afternoon free for excursions, outdoor sports, social intercourse, or rest. At New London there were ample opportunities for beach-bathing, fine drives through the wooded country, for fishing, sailing, or pleasant trips by steamboat in various directions. But very little time was allowed for using them. The day after the Pontifical High Mass, which was celebrated as the formal opening of the School, a great reception was held in the handsome armory of the Connecticut National Guard, at which fifteen hundred people were present and were instructed or entertained by speeches and music. Refreshments were served, and the newcomers were made acquainted with many residents of New London. Later on, there were a few reunions, in the rooms of the St. John's Literary Society or under private auspices; all of which lent something to the attractiveness of the session, and aided in creating an *esprit de corps*. But it is felt that, with more time at disposal for assemblies, conversations, healthful outdoor amusements and profitable excursions, the social side of the Summer School can be still more developed and in greater variety this year, at Plattsburgh (or, as we had perhaps better call it, Champlain).

It must not be forgotten that the eloquent sermons of Father Pardow, Father Lavelle, and the Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P., added very considerably to the spiritual and intellectual elements of advantage in the School. We may well hope that, in coming sessions, many other able and learned divines will give us the benefit of their sermons.

Permanent Location.

Now, success having come, the next question was, "Should there be a permanent site, and where?" An Advisory Committee, formed outside of the General Council, had been at work for three months visiting different places proposed for this purpose, and carrying on an extensive correspondence arising from numerous offers which were made of land for sale or to be donated, with other inducements held out to bring the

School to this or that neighborhood. For it was evident that many others besides Catholics had already, even before one summer's success, divined the magnitude to which the institution might grow, and that they were anxious to profit pecuniarily, as well as intellectually, by persuading it to establish near them. Among all the spots suggested, the choice seemed to lie between New London, the St. Lawrence River, and Lake Champlain. The Advisory Committee recommended the St. Lawrence. But decision rested with the Council, which first weighed carefully the wisdom of settling permanently now. For some time it was thought perhaps desirable to try New London again for a single summer. New London also stood a fair chance of securing the final location, both because of the favorable impression made upon the visitors of 1892 and because of that city's accessibility. But the situation and the beauties of Champlain had likewise appealed strongly to the Council; and solid advantages were offered there which, other things being equal, could not be overlooked.

A decision in favor of Champlain was finally taken, in January of this year. The citizens of Plattsburgh, though their town is much smaller than New London, were more enterprising. In coöperation with the Delaware & Hudson Railroad, they presented to the Catholic Summer School a valuable tract of improved land containing four hundred and fifty acres field and grove, sloping to a half-mile frontage on Lake Champlain, with a beach and shore that afford safe bathing. This property is on the west side of the lake, three miles south of Plattsburgh; adjoining and partly including Bluff Point, on which stands the Hotel Champlain, a superb summer resort that cost seven hundred thousand dollars, and is most luxurious in its appointments. Students of the Summer School will have free access to the grounds of this hotel, which are beautifully wooded and laid out with pleasant walks.

Convenience of Plattsburg.

As the chief support of the School last year came from New England and New York, the best place for it to plant itself in seemed to be one that would be equally approachable from various parts of New York State and the different portions of New England. Champlain fully met this condition. The ample expanse of the lake lies outstretched between New York and Vermont, forming a line of division, yet also a pleasing pathway of communication. The site of the School can be reached by express trains from New York in seven hours, or more leisurely by a sail up the Hudson and through Lake George — a delightful route, followed every year by thousands of people. Albany, Troy and all the large cities of Central New York, out to Buffalo, are within easy reach. So, too, from the other side, is Boston. Burlington, on the eastern shore, is only two hours steaming, by a fine line of boats, from Plattsburgh and the School site. Hence, through Burlington visitors may easily get at it from Boston, Worcester, Springfield, Providence, New London, Hartford and many smaller New England cities or towns. Briefly, within a radius of two hundred miles, is concentrated a very large, important and prosperous part of the Catholic population of the United States, and the School is equally central and convenient to its various sections. Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, it is true,

are somewhat far away. But, after all, if any one sets out to make a three weeks' or even a week's sojourn at the Summer School, what serious difference can two or three more hours of travel make? Then, on the north, we have Canada close at hand, with still another considerable population to draw upon. From Detroit (with its powerful and cultivated Catholic element), as from Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee and all other Western or Northwestern points, a journey to Champlain by way of the St. Lawrence or through the Adirondacs is one that commends itself. Plattsburgh, standing at the mouth of the Saranac, is one of the main entrances to the Adirondacs from the east, and is also on a highway of travel between Albany and the St. Lawrence. Special arrangements are now being made so that tourists, either going to the Chicago Columbian World's Fair, or returning from it, may take this line and stop off at Champlain and the Summer School or the Thousand Islands, without added cost for travel. The scenery of Lake Champlain is of the very finest in America. Indeed it may fairly be questioned whether the views from the high ground about the Summer School's new home, with their long reaches of water and those picturesque ramparts of the Adirondac and Green Mountains, can anywhere be surpassed for a quality of largeness and nobility, combined with loveliness, which seems peculiar to them. The climate is cool, and the breath of the great pine forests near is refreshing and full of life. For those who have time and do not wish to hear all the lectures, a fishing trip in the Adirondacs will be an easy matter, and the wild Au Sable Chasm can be visited and walked through in half a day, from Plattsburgh.

Historic Surroundings.

In addition to all this natural charm and beauty and this accessibleness of site, we have a singular wealth of historic association. Within pistol-shot of the Summer School's water-boundary, and in sight, to the south, is the bay of the lake where this nation fought its first naval battle with a foreign power, and almost as near, to the north, in the harbor of Plattsburgh, is the scene of the last naval conflict between the United States and a foreign power. In both instances, the foreign power was England. The first engagement was that between Benedict Arnold's little American fleet and the larger force of the British Captain Pringle, Oct. 11th, 1776. Although bravely contested, this "Battle at Valcour Island" ended in the defeat of the Americans. The second engagement was McDonough's victory over British gunboats, won by him against odds, at the Battle of Plattsburgh, Sept. 11th, 1814, while General Macomb on the land, was at the same time beating General Provost's British troops. This victory ended the War of 1812. The national government is now enlarging its military station, between the Summer School grounds and Plattsburgh, to a twelve-company post. And so the patriotic memories of the spot will constantly be recalled by the presence of the flag, and enlivened with martial parade. But religion, also, has crowned the history of this part of the country with other associations dear to Catholics — the explorations of that sterling Catholic governor and voyager, the Sieur de Champlain, whose name now so harmoniously rests upon the lake, and the earnest labors of the Jesuit missionaries hereabout. Remembrance of these religious associations will be especially useful and stimulating. To me it seems quite likely that by

and by our association will come to be known, popularly and familiarly, under the simple title of "Champlain."

Need of a Central Home.

The Summer School was in its purpose at the start, as it is to-day, designed to extend its uses to the people of the whole country; to supply a national need among Catholics, if that need existed. But it is evident that an establishment national in this sense cannot be in all parts of the land at once; at least not immediately, or while it is obliged to confine itself to one piece of ground and one set of buildings. Therefore the first thing to do was to secure a fitting and a central home, where the institution could be shaped and reared to a goodly height and size, by the coöperation of Catholics from all parts of the country. It has already received such coöperation from many quarters of the Union. If this continues and becomes general, the popular School on the shores of Champlain can easily, and within a very short time, be made the pattern from which Catholics in every portion of the Republic may get useful outlines and practical aid in forming local assemblies of their own, wherever and whenever they want them and are able to build them. There will doubtless, in time, grow up a federation of such assemblies or popular schools; but a central one should first be thoroughly modelled into satisfactory form, so far as may be. With this in mind, the choice of Champlain must be conceded to be as near to a geographical and ideal centre as we could well come, for the present. We have also the satisfaction, there, of being in the diocese of a bishop who is especially interested in education — Bishop Gabriels, of Ogdensburg — and it is worth noting, as a coincidence, that Bishop Gabriels was consecrated almost exactly at the time of the first conference which formed the council of the Summer School.

By the time this article appears, the organization will doubtless have received its charter of incorporation from the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York; which charter will enable it to carry on its work with complete freedom and independence, yet with certain advantages of aid from the Regents on "University extension" lines; namely, the loaning of books and apparatus from the state library and collections.

Object of School.

The object of the Catholic Summer School of America, as it will now be termed, is to bring to people of all ages — to busy people, as well as to those of leisure; to the rich, as well as those of small means — an opportunity of hearing lectures or pursuing lines of study in various departments of knowledge, without going through a long curriculum at a college or university. It is not a teachers' school; it is not a young people's school, nor an old folks' school, nor a special or limited school of any kind; but a place where everybody, of any degree or condition, illustrious or obscure, so long as he or she be of good life and clean occupation, may come and learn those things which belong to the higher education. Here, in the leisure of a summer vacation, every such person may, for the payment of a trifling fee, listen to the best thought of the world, condensed and presented simply by unselfish masters of study. They may thus, as in an interval of recreation, put themselves abreast of the latest knowledge or discovery in history, natural science, literature

and the arts, or philosophy, as the students in those great old Catholic universities, which preserved and increased all human learning through the middle age and passed it down to modern men, were able to do.

All these branches are to be offered to those who attend, in the light and with the consecrating touch of universal, *i. e.*, Catholic Christian truth. The original prospectus held up as a maxim Cardinal Newman's declaration that "Truth is the object of knowledge of whatever kind; and Truth means facts and their relations. Religious Truth is not only a portion, but a condition of knowledge. To blot it out is nothing short of unravelling the web of University Teaching." To that maxim the Catholic Summer School of America holds, always. Accordingly, it will not be possible to introduce into our courses all sorts of hap-hazard and random novelties, merely for the sake of variety or "sensation." Those who look for entertainment by such means, had better not come. The others — and they form a vast body — who appreciate accuracy and solid learning united to wit, humor, keen intelligence and spirituality, will never want for meat of this kind at the Champlain sessions.

General Programme.

Just now, it is practicable only to present one general programme of lectures, to be given in one hall; and everybody who comes may attend all, or select at will. But it is most probable that, by and by, special courses will be provided and that small classes will also be formed for more detailed study on various lines, including music and languages, particular periods of literature, or individual authors, like Dante, Homer and Shakespeare. When classes or courses in special departments shall have been established, it will be possible under our charter for those students who may so desire, to compete in examinations according to the standard of the State Board of Regents—which is a very high one—and to obtain certificates of merit in examination. But, if I understand it rightly, the Catholic Summer School of America does not contemplate granting degrees of its own.

It will not be possible, this year, to erect buildings on the Champlain grounds for assembly use in the summer. The purpose is to survey and lay out the grounds in a suitable manner, and prepare for the construction of a lecture-hall in time for the session of 1894. There are other buildings already standing on the estate, which will very likely be remodelled for use as offices, etc; and the problem of putting up lodgings for a larger influx of people in 1894 will have to be met.

Session of 1893.

But how about the session of 1893? This has been well provided for. The lectures will be given in the new Opera House, Plattsburgh, which has a seating capacity of one thousand. The Normal School's large assembly room, and another hall, have also been placed at the disposal of the Summer School. All this has been arranged involuntarily by the citizens of Plattsburgh, at their own expense; and the Hon. Smith M. Weed of that "village" (as they still modestly call it) donates the free use of his steam-yacht by the School, during its entire session. The meeting of 1893 is likely to take place somewhere after the middle of July; extending into early August. Announcement of the

exact dates will probably be made by the proper officers, in April.

The social and, if one may say so, the "residential" phase of the summer meetings hereafter, is a phase which deserves attention. It is intended to set apart portions of the land, after space has been reserved for the assembly buildings, and the roads and landscape gardening have been provided for; and to lease these portions as cottage-sites, or sell them, under proper restrictions, to Catholics who wish to see the School advance to further success and desire to be present at its meetings. In this way a summer colony can be formed, congenial in character, the presence of which will encourage the School. All receipts from the lease or sale of these lots must go to the profit of the Summer School. The nature and government of the Council (now enlarged to twenty-five clerics and laymen) provide that all these financial matters shall come before it; and the revenue inures to the benefit of the institution, not to that of individuals.

It is a self-supporting affair; not seeking to be sustained by gratuities, nor offering its lectures gratuitously. From being little more than a dream, only ten months ago, it has now become an astonishing reality. But what it has accomplished has been gained only by severe toil and extraordinary sacrifices from all hands. I would not, humanly speaking, predict an immediate and greatly increased success for the School this year; because I know that, like all other great movements, it needs the intensely earnest support of thousands of persons; and earnest support involves that kind of sacrifice which we call "inconvenience." Nevertheless, I have faith. And, where one has faith, prediction is not always necessary.

Sources of Strength.

Last year, although we were to meet in Connecticut, lack of centralized organization and the brevity of the time caused a failure to canvass and arouse New England as thoroughly as this work should have been done. It is to be hoped that the neglect in that particular can be repaired this year, and that the Catholics of New England far and wide, will themselves aid the Council in repairing it. Another source of enlarging strength is looked forward to. Much of the success of 1892 was due to the energy and practical assistance of women; especially those who had done pioneer service for Catholic Reading Circles in their various localities. Wherever a reading circle flourishes, it may be made a most valuable nucleus of enthusiasm for the C. S. S. A. Recognizing the important aid given by women, and relying upon it still more for the future, the Council has now empowered the Committee on Studies to appoint an auxiliary committee of five women, which shall formulate plans for securing the active coöperation of the various women's organizations, and report them to the Chairman of Studies. Women's interests will thus be fully represented.

The president of the association, for this season, is Rev. James F. Loughlin, D. D. (Cathedral, Logan Square, Philadelphia), and the secretary, Mr. Warren E. Mosher, Youngstown, O.; the treasurer is Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D. D. (Church of the Sacred Heart, Worcester, Mass.); the chairman of the Committee on Studies is Rev. Thomas McMillan, C. S. P. (Paulist Fathers, 415 West 59th Street, N.Y.)

George Parsons Lathrop.

EASTER MORN.

BY J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

Now warm from the empurpled east,
  Doth break the one unshadowed morn ;
Glad leaps the sun and the far hills
  Of mists and shadows newly shorn,
Gleam white and splendid where they lie
In solemn grandeur 'gainst the sky.

From some delicious hiding-place,
  The south wind hastens, sweet and free.
It hath a new and tender voice,
  And with most subtle melody,
Doth bear in its pure notes away
The rapture of the new-born day.

The tall bare trees are all astir ;
  And sudden from one waving crest,
Like some blithe spirit, Heaven-impelled,
  A little bird with downy breast,
Mounts singing to the sunrise gold ;
Fulfilled with joy it cannot hold.

MARGUERITE.

BY HERBERT M. SYLVESTER.

O ! MARGUERITE fair ! why so sedate ?
  The red rose nods when the June winds blow ;
The bee hies over the garden gate ;
  Mistress and lover sway to and fro.

From the Rose's stained lips the vagrant sips
  Delicious sweets ; yet your lover, dear,
May touch but your dainty finger-tips,
  With your tempting, rose-red mouth so near.

MÂLMÔRDA: A STUDY.

BY WALTER MAINE.

HAT a keen pleasure it is in a period when the unreasonable number of periodicals and magazines appears to have stimulated the always sufficient production of so much vain verse and inane prose, to stumble on a romance or poem that really means something! It may have faults aplenty. So have Shakespeare's plays. Only, few people dare say this, though in truth such critics are generally the most genuine admirers of Shakespeare.

But, if the poem or romance on which one chances is a work possessing the ever fresh and inner spirit of life, what do a few blurs count in the sacred sum of its beauty? Without that inner spirit is not all Art, though apparently successful, merely a gaudy soap-bubble tinted by the sunshine of ephemeral popularity? And with that vital essence revealing its presence, cannot one easily pardon, and almost forget, the surface flaws for the sake of the diamond heart?

These feelings rise within me, as I begin my third perusal of Mâlmôrda, a legendary poem of Ireland recently written by Joseph I. C. Clarke, a New York editor, and published by that reliable firm, the Putnams. In the first place Mâlmôrda has more than a mere excuse for existence; it has a *raison d'être;* and that reason lies in the richness of the legendary lore of Ireland—gold which no modern poet to any just extent has yet essayed to beat into exquisite and more permanent shape with the rhythmic hammer of song.

That Ireland has a stock of this legendary wealth as great, if not greater, in literary value, or artistic possibilities at least, as the Arthurian legends, what student of Celtic remains can doubt? In this connection I am by no means suggesting any comparison between Mr. Clarke's poetic handling of legendary gold, and that which Tennyson, through years of splendid toil, bestowed on the myths or history-shadows of Britain. Still I believe I can say, without fear of exaggeration, that in his poem, Mâlmôrda, Mr. Clarke, a hard-worked American journalist, lacking the great English poet's circumstantial advantages, has produced a piece of work of which as a whole Tennyson would not have been ashamed, and which in some parts any man might be modestly proud of having written.

Yet, while a similarity in the epic theme or color-scheme, as artists say, of the famous poet and of the New York journalist at once suggests itself, there is no trace of imitation in the style. Mr. Clarke's blank verse has no reminiscence of Tennyson's, either in its fine points or its foibles. It has no flavor of any one poet, but rather bears a general or kindred resemblance to the very direct, simply melodic and occasionally careless movement that characterized the early English dramatists, Marlowe and Massinger especially.

With Irish history just emerging from legend as a background, what a fair scene and scenery for a poem of tragic passion! All who are familiar with Ireland's story will remember that in the early part of the ninth century the pagans of Norway and Denmark swooped down continuously on the coasts of Ireland in their strange ships that had both sails and banks of oars. Strife was the chief element of life in those days; but strife was not all.

A VIKING SHIP.

In his rhymed Fore-song or metrical preface, Mr. Clarke strikes a few chords of that eternal melody of love which with its dark undercurrent of hate is to dominate his poem.

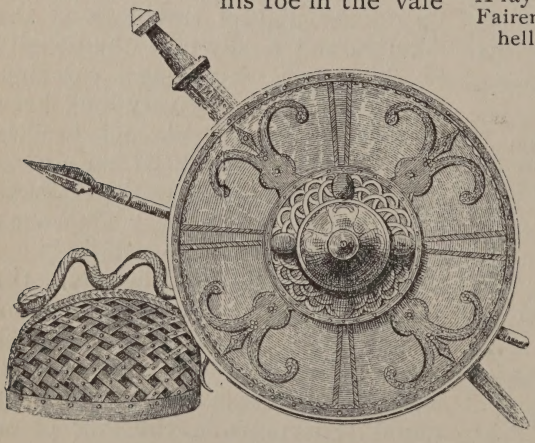
> To me by early morn
> Came mem'ries of Old Ireland by the sea,
> The tenderest and sweetest that there be,
> Wherein the songs of water and of wind
> And joy of loving human kind
> Mingled in ecstasy of harmony.
> All was so low-toned and so sweet,
> Near voices seeming ever to repeat
> Soft syllables of blessing on my head;
> And the faces — ah, the faces of the dead
> Companions of my youth were there,
> And one face fairer than all faces fair,
> And one face — oh, my mother — from whose eyes
> The well-springs of all tendernesses rise;
> And all were shaping
> Love and love and love!

Everywhere the poet finds this keynote for all his own, and therefore Ireland's music, and especially in that vast mysterious ocean whose billows, mating with rude winds, brought the savage Vikings to lay waste the fair and fruitful shore where Holy Patrick had planted Christianity — the supreme flower which found it hard to grow amid the still pagan instincts of many of the natives and chiefly, perhaps, in the breast of the chief, Mâlmôrda. For we must remember that this king, splendid and noble as he is in many respects, did not live up to the highest teachings of the Church, and finally paid the penalty of his own headlong passions. Christianity had not very long been established in Ireland, and besides that the Church of Christ has always had especially hard work to make kings respect God's law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Bearing these facts in mind, the reader will find in Mr. Clarke's poem a profoundly pathetic moral, though Mr. Clarke is far too fine an artist and sensible a man to keep throwing moral reflections in the face of an audience.

The plot of the poem is very simple. Mâlmôrda, when a Danish ship was dashing on the rocks in a storm, boarded it and found in the cabin the beautiful Torcala, the wife of the old Viking chief, Asculp. She had seen the young Irish king in a vision and was clairvoyantly ready to fall in love with him. Asculp was not on board the wrecked ship, having left it before it parted its cables, to explore the shore and spy out a safe

gate for a successful foray. Seizing Torcala as his prize, Mâlmôrda sets fire to the wreck. As he departs along the land with his fair prey, Asculp is seen approaching the flames. Mâlmôrda might have captured him, but Torcala, with an instinct of loyalty to her husband whom she honors and admires, though she does not love him, distracts Mâlmôrda's attention. Asculp effects his escape. From that time it becomes Mâlmôrda's mission in life to kill him — fairly in single combat, of course, and not by any treachery. He lures Asculp, who comes back with another band of desperate Danes, into the inland country and is on the lookout with his faithful henchman, Angus, for the appearance of his foe in the vale



below, when the poem opens. That Mâlmôrda's followers look askance on the beautiful Torcala, regarding her as a pagan witch who has spelled Mâlmôrda, and that the priests refuse to marry her to Mâlmôrda, adds fuel, of course, to his passion and his desire to slay Asculp.

To Angus, as they lie in wait, Mâlmôrda pours out his heart, trying to conquer the antipathy of his henchman towards the fair woman whom Mâlmôrda wishes to make mother of a race of Irish kings.

"*Dhar Dhia!* Angus, I am here to slay,
To slay gray Asculp as a Gall, a Dane,
A pirate fiend, wild sea-wolf, torturer,
Norse-demon, chartered by his dwarf gods four
To sail the main, to plunder, burn and kill —
All these, fair titles to a bloody grave,
But for mine ax-blade stancher title yet,
He is the husband of my Torcala.
Start not and lower that I have named her name.
God sends us glories that we garner not,
For some small thing we blindly call their bane,
Which may be half their worth did we but know it
All through. That she is pagan is enough
To outweigh, for thee and those who set strong faith
Above strong love, all that her stormy gods
Have poured aplenty on her. Yet if I,
In penance for my sins and hers, but bring
Her o'er and lay her at the feet of Christ,
Shall not her beauty and her glory rise
A ray to Heaven and a joy to earth,
Fairer, as Christ said, that she's won from hell?

. . . . . .

"So, Angus, watch
While I in limnings rude trace out the tale,
Gazing, for help therein, upon the sea,—
Blue as the deeps are of her sea-blue eyes,
Deep as the ocean of the love that heaves
Beneath her bosom with great tides and storms
And after-swoons of calm — a calm wherein
My soul is borne thro' lumined caves where all
The wonders of the mystic world lie bare,
Seen in green crystal light. No sorceress;
I think not, but a woman fashioned fair
By great-brained artist gods."

Here, while on the eve of his final struggle with the grand enemy whose doom he has planned, occur some splendid passages of passionate description. The fierce, barbaric, only half-Christianized Irish king tells with an exultance that seems to sympathize with the storm, apart from any personal feeling, how the Danish king's vessel went to wreck on the

rocks of Ireland —"toothed for such as she"— tells also how he found Torcala in the cabin, how he seized her, how the people, the priests and the poets opposed him.

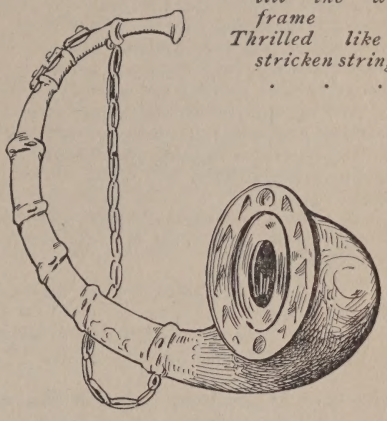
"One day, Tirdaltha of Clan Mahon, came—
A springald rhymer with a fluting voice
And subtle tongue, who, hearing the loose talk,
Took up its mockery and gave it barbs
Of bitterness in lilting verse. He sang
How late an eagle by a sea-gull charmed
Was turning gull himself, and all the crows—
He meant the priests — were cawing o'er it loud:
But one fell raven, louder still, croaked 'blood,'
And he would win his sea-gull back to sea."

Then Mâlmôrda tells how he challenged the poet and killed him on the spot, and then how he went to a holy bishop living alone near "a lonely lake amid the mountains," and besought the bishop to baptize Torcala, who would become a Christian for love of him, and then to marry them. The bishop refuses, because her pagan husband, Asculp, is still living, and the holy man speaks in such a bitter way to the king of this woman he loves, that Mâlmôrda in sudden passion smites him dead. His horror at the sacrilege and murder he has committed are finely shown, and though no one suspects the king of killing the holy bishop his conscience is constantly haunted with all the "red unstoppéd madness of it."

But I omit the more dramatic passages of this poem and present a few of the more descriptive, because the dramatic to be fully appreciated need to be read up to, whereas the quieter ones can stand alone.

"There stretched at length
She told me how she'd learned soft Southern moods
For dreaming life away, and wished me so
To dream long whiles beside her; *then, strange ways*
Of pagan love she taught me, passionate
Beyond a Christian's dream, as how to make
A love-word linger on the lips, and live
Unspoken in the eyes and be renewed
Under the finger tips in playing lute-like
Upon a lover's neck, till the whole frame
Thrilled like a stricken string.

. . .



Then would she sing me old Walhalla rhymes,
Or at my feet sit, telling me weird things
The skalds had taught her. How the wonder-flame,
Halogi, rose — a giant golden fount —
Amid the ancient Night where was no world:
Then all the conflict between frost and fire,
And strange begettings of the melting ice,
And how the giants slew their sire, and made
The mountains of his bones, and of his blood
The seas, and of his skull the arched heavens,
Setting their dwarf gods four, North, East, South, West,
At its four corners. *Thereupon, I'd laugh*
And clip her to me, but she'd whirl away
And, standing angered like a goddess, say
The Norns were by and would make strict account
Of any slight on Odin.

. . . . . .

Often on moonlight nights
We wandered, hand in hand, along the hills
When all the air she peopled with her elves,
And unto every bush and rock and tree
She gave a fairy and the nightingale
To her a spirit was of one who loved
As we loved, and whose song told endless bliss
That Death had no command on.
But oh, oh!
'Twas by the sea, the sea-king's child made fast
Her hold upon me.

. . . . . .

She knew the gods,
She said, but not their ways to men. *It was*
A riddle whose dark answer failed to come;
We, driving on in blindness. 'Twas not right

To blame the gods for this; they must, she said,
Have joys as men have, some in loving, some
In slaying. Logi laughed at evil wrought;
Baldur, the Beautiful, both loved and smiled,
But the All-Father's face no man did know,
So far his shoulders rose above the skies;
And if his eyelids ever oped or closed
In pity or in joy, they knew not sure.
Once, rapt thus, gazing out upon the moon
Just raising her full shield above the sea,
The trembling silver pathway at our feet
Breaking in silver melody, she laughed.
And, turning, twined her arms about my neck,
Looked a short instant in my face, and said—
'I'll tell it thee. Thou art my love and I
Am thine. Is't so?'
For answer I but kissed her
Upon the brow.
'It is a dream I'll tell,
And dreams are kisses from the gods.'" *

At last Mâlmôrda beholds Asculp, and a glorious Homeric duel begins in which the Irish king is victor. After his victory he spares enough of the Danes to bear away the body of the dead Viking to the sea, though his followers fret at what seems to them a strained courtesy and an ill-advised mercy. This battle between the Irish and the Norsemen took place towards sunset, and here occur some of the finest descriptive strokes of the poem — points where the scenery seems to overflow with suggestion or prophecy of the doom that beckons Mâlmôrda.

Wild storms the battle 'twixt the mount and sea,
Its fury growing as the shadows fall,
Its red tides pouring as the red sky pales,
Its clamor rising with the deepening eve,
As though Death, thundering adown the steep,
Were racing Night to win a gloomy goal.

Mâlmôrda in the pause after the final struggle turns to his faithful Angus, whose heart is so sore over the sparing of the hated Danes, and so heavy with a keen foreboding of the near future, that he can hardly do more than look

Half anger and half pity at the Chief,
As though he would not ruffle further now
A pool of doom whose sombre depths still slept.
But which within the hour would sure reveal
Its ghastliness — how ghastly who could tell?

Mâlmôrda, impatient for the crowning glory of his life — the chance to fold Torcala in his arms and tell her that the last and only bar to their union has been broken and that the Church can now make her his wife — will not wait for the day to begin his journey.

* Pleasantly suggestive or reminiscent, perhaps, of Homer's sayings:
"Prayers are the daughters of God."
"A Dream is from God."

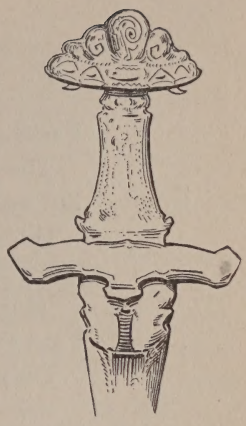
A LONELY LAKE AMID THE MOUNTAINS.

He gazes on the sea below that spreads
Its plain of pulsing shadow to the far
Faint promontory lifting up its head
And crowned with stars. He seems to hear the roll
Of waves, and then the woman's image comes
Before his mind, moonlit and beautiful,
Clothed but in jewelled glories of the sea,
And "Torcala," the stars say, "Torcala."
He smiles, then eyes the mountains, whose dark slopes
Rise up in frowning purple, pile on pile,
Against the sky, save at the pinnacle

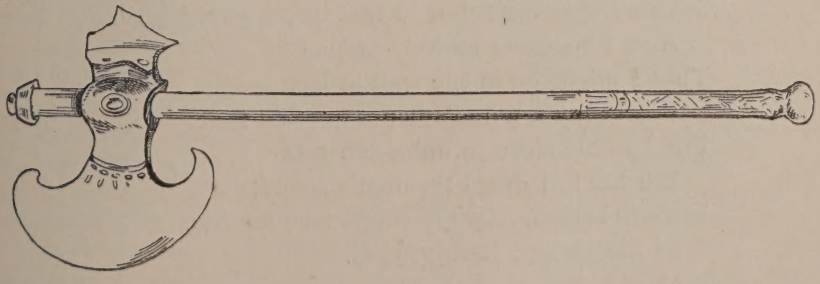
Of Golden Spear, on whose sharp crest there gleams
A hue of rose.
"The sun still gilds thy point,
Brave Golden Spear," he cries, "ling'ring to see
Our chastisement upon the Gall."
"Too long
The sun has set for yon red gleam to come
From him," grim Angus, glooming, answers.

But Mâlmôrda gives no credit to this hint. Alone, for his followers are dead tired with their battle, the king sets forth to reach that bower in the far hills which he had built for Torcala. Foreshadows of evil beset his path, but he will not believe their message. At last he comes upon the woods afire, smouldering and horrible, and as he nears the spot the body of the brother of that poet whom he slew, and then other bodies, confront him and at last that of Torcala with the dagger of Asculp plunged in her beautiful bosom. What more striking example of the wages of sin could be given than the poet here shows? Mâlmôrda loses in this world the prize for which he had so deeply sinned. He loses still more, for faith and mind desert him and in his madness he breaks his dagger in his broken heart.

I have thus outlined faintly, poorly indeed, the story of this poem. Simple as the drama of it is, the vista is remarkably rich. The passion of this ancient Irish king is full of pictures. Touching this point Mr. Clarke's volume is very daintily illustrated with Danish ships and antique Irish weapons, some of which



illustrations, through the courtesy of the Putnams, I am permitted to use in this article; but far more than that kind of illustration might easily be evolved from such a poem. It is full of the glow and glory of primitive life and of that daedal color which flooded the world at the dawn of love and which floods it still. Ah, if painters now and then would only dare to risk ridicule and paint with the eyes of poets! Such works as Mâlmôrda are not only delightful in themselves, but they suggest so much more. They teem with inspiration for others.



A DAY-DREAM.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

FROM a high cathedral tower to-day
The bells full sweetly rang,
But my thoughts to my own land flew away
With a sudden, homesick pang,
Till a girl again I quickly trod
'Mid the flowers and scented grass
That thickly grew, as the gifts of God,
On my way to early Mass.

There was dew on the fragrant meadow sweet,
And the larks were chanting high,
And the grasshoppers skipped close to my feet,
And the bees went buzzing by,
And the river sang as it flowed along
To the lilies tall and white,
In a plaintive mood the old, old song
That I hear in my dreams at night.

And I heard the neighbors' kindly words
As they came by mead and dell,
And the sudden flutter of leaf-hid birds,
And the sound of the chapel bell;
And a hand long dust in the churchyard mould
Pressed the ringlets from my brow,
As I passed that churchyard gray and old,
Where my mother slumbers now.

And my eyes were dim as that day-dream passed,
And I bent and humbly prayed
That I might lie in the spot at last
Where my kindred's bones are laid;
For I would sleep in unbroken rest
Till the last dread trumpet's sound,
With the shamrocks growing above my breast,
In the blessed Irish ground.

TRUE SOLUTION OF THE WOMAN QUESTION.

BY MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

THE increase of responsibility which modern usage has placed upon woman, in admitting her to a share in broader interests; the habits of luxury which have crept into society, moving the poor girl to envy and unwholesome longing of the gauds of her richer sister; the consequent growth of temptation, unhappiness and evil in every-day life, are points evident to every student of human nature. How to utilize to the uttermost this enlargement of her sphere of action, while strengthening and preserving her from unwholesome results, is one of the most serious queries before the present generation.

The changes which have crept into the conditions of social life during the last fifty years are so overwhelming as to have overthrown in many instances the standards by which it was customary to reckon values. Sometimes by degrees so insidious as to be imperceptible, sometimes by upheaval so sweeping that it becomes revolution, they have succeeded in turning the course of circumstance into such strange channels, that the old bridges of thought or conduct can no longer span the current. Questions which used to answer themselves have been thrust into such prominence that they agitate nations; issues that slept in modest obscurity are become of vital interest; hitherto unknown subjects of debate and speculation have arisen like Banquo's ghost to threaten our ordinary quiet.

Among the rest, this problem of the Women has come up for solution — a problem which under the old conditions scarce needed to be stated, but which bristles with as many difficulties under the new regime as if the modern Eve had but just eaten the bitter fruit of the tree of knowledge. Woman — her rights, her wrongs, her duties, her privileges, her strength, her weakness — has as many opposing forces arrayed against settlement as Capitol and Labor. Since she was drawn from the peaceful seclusion of her former lot into participation in the active work of the world, a thousand rules have been laid down for her guidance. She has been placed not only side by side with man in the ranks of what the French call "the Struggle for Lifers"; she has actually been pushed before him, and expected to bear the battle's brunt as well as the better trained and stronger soldier. Partly by her own desire — but partly too in spite of herself — she has been forced into competition with him and compelled neither to ask nor receive favors. She has not as yet grown wholly used to the position; she is not sure of herself, and others share in the doubt. The result is painful for the time being; she has lost some of the old show of reverence which clung about the name of mother, daughter and wife; while she has not yet wholly succeeded in commanding respect and honor as a workman. The question arises as

to how she can best regain the one, and accomplish the other.

In the first ardor of emancipation from the thraldom of her former position — a thraldom often more apparent than real, but which has been made the most of by the ultra reformers of both sexes — the danger has come to pass which always waits upon change. From believing that the only legitimate place of woman was the household, and her only respectable aim matrimony, she has been led to consider both these conditions as follies, if not faults. One is expected to excuse as a weakness that shares somewhat the character of a blemish, the hallucination which can deliberately choose such homely and quiet paths instead of broader fields for energy. To a certain degree the dissatisfaction is valid.

Marriage not a Choice of Evils

The girl of the present day has a right to such training as shall make her self-supporting, self-reliant, rid of that haunting fear of the future which obliged her to seek marriage as a necessity, and often made her ready to submit inclination, feeling and principle to the wretchedness of union without congeniality or respect. For the sake of food and raiment, no one should ever be forced or induced to accept so many chances of unhappiness, through want of power to gain honorable and honest livelihood. Some one thing the woman should be taught to do so well as to be sure of success. It matters little enough what that thing may be. Writing a poem or making a loaf of bread, stitching or printing, building or baking — if she is competent in any line she need not fear the future. And that she be enabled to acquire this accurate knowledge, the world is making generous provision of instruction. Higher intellectual education welcomes her at the open door of the college; the clinics of the hospital ward and professional school offer the same preparation they give her brother; the best wisdom of the nation is devising ways and means for numberless varieties of practical manual training, and experimenting in methods of teaching sound knowledge. Since she has been called to enter the lists with man, on equal terms, it follows as matter of course that she must be prepared with the same thoroughness. So, from the most severe special courses of the great universities, to the handling of tools, the work of the office, the shop, the field, or the fireside, there is no position now so public or so private as that she cannot educate herself to fill it worthily.

Four Hundred Occupations Open.

At the recent international Congress of Women, it was stated that some four hundred occupations are now open to her choice; and that in most of those she had already achieved distinct success. On that occasion there were gathered together women who had taken up work that men had brought to the brink of failure, and carried it back to permanent success. There was the president of a railway company, who had rescued its stockholders from ruin; the manager of a bank, who was paying dividends upon stock that formerly trembled on the brink of bankruptcy; editors of magazines and newspapers, who had snatched astonishing prosperity from conditions of the barest poverty. There were some who had won affluence in the hardships of frontier life and who personally superintended the management of great Western farms; others who were successful in manufacture, in invention, in end-

less varieties of new ways or adaptations of old methods; doctors, lawyers, merchants, preachers, agents in land, brokers — representatives of almost every form of occupation for mind or body that is known to modern civilization. The opportunities of material preparation must therefore be assumed to rest upon a sufficiently sound basis.

But how has this same world arranged for safeguards in another direction? With this greatly extended plane for the exercise of her powers and privileges, have come corresponding dangers. There are temptations, trials, penalties, chances of unhappiness which were unknown before. The environing circumstances which used to hold her apart — unhealthy for her perhaps, and wearying; waiting her deliverer like Mariana in the Moated Grange — at least were free from many disturbing elements. If she held the inferior position of the child or the dependent, she had also to a certain extent the child's immunity and protection from injury. But to-day she must learn to stand alone, fighting her own battles, forcing her own way, receiving the slings and arrows of fortune, as well as its favors, in her own person.

Where Philanthropy is Inadequate.

Tortured by the unrest, the ambition, the tremendous strain of eager competition that she sees around her, there is no shield before her breast to shelter or to make her strong. She finds herself face to face with a host of enticing allurements, of strange seductive pleasures. She is invited into pleasant paths leading through flowery border lands of indulgence, if she will only forget a little the stern whisper of conscience which bids beware. The very qualities which are the charm of her sex, are so many snares to lead astray — her delight in things beautiful and dainty; her capacity for hero-worship; her inability to calculate consequences; her desire to believe in what is kindly; her trust to instinct rather than reason in coming to conclusions. Equipped thus by nature, morally and mentally, what has she to oppose to the seductions and insincerity she finds about her? How is she to keep herself pure, happy, wholesome, in the corrupt atmosphere which vitiates the world of active life? It is an awful fact that in spite of the heroic efforts of philanthropy, in spite of the splendid and successful work of woman's clubs and societies for mutual improvement, the pitfalls in the way of virtuous living are increasing year by year and the strength or the desire to avoid them, weakening. Women fall more readily into the baneful love of dress and ease. The sharp, hard struggle for daily bread in the beginning leaves them more often enfeebled and pliant when temptation suggests the easy steps which lead merrily down to death. Young girls look with wonder and delight at a gown or a jewel which should be a danger signal to virtue when seen upon the person of a companion of their own class. They are ready to listen without horror to the story of its acquirement, to desire its possession for themselves. Young women allow themselves to become infatuated with the glamour and froth of those frivolous "good times" that make the boast of others. Young wives — O saddest and harshest story of all! — hearken to the voice of the tempter suggesting ways and means to avoid cares, to live without responsibility, to surround themselves with the deadly idleness of boarding-house or lodging-room rather than the cheery toil of the little home where

they may be "the joyful mothers of children." In one way or another the physician, the confessor, the humanitarian, is made to know that such cases are becoming more frequent and the abhorrence with which they are regarded, less powerful. Whence is the saving grace to come that will maintain the equilibrium of pure lives and honest hearts?

The Saving Shield of the Church.

It is remarkable that it should never have occurred to the philanthropist to consider the utility of practical Catholicity in this regard and the safeguards which obedience to the Church places within easy reach. It is quite true that any sincere religious belief is a shield and stronghold; but the minute and tender foresight, the unceasing watchfulness, the constant appeal to affectionate remembrance with which the Mother Church guides and holds her children, surpass the others as substance does shadow, or the spoken word its echo. Looking at it merely from the material point of view as a means of insuring righteousness, content and happiness, with what tremendous power does she clothe the individual woman for the struggle of modern life. How she smooths the way for discerning between legitimate freedom of thought or act and illegitimate license. How she forces one to question motives, to tear disguise from the face of conscience, to live so in the habit of small self-denials that when the need for greater effort comes the trained soul responds to the call, as the trained athlete bears the brunt of the race which overcomes the novice. The girl who has been taught from childhood to submit to moral restraint, not from fear, but from duty; to recognize that reverence and obedience are as absolute quantities in education as writing or arithmetic; to "make an act" and give up for God's sake some poor passing gratification of appetite or desire, is more apt to be strong and generous than she who has grown up ignorant of this reserve force in her nature. She knows already some of the happiness of renunciation.

Reminders of Love and Duty.

The obligation which makes the hearing of Mass imperative at least once a week; the silent moment of prayer in the morning before her crucifix; the touch of the blessed medal about her neck or the rosary in her pocket; the consciousness of the waiting Presence that bows her head in reverence as she passes the door of the church — all serve to keep her moral perceptions alive and watchful. Through every hour of the busy day in shop or workroom, amid pleasure or business, these practical helps are near to repel any advance against virtue and to quicken every impulse of good.

The woman who has learned to submit her doubts and difficulties to the wise judgment of inspired authority, knows beforehand where to turn for help. She need never feel the isolation and perplexity of those who most solve their problems unaided. Even from no higher standpoint than this, what a divine instrument confession becomes, when it can bring such powerful help to aid human weakness. How many an allurement to sin or folly has been banished by the ever-present conviction that it must be acknowledged, repented of and atoned for, before peace can return to the soul.

Small wonder if Catholics are sometimes tempted to question the

reasoning power of reformers, who, conscious of the evil forces in the way of pure and noble life among women, and conscious, too, of their inability to cope with those influences, still condemn or ignore the practices of the Church as means of combating the evil. Next to them in mental blindness come the women themselves, who draw no conclusion from what is so evident about them.

Motherhood a Welcomed Boon.

There are, alas! too many weaknesses into which thoughtlessness and opportunity lead one class as well as the other. But still there is to be seen almost without exception among practical Catholics, young wives content and happy, welcoming from the very outset of married life, the blessed company of the little ones who are to guard them as do their angels in heaven; proud like Cornelia of their jewels; gladly accepting comparative poverty and endless care; while their sisters outside the Church buy the right to idleness and personal adorning, at the expense of the childless homes which are a disgrace and menace to the nation. There is the honor and purity of the fireside respected; the overpowering sweetness and strength of family ties acknowledged; the reverential love that waits upon the father and mother shown. There are sensitive and refined women bearing sorrow with resignation and hardship without rebellion; combating pain with patience and fulfilling harsh duty without complaint. In a tremendous overproportion to those who attempt to live outside its helpfulness, and in exact ratio to their practical devotion to the observances of the Church, they find power of resisting temptation in spite of poverty, and overcoming impulse by principle. Can the world afford to ignore an agency by which so much is accomplished?

Heaven's Eternal Rewards.

So much for the practical side, which is the moral that particularly needs pointing at this moment. Of the spiritual amplitude and sustaining which the Church gives there is little need to speak. Only a woman can know what Faith means in the existence of women. The uplift which she needs in moments of great trial; the sustaining power to bear the constant harassment of petty worries; the outlet for emotions which otherwise choke the springs, the tonic of prayer and belief; the assurance of a force sufficiently divine and eternal to satisfy the cravings of human longing — what but this is to make life worth living for her? And where else, in these days of scepticism, is she to find such immortal dower? It is a commentary upon worldly wisdom, that it has attempted to ignore this necessity, and left woman under the increased pressure of her new obligations, to rely solely upon such frail reeds as human respect and conventional morality. She needs the inspiration of profound conviction and practical piety a hundred fold more than ever before. The woman of the old time, secluded within the limits of the household, surrounded by the material safeguard of custom, might lead an untroubled existence even if devotion and faith were not vital principles with her. The woman of to-day harassed, beset, tempted, driven by necessity, drawn this way and that by bad advice and worse example, is attempting a hopeless task when she tries the same experiment.

Mary Elizabeth Blake

A SHADOW IN MID-AIR.

THE POSSIBLE FUTURE.

THE Washington Monument cast its long shadow like a prophetic finger toward the White House.

As I gazed upward along its misty line, my fancy spanned the centuries. I stood upon a plain strewn with broken columns and entablature. Dark-skinned men were excavating. As the accumulations were removed from the marble blocks, those learned in archæology studied them intently.

According to tradition, an ancient, powerful people erected upon this spot a monument to its founder — "Washington, the father of his country." The most learned rejected it as a myth like those by which a primitive people preserve accounts of its origin. The theory that he was a great ruler and built a famous city here had supporters, while others insisted that he was a tutelary god — hence the monument. But the majority believed the monument to have been a fortress bearing the name of the city it defended.

The debris is cleared away and discloses a chamber formed by the standing walls of the base, from a view of which the workers fall back awe-stricken. It is filled with crumbling human skeletons. As the fresh air penetrates the chamber, the remaining vestiges of the tragedy crumble to dust, but the wise men secure enough *crania* to assert positively that they belong to a race of high culture and intellect.

The oldest tradition is verified. It runs that in the remote past there occurred a mighty political catastrophe — a race war. The conflict culminated in the Capital, and thousands of its best citizens took refuge in the monument, holding it as an impregnable fortress until it was demolished by dynamite. They were buried in the ruins.

This was the tragic end of white supremacy and marked the ascendancy of the inferior race. Hazy tradition had now become authentic history.

The watchman's voice at my shoulder assured me the monument was in perfect plumb. I stepped into the nineteenth-century sunlight, glad it was only a fancy.

—JOSEPH STEWART in Short Stories.

THE worth of personal character is the only just standard of a man. Since we can all lay claim to descent from Adam, gentle birth, so-called, carries with it no more exceptional passport to consideration than individual merit entitles one to receive, and to be "well-born" is but an additional responsibility that makes one's shortcomings all the more reprehensible and inexcusable. As it is with the legacy of birth, so it is with the possession of wealth. Neither confer any more rightful distinction upon the individual than would be his without the bolstering of either. A man must be something more than a mere "pensioner upon the dead" or a piece of accidentally gilded anatomy — in a word, he must be a man.

THE PEERS AND THE HOME RULE BILL.

BY THOMAS C. QUINN.

THE fate of the Home Rule Bill is practically settled so far as the House of Commons is concerned. It will pass that body by a substantial majority of from forty to fifty, possibly sixty votes, according to the numerical fulness of the House at the time the division is taken, and the final determination of about a dozen members whose position, at the time this article is written, is still uncertain. Then it goes to the House of Lords. The next practical question, therefore, is, What will the Lords do with it?

There can be no doubt whatever that, under the leadership of the Marquis of Salisbury and his nephew, the cynical Balfour, a most strenuous effort is to be made to create such an apparent popular clamor out of doors against Mr. Gladstone's bill as will justify the House of Lords in rejecting it. Ulster is to be inflamed by appeals to her Orangemen, and wherever in England or Scotland the old flame of Protestant fanaticism and bigotry will pay for the fanning, it is to be fanned for the next few weeks as it never has been fanned before since the disgraceful days of the riots led by Lord George Gordon. We may as well look the situation squarely in the face and admit that this appeal to old religious animosities is not unlikely to evoke enough apparent antagonism in England — the Ulster hysterics alone would not count for much — to give the Lords a plausible excuse for throwing out the bill, which all the world knows is what they would like to do. Shrewd political prophets are already predicting that this will be the case and that early next fall, as a result of the rejection of the pending measure by the peers, there will be another general election. If that turns out to be a correct forecast the future destiny of Ireland, so far as it can be controlled by English policy and legislation, will be settled by a last appeal to the English, Scottish and Welsh electors about five months hence. Irishmen at home, Irishmen in Great Britain and men of Irish birth and blood the world over, must be preparing for this final and supreme endeavor to secure the boon of self-government for the dear old land of saints, patriots and martyrs, and rekindle the fires of her national life, extinguished nearly a century ago by the so-called Act of Union.

The Lords Must Yield.

If another general election returns the same verdict, either with equal or greater emphasis, which was given at the general election of 1892, the cause of Home Rule is won; for all the conditions of the case unite with all the modern parliamentary precedents to make it certain that on the second demand of the people the Lords must yield. And it is morally certain that, if a second appeal is taken to the electors and results in creating a second and larger majority for Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons, the peers would not dare to again reject Home Rule, even though it

should be granted on more thorough and radical lines than those on which the measure now before Parliament is framed.

It is one of the accepted axioms of modern parliamentary government that the House of Lords must eventually give way before a majority of the House of Commons. But there is considerable doubt and controversy as to the exact conditions and circumstances under which the peers must cease their opposition to a bill sent to them from the popular house. For over fifty years past there has been a constant succession of ministries which did not command the support of the House of Lords, but which nevertheless have carried on the government and passed great measures, radically changing the policy of the country, without encountering any effective opposition from the peers. In theory the House of Lords is a coördinate and equal branch of the government. In practice it never initiates important measures, but confines itself to amending and revising and occasionally rejecting bills sent up to it from the Commons. There is no written law on the subject, but the unwritten custom, which has the force of law, is that while it may reject an important bill sent to it by the Commons once certainly, twice possibly, it must never do so for the third time. It is true that between 1834 and 1840 the House of Lords, under the leadership of Lord Lyndhurst, repeatedly rejected many ministerial measures which had been carried in the Commons by substantial majorities. The bill which removed the civil disabilities of the Jews, for instance, was so many times rejected by the Upper House. But the reason why it was able to do so was that on such questions the majority sentiment of the nation had not been expressed with enough clearness and emphasis to make it certain that the ministry of the day had authority from the people to apply coercion to the Lords. Upon no occasion within the present century when the will of the electors has been unmistakably expressed in favor of the passage of a certain law, have the peers ventured to do anything more than reject it once and soon afterwards surrender at discretion. Thus in 1832 the House of Lords was stubbornly opposed to the passage of the great Reform Bill of that year, the first extensive broadening of the suffrage, and a constitutional method of overcoming their opposition was found which will, no doubt, be used again in compelling their acceptance of Home Rule for Ireland in case it becomes necessary. William IV. used the royal prerogative to create sixteen new peers and intimated his intention to create as many more as were required to swamp the anti-reform majority in the Upper House. Previous to that date, in 1711, Queen Anne had created twelve new peers in one batch for the same purpose of making a majority in the Lords, but her prerogative was exercised not against, but in favor of the Tories of her day. As a result of this action by Queen Anne and the agitation that grew out of it, the Dukes of Somerset and Buckingham introduced, in 1719, a bill providing that the sovereign should not increase the existing number of peers by more than six, although he might create a new peerage for every one which became extinct. Horace Walpole, who was the Premier of the day, violently opposed this bill and it was rejected by the Commons. If it had passed it would have taken away the only effective check that exists on

the obstinacy of the Upper House.

Some Historical Facts.

It is historically interesting to note the wide variation in the numbers of the House of Lords at different points in English history. In December, 1299, ninety-nine barons were summoned besides earls and spiritual peers. Under the Lancastrian Kings the ranks of the peerage were much thinned by the Wars of the Roses. In 1454 only fifty-three temporal peers were summoned and in 1485 (the first Parliament of Henry VII.), only twenty-nine. Under Henry VIII. we find as many as fifty-one temporal peers; in the same reign the number of spiritual peers was reduced to twenty-six, at which number it has ever since remained, except for the period during which the four Irish State Church bishops were added (1801–1869). Many creations were made by the Stuarts, by whom peerages were frequently sold. In February, 1649, the Commons voted that the House of Lords was "useless and dangerous, and ought to be abolished," and the peers did not meet again until the Restoration. In 1657 Cromwell, being authorized to create a new House of Lords, sent writs to sixty persons who met in the following year (January 10); the Commons, however, refused to recognize them, and this hybrid House of Peers was dissolved in February, 1658. In 1688 there were one hundred and fifty-eight peers, and during the reign of Anne, one hundred and sixty-eight. The lavish creation of peers by George III., drawn chiefly from the wealthy middle classes, introduced a new element into the Upper House, which thenceforward became the stronghold not so much of blood as of property. "Peerages were frequently given (especially at the instigation of Lord North and of Pitt) as political rewards and to strengthen the Court party; the number of peerages, including promotions, conferred during the third George's reign being three hundred and eighty-eight. The House of Lords to-day contains five princes of the blood, two archbishops, twenty-four bishops, twenty-two dukes, twenty marquises, one hundred and fourteen earls, twenty-eight viscounts, two hundred and eighty-eight barons, sixteen Scotch representative peers and twenty-eight Irish representative peers — a total membership of five hundred and forty-seven." I am quoting the official figures of 1890, since which date some slight changes may have occurred in the composition of the House, but none of importance.

There have been three great occasions during the reign of Victoria on which the uselessness of any attempt on the part of the House of Lords to withstand the demand of the people, once it was plainly and emphatically made, was demonstrated. The first of those historic instances, that of 1832, has already been referred to. The second occurred on the passage of the bill repealing the Corn Laws in 1846. Cobden and Bright had convinced the common people of England, and O'Connell had convinced those of Ireland, that the so-called protective duties levied on corn and food grains at all English and Irish ports was a bitter oppression of the general mass of consumers for the benefit of one favored class, the landlords and the farmers, which class was specially represented in and by the House of Lords. The Tories in the House of Commons stood up for the obnoxious duties on corn until the rising tide of popular hostility fairly swept them off their feet, and Sir Robert Peel, the Tory

Prime Minister of the day, yielded to the demand for their repeal. The House of Lords was interested to defeat the establishment of free trade in corn and food products as it never has been interested in anything since; to a degree that it certainly is not interested to-day to resist the granting of separate parliamentary government to Ireland. In 1846, the peers would certainly have rejected the bill sent to them by the Commons making the ports of the country free to American and Russian grains and cereals, if ever they dared to confront the Commons with a direct negative. The prosperity of the landed interest was distinctly at stake. The future of the farming interests in the three countries was threatened with irreparable injury; Benjamin Disraeli (afterwards called Lord Beaconsfield) and Lord George Bentinck had prophesied in Parliament and out of doors that the repeal of the corn duties would ruin the grain-raising industries of the United Kingdom, and the truth of history requires it to be said, in passing, that those dark prophecies have been completely fulfilled. Surely, then, the House of Lords, which has been not unfairly called the House of Landlords, would have stood up stoutly against the House of Commons on that issue, which touched its pocket through its rent rolls, if it could ever find courage to stand up at all.

Wellington's Sagacity.

The Duke of Wellington, who though not a great statesman was certainly not a coward, was at that time the leader of the House of Lords. But he felt the futility of pitting the Upper Chamber against the Commons in a square struggle for the supremacy of Parliament. He had the sagacity to see then, as he had seen before in 1832 when the first Reform Bill was threatened with defeat by the less discreet peers of that time, that it would be fatal to the influence of the Lords and possibly would put an end to their House, if they engaged in any such conflict with the popular branch of Parliament.

He wrote a very curious letter on the subject to the Earl of Derby (father of the present holder of that title), who soon after succeeded him as the recognized leader of the peers. He reminded the earl that when King William IV. had made his promise to create an indefinite number of peers in order to insure the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832 he (the Iron Duke) had persuaded a very large number of peers who were hostile to that measure to absent themselves from the House on the final division. "This course," said the Duke of Wellington, "gave at the time great dissatisfaction to the Tory party; notwithstanding that I believe it saved the existence of the House of Lords at the time and the Constitution of the country." Then, coming to the matter of the Corn Law crisis which was then imminent, the great Duke had this further to say: "Upon the important occasion and question now before the House I propose to endeavor to induce them to avoid to involve the country in the additional difficulties of a difference of opinion, possibly a dispute between the Houses, on a question in the decision of which it has been frequently asserted that their Lordships had a personal interest; which assertion, however false as affecting each of them personally, could not be denied as affecting the proprietors of land in general. I am aware of the difficulty, but I do not despair of carrying the bill through.

You must be the best judge of the course which you ought to take, and of the course most likely to conciliate the confidence of the House of Lords. My opinion is that you should advise the House to do that which would tend most to public order and would be most beneficial to the immediate interests of the country." In this way, under the tutelage of the Duke of Wellington, who was an unbending Tory in principle, but a sufficiently practical statesman to realize the inherent weakness of the Upper Chamber in any contest which it might provoke with the Commons, the House of Lords was transferred from its ancient status as a coördinate and equal branch of Parliament into what it is now admitted to be — simply a body possessing a temporary veto which it can use to delay for a short time, but never to finally defeat a measure that has received the sanction of the popular branch of the Legislature.

The Lords and Irish Disestablishment.

The third occasion on which the inability of the House of Lords to withstand the will of the people, once fairly and earnestly expressed, occurred in 1869. In that year Mr. Gladstone introduced the bill for the disestablishment and partial disendowment of the Irish State Church. The second reading of that measure was carried in the Commons by a majority of one hundred and eighteen votes. The late Earl of Derby, then the leader of the House of Lords, made a most impassioned resistance in that Chamber to the passage of the bill. Then, as now, the fanaticism of Ulster was aroused by a series of monster demonstrations, and wherever the anti-Catholic feeling was strong in England and Scotland there were similar efforts made to stir up an out-of-doors agitation against the bill and thereby stiffen the courage of the House of Lords to the point of defeating it.

In that situation of affairs the late John Bright wrote a public letter in which he used these remarkable words: "The Lords are not very wise, but there is sometimes profit to the people even in their innovations. If they should delay the passing of the Irish Church bill for three months, they will stimulate discussion on important questions which, but for their infatuation, might have slumbered for many years. It is possible that a good many people may ask, 'What is the special value of a constitution which gives a majority of one hundred in one House for a given policy and a majority of one hundred in another House against it?' It may be asked also why the Crown, through its ministers in the House of Commons, should be found in harmony with the nation, while the Lords are generally in direct opposition to it. Instead of doing a little childish tinkering about life peerages it would be well for the peers to bring themselves on a line with the opinions and necessities of our day. In harmony with the nation they may go on for a long time; but throwing themselves athwart its course they may meet with accidents not pleasant for them to think of." Those words are as pertinent to the situation of to-day as they were to that of 1869. Not less so were the warning words which Mr. Bright spoke in 1880, in addressing his constituents at Birmingham with regard to the then recent rejection by the Lords of the bill giving compensation to Irish tenants for improvements made upon their farms in case they were evicted. "If," said Mr. Bright, "I were particularly

anxious that the House of Lords should endure as long as the sun and the moon I should say it would be much better for it to have some regard for the interests and sufferings of the population of Ireland than to rush up in a crowd to reject a measure which those entrusted with the administration of the country declare, upon their authority and their conscience, to be necessary for the peace of the nation. . . . Force is not a remedy. There are times when it may be necessary and when its employment may be absolutely unavoidable; but for my part I should rather regard and discuss measures of relief as measures of remedy than measures of force, whose influence is only temporary and in the long run, I believe, is disastrous." The Tory party seems not to have learned much in the thirteen years that have passed since the deliverance of that memorable speech by Mr. Bright. They have not yet discovered that "force is not a remedy;" but appear still to be of the opinion that a mere paper union, resting on the sabres and pistols of the Royal Constabulary and the bayonets of the regular army, with the crowbar eviction brigade in the foreground, is preferable to a lasting peace between the two countries based upon a recognition of the right of Irishmen to rule their own country.

What will Salisbury advise?

If sufficiently encouraged by the demonstrations gotten up outside Parliament against Home Rule, it is just possible that the Lords will reject the pending bill. Lord Salisbury has on more than one recent occasion hinted his expectation that the Chamber of which he is now the acknowledged leader would take this course, and if he advises it to do so it will be done. The only point in doubt, therefore, as to the reception of the present measure in the House of Lords is the course Lord Salisbury will, on the whole, think it best to take. And it is more than probable that Lord Salisbury has not yet satisfied himself on that score. He understands as well as any man living the dangers of a collision between the popular house and the peers; he must know, as well as the Duke of Wellington knew in 1832 and 1846, that to provoke a direct trial of strength between the principle of representative government, as embodied in the Commons, and the principle of hereditary government, as embodied in the Lords, would be very likely to bring the hereditary house to a sudden and violent end.

The late Earl of Derby was a far more intense and passionate partisan than the Marquis of Salisbury; yet, when the Irish Church disestablishment crisis was reached, he did not dare to advise the peers, who only waited for his word to throw out the bill, to risk a duel to the death with the Commons. And he had all the temptations to do so that are now offered to Lord Salisbury, and more. Ulster Orangeism was more rampant then than now, and besides it was backed by the moral support of the clergy of the English Established Church. Rebellion was threatened at that time, not only from the platforms of Belfast, and the north of Ireland, but from those of monster open-air meetings in London, Liverpool, and other English cities. The Queen was informed in 1869, in formal resolutions adopted by enormous English gatherings, reported to number from ten thousand to thirty thousand persons, that she would violate her coronation oath and herself be guilty of treason to the Con-

stitution she had sworn to defend, if she ever affixed her royal signature to the bill disestablishing the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ireland. Yet, in view of all this, inveterate Tory and pugnacious leader that he was — "the Rupert of debate" they called him, because of his fiery and impassioned declamations — the late Earl of Derby, when the time came to counsel his fellow-peers to resist or compromise with the Commons, bade them to make the best terms they could for the doomed Church and avoid a contest.

Danger of Compromise.

The more cautious and temperate Lord Salisbury will hardly step into the "imminent, deadly breach" in 1893 from which "the Rupert of debate" shrank in 1869, just as the cool and intrepid Iron Duke had shrunk in 1846 and 1832. It is, of course, possible that, if by strategy in the popular house the majority for the Home Rule bill can be cut down to a smaller figure than now seems probable, say as low as twenty-five votes, and if, besides, the outdoor demonstrations can be made to appear unexpectedly strong in numbers and earnest in tone, Lord Salisbury may "screw his courage to the sticking point," and advise the peers to throw out the bill once and abide the result of another general election. But it is more likely — and it would be more characteristic of the man, who is a diplomatic rather than a combative statesman, a skilful negotiator rather than a strong popular leader — that he will counsel the Lords to repeat their tactics of 1869 in dealing with the Irish Church bill, and get the best terms they can for their friends the Irish landlords, the Ulster Orangemen, the Royal Constabulary, and the other Tory interests affected by the Home Rule bill.

The friends of Ireland, then, have most to fear, not from a direct challenge of the bill as a whole by the House of Lords, but from a well-directed attempt to mutilate and disfigure it on the part of the peers, guided by Lord Salisbury, who is a master of the art of parliamentary emasculation under the guise of amendments. It would be better, far better for Ireland that the Lords should throw the bill out bodily, and precipitate another general election, than that they should accept it on condition that they are allowed to amend it and reduce its concessions to a minimum. A second general election would almost to a certainty result disastrously for them and send the bill back to them next winter, or earlier, with a majority so much larger that they would not dare to offer any further opposition to it. But if they offer to pass the present bill provided they may pare it down, and whittle away its value to the vanishing point, and Mr. Gladstone — who, it must be remembered, is so old that he may naturally shrink from the delay as well as the tremendous work of another election campaign — should consent to negotiate with them for a compromise, Ireland may find herself once more put off with an instalment of justice only, instead of the final settlement for which she has so long hoped and struggled. The Irish cause is in no danger from the stubborn resistance of the House of Lords. If the Home Rule bill is seriously damaged by England's hereditary legislators it will be through the compromises of committee rooms and the dickerings of joint conferences, not by an open, stand-up fight between the peers and the people.

TREASURES IN OUR TRUST.

BY REV. MORTIMER EDWARD TWOMEY.

"A sound body is better than immense revenues."
—*Eccli.* 30, 15.

MAN is a proud creature. With head erect, with eyes forward, he walks the earth, its master. God fashioned him — the soul to the Divine image and likeness, the body from red earth.

Look upon the superb being as he walks forth in the noontide of his glory. His carriage, his action, his attitude mark him as a king. The speaking lip, the seeing eye bring forth his soul. His hand is ready for work. Nobility of origin, nobility of destiny are stamped upon his appearance, are revealed in his repose as in his movement.

From the beginning he has been alike the object of admiration and of envy. God looked upon him and was well pleased; the demon, and desire for man's destruction filled him. Envy brought ruin to his soul, and toil, and fatigue, and sickness and death to his body. To provide for the soul, to provide for the body are imperative duties; the care of both a necessity.

The mother with tenderest love watches over the health and development of her infant, the boy roams joyous and free in the exuberance of his animal nature; the young man if he be wise, governs the body, and if he be unwise, allows the body to govern him; while the man of maturer years reaps the fruit of all the cares or the negligences, the wisdom or the follies of the days that are gone. The young man who is wise governs the body. He begins with the understanding that "he who conquers himself is greater than he who takes cities," and finding his body in rebellion against the spirit, he sets it to do its own proper work developing its resources and manifesting "character as well as strength in muscle." He trains it, he educates it, he studies under the light of experience, and under the discipline of old and new teachings, its power and its duties. And certainly now if ever he has at close command, unlimited knowledge and varied means for all this.

He has learned the admiration of the world through all its ages for strength, for physical virtue, and he can profit by the skill of Greece, the endurance of Rome, the ingenuity of to-day. He believes "there is no riches above the riches of the health of the body," and to the acquirement and the preservation of that health, he bends his best endeavors. And as indications of this are the gymnasium and the athletic clubs everywhere being formed in our centres of population.

International yachting contests, world-renowned records on the wheel, or the skates, leaping, vaulting, running, base-ball amusements, games, exercises of all kinds, indoor, out of door, going beyond the domains of the young man into the vaults of the staid, conservative man of business,

and awakening in even the young woman of the day an eager desire for physical culture — all these as means to health, indicate the high value that is placed upon a sound and vigorous constitution.

Nor is it only in the interests of self that this desire should possess the young man. As a component part of that great body called the nation, he must remember that,—

> A nation's boast is a nation's bone
> As well as its might of mind,

and

> The men of the future reign
> Must have faithful souls and kindly hearts
> And bone, and sinew, and brain.

He looks forward to the still grander evolution of this Republic, and in return for all its benefits to him, he must prepare to render to his country his best services, not only of mind and heart, but of body also. The idea of patriotism should ever hold a front rank in his life. An enthusiasm for his country, that it may be true to the grand spirit of its constitution and its founders, that it may become the real influential leader of the nation in all that makes a nation truly great; a noble pride in its past achievements, a strong ambition for future glories, are his birthright.

The mind, if you will, is the great worker, but the mind dwells within a vessel of clay, and the old Latin maxim is ever true: "A healthy mind in a healthy body." From time to time, indeed, a man of frail frame like St. Paul astonishes us by the rapidity, the extent, the vastness of his toil, or one in broken health, like Walter Scott, in the ability to still labor on. But the vigor of a healthy constitution is generally required for work, and the careful attention to the laws of health, and the studious avoidance of excess, enable Gladstone at eighty-four to address the House of Commons for hours in advocacy of justice to Ireland, and Leo XIII. at eighty-three to bear the extraordinary fatigues of his Golden Jubilee.

The men who fought at Bunker Hill suffered at Valley Forge, and conquered at Yorktown; the men who fought so bravely in the war of '61 were of sturdy strength, "steady of heart and stout of hand." And though, please God, he may never be called to imitate their bravery, his country has the right to demand that the young man of to-day while maintaining the strength to do the works of peace, hold himself in power against the day of war, and that, in all events, he serve well his land, and dying, leave behind him in his offspring, what his own good ancestors gave to him, vigor, energy, power of body.

And if we rise above these considerations, good and ennobling as they are, to the highest and noblest of all, we are impressed with the word of religion concerning the dignity and care of the body. Language such as St. Paul finds readiest to the pen may well give us pause: "Know you not," he says to the Corinthians, "that your bodies are the members of Christ . . . that your members are temples of the Holy Ghost?" "Glorify and bear God in your body," is his exhortation; "that the life of Jesus may be manifested in our bodies" is his desire. And the promise he offers in addressing the Philippians is surely grand enough to make even the most indolent anxious to strive for victory: God," he says, "will reform the body of our lowness conformed to the body of His brightness."

We look up to our leaders and the

more happily and the more proudly submit to their leadership, where their physical qualities match those of head and heart. Turn it as we will, we do admire manly beauty and strength, and the courage that this latter implies. We have an ever-ready sympathy for those to whom nature has denied a sturdy frame; we have respect and honor for those who have sacrificed health for duty or for love, but who shall define the spirit that actuates us, the unholy feeling that surges within us, at the contemplation of a young man who bears upon his features the stamp of a wasted, wicked life, and whose yielding, weakened limbs will scarcely support him till he totters to his early grave!

Exaggeration is always a danger. The golden mean furnishes always the truth. To consider our bodies as a sacred trust, to treat them with respect, to provide for their needs, to expose them not heedlessly to danger, or when we must, "out of the nettle, danger, pluck the flower, safety," to hold them as the companions of our immortal souls, as temples of the Holy Ghost destined for the glory of the Resurrection, to take more care of our souls than of our bodies, but still to take an honest, patient, intelligent care of our bodies, is the teaching of reason and of religion.

SOAKED.

THE last bell has rung for the departure of the pride of the road. The passengers have bid a last good-by and yet the train stands motionless. The train-master comes running with his last orders and a hurried imprecation to start, but still the engine stands, for Bill, the fireman, is not on board.

"If he's not here in ten seconds another man takes his place," yells the train-master and two sturdy men leave the freight engine on the side tracks and stand waiting orders.

Half the time has elapsed when Bill runs out from the shadows and clambering up over the tender opens the back tank lids, while the train glides out a minute and a half late.

On the front end of the baggage car crouch two muffled figures — two passengers who never pay.

Faster and faster, out of the city and away speeds the train, the engineer's eyes fastened on the shining rails that reach out like gleaming snakes, Bill raking and shovelling until the glowing furnace fairly roars.

Suddenly straight away in the centre of the track shines a narrow glistening band. Its watery surface glitters with the reflection from the two signal lamps that tell of safety.

Bill drops the scoop with the lever at his side and the express is taking water.

Up, up it rises until the tank is filled, and from the rear ports rushes a stream like a cataract, while back over the train floats a spray like that from a miller's wheel.

At last the trip is ended, the train has come in on time and no sound is heard but the sobbing of the engine, when two dripping apparitions limp from behind the monster and a husky voice wheezes out to the engineer:

"Say, cap, do you always run through that lake?"

Bill laughs and says:

"Tramps, Jim! I seen 'em in the depot."

— JOHN L. GIVEN in Short Stories.

IN AMERICAN STUDIOS.

I. H. CALIGA.

BY HENRY AUSTIN.

THERE used to be in Boston a quaint French restaurant called Marliave's, back of the old Boylston Market. There is an eating place that still wears the name in another location and the dinners may be better than in days of yore, but the company, except on rare occasions, lacks the olden flavor, the careless stamp of greatness or of grace.

There twenty years ago Boyle O'Reilly, Sir Randall Roberts, and even men more famous, such as Lowell, often exchanged ideas or cheerful badinage with men like Hunt or Waterman, noted in quieter fields of art. How the sparks used to fly sometimes from noon till noon of night at the friction of such minds! Some who came to listen and look on, look back on those days as the brightest of their lives.

Among those who tried to get a seat near those glad gladiators of queer gastronomy, where the rabbit stewed in port was under a suspicion of being closely related to the Parisian "rabbit of the roofs," was a young clerk of German extraction, named I. H. Stiefel. What interested him most was the frequent talk on painting and pictures, and when Marcus Waterman happened to hold forth, this lad of sixteen listened with profound attention — "the rapt soul sitting in his eyes" and ears. He did not like business and he did like making copies of the pretty labels on goods in his brother-in-law's store. One day, mustering up courage, he came up to Waterman in Marliave's, and laid before that artist's kindly and discerning eyes a bunch of grapes. The great colorist smiled on the lad and said: "Those grapes are not half-bad. You must keep on." Caliga still feels that those simple words admitted him into the Brotherhood, and to-day he affirms in his quiet, earnest way: "You know as a painter I owe a great debt to Waterman. I wouldn't have been where I am to-day, if it hadn't been for him." The youth left the restaurant like a new edition of the old god, Mercury, with wings added to his sandals. Caliga, the Latin for "sandal," by the by, was the art-name into which after a while he translated his German patronymic Stiefel, which in German, I believe, means literally "boot." Elated with this endorsement, young Stiefel began to neglect his commercial duties and thus incurred the anger of his employer. A quarrel ensued. He left Boston for New York, obtained a clerkship there and in his leisure took lessons from an old Spanish portrait painter, named Cavalho. All that this man taught him he had to unlearn afterward.

While in New York he painted a head of William Cullen Bryant, the poet, and editor of the New York Post. The poet probably never knew that his majestic face had thus been

stolen by a vagrant lad ambitious to be an artist, and this picture would

I. H. CALIGA.

now be regarded probably by its painter as a great curiosity. But it served its turn, and thereby hangs a moral and a joke. Young Stiefel's former employer and relative in Boston, anxious to save him from the dangerous embrace of Art, and give him one more chance to become a staid and (commercially) valuable citizen, made him an offer that to most young men of his age would have been a dazzling temptation — a large salary and a speedy interest in the business, if he would abandon paint. He did hesitate, but not for the monetary consideration. Going to an old business friend of his father in New York, he laid the case before him.

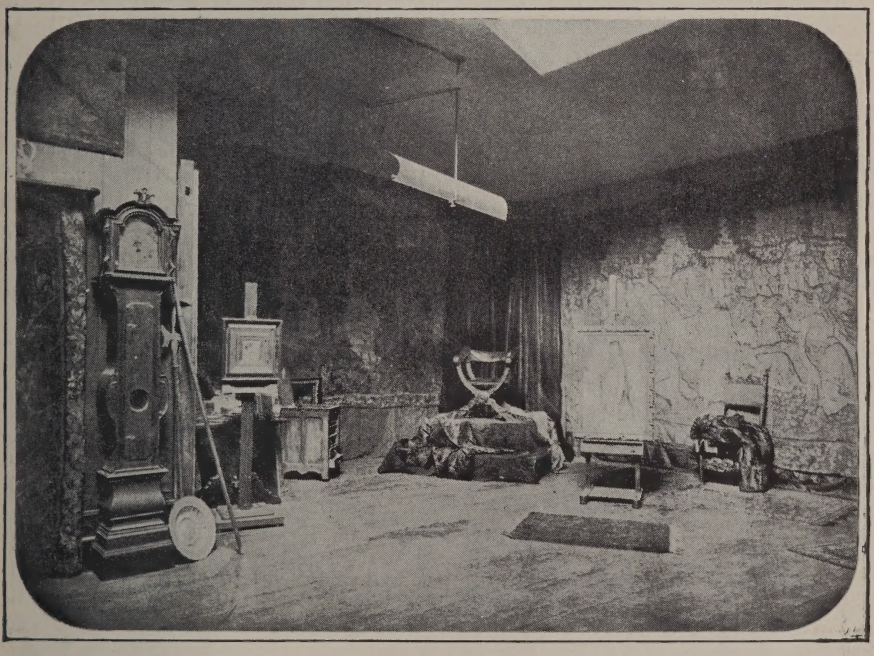
The man of business asked to see some of his art work, and then the picture of the old poet, Bryant, was produced. It impressed the business man as a remarkable likeness, and especially remarkable as having been done by one so young.

Finally he said: "Be an artist. I think it's a good thing occasionally for one in a family to break away from trade and its musty traditions. But stay — after all," he added cautiously, "you better lay the whole case before your father, and take his advice instead of mine." That night the young man wrote to his father, who was in Chicago, telling of his intense artistic longings, his passion for color, his distaste for trade and of the offer his brother-in-law in Boston had made. He closed this letter begging his father to telegraph him whether he should follow his bent for the Beautiful and stay in New York, or forsake Art and accept the bribe. The dispatch came in three practical, dream-dispelling words, "Go to Boston!"

With a sigh, but without grumbling — so strong was the boy's sense of filial duty — he returned to the treadmill and for three months he subdued himself so firmly to business that his employer loaded him with praise. Then he had a relapse in secret for a few hours and handled the oils with all the delight traditionally found in stolen waters. These relapses grew frequent, and finally he declared that he must have one day a week entirely to himself. Then his brother-in-law became convinced that it was useless to thwart any longer such an imperative impulse. They parted amicably and the young man's kinsfolk helped him to go abroad to study.

Just before this time Caliga (for I shall call him henceforth by the name he is known and destined to be still more known by) had Mr. Williams, of the famous art firm, Williams & Everett, frame his picture of

William Cullen Byrant and asked him to keep it for a few days, hoping incidentally that it might attract some attention. On going there, however, Caliga found his picture very carefully kept in the background. When he asked why it wasn't in a good light, Mr. Williams said to him with a certain kindly condescension more depressing than severe depreciation, "My dear boy, I was afraid if I didn't keep it dark, somebody might notice it and criticise it, you know." Notice and criticism, even if condemnatory, were just what the artist wanted, of course — indeed, almost needed; but the art-dealer knew it not. Several times per annum, however, Mr. Williams' memory has been refreshed since then by Caliga's asking him if he will hang a picture in a nice kind light where nobody will notice it, or by his waggishly sending some grave-faced friend to ask Mr. Williams if Caliga's Bryant is in the market, or in some other way taking quaint vengeance for that early wet-blanketing. Then Caliga went to Paris, but not being able to speak the language easily and speaking German fairly well, he was naturally attracted quite soon to Munich. There he spent about six years and then returned to Boston and gave an exhibition of his pictures



CALIGA'S STUDIO.

The artists and their echoes, the general critics, were inclined to asseverate that the stamp of the Munich school was indelibly impressed on his work, and of course there were not wanting some over ready to prophesy that he could never emancipate himself from the trammels of his long apprenticeship. Here again Waterman, who had forgotten all about the grape episode, though

Caliga had not, came forward with judicious words that pointed out beauties and possibilities, as well as faults and deficiencies. From Boston Caliga moved his paintings to New York, where the freshness of the touch, despite the stamp of the school, was appreciated, and several were instantly bought by such connoisseurs as Mr. Colgate, the brother of the soap-millionaire, who is also not a bad judge of pictures. Then Caliga set up a studio in Boston. Since then he has visited Europe several times for purposes of fresh improvement; for Caliga is modest enough to feel that, although his pictures have made a market for themselves, he is capable as an artist of far more expansion. Indeed, it is a very hopeful sign, to my thinking, for an artist to feel that he has not reached his limit, or, when he does, to keep on "raising it," if I may be pardoned a seeming levity of metaphor, or flippancy of phrase, borrowed from an art with which I am by no means as familiar as with painting, though "drawing" is one of its fundamental secrets.

Some of Caliga's early and Munichy paintings achieved an instant and abiding popularity; for instance, his "Flaw in the Title," now owned by some title insurance company of Boston. This is a kind of picture which, however effective in illustration, and swift in its appeal to popular understanding and sympathy, seems to me far below the dignity of Caliga's real artistic range and reach. However well such a thing be done, it strikes me as a pity that a man like Caliga should spend his time on such *genre* work. Not every scene of human life is worthy to be made

THE WANE OF THE HONEYMOON.

TWO GENERATIONS.

into a picture, or to have the attempt of pictorial transfiguration made upon it. Such things as the "Flaw in the Title" and the "Wane of the Honeymoon," which I reproduce here, seem to me to belong to the province of mere illustrativ rather than creative, art.

We may have *genre* work, of course, of a very different quality; for to localize and focalize art is not necessarily to narrow it or rob it of its

universality. The "Angelus" is local, but at the same time breathes a universality as wide as that of the Brotherhood of Bohemia who established its market value by their appreciation of its excellence, though the man of genius who created it sold it for a song. Take this "Wane of the Honeymoon." Any reader can see how admirably this is done, how intensely clever the rendering is, how well-nigh flawless in its every-day naturalness, but I submit — and in his heart I believe the artist thoroughly agrees with me — that such a scene, while making an excellent illustration to some ephemeral story in some ephemeral weekly paper, is a mistake as a picture.

But these things pay, and, as men's deeds are never quite up to their artistic creeds, when their needs color the impulse, I suppose men like Caliga, who must know better, have to be forgiven for not always educating the public taste at the expense of their own private pocket. Still, this "Wane of the Honeymoon," which is owned by Mr. C. Farrington, of Jamaica Plain, is remarkably fine in handling, the blonde girl-wife, with her soft, dark, far-away eyes, in her dainty cream-colored dress, lending a touch of poetry, a shade of pathos, and a ray of reflection to the otherwise low key of thought in which this is painted.

A picture hinting more truly at this painter's future, a tenderer and simultaneously a stronger work of art, is the charming "Two Generations," to which we give in reproduction fullest possible space. This admirable oil is owned by Mr. John H. Weiss, a gentleman in Harrisburg, Penn., who I believe has possessed himself of several recent art-jewels which never should have been let go from Boston. "Two Generations" is unlike most of Caliga's recent work in one respect, for it is more than sober; it is somewhat sombre in tone. The pupil is a blonde in a black dress and there is nothing very striking in the color-scheme of the picture. But the contrast of the dress with the white hair of the old master who so benignly bends above her easel is very finely wrought out over the differentiation of the flesh-tints of the maiden and the old man.

Here to my min lies the chief charm and what is destined to be the commanding excellence of Caliga's work. He has an unerring eye to catch and an almost always certain hand to fasten on his canvas what may be called for want of a better term, the sentiment of a flesh-tint. Other face and figure painters in Boston will give you vivid representations of surface flesh, of a complexion that is a habit, or the result of a habit, but Mr. Caliga catches the bloom of the blood as it comes and goes in the blush or the flush of a face at its best. And this is morally right as well as artistically satisfying, for should not people's faces, like their lives, be judged not at their lowest, or even their average, but at their best, as Whittier hints when he says:

> "Nobler than any fact
> My will that failed of act."

Thus this young painter Caliga catches the real meaning, the soul of a face, and imprisons it in colors that are utterly honest, though at first they may seem to flatter. He paints men of thirty well, men of sixty and upwards still better, because, perhaps, with a certain caressiveness; but he paints spirituelle faces of women best of all. They need not be young faces necessarily to evoke his most ardent artistic sympathy, though

spirituelle feminine faces are always in their general expression, it seems to me, haunted, so to speak, with roseate shadows or sweet ghosts of youth.

One of the most fascinating of Caliga's recent creations was a life-size figure of a girl just returned from a ball, shown at the last Art Club Exhibit in Boston. She was, of course, daintily dressed, but the golden firelight which danced elusively over her soft white gown, was not the radiance that really attracted the vision. She was gazing dreamily into the fire and the feeling she radiated was that of a most pleasant weariness. It was her first ball, possibly, and she was too happily tired to go right to bed, so stretched herself there in languid grace before the languid fire, thinking over the gayly lit hall, the exquisite costumes, the inspiring music, the pleasant things whispered by various partners, and, perhaps, crowning it all, that singular look which went way down to her heart, of the partner who said the least, but whom she liked the most. The same feeling of poetic vision applies, though in less degree, to the "Cup of Tea," which we reproduce here. This is a little thing, eight by six, hardly more than a printed page of this magazine. Yet Mr. Caliga has crowded that small compass with beauty, grace and sentiment. The lady drinks from the delicate china cup as if in memory or in pledge to an absent lover. That tea, you feel, is enchanted, as it touches those lips, by the spell of the sweet altruism of her who drinks it.

A similar, profound sense of the spirituelle in woman marks "An Ideal Head." A brown-haired girl in a gauzy dress of deep yellow through which her shoulders throw a faint pink lustre; the nose of that softly upward, hopeful, confiding kind which Sir Peter Lely loved to paint; the complexion that of the flower in that most dreamy line of Keats, "as if a rose should close and be a bud again;" this is all there is to Mr. Caliga's picture. Ah! no, it would not be a picture, if that was all. The turned-away face, the neck that swims like a swan out of that soft back so richly garbed are not merely delicious concepts of tints or memories of colors cunningly collocated. This "Ideal Head" speaks to every heart with a throb of poetry in it. The refined man's feeling of all that is

A CUP OF TEA.

sweetest and most eternally alluring in woman has been touched into this picture. If you were a father you would like your daughter to look, not necessarily just like that, but to have that air, that subtle sentiment whispering not speaking through the complexion, even as the scent of a flower seems to steal sometimes through its color. If you were a lover of the

AN IDEAL HEAD.

right kind, you would find in this picture something that would instantly relate it to what most potently attracts in the beloved one.

This, it seems to me, is to be the distinctive mark of Caliga as a face and form painter. He must find the best feeling in a human face, the most natural pose in a human figure, and seize upon it as his proper prize. Yet you shall not say that his portraits are idealized, but rather that his ideal pictures are portraits; portraits of such men and women as will exist more and more in that future, when worship of the Beautiful shall replace devotion to the Dollar. Caliga, though modest and ready to credit others with much of his present success, has the audacity of his ambitions. He is painting now a Madonna, concerning which I will not speak save to say that I have a perhaps well-founded hope it will add greatly to his reputation. His studio, of which a reproduction is given on page 435, contains many choice things, among which stands high a clock that has kept tab on the actions of men in more than one century. It stood in an ancient house in Europe, and every time the room was painted the clock was colored to correspond with the wood-work. Thus it could never be considered a cold or strange companion for an artist, since it wears so many coats of paint. Fine tapestries, skins and bric-à-brac adorn this studio and make it a very pleasant place for the fair ladies who come for sittings, and who find in the grave, dark, art-devoted Caliga what all women (and some men) like to have — an admirable listener.

A SPRING OPENING.

BY HERBERT M. SYLVESTER.

THE beginning of the regenerate year is one of smiles and tears. April is the laughing month. The brooklets laugh in the meadows and along the hillsides; the winds laugh the orchard-tops into blossom; they whistle about the gables of the old homestead and into its chimneys — and what odd tunes! mellow and sweet or shrill, as they linger or hasten their Northern journey. I imagine they are telling one how glad they are to get back among the New England orchards. The clouds smile and smile until they shake tears of warm sunlit rain off their white puffed-out cheeks, down into the budding woods and springing grasses a-tremble with the flush of April's hope and promise. The tide of the year is just coming to New England, with here and there a blossom to mark its rise along the hill slopes until it shall pour its riches into the perfumed lap of June.

It is something for which to be thankful that Thoreau and those who have come after him, have written so much to make men see how really needful and lovable in the larger sense the rough spots in Nature are, so much to make one discontented with the artificial environment that comes with living in town from one year's end to another. It is a singular feature in the incomings and outgoings of men that they are so unobservant of the commonest aspects of things, no doubt because they are so cheaply to be had. Some people cannot distinguish the leaf of one tree from that of another to name it; or the twitter of the song-sparrow from the whistle of the robin.

If such things do not count in the hard life of money-getting they do count for heart-hood and humanity. One who knows something of the birds and loves them, something of the woods and their dwellers, is as likely to get on as another who neither knows nor cares for these simple things. The lover of Nature has a quick conscience, a tender and generous heart, for Nature and human-kind are nearer kin than most people suspect. Life has few equivalents, if any, for the homely delights and simple pleasures, provincial as they seem to some, all so easily garnered within sight of any old country homestead. To one who carries a sketch-book in his heart, they are beyond the possible criticism of provinciality.

One who has never watched the flight of the Baltimore oriole out the dooryard elms into the sprawling tops of the orchard trees, and its return a moment later over the self-same road to these self-same elms — a flash of fire in the sunshine — or stopped to listen to its buoyant notes, the purest, sweetest music that ever

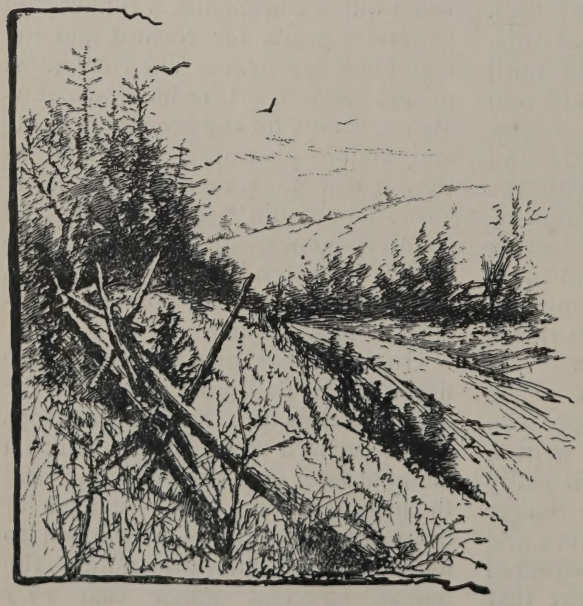
came from a bird throat, dropping down through the leafage of June, through tree limb and interlacing twig, like liquid drops of tone, down, down into the white odorous honeysuckle wet with the morning dew, has something yet to see and hear.

As I write, there hangs before me an oriole nest that came down with its limb that was twisted off in a summer storm. As I look at it I almost expect to see a glossy black head I knew in the days when it swung in the summer wind, peeping over its rim of silkweed floss. A veritable cradle it was for the hang-nest fledglings. That one who wrote —

"When the wind blows, the cradle will rock,"

must have had in mind one of these most beautifully constructed nests in bird architecture. This nest has leaves of cat's-tail grass for its weft, and silkweed floss and horse-hair, and fine strippings of the bark of the white birch for woof — all woven together with rare ingenuity — and it reads me many a pastoral of the old homestead. It is a book of poems that only the heart can translate. Surely they who know nothing of the "hang-nests," the ways and speech of their dwellers, have yet to go to school.

What would one give to be able to translate the constant chatter of the swallows, the winged workers in cement, and with the ears of a swallow, as they interweave here and there a straw or a bit of hair from the pasture brambles, or a stray ravelling of weed that has been hatchelled by the scurrying winter winds! They make no attempt at secrecy, and the chit-chat is continuous except during the warm noon-hours, when these master stucco-workers disappear and silence reigns within the shadows of the barn sheds. One who has never watched these busiest, most interesting birds about the farm, in their swift journeyings to and fro, up and down the streets of the air, carrying straw and mortar, catching flies or hectoring the house cat with many a downward dip and curve and shrill threatening note, as with low-crouching body and stealthy footfall Tabby seeks her quarry in the rambling garden-wall, has yet more to learn.



RETURN OF THE BIRDS.

People who shut the sunshine out of their faces are like plants grown in the dark. Hosts of roots to drink deeply of Nature's earth saps are needed to build up the symmetrical dome of the maple and to clothe the myriad-armed elm. Man is not unlike the tree. The tree takes a wide grip with its outreaching fimbriate roots and rootlets, and so simple

THE MEADOW ELMS.

likes and hearty outdoor enjoyments are needed to afford the larger, better knowledge of self.

A man with a large bank account, with houses and lands, without sentiment, may be poorer than he thinks. The dweller among the needy, with a spare chamber in his heart for a patch of blue sky, a bird-song and a gusty wet wind, is the richer of the two. This is hardly in accord with the world's philosophy, but it is in perfect consonance with the philosophy of true living. There is no artifice in Nature, no aristocracy, no shoddy, no pretence. One man fares no better than his neighbor because of his outward appearance. Some novels

are to be read in the skip-and-skim fashion, if they are to be read at all; but not so, Nature. The catch-words on her pages are hardly more than guide-boards that no more betray the beauties that live between the lines, than the weather-worn guide-board tells of the scenery that invests its highway beyond the neighboring hill, or within the woodland farther on, with inexpressible mystery and charm. Hers is the oldest school of philosophy, and hers the truest teachers. A man wants a bit of sunshine and a dash of rain in his soul to get the best results in manhood, as the farmer wants both in his cornfield.

There is an argument for outdoor tramping and outdoor seeing. Such have a rare, health-giving quality. They help to rebuild and renew the worn-out tissue of the body and revitalize the ganglionary system, the individual centres of the nervous activities; but this is not all. They are the mental food extract of Nature. To go into the woods, the fields, and tussocked pastures, to clamber over the hills, to drowse among the meadow sweet with brook songs for a sleeping-potion, and over all the shadows of the silent elms, is a panacea for most physical ailments. There is rest among the elms as there is healing among the pines; and what is a homestead without its patriarchal elm with its wide-thrown drooping limbs?

If Joan of Arc saw glorious visions among her father's orchard trees, as Bastien Lepage tells the story with his brush, so I have seen visions no less beautiful in the shimmering flight of the first-coming bluebirds in the April days, on whose breasts are the stains of the ploughed lands, and whose wings are tipped with divine tints, stolen mayhap from the skies. We greet these harbingers of new days with many a pictured anticipation, and did they know how welcome was their coming, with all their bickering, meddlesome disposition in our bird community, I apprehend it would lend a new speed to their wings.

> "As violins in foreign lands,
> Broken and shattered, o'er and o'er,
> When mended and in skillful hands
> Make sweeter music than before,—"

so the return of these feathered songsters from their Southern sojournings brings prophecies of a rarer springtime and summer, with noisy, leaping waters, dripping rains and tremulous leafage and all the orchestra of summer players, making sweeter minstrelsy than ever out of the gray wrack of wind-hatchelled fields and frost-bitten woodlands.

Is spring ever more pregnant with promise than in these halcyon hours when winter is disappearing from the brown slopes, retreating into the margins of the woods and the deep shadows of the walls that make the boundaries of the farming-lands? What drying winds are these that all day blow up from the South, all the way holding rustling dalliance with the bare brown tops of the trees and wayside hedges, with their faded fringes of gray golden rod, johnswort and steeple-bush that crop through the lingering shrinking drifts here and there, with the mulleins mouldy-cowled—the lean friars of the pasture ledges. What hosts of springing grass-blades and scents of modest half-hidden Mayflower and waxen leaf are sought out and upturned by these soft, caressing breezes!

When the moon is up the mists are up with it. The deeps of the woods are like the deeps of a dusky sea, that, black as it is, is still rich in color. One can see the ruddy swelling buds of the maples and

birches as the smell of the woodland boughs comes on the wind. It is the breath of night, and so softly does it fan the cheek one would be unconscious of her breathing but for its sweetness. How slowly rise the lithe, slender shapes of the woodland mists! I wonder if they are not Naiads out for a romp over the hills, like a parcel of giddy girls, only they swirl and bend so silently in the upper currents of the night air. I wonder, too, if the old folk who live in the depths of the tree-hidden springs, know the children are out choked with dripping fog, to beguile foolish travellers and to frighten the children. I well remember the fright its uncanny flicker gave me, a youngster who did not then know how Nature compounded this wavering phosphorescence.

It is a very simple affair when one knows about it. It is a combination of phosphuretted hydrogen, a combustible gas generated from decaying vegetable matter. Sometimes it comes from vegetable matter containing a considerable amount of phosphorus. A deposit of seeds may

PASTURE LEDGES.

for a bit of gadding in the moonlight. Will-o'-the-wisp will be after them with his dimly flickering lantern, but he keeps his eyes so near the ground he will hardly discover them.

A queer phenomenon this freak of Nature is, dancing about the low marshlands, over the bogs and through the thick damptops of the alders. Often in New England, Nature takes this glimmering light from its peg to send Jack-o'-lantern out across the wet places and through the draughty entries of the swamps, throw off enough of this gas to make a feeble light, though this latter occurs but seldom, and it not unfrequently hovers over old wells, lending a weird ghostly interest to the old ruins to which it is most likely appurtenant. It is not unfrequently mixed with nitrogen and marsh gas. Both gases are combustible, but the Will-o'-the-wisp is so heavily charged with phosphorus that it burns spontaneously. Carburetted hydrogen, always present in some degree, plays the part of lantern

bearer to the phosphuretted hydrogen, being lighter than air.

This is the rush-light of the lowlands. That this mythical Jack and his real lantern seem always to elude close pursuit, is easily accounted for. The pursuer, in his chase after this phosphoric curiosity, displaces the air, more or less, driving it before, thus constantly pushing this luminous gas away. Should one run away from it, it would most likely turn pursuer. A brisk breeze takes this natural light-bearer out of sight at once, but a slight movement of the air will give it the weird uncanny motion and ghost-like suggestion of some uneasy soul prowling about with the "Devil's candle" in search of ill-gotten gains, or doing earthly penance for its crimes.

Old women used to say it was the devil out with his lantern after bad boys and girls. It is needless to say after hearing such a bad reputation given to this beautiful phenomenon, that I ran from the first I ever saw, as from the evil one himself, and as fast as my boyish legs would carry me. It came out of the low thin strata of summer night mists in the pasture below the highway. I thought it some of the farm folk with the house lantern returning from a search after the cattle in the meadows, as they often broke over the brush fences in the woods, into the open grass lands, in their eagerness for better feeding-ground.

I shouted a "halloo," but no answer came to my hail, other than the sharp night echo from the rim of the neighboring woods. The light came slowly out the pasture and over the hard-

THE "DEVIL'S CANDLE."

hack and kalmia bushes, crawling seemingly between the rails of the straggling fence that hugged the roadside, through the tops of the witch-hazel scrubs and into the highway with a hobble-step and a semblance of mocking leer in its pallid yellowish light, when it occurred to me that this was the veritable "Old Man of the Swamp." I venture to assert I showed His Highness of the wet-lands the liveliest pair of heels he ever saw and that carried me straight home without a turn of the head or wavering of purpose.

The boys are burning brush in the gardens. There are signs of renewal everywhere, as if Nature indulged in the freak of a spring cleaning as well as the housewife. I have the impression that she set the fashion her old-fashioned self. A whiff of pungent, odorous smoke from a wayside brush-pile like the fumes of hasheesh, sends me to dreamland.

A whiff of smoke, and the April nights come as well as the April days. The red sun is down, and the singers in the lowlands have been in tune a good hour. The mists creep up through the tops of the woods to blow away northward, for the vane on the big barn has pointed its arrow-head southward for a week past. The days have lengthened, and the house hearth is gray and fireless ; the twilights are growing perceptibly longer. One can feel the atmosphere like something tangible, so filled with gentleness are these south winds, warmed with so much of sun, after the chill and bluster of March, and so abundant in prophecy of days to come. The house-doors are hardly shut nowadays until well into the nightfall. The lights in the farmhouses across the valley do not come out so brilliantly as in winter. Some do not come out at all, while their chimneys are smokeless.

Two boys hasten down the highway in the red light of sunset to join the youngster at the next farm. They go straight up the hill to the crest of the field; and are starkly outlined against the luminous tones of the early twilight. I see them going down the northern slope of the hill, across the soft moist ploughed land to the sagging bars in an abatis of stump fence half-buried and indistinct in its tangle of bush and briar. Over the topmost bar they clamber in boyish haste to go down by the old-time rye field across a narrow strip of grass land to a gap in the leafless, bushy-limbed beeches. Here is another barrier of sagging bars set into a cobble wall that makes the stony rampart of the woodland. Here is an old road, and so dark has the night grown it is difficult to follow its trail except by a glance upward to the slender thread of starlit sky that shows through the parted tops of the trees. What a chatter these prowling youngsters keep up in these dusky silences! as if their noise could dissipate the loneliness and chill of their surroundings. I can hardly follow these darkly moving figures as they go down into the snow-wet hollows in this sinuous wood-road, but I hear the clatter of their unlighted pitch wood torches and the ring of steel-tined spears. I follow them by these sounds to the knoll above the brook where the hemlocks stand thickest. There is a crashing and breaking of underbrush and of fallen pine tops; there is a faint glimmer of a fire and slits of narrow flame show between the black trunks, hardly distinguishable, of the hemlocks and through the tops of the scrub spruces — the silhouette pictures of the night woods.

There is a sound of rushing water. Above its subdued voicing I hear the crackle of the briskly burning fi-

THE WIDE MOUTH OF THE BROOK.

Here on this knoll, night after night of the early springtime, under the black shadows of this gray-bearded forest, for long years, the bright fire of the rustic fisherman has gleamed upon the frescoes of limb and fadeless green that make the arching roofs above; while below, upon the fallen trunks of a huge yellow birch and another of rough-barked maple, there might at such times be seen the black restless forms of a score of human figures. Others come to this trysting-place of the rustic fisher, but from whence I do not know — except that they emerge from the outer darkness. There is a sound of crashing footsteps some time before one catches the sight of their fire-lit faces. This sort of an outing stirs a boy's heart to its lowest deeps. Every leaping of the flame throws new lights, new shadows upon the scene. Now the smoke goes up, a round shapely pillar of ghostly whiteness, straight up to the stars; now it blows off into the darkness close down to the ground, a slender wind-twisted thread of silver, unwinding slowly, gracefully as it journeys away

from our Ariadne of the fire. Now it hides its watchers in a dense smudge that would be a blessing in black-fly time, to blow away with the next breath of wind into the outer darkness. Eastward the late moon is rising. It makes a pathway of silver on the dark waters of the pond where the ice was broken up by the last nor'easter.

Through all this bright spring day the wind has blown a stiff breeze from the south and the waves of the pond have been running wild up the three-mile raceway between the pine-clad ridges. It is just the wind to blow the deep water fish up the brooks to leave or deposit their spawn and milt. In the early part of the "run" they come to the wide mouth of the brook by sundown, and by ten o'clock the "run up stream" has begun in earnest. Between that and midnight there is an incessant leaping of the rip-raps and an occasional splashing sound on the brook as these finny folk crowd through the narrow channel of this woodland water way. Shortly before midnight the patient waiters about the fire on the knoll light their torches one by one, and off they rush with spear and basket after the ill-starred trout and pickerel and round-mouthed sucker, the last sweet-meated, but remarkably endowed with small bones, sharper and more dangerous to encounter than a stranger to the eating of them might imagine.

The fire is deserted, and there are glancing lights up and down the windings of the brook. There are sharp ringing sounds of barbed steel tines upon the rocks, and now and then a loud splash as if some one had lost his precarious footing and thereby had gotten an ice-cold bath. Straggler-like, an hour later the fishers come back to the fire to compare their trophies. It is not a long stay they make about its smoking brands, for there will be hints of dawn in the east by the time they reach home. The fire-brands are kicked together. The owls hoot a discordant "good-night." A solitary loon in the pond offing joins the farewell. A new torch is lighted, and the fire is at last forsaken. The woods are left to silence and their deepening sea of damp morning mists. The torch winds backward over the old wood-road and I follow it to the hilltop, where it is thrown among the newly-ploughed furrows of the day before to burn itself out in the fresh winds of morning. This old road is a *Via Sacra* in the annals of an April of other days, and I doubt not there are many others in other boyhoods; however that may be, I follow this most often in my dreams as I know it best by its nocturnal shadows and the smokes that blew from my flaring pitch wood or rolled birch torch that lighted my way over it.

WHEN THE TRAIN GOES BY.

SAINT CATHARINE OF SIENA.

SAINT CATHARINE OF SIENA.

SAINT CATHARINE of Siena, whose feast is celebrated on April 30, was the daughter of an humble tradesman, and was raised up to be the guide and guardian of the Church in one of the darkest periods of its history, the fourteenth century. As a child, prayer was her delight. She would say the "Hail Mary" on each step as she mounted the stairs, and was granted in reward a vision of Christ in Glory. When but seven years old, she made a vow of virginity and afterwards endured bitter persecution for refusing to marry. Our Lord gave her His Heart in exchange for her own, communicated her with His own hands, and stamped on her body the print of His wounds. At the age of fifteen she entered the Third Order of St. Dominic, but continued to reside in her father's shop, where she united a life of active charity with the prayer of a contemplative saint. From this obscure home the seraphic virgin was summoned to defend the Church's cause. Armed with papal authority, and accompanied by three confessors, she travelled through Italy, reducing rebellious cities to the obedience of the Holy See, and winning hardened souls to God. In the face well nigh of the whole world, she sought out Gregory XI. at Avignon, brought him back to Rome, and by her letters to the kings and queens of Europe made good the papal cause. She was the counsellor of Urban VI., and sternly rebuked the disloyal cardinals who had part in electing an anti-Pope. She died at Rome at the age of thirty-three, A. D. 1380.

SÓDOMA, the celebrated Italian painter whose masterpiece, "The Ecstasy of St. Catharine of Siena," is reproduced in illustration of Julia Ward Howe's simple and sympathetic poem, was born at Vercelli in Savoy about 1477. He died in Siena, Feb. 15, 1549. His real name was Giovanni Antonio Bazzi, but he was generally called Il Cavaliere Sódoma. He founded a new school of painting and with Perugino he was employed by Pope Julius II., the beloved patron of so many artists, to decorate the ceiling of the Camera della Segnatura in the Vatican. Sódoma was succeeded or displaced in this vast enterprise by Raphael, and nothing remains of his work there but the flying genii upholding the papal shield in the central compartment. Sódoma left Rome, but returned in 1514 and painted those renowned frescoes in the Farnesina, "The Marriage of Alexander and Roxana" and "The Surrender of Darius and his Family." The first of these and his later frescoes of the life of St. Catharine, finished in 1526, display Sódoma's rare excellence in figures. This group of St. Catharine and the women supporting her in her swoon of ecstasy is accounted one of the most beautiful of its kind in all Italy. Mrs. Howe during her sojourn in that home of art, was greatly struck by it and by the story of the saint whose passion she has put into verse.

HOLY CATHARINE OF SIENA

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

UNTO Christ betrothed in youth,
Spouse of doctrine, love and truth,
I am clad in vestments white,
In my breast is inner light
Which makes glory in mine eyes,
Thence returning to the skies.

You may see the lowly house
Where my Lord did me espouse
In those spirit-nuptials fair;
All mankind our children were,
All the suffering, all the sore
Were our charge forevermore.

In the greatness of my task
Such a favor I did ask,
Not to share the glorious throne
Which the Saviour made His own,
But to bear the marks of shame
Men now worship with His name;
On my outstretched palms to show
That extremest suffered woe
Which He met, to teach that Pain
Love's great force could ne'er restrain.

This, my suit, was not denied,
For the Heavens opened wide.
Showing Mary fair of face
With her perfect Child of grace.
Then in ecstasy supreme
Of my Bridegroom did I dream;
Dreamed I saw him bending o'er
My faint form, that breathed no more.
When I woke, on either hand
Did the mystic stigma stand

As a saint of help and prayer
Do the limners draw me fair.
One, my many cures portrays;
One, the labors of my days.
But that crowning of my soul
Sódoma with cunning stole.
Like a lily did he paint
On her knees the swooning saint,
Like a lily over-bowed
By some glorious golden cloud,
Which her golden heart drew down
For its brimming cup and crown.

Death, who enters everywhere,
Havoc makes of things most fair;
When my piteous spoil they show,
Men may see him come and go.
But a lifted finger warns
Him who every menace scorns,
And where Sódoma in white
Fixed my form for soul's delight,
Never shadow dark shall come,
Nor Oblivion make its home.
Dust of loving steps alone
Shall lie meekly on the stone.
So the perfect work shall rest
With the things that Earth loves best.

Julia Ward Howe

THE BLOCK HOUSE AT FORT M'CLEARY, ME.

FENIANISM.

BY CAPT. JOHN M. TOBIN.

ERRONEOUS views on Fenianism are found among classes in America that would naturally have shared in the honors had its aims been accomplished. It was a human institution, but its mishaps would have been mists long since dispelled had the sun of "success" risen upon them. As of old, wherever British influences have been able to control opinion or falsify statement, little has been wanting to cast obloquy upon Fenian work and workers. To the ridicule of its antagonists have many yielded, with little more than superficial thought. Without study of its real power and proportions, they have been willing to view its projects as absurd and its purposes sanguinary beyond all measure of ability to accomplish adequate results, as the fruit of its propositions.

From an enemy's place, The Quarterly Review of Edinburgh assumed to look upon Fenianism as "an inconsiderable thing." This organ overlooked the fact that the Government thought it formidable enough late in 1865 to suspend the act of Habeas Corpus in Ireland, and by June, 1866, nine hundred arrests were made, chiefly on warrants, however, formally issued. British expressed public opinion made it out "an indefinite and fanatic rising against property, government and law." There are people who would have joined in hosannas and anthems had it brought the government to its knees, who have been too easily influenced by this consideration. Notwithstanding the general abuse heaped upon Fenianism, fugitive truth-telling made grateful impressions. A pro-English writer on "The Fenian Conspiracy," said in his London work, published in 1877, in speaking of the American Head Centre: "O'Mahony was personally an honorable man in every sense; of that there can be no doubt."

He was descended from a line of the Irish race that never faltered in their devotion to country. In 1848 throughout the glorious vales of Munster he was looked upon as the beau ideal chieftain. Of proud lineage, of splendid physique, tall and stalwart and hitherto a leader among giants in all the manly Irish games, his face was one of expressive, masculine grace. The possessions of his immediate family were located in the counties of Cork and Tipperary. When John Mitchel was hurling the power of his pen through the columns of the Dublin Irishman against Britain, and Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher, John Martin, Richard O'Gorman, Michael Doheny, John B. Dillon, Thomas Devin Reilly, Kevin O'Doherty and others of that gifted, self-sacrificing galaxy who dared dungeons and ignominious deaths for the redemption of Ireland, John O'Mahony was organizing and arming. He was meeting and planning with trusted subs in the recesses of Slievenamon in Tip-

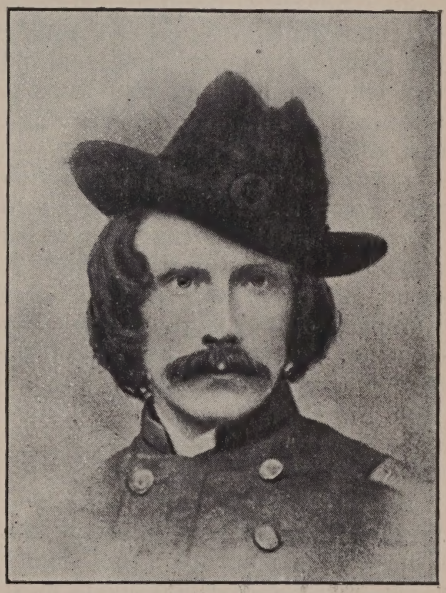
perary and the mountainous Cummeraghs in Waterford. When for the time being further effort was futile, O'Mahony eluded his pursuers and after many romantic episodes escaped to France. Thousands of dollars were offered for his capture, a "fortune" for many who could have betrayed him, but none of whom would think for a moment of touching the "blood money." O'Mahony escaped, and in the full belief that the revolution failed through fault of the leaders, not the people. The attempt in '48 was too long deferred during that year. The Government intensified its preparation. It passed laws in haste to meet the exigencies forced upon it by the open but ingenious tactics of the movement. On Ireland's strategic points troops were concentrated and every precaution taken against surprise. Dangerous districts were proclaimed. War steamers lined the coasts and broadsides infiladed the seaport towns. Sudden dashes were made with cavalry, artillery and infantry into the interior, and all warlike material "seized" and carted away to the protected arsenals.

The original and immediate associate of O'Mahony in the Fenian cause, James Stephens, was an active young man in '48, and was wounded in an affair with the military in Tipperary.

Mr. Stephens was educated as a civil engineer, at Kilkenny. In the fall of '48 he won the admiration of the commander-in-chief, Smith O'Brien, lineal descendant of the victorious king at Clontarf, by piloting Patrick Donoghue, bearer of Dublin dispatches, to him, enabling the messenger to evade the British scouts and to safely reach the chief in the Munster mountains. When wounded, the victorious enemy passed over his body, supposing him dead. Night enabled his friends to relieve and rescue him.

His romantic wanderings, hardships for weeks and flight from Ireland through England to France are recorded in "The Felon's Track," by his co-sufferer, Counsellor Doheny, who published it shortly after his arrival in New York.

For years O'Mahony and Stephens lived in Paris, brooding over the miserable fortunes of their native land, studying military movements, conversing with military men, and all with a view to Ireland's freedom from the British yoke, meeting such men as Generals Cavaignac, Lamoricière, Cluseret and other French officers, veterans who ceased in service under the "Man of December," Louis Napoleon. General McMahon was not indifferent to the aspirations of the Irish refugees. He is the lineal descendant of the fourth son of Great



JOHN O'MAHONY.

Brian Boru. The general's gallant ancestor, like these two men, was an exile forced from home and country much like them and by causes similar.

In the meantime the Irish lads who were schoolboys in '48 were fast reaching manhood's maturity and they lost no time in recruiting at home the Nationalists' depleted ranks. In America the exiles were not idle. Poor Devin Reilly, Doheny, Savage, Brennan, Michael Corcoran, hailed with eager scanning the recurring "news" that foretold war between England and Russia. "Emmet Monument Associations" spread throughout the States.

It is said that in 1853 O'Mahony and Stephens ventured again into Ireland, secretively conferring with assembled leaders near Dublin. A cloud of fierce war lowered over Europe, and they were on the alert to utilize the rupture for the advantage of Erin's cause and

> "For freedom's right
> In battle's fight
> To conquer if then to fall."

But "Ireland's opportunity and England's difficulty" during the Crimean War passed and the Emmet associations lost stimulus and in most places ceased to exist as revolutionary bodies.

O'Mahony's prestige in Ireland was powerful. He came to America in 1856 and was received with glad acclaim by the men who had not given up Irish revolution by force of arms. This was the aim of his life. All other earthly considerations of his sank beneath its patriotic passion. In America he reëntered actively on this work with the revived fervor of a man, "the last of his race," who had an inspired mission. This romance of his soul was for him a powerfully sustaining force through subsequent severe ordeals and exhausting labor.

Stephen's work was in Ireland, with auxiliary connections on the Continent. Not much had been done in England or Scotland in Fenianism until 1863. When it was carried across St. George's Channel it found healthy subsistence in British soil. Its strength in the great centres of population whither Irish labor flocked as in London, Birmingham, Sheffield, Manchester and through Lancashire and Scotland, especially Glasgow, brought home to the Government its threatening power.

It would not be easy to place a man so well adapted for the work of organizing Ireland as was Stephens. He was not, in the usual sense, an orator, but he was convincing in argument. He was persuasive in debate, cool, hopeful and of splendid equanimity in perplexing situations. If he conspired with men on the Continent it was with a view to aid Ireland. He did not break with the French Republicans, although he was able to ingratiate himself with De Morny, Emperor Napoleon's right hand man. He was versatile in languages, and during his travels he was able to attract many young priests and professional men to his plans. He studied the drift of the Irish soldiers in the British army, but among the most effective aids and organizers that he secured in the cause at the inception were the national schoolmasters. When in exile he was something of a pedagogue himself. With his erudition he could hold entertaining converse with his class. On such auditors he knew how to impress himself with convincing ease. O'Mahony through his knowledge of him in Paris frequently bore testimony to his capacity

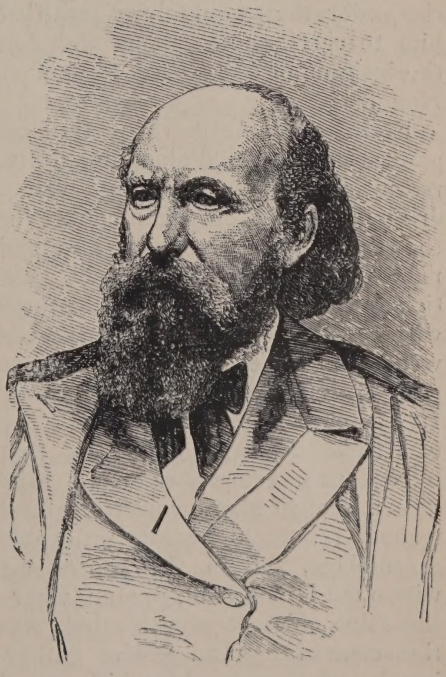
to impress himself upon any company, whether soldiers or savants, in which he happened to be.

The chief organizer in Ireland was building up a military force. In America the leading aim of the Fenian Brotherhood was to collect funds to supply arms and war material for their brethren at home. There were thousands of them, however, who were preparing to share the dangers of the field with their comrades across the water.

Stephens visited America in the latter part of 1858. His presence stimulated organizations. Five flourishing circles were soon working in Boston and Cambridge. At Milford, Lawrence, Worcester, Lowell, Springfield and other cities and towns of Massachusetts circles sprang into life and work. As typical of Ireland rising from her ashes, these organizations were first known as "Phœnix" circles. It was the name of a patriotic literary organization in the counties of Cork and Kerry, many of whose members suffered outrages at the hands of the local government. The informers against them became objects of the bitterest scorn, and the appellation "Sullivan Goulah" to one of this class will long remain in Irish memories as one of greatest detestation.

The system of organizing the Phœnix circles in 1858, and for some time afterwards, in the States and Canada, was similar to that instituted by Stephens in the old land. For instance, in the locality to be organized he selected with due care the desirable person for chieftain. This man was known in his section to be intelligent, influential and surely patriotic. The fitting occasion taken he was sworn not to divulge what was revealed to him in case he declined to assume the responsibility of the office for which he was sought. On acceptation he took the obligation of the Irish-Republican Brotherhood and received his authority as an "A" — rank that of colonel — and he commanded an assigned district. This officer selected ten capable men for the command of companies, who, sworn with similar formula and ranking as captains, were designated "B's" in the order. Each of these selected and swore in ten "C's," squad officers, ranking as sergeants, and these with their respective captains coöperated in filling in the battalion lists. Stephens as C. O. I. R. when in Ireland assumed different names. Sometimes he was Mr. Power and again as Captain Daley.

The powers of the C. O. I. R. and of the Head Centre, in America were autocratic and generally so recognized



JAMES STEPHENS.
From a photograph by Carjal, Paris.

in their chosen spheres. In this country when a number of circles were formed in a given geographical area a district or state centre was appointed by the Head Centre, but this was usually done on recommendation of a convention of delegates from the circles of the locality to be so formed.

When spies and informers in Ireland revealed to the world the secret character of the Phœnix societies the United States organization soon became known as the Fenian Brotherhood. In the ancient days and when Malachi, a ruler, "wore a collar of gold" taken in battle from a proud invader, the noblest corps in the Irish army was the Fenian, a home guard of chivalry which for centuries contained only the best and bravest young manhood of the land. O'Mahony's family traditions were exemplified in his own person. His early physical and mental training were of the order that would have entitled him to carry the weapons and don the insignia of old Erin's Legion of Honor.

From 1858 until 1861 the organization struggled along manfully, recruiting, subscribing, organizing, drilling, giving entertainments for the funds under various assumed names, assembling in halls by paid tickets to listen to inspiring lectures with the belief that the net proceeds would place a few more rifles where true Irish hands could find them. In September, 1860, a fall field day of Erin's sons and daughters that took place in the groves of the Middlesex Fens of Massachusetts, proved to be a remunerative and enjoyable assemblage, and in the succeeding winter old Union Hall, Boston, where the Pilot office is now located, was the scene of a grand festive gathering, larger than anything hitherto of its kind held by the Irish race in the city.

The stimulating moral effect of an act of Colonel Corcoran in New York, late in 1860, was felt in every Fenian circle in the country. He refused to parade the 69th regiment when the Prince of Wales was to be received and escorted in that metropolis. Nearly every officer and man of the command was a Fenian. The Prince's visit here, as usual, was hailed as the harbinger of great, of wonderful things. "Shoddyism," a term not then known, but quite applicable, was up in the region of hysteria and in perpetual flutter at his coming. Oh, such an auspicious event! Lord Byron's satire on a descent of royalty on another shore applies:

"Lo, he comes! the Messiah of royalty comes
Like a goodly Leviathan rolled from the waves.
Then receive him as best such an advent becomes,
With a legion of cooks and an army of slaves."

But Corcoran would not parade the colors of Washington and Erin before the son of a queen that showed such little humanity or practical charity for the Irish people during the appalling years of '46 and '47. The New York authorities placed Colonel Corcoran in military "arrest."

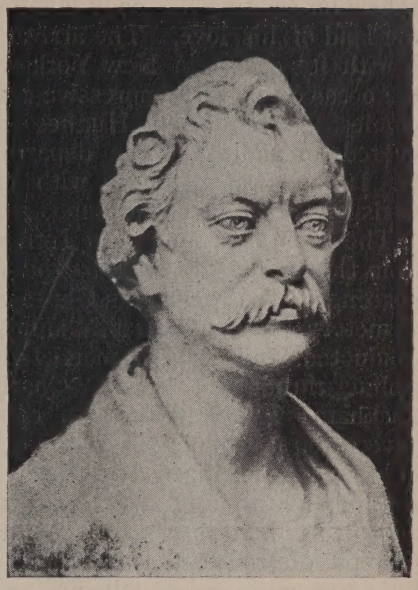
He was invited to Boston, and a grand reception was given him with two of his military staff at Tremont Temple, supplemented by a banquet at the Parker House largely attended. The veteran patriot, Colonel Doheny, was also a guest of the Fenians and citizens on this occasion.

A few weeks after these happenings the Southern Secession war broke out, and the nation found other uses for Corcoran and his command than remaining in arrest. In Special Orders, 1st Division N. Y. S. M., April 20, '61, General Sanford directed that the charges be dis-

missed and the colonel ordered to resume command. April 24 the 69th was on its way to Washington to fight for the Union, at the call of the Government. One of the first forts erected south of the Potomac, in sight of Georgetown Heights, was Fort Corcoran, built by the gallant New York Irish lad of the famed corps. Its members might be Fenians; but they sought for Ireland an autonomy like unto the United States. They soon proved their patriotism superior to the gilded bats that fluttered round the dazzling light of royalty a few months before in the big cities of the States. The North soon realized that the "doting on a lord" was a humiliating memory, in view of the hostility of England's royal and aristocratic classes, and their eagerness to assist in the disruption of the Union. The appalling war between the South and the North increased in intensity. Thousands of Irishmen entered it, and many of them in the South took sides with their section. But the green flag dominated with the armies of the Government.

The war was developing a legion of trained soldiers eager to serve Ireland. While the Union side had Major-General James Shields, the South had General Patrick Cleburne.

The Washington government soon discovered the British intrigues against it. Secretary Seward had been governor of New York. He knew that there was much in the Fenian spirit to be depended upon, and his confidential men conferred with its leaders. John O'Mahony felt that he could not leave for the front; but he commanded a legion guard at home in New York, and was commissioned colonel in the service of the country. The fear of what the Irish in the States and



JOHN SAVAGE.

Canada would do was a constant threat against perfidious Albion, and kept her in check. The Government at Washington knew it. An overt act on the part of England, and a force to land in Ireland would at once have been organized here.

During 1861 an open, unarmed invasion of Ireland was made, and its successful and powerful reception demonstrated the strength and unity of the Nationalist element. The remains of Terence Bellew McManus, a thorough patriot, were taken there. He was one of the noble band of '48, who was in that time sentenced to be "hanged, drawn and quartered" near the spot where Robert Emmet perished, but whose sentence was changed to serve a term of years with the British malefactors in the penal colonies of the Antipodes. He made a gallant escape from his British jailers, and remained in San Francisco, where he died. His Fenian co-patriots on the Pacific slope re-

solved on sending his body home to the land of his love. The arrival of it with its escort in New York was the occasion of very impressive ceremonies. Archbishop Hughes delivered an address. The departure for Ireland was attended with the Godspeeds of tens of thousands.

The McManus funeral in Ireland, from the landing in Cork to the repositing of the remains in Glasnevin Cemetery in Dublin, was admirably conducted, and showed martial discipline throughout. Said Charles Kickham: "A sovereign state could have given no grander funeral honors to her greatest citizen than enslaved Ireland gave to the patriot who was torn from her shores in chains." Groups of red-coated soldiery, in full-dress uniform, mostly non-commissioned officers, joined in the procession, and did this in obedience to the command of the Irish Head Centre. It was estimated that about fifty thousand men were marshalled in Dublin for the occasion. Organized contingents came from all parts of Ireland. The procession passed by the house where Lord Edward Fitzgerald met his death; it passed by the scene of Emmet's execution and through High Street, where Wolfe Tone's remains were deposited before interment in Bodenstown churchyard.

Fenianism showed its numerical power, discipline and spirit. The occasion was propitious.

The British Government looked across the Atlantic at the tempting struggle between the American States, and then pondered. President Lincoln and his great Secretary, Seward, at Washington, found comfort and more nerve for their arduous task, when the details of the semi-military obsequies were communicated to them.

Throughout the armies of the Union Fenian clubs and associations were found. Naturally they were chiefly composed of Irishmen or of men of immediate Irish descent. But there were many brave and generous American soldiers who craved membership and who were enrolled as contributors to the funds.

In the Irish brigade there were several circles. One of its commands was the 63d New York, with devoted Fenians like Colonel Gleeson, Captain John Warren, Dr. Lawrence Reynolds, Captain Kavanagh, Capt. P. J. Condon. In the 88th regiment were Colonel Patrick Kelly, who fell commanding a brigade in front of Petersburg, 1864; Quartermaster Haverty, General Denis F. Burke, Temple Emmet — grand-nephew of Ireland's martyr — and scores of others, able and eager patriots. The 28th Massachusetts had many; Lieutenant-Colonel Coveney, Major Lalor, Captain O'Connor were of the patriotic corps. But the old 69th led the way. Even amid its arduous duties at Fort Corcoran the "old cause" was active. Thomas Francis Meagher was then a captain in the 69th. Volunteer aids were Charles G. Halpin, afterwards general, John Savage, of '48, and eminent as a writer, who succeeded O'Mahony and Gleeson as American Head Centre of the Brotherhood. Of the engineer corps were James B. Kirker, Judge John H. McCunn, L. D'Homergue. Among the captains were James Cavanagh, now brigadier-general in New York, James Kelly, Thomas Clarke, James Haggerty, all able men. Corcoran and many of his officers when at the fort were frequently the guests of Seward and other cabinet officers, and it was subsequently noticed that whenever President Lincoln visited the Army

of the Potomac he had Meagher at his side in making the grand rounds. He loved the gifted and gallant "Meagher of the Sword."

The "Circles of the Army of the Potomac" increased. The 9th Massachusetts in the Fifth Corps had its flourishing organization, the "Circle of the Rappahannock." Lieutenant-Colonel Hanley and nearly all the other officers were members, and a sergeant of each company collected the voluntary assessments of the men in contributions for the home cause. The 16th Massachusetts Volunteers had its organization, and its heroic Major Matthew Donovan, after muster out, went from Lowell in 1865 to drill the men of the North of Ireland. The 11th, 12th, 15th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 22d, 29th, 32d and other Massachusetts regiments all had active lists of Fenians. The drill-master of the 20th Massachusetts Volunteers, composed largely of scions of our first families, when forming near Boston, was James Murphy, one of the Federal soldier heroes of Fort Pickens, Fla., in 1861, and who became one of the 20th's captains; from 1865 until 1870, he made about twenty trips across the Atlantic Ocean, forth and back, from America to Ireland and Great Britain on Fenian missions.

As with the New England troops, instancing the 10th New Hampshire, commanded by General Michael Donahoe, the 2d Maine, the 9th Connecticut, Colonel Cahill of New Haven, so it was all through the volunteer armies of the United States; there were tens of thousands of trained soldiers, inured to battle's storms and the privations of the bivouac and the march, who were ready and would have been only too glad to bear arms in Ireland or elsewhere against the British flag. In 1863 and 1864 it was generally conceded that Major-General Thomas Smyth, of Delaware, whose services as a line officer began with the first regiment from that State, would be in the future a conspicuous commander of Ireland's patriotic legions. He was rarely endowed for leadership. A splendid physique, native dignity, cool in judgment and brave almost to rashness were qualities that endeared him to the soldiers of his race. He was as intense against England for her cruel treatment of his native land as Corcoran or any of the original Fenians. But it was like her sad fate always to suffer his loss. He was killed two days before Lee's surrender in 1865, at Appomattox, Va.

The regular army was not at all wanting in supporters of the Fenian project. General Thomas W. Sweeney, a Mexican war hero and conspicuous in the Union war, was an ardent believer in an effort for Ireland by force of arms. As sure as pay day came so sure were funds sent from the different arms of the regular service in aid of the cause.

The bishops and priests of Ireland had done a good thing in unconscious aid of the plans of Fenianism. The Battalion of St. Patrick that had fought for the papal dominions at Spoleto and other points in conflict with the Garibaldians, was fostered by them. Its soldiers returned to their native land with some martial experiences and were ready to put them in practice in the ranks of the Phœnix. They had been organized in secrecy and knew its value, perhaps. In 1863 the Irish people who meant fight began to realize their power in Ireland and America. O'Mahony proclaimed that, "no oath is required from any member of our body" of Fenians. There were

then no secret signs or passwords. There was no need. It became one of the strong auxiliaries of the Government in its contest for supremacy. Says the London author of "The Fenian Conspiracy," already quoted here: "There was an understanding between the Fenian Head Centre on the one side and the Executive of the Northern States on the other, that when the war should be triumphantly closed the Fenians should receive not merely countenance, but material aid in the struggle they proposed to open with England. . . . Such conduct has no example in modern times among statesmen."

He is rather substantiated in this by the favor shown on the part of the American rulers to Stephens in 1864, when he again visited the States. As "Captain Daley," the passes of the war department gave him safe conduct from one end of the armies to the other.

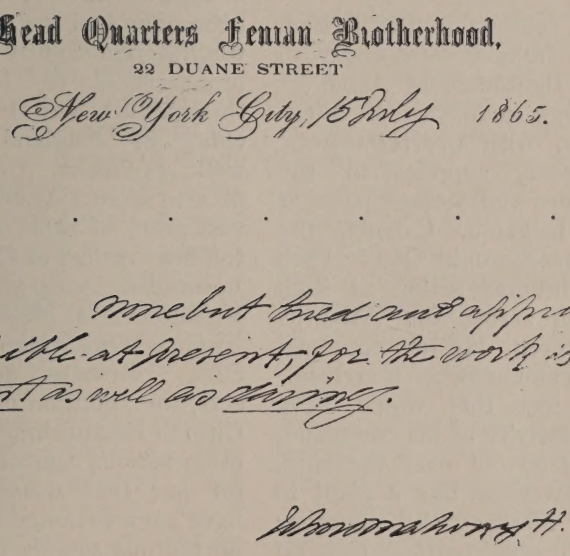
In the latter part of '63 a Congress of the Fenian Brotherhood was held at Chicago. It was an epoch in its history. Delegations attended from all the Northern States, from Canada and from the Federal armies. It aimed at expansion. The Head Centreship was henceforth to be an elective office. A council of ten were to assist the chief, and other measures adopted were to make the organization more efficient. But unfortunately an element was developed in it which two years later caused a division of the Brotherhood into two wings. Even so could there have been concert of action its power would not have been wasted, and its forces that could have been concentrated in giant power, would have struck at England a series of quick and unerring blows for the independence of Ireland, to the admiration of the world. I know I am not at all alone in this view. The lamented John Boyle O'Reilly, who was a Fenian in Ireland, England and America, said as late as 1884 of the organization: "Fenianism was the most powerful force of Irishmen that ever conspired against Great Britain." The '63d Congress declared Stephens "the supreme organizer of the Irish race." It seemed curious to the writer that shortly after the deliberations of Chicago he established in Dublin a news journal called "The Irish People," notwithstanding the existence of many patriotic papers all over the land ready to serve the cause.

One effective result of the Chicago conclave was the establishment of a Fenian Sisterhood, which rendered excellent service to the cause in the States.

With the public prestige that the organization was attaining in America, and the reference thereto through the press of Ireland and England, the work of honey-combing the British army and navy went on. The Irishmen in those branches of the service read the reports and were eager to listen to the accounts of revolutionary progress from the lips of their countrymen engaged in the work. Of such was Boyle O'Reilly, a sabreur of the 10th Hussars at the time, and many hundreds of kindred spirits. Even the guards of the prisons took the oath of devotion to the cause, as for example when Stephens in a few days after his incarceration in Richmond prison, Dublin, toward the latter part of 1865, made his escape from that strong bastile, the people of two continents were astonished, but it was an easy problem in the Irish patriot councils.

A grand fair held in Chicago co-

relative of the congress, netted some fifty thousand dollars. During 1864 the organization at home and abroad was increasing in numbers and force. Another convention was called at Cincinnati and held there January, 1865. This body authorized the issuance of bonds in the name of "The Irish Republic." In the meantime a call for a specific number of experienced American army officers was called for and to report in Ireland.



Head Quarters Fenian Brotherhood,
22 DUANE STREET
New York City, 5 July 1865.

. . . . . .

Meeting held and approved Fenians
are eligible at present, for the work is one
of Love as well as duty.

John O'Mahony H. C. F. B.

Four went from Boston, viz.: Lieutenant Colonel John O'Connor, of the 28th Massachusetts Infantry; Captain T. W. Burke, of the 9th Massachusetts Infantry; Major Matthews, an experienced artillerist of Milford, and Captain Hugh Maguinness, of the regular army cavalry service, a resident of Belmont, Mass.

The impatience in the 1863 Council which was shaping into opposition to O'Mahony, with its attendant intrigue, became potent for the work of ruin during '65, and it was necessary to hold a Congress at Philadelphia in the fall. Here the rifts of the division during the prolonged session of ten days became more visible and the party of "On to Canada" stood out in bolder relief. Shortly after the adjournment the open rupture took place and William R. Roberts, a New York merchant, became the Head Centre of the dismembered wing. Another convention was called by O'Mahony and held in New York City, January, 1866.

Previously word reached America of the arrest of Stephens. It was considered that he permitted this in order to show the world one phase of his power. He was released by a force under Colonel Thomas Kelly, of the 10th Ohio Volunteers, and a select staff outside with assistance from within. He remained several days subsequently in Dublin, and then via Scotland and England,

retired to France. He had failed to use the power he held to order the promised uprising and for which hundreds of officers from all sections of the United States — the war for the Union being over — went to Ireland and England. There were fifteen thousand organized effective men in Dublin City; there were eighteen thousand in rebel Cork. Large forces were ready for call in Tipperary, Waterford, Kerry, Limerick and through the provinces of Munster, Leinster, Connaught and Ulster.

The Irish soldiers in the British regiments in Ireland were ready to deliver over thousands of stands of arms and large quantities of munitions of war, with quartermasters' and commissary supplies in the barracks, camps and storage posts of the land. England, Canada, the United States, would have been aroused to intense action at such news flashing across the Atlantic. Stephens faltered. He was not equal to the great moment when it arrived.

Mighty forces that would have sprung into activity at his command, lay inert, spread out over the land, prone and powerless, like a giant in a half-stupor awaiting the summons to arise and give battle. General confidence was lost. The beginning of Stephens' end had come.

Later, when military men like Generals Cluseret, a splendid Franco-American officer, William G. Halpin, Fabriola, Colonels Ricard Burke, John O'Connor, Thomas Kelly, Leonard and numerous other experienced and tried soldiers attempted a general rising, there was failure, and the desultory fighting in the country at Tallaght, Glencullen and other places in County Dublin; Kilfeach, Tipperary; Kilmallock, Limerick; Emly and Gurtover, also in Tipperary; Kilbalan, Kerry; Kilcloney, Middleton and Ballyknocken, in Cork; Ardagh, in Longford; Drogheda, in Louth, were only meagre features of what might have been done had the signal been given when it was eagerly looked for from Malin Head to Cape Clear. But these affairs with Fenianism threatening in England — the Clerkenwell explosion, the well-arranged plan to seize Chester Castle and its vast store of arms and ammunition, the bold rescue of Colonel Kelly and Lieutenant Deasy (9th Massachusetts Volunteers), at Manchester — set the English Government on its wits' ends. Results, ameliorative land acts, the abolition of the abominable Church Establishment in Ireland, and other serious considerations favorable for her that would not otherwise have been dreamed of had not these portentous sounds caused an alarm. That much of the present attitude of England in favor of Home Rule for Ireland is fairly due to the power displayed by the Fenian organization, I think cannot be denied.

DARGLE BRIDGE, COUNTY WICKLOW, IRE.

THE PRESENT PENSION SYSTEM.

BY CONGRESSMAN JOSEPH H. O'NEIL.

O much has been said and written on the pension question, that the ordinary person would be apt to believe that the recent attempt to secure some reform in the present administration of the pension laws, was an attempt to wipe out the whole pension list, while the very contrary is the case. Unless some reform is made in the pension system, by the weeding out of those who neither deserve nor need pensions, the whole system will grow so heavy and burdensome that there is danger that those to whom the faith of the Government is pledged, may suffer with those who neither deserve nor need pensions, when much more radical reforms are inaugurated than those recently attempted in the 52d Congress. The amendments then proposed aimed only to remedy abuses brought on by the dependant act of June 27th, 1890. That Act was passed to relieve first, those who on account of the lapse of time were unable to prove that the disease from which they may now suffer was contracted in the service, and second, to prevent any one who served in the Union army from becoming the inmate of a poor-house.

Those were the two specific objects of that bill, and if confined to those two classes there would be to-day no fault found with the administration of the law, nor complaint against the enormous amount carried in the appropriation bills each year to pay pensions, every dollar of which all the people must pay for in the shape of taxes.

The system has far outstripped its original intentions, and its inequalities are so glaring that the demand for correction comes as strong from the worthy veteran as it does from the tax-ridden citizen. Take the case of the soldier who lost an arm or a leg in the war; very properly, early in the war an act was passed appropriating money to supply them with artificial arms or legs; then it was found that there were a great many who needed surgical appliances, and an act was passed granting them; then those who needed artificial limbs insisted that the Government did not supply the best, and a law was passed giving them the money every five years with which to buy limbs where they pleased; when that law was passed along came the pension attorneys and insisted in the name of those whose arms and legs had been shattered by bullets that they too were entitled to commutation, and they got it; then they insisted that a man whose leg or whose arm was useless because of rheumatism contracted in the service, that he, too, was entitled to commutation for a lost limb, and he got it.

Now the man who uses an artificial leg wears it out every five years, but as there was some inequality in the law and it cost something for repairs, they put through a bill in the

51st Congress granting a new limb or commutation every three years instead of five. Now while the Government should give to those who lost their legs the best substitute that can be obtained as often as it is needed, there can be no good reason given why, after an artificial arm has once been given, the Government should be obliged to give the money for another arm every three years, when the history of artificial arms is that they are only used to fill out the sleeve of a coat and that they will last as long as the owner lives, and this is proven by the fact that ninety-six per cent. of those who have lost their arms draw the money every three years. But if no good reason exists for granting this commutation to those who have lost an arm, how much less reason is there for granting it to those whose limbs are still attached to their bodies? If the pensions had not been increased in proportion to the disability there would be some reason, but they have been, and to-day as the law stands, the man who has lost a leg in the service is placed on the same footing as the man whose leg is disabled from rheumatism under the law, but the operation of the law enables the man suffering from rheumatism to put his seventy-five dollars in his pocket every three years, while his less fortunate, legless comrade is obliged to spend his in the purchase of an artificial limb as often as they wear out.

This is but one of the many striking inequalities of the pension system which needs radical revision.

Again it is said that any attempt to take away the pension of a widow is unmanly and cowardly, and if the widow deserves the pension this would be true, but under the present law the soldier who endured all the trouble and the danger and the hardship is frequently obliged to content himself with a pension of two dollars or four dollars a month, and when he dies his widow applies for a pension and secures twelve dollars a month, even though she may have married him twenty years after the war was over. In the last annual report of the Pension Commissioner it appears that there were under the old laws passed previous to 1890, 13,077 men drawing only two dollars a month; there were 62,354 drawing four dollars a month or less; there were 106,916 drawing six dollars a month or less; 181,157 drawing eight dollars a month or less; 215,969 drawing ten dollars a month or less, and of that number when they die, their widows can claim a pension of twelve dollars a month, much more than they who suffered received while alive. That this is an injustice which should be corrected few will deny. In the amendments proposed it was provided that no pension should be paid to any widow unless she was married within five years after the close of the war, and immediately the cry went up that war was being made on women. And yet it was not war, but an attempt to see justice done. The woman who allowed her husband to go to the war shared with him all the horrors of that struggle and she was promised that if ill befel him the Government would see that she did not want. That promise has been faithfully kept up to the present and the only danger which menaces it is the greed of those to whom the Government is under no obligation and under no pledge. The young girl who, engaged to be married to the youth who responded to his country's call, kept her word when the soldier returned, is also entitled to the grati-

tude of her country and she, too, will not be allowed to suffer by a grateful people.

But those who, long years after the war was over, who suffered none of the anguish and anxiety caused by having loved ones in the field, those who married long after the war was over married for better or for worse as God saw fit to make their lot, and are no more entitled to pensions than those who like them married, but not soldiers of the late war.

The lot of widowhood is sad enough at best; it carries with it every day its sad remembrance of many sorrows and hardships, but the forty thousand widows of soldiers of the late war, married long after the war was over, have no claim on account of any promise made by the Government and no greater claim on our sympathy on account of their sorrows and tribulations than have the two millions of widows in the Northern States who did not marry soldiers of the war. If the pension is to be given to widows because of their needs, then all the needy widows should be placed on the roll. If that be done, then this great pension system of ours becomes no longer a recognition of patriotic devotion to country and principles, but a vast charity fund distributed by the nation and a usurpation of the duties of the States.

It is because there are those who do not believe it to be a charity fund, and who do not wish to see it degenerate into such, that attempts are being made to make it what it was a few years ago — a roll of honor, containing the names only of those whose services to their country are worthy of carrying down to posterity, and the granting to whom of a pension would be appreciated far more as a recognition of a country's gratitude than for the amount of money it carried with it.

The whole system of granting pensions has undergone such radical changes, that if one were to take the law of 1862 and compare it with the law of 1890, even the most hardened pension attorney would stand aghast. It has been changed by gradual easy stages. First, only those who were actually wounded in the service were pensioned, then those who contracted diseases in the service were pensioned also, but it should not be forgotten that in those days, just after the close of the war, when the real soldier was on guard, that the pension system was very differently conducted from the way it is at the present time.

Pensions were granted them because of their inability to earn a living; if the disability were only temporary, so, too, was the pension. In those days pensioners were examined every two years or oftener as the pension agent directed; applicants for pensions who did not need them were considered a disgrace to the name of soldier. As an illustration of how the pension business was conducted during General Grant's administration, it is related of a man whose left arm was wounded, that going up one day to receive his pension voucher he was met by a fellow-pensioner, who said: "Are you going after your voucher?" He was answered "Yes." "Well," said his friend, "take my advice, don't; for the agent will surely cut you down if you wear as good clothes as those." Not heeding the advice, he went upstairs and asked for his voucher, when the pension agent, a battle-scarred veteran, turned on him fiercely and said, "You don't need a pension; a man who dresses as well as you do ought to be ashamed to ask a pension of the Government." The pensioner

insisted on receiving his voucher, whereupon the agent ordered him to be examined and on the strength of that examination reduced his pension from six dollars a month to two dollars, and in those days, be it remembered, the applicant for a pension paid for his own examination and the pensioner when examined every two years also paid the fee of the examining surgeon. This incident occurred during General Grant's administration and was merely a sample of what was going on in every section of the country, and excited no comment, for it was recognized as a determination to keep the list of pensioners confined to those who deserved and needed them; and yet when twenty years after that, when the pension appropriation has increased from $30,169,341 to $141,086,948, or more than four and a half times as much, an effort is made to purge the list of those who should not be on it, there are those who would have the people believe that our institutions were in danger and that the firing on Sumter had begun again. The rapacity of the pension shark or agent, as he is commonly called, induces him to call every little while for new legislation, because every new act brings a fresh grist to his mill; they care nothing for the pensioner; it is their fee they want, and so it has come to pass that whereas there were considered but two certainties in this life, death and taxes, there now has come a third, the pension attorneys' fee. They are the men whose rapacity threatens the worthy pensioner. The story of pension progression is an interesting one. Beginning at the Act of 1862 to take care of those wounded or disabled by granting them a small pension, it has steadily progressed until we have a pension roll larger in the amount of money it carries than is needed to maintain the standing army of any nation in Europe.

The people have no desire to cut off a worthy or deserving pensioner, but they do object to the payment of pensions to persons not wounded or diseased in the service who to-day are better off and earning better salaries than the average man.

In almost every State in the Union laws have been enacted giving the veteran of the late war preference over all others in all appointments in civil life.

By these laws the veteran is enabled to shut out the civilian from competition for nearly all the well-paying positions in state, city and town, and yet when all this is done and these special privileges are granted, a clamor is raised if an attempt be made to deprive those men from drawing a pension under the dependant act of June 27, 1890. Let it be remembered that no country in the world pays pensions as they are paid here in the United States. In other lands they are paid either for wounds received in the line of duty or for long terms of service, and the amount of the pension paid when compared to ours is ridiculously small, so that when men are pensioned under the Act of 1890 it is on the ground that they were incapacitated from earning a living, and when other laws enable them to earn a better living than by their chosen vocation, it is but just to the great body of citizens that these pensions should cease.

Let every citizen in the country look around him during the day and see the positions now filled by veterans of the war, exempt from all the civil service competition which the ordinary citizen must undergo, and then let him ask himself if the veteran when occupying that public posi-

tion ought not be willing while holding it to have his pension suspended. Why, the veterans who served in the Continental army during the Revolutionary War, and who suffered privations unknown to the men who fought in the Union army in the late war, were granted pensions only for the term of five years, and though these terms were extended and finally made permanent, this was not done till thirty-eight years after the war was over, and then no one could get a pension except for known wounds received in service and not then unless he could prove that he was in absolute need of the pension. When the 52d Congress passed an act increasing the pension of veterans of the Mexican War from eight dollars to twelve dollars, it was provided that it should be those veterans on these conditions: "On account of service in the Mexican War and who is wholly disabled from manual labor and in such destitute circumstances that eight dollars a month are insufficient to provide him with the necessaries of life."

Let those who found fault with the proposed amendments to the present law reflect on the stringent language of this Mexican Act passed in the year 1892, and reflect that if the same conditions were applied to the pensioners of the War of the Rebellion it would not take near one hundred millions to pay the pension roll; and yet unless patriotism asserts itself and greed be suppressed, necessity will compel just such drastic legislation.

Nothing shows the greed of some pensioners more than the condition of affairs at the soldiers' homes. There the men are comfortably housed, clothed and fed; they get tobacco, have entertainments furnished them, and grounds in which to enjoy themselves that very few people in private life enjoy. In addition to this nearly all the inmates receive a pension; in fact, under the rules for admission to these national homes there is not a man admitted who is not entitled under the present administration of the law to a pension of twelve dollars a month. So that for the same disability these inmates are housed, clothed and fed in addition to their pension, while the outside pensioner struggles along on his twelve dollars a month. According to some figures made last May and never contradicted, the average pension paid to those outside the homes was one hundred and twenty-seven dollars a year, and the cost to the Government for each inmate of the home when they received their pension would be three hundred and sixty dollars, and yet when an attempt is made to compel these inmates to send all but a small portion of their pensions to dependant relatives or turn it into the treasury to help maintain them, it is denounced as an outrage on the old soldier.

It is such inequalities as these, unjust as it must be admitted they are, that it is sought to remedy, and it is these attempts that are being thwarted by the demagogue, who, as it costs him nothing, is willing to squander the money of the people and so give to himself a reputation for generosity he would never otherwise enjoy.

Pension reform must come, and while it ought to come from those veterans who bore the brunt of battle in the war, yet if they are not willing to take hold of it, there are others, seeing existing abuses and the menacing danger to the worthy pensioner if the present unjust and unequal system be continued, who will not hesitate to attack frauds and

hypocrisy wherever they may find them. There are those who believe that the patriotism of the people is not dead and that not all the people are desirous of getting their hands in the public treasury.

There are those who believe that it needs but the present call on the surviving veterans who did the fighting in the dark days of their country's peril, to hear them respond as they responded thirty years ago, and that now as then, the bummer, the camp-follower and coffee cooler must get his just due.

There are still two hundred thousand of the old guard alive, and not on the pension roll, who will respond with that grand army of worthy pensioners to purge the list and make the holder of a pension certificate proud of its possession, and proud to be able when he dies, to hand it down to his children as an honored heirloom. With its present unworthy incumbents that cannot be done, and it is to be hoped that patriots will unite to make a patriots' roll of the nation's pensioners.

Joseph O'Neil

AN APOLOGY.

BY N. S. C.

BLAME not my eyes as things unkind,
Since seeking you they are so active ;
Blame Nature that I am not blind,
Or that she made you so attractive.

THE OLD CANOE.

THE TWIN SEA-FLOWERS OF KILKEE.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

Author of "The Condemned Cell," "The Curse of the Family," "The Last Duel," etc.

"YES, they are rare beauties, Doc. Which do you think the lovelier?"

"I'm lost in wonder over that very point, Blair. They are rival graces, of different form and hue. See how splendidly the dark girl carries herself — the gait of a Juno! And what superb black hair! Would do for Cleopatra, to my fancy."

"Magnificent, indeed, but not more captivating than the swan-like grace of the other, Doc. I never saw so perfect a complexion. Fair and delicate as a lily, but as cold-looking as Diana. Two bewitching sea-nymphs. And both peasant girls, evidently."

Such was part of a colloquy which went on, one day in August, on a shelving rock overlooking the strand of Kilkee — most delightful of watering-places in the West of Ireland — between two English tourists. The objects of their admiration were two maidens perched upon a bowlder, a couple of hundred feet below where the travellers were seated. The girls were enjoying the sunshine and the music of the Atlantic billows, chatting pleasantly over their knitting, and perfectly unconscious that two pairs of eyes were employed in scanning the r faces and greedily watching every graceful movement of their nimble fingers from the dizzy height above.

But the watchers were just as much unaware that they were in turn being watched by a pair of jealous eyes belonging to a fierce, sun-browned face, set above a pair of broad stalwart shoulders, only a few yards above the stone where the travellers had perched themselves. The vast natural amphitheatre of stone which surrounds the bay abounds in nooks and grottos, and in the season there, all these rocks have ears. Neal Desmond, a hardy young fisherman of the place, had come out to look for sea-birds' eggs, and, fatigued after a fruitless day's search, had seated himself on a rock a little above the place where the English travellers were located.

He ground his handsome white teeth with passion, as he listened to their exclamations of delighted wonder.

"Be the cross o' Pong but I'll pitch one or both of ye into the Puffing Hole, me fine gladiathors, if I catch ye prowlin' afther thim girls, so I will," he muttered savagely, as he watched the movements of the levelled glasses. "But the thieves' breed of ye that dares to look at Norah Daly especially — be all the powers but I'll choke him!"

"Come along, Doc," cried the gentleman whom the other had addressed as Blair; "the day is growing late, and we sha'n't be in time for dinner. This wild Irish sea-breeze gives a man a wonderful appetite, and I'm beginning to feel it. We can see those marine goddesses some other time. They appear to belong to the place."

"Have a care, Blair. I told Maud Ashton that I would have an eye after you and report if there was any danger of those Irish sirens stealing away your heart. You know she suspects you are fickle. So come along."

"Ha, ha! That's very good for you, Doc. I can tell some stories to Belle Maybury, if I like. So there I have you, Doc — Doc — Caradoc — I pity you, my boy. I think you are hopelessly gone over that pale mermaid, with the golden tresses, down below."

Doc, or Caradoc, Merthyn was the son of a millionaire Welsh colliery owner — a spoiled child of fortune, being the only son of purse-proud parents. Blair Hartley was his opposite in the matter of worldly means, being a poor but talented Cambridge grinder, a man who, left a penniless orphan, had worked his way up by sheer force of character, until he had achieved a very lucrative position in his own laborious profession. To him the coaching of young Merthyn had been left, and he had succeeded in infusing into his indolent young pupil sufficient energy and love of learning to pull him respectably through his matriculation course, and both were now enjoying a well-earned holiday in the picturesque South and West of Ireland.

When Merthyn had arrived at man's estate, he fell in love with half a dozen girls in succession, but he had fallen out with the whole lot in turn again; until at last he was fairly caught in Cupid's meshes by the beautiful Belle Maybury, an irresistible blonde beauty of Brighton, and was brought to do what he had not attempted doing in any of the other cases. A proposal was the gulf which he saw before him, and, Curtius-like, he plunged into it. There was no help for it. He did not like it, but he could not avoid it. It would fetter his inconstant spirit forever, he knew; but the spell which was over him would brook no denial. So the marriage was arranged for the time when he should return from his holiday; and here he was now, gazing with eyes that seemed as if they never could gaze half enough, at a face and form so utterly different from any he had ever seen before that they seemed a revelation.

The case was different with Blair Hartley. He was engaged to a charming Irish girl, who resided with her parents in Cambridge. Affluence was not an attribute of the family. Maud was penniless, but her bright disposition and loving heart were to Blair richer than gold, and he had resolved to share the world with her whenever he had scraped together enough to begin its troubles with. He was getting on fairly, and a couple of years more at the same rate was all that lay between him and happiness. Therefore, although he was now gazing at this other Irish beauty with unfeigned admiration, his heart was true to the girl of his own choice; and though the peasant girl was, he confessed, far beyond his own Maud in the gift which to many is the most prized in woman, he felt no pang of disappointment on that account.

Both men rose and scrambled down the rocks toward their hotel. Neal Desmond gazed after them with a look that spoke daggers.

"I'll keep an eye on ye, me bouchals," he hissed, "and if ye don't lave thim colleens alone, ye'll not be in a hurry to come to Kilkee again, I can tell ye."

Norah and Moya Daly were twin sisters. Far and wide they were known as the Sea-flowers of Kilkee. They lived with their parents close by the beach, and the family maintained themselves by keeping what is there styled "a lodge" in the summer months for the accommodation of visitors. For old Tom Daly, who had been a fisherman, was permanently disabled from blindness, and the family were compelled to adopt this avocation in order to maintain themselves. The girls assisted their mother in the household work, and though they had had repeated offers of marriage from comfortable farmers, they rejected them all from a sense of filial duty.

Neal Desmond had for years been hopelessly in love with Norah Daly. The poor fellow had no fortune beyond his fishing-boat; and besides he had a sister dependent upon him. How could he ever have the presumption to think of taking a wife, he often asked him-

self. And even if he could, what could ever recommend him to such a girl as Norah Daly? He was rough and uncouth and passionate; she all grace and tenderness and modesty. He knew all this; yet he loved her desperately.

On the day following this little scene on the Kilkee rocks the family which had been staying in the lodge kept by the Dalys departed, and a card in the window intimated that the place was ready for the reception of other visitors. The young Englishmen, strolling along the beach, saw it. They had found out that it was there the Sea-flowers lived. "Let us go in," said Doc Merthyn, "and engage those rooms at once."

"Don't attempt it, Doc," cried Blair; "you are ruined if you do. Think of Belle Maybury."

"She be — well, I won't say it, Blair; but I must go. My fate drags me on. I am powerless. If you don't come I'll go myself. Don't speak a word; my mind is made up."

Blair Hartley argued and remonstrated, but all in vain. Doc would have his way. So in they marched, and opening negotiations with Mrs. Daly, quickly engaged the rooms.

Next day they came to their new quarters. Neal Desmond chanced to be out on the beach, getting his *corruth* ready for sea, when the vehicle bringing the travellers and their luggage stopped at the Dalys' lodge. He looked like forked lightning when he saw them enter the door and beheld Mrs. Daly bidding them welcome.

The two girls, as if they instinctively felt there was danger lurking in the distance, kept out of the newcomers' way studiously for some time, allowing their mother and the old servant woman solely to attend to their wants. But Doc was not to be put off in such a way. He watched his opportunity, and intercepted Norah one evening as she was returning from the chapel. He was polite and he was handsome, and he had a very winning way whenever he liked. He accompanied her back to the lodge chatting pleasantly on a variety of matters. After her first reserve had worn off he found she was full of wit and vivacity, and he was more than ever charmed with the girl, she was such a contrast to his affected and vacuous-minded fiancé.

Neal Desmond was standing at the door of his cottage, which lay just on the outskirts of the little town. Norah recognized him from a great distance, and would gladly have got rid of her assiduous companion if she could, for she did not like the idea of passing Neal by in his company. She could make no excuse, however, for doing so, and had to suffer him to walk along past Neal's door. Her face flushed crimson as she noted Neal's dark threatening eye fixed on them, and she averted her head and pretended not to see him as she hurried with tottering steps by his door.

Neal's face grew positively black with rage when the pedestrians had moved past his cottage. He hissed out a frightful imprecation between his locked teeth, and turned into his cabin with the movement and the air of a man demented.

"Why, what on earth is the matter with you, Neal Desmond?" cried Father Hurley, the genial young curate of Kilkee, as passing by Neal's place on his return from a sick call, he found him busy repairing his boat and getting it ready for sea. "Sure you're not going out to fish by the light of the moon — eh?"

"Not goin' to fish indeed, your Riverence; but I'm thinkin' there'll be something for the fishes very soon about here. Did you notice a vessel away in the distance this evening, Father Hurley?"

"No, Neal; I saw no sign of one."

"Well, I did, your Riverence, for me eyes are likely more accustomed to seein' things at say than yours. She was a large vessel, an' she was thryin' to keep off shore, but the currents were seemingly agen her; an' though she had all her sails in she seemed to be batin' in this way, and there may be lives lost before the daylight, Father Hurley."

"True, Neal, if God will it so. But

how can you help that? You know you can't venture beyond the breakers outside." And he pointed to a ridge of glittering surf outside the little bay which showed where the Atlantic currents battled with a line of broken rocks beneath.

"I have done it before now, Father Hurley. I know my way through."

"Not in bad weather, Neal. Your life wouldn't be worth a straw."

"'Tisn't worth much more, as it is, Father Hurley. And what betther way could it go than in thryin' to save a fellow-creature?"

"This is madness, Neal. You're not called upon to do it, unless you see some one in actual peril before your eyes."

"As I'm a livin' man, there'll be plenty in actual danger, an' that before very long, Father Hurley, an' there'll be no one there to help but me. I can't do much, but what I can do I will."

"There's something the matter with you, Neal," said Father Hurley, in a tone of grave disquiet. He saw the light of mad recklessness in the young man's eyes. He had known him long, but he had never seen him in such a mood before.

"Ay, that there is, Father Hurley. You know Norah Daly, there beyant. She is the girl who I worshipped. I was no match for her — at laste as yet; but somehow I always felt that one day or other I might be able to go and say to her, 'Norah, will you be my wife?' an' now there's an English fellow — a great nabob, I suppose — stayin' there with them, an' she's taken up with him. I saw the two of 'em walkin' together this night, an' I overheard her promisin' to meet him agen to-morrow night. He's a rich man, an' riches can do anythin'; an' I'm only a poor strugglin' fisherman. An' now, Father Hurley, what do you think life is worth to me?"

"Don't be a fool, Neal Desmond. It is not because a woman promises to meet a man that she has given herself away to him. And even if it were, is not your own life to you more than all the women in the world? Life, you must remember, is God's gift, and woe to him who throws it away lightly."

"'Tis all very well to rayson, Father Hurley, but you cannot make it your own case. So with all respect, your Riverence, you might just lave it alone. Me mind is made up — an' maybe if I stay here with me own thoughts I might be tempted to do worse nor what I'm ditarmined to do now. But I must do somethin'— I don't care what it is — if I'm not to go mad."

Finding it useless to argue the matter any further, the good priest, with a fervent "God bless you, Neal, and send you safe back," turned away, and left the young man to continue his preparations for his desperate enterprise.

Moya Daly had been standing at the cottage door when her sister and Doc Merthyn came near the lodge that eventful evening. A strange feeling shot through her heart as she saw them. She had never spoken to him, but she had seen him a good deal, and heard the sound of his voice, and he was so different a man from any she had ever seen or heard in her life before that a strange feeling of interest in him had sprung up in her heart. A pang of jealousy made her wince for a moment when she saw him speaking to Norah, and she turned away hastily to try to divert her thoughts from what she instinctively felt to be an evil direction. This handsome stranger she knew to be far above her station, and his meeting with Norah she attributed to pure accident. Why should she trouble her head about such a circumstance, or about him?

And yet, do what she might, she could not settle the question so effectually as to banish the incident from her mind. When the household duties of the day were over and she and Norah were seated knitting by the fire in their own room that night, she artfully led the conversation on to the subject which engrossed her thoughts.

Norah laughed and blushed, and then told her frankly all that had occurred

between the stranger and herself. Moya looked very grave. Her delicate white face grew a shade whiter as she listened to Norah telling her that she had made an appointment to meet him on the morrow. She startled her sister by asking abruptly:

"Do you really think you could marry him, Norah, suppose he were to ask you? I thought you liked poor Neal Desmond."

The question was an awkward one for Norah. Though she was pleased with the Englishman's attentions, she had not contemplated any such sudden climax to them as this. She had acquiesced in his request for another meeting more with a desire to hear what he had to say and to know him a little further, than with any other motive.

"I wonder at you to ask such a question, Moya," she replied, after a moment's hesitation. "Can't a girl hear what a man has to say to her without thinking of marriage? And as for Neal Desmond — why, he was so overbearing the last time I spoke to him I vowed I'd have nothing more to say to him. The poor fellow manes no harm, I know, and I used to like him once, in a way. But he's too cross entirely. He almost frightens me sometimes."

"You ought to mind what you are doing, Norah," replied her sister gravely. "You should never play with a man's feelings. If you don't like him, give him to understand that — and there's an end of it. But I know you do like Neal Desmond — and you encouraged him for a good while. Now, how could you marry this English gentleman, supposing he proposed to you?"

"I don't know, Moya — you know we are very poor, and — and"—

"And you'd sacrifice your feelings to make us rich — that's it, Norah. But never do any such thing, Norah; have nothing more to say to him. Take my advice, else you'll rue it all the days of your life."

"But I've promised to meet him, Moya — how can I get out of that?"

"Leave it to me — I'll go and make an excuse for you. He'll know 'tis only an excuse, and once he sees that you wish to avoid him he'll take the hint, believe me, and never trouble you again."

There was a smile of triumph on Moya's face as she turned away, the dialogue over. She had carried her point. Norah had yielded to her arguments, and now Moya had the field all to herself.

Strange compound of attributes, this wayward heart of woman. Moya Daly loved her sister with all the love possible to human nature, yet a strange pang of jealousy and wounded vanity had darted through her mind when she saw that it was to Norah the handsome stranger had paid attention, and not to herself. Hitherto the citadel of her heart had never been really assailed. For none of those who had sought her hand had she entertained the slightest feeling save that of neighborly friendship.

She had no taste for settling down in a dull, untidy, small farmer's house as its mistress; she felt such a life unsuited to her. She knew that in personal attractions at least she was fitted to adorn a higher sphere; and despite her humble training and surroundings, Moya Daly was ambitious. Here was an opportunity such as might never again present itself, and why should she not embrace it? Nothing could be lost by the essaying; nothing gained by refraining.

Such were the thoughts with which she set out on the succeeding afternoon to meet Doc Merthyn, away out on the rocks beyond the Puffing Hole. It was where a large inscooped bowlder formed a great stone seat, with a ledge of projecting rock for canopy, that they had agreed to meet.

It had been a very strange day. The air was heavy and electrical. A great storm, Moya knew, must be raging away there in the distance, over the bosom of the mighty Atlantic, although its centre had not yet reached the mainland; but it must come anon. She hastened her steps as she looked at the

sky, for she felt that there was no time to lose ere the full fury of the tempest came sweeping over the bay.

Neal Desmond had carried out his resolve. He had launched his fragile craft and boldly set out toward the breakers which formed the dangerous reef of breakwaters at the entrance of the bay. He knew well every yard of the coast; and though every stroke of his oars seemed to be carrying his light bark into the jaws of overwhelming destruction, he shot through the whirling surges, up and down between the threatening crests of the billows, with an immunity that seemed marvellous. At length he passed the foaming barriers, and rode upon the face of the comparatively smoother though greater undulations outside.

For a couple of hours this struggle went on, and then signs of the accuracy of his prediction began to show themselves. Fragments of wreck came floating over the waves. Straining his eyes in the direction whence the wreckage was borne along, he saw many round black masses bobbing up and down with the motion of the waves, and he knew they were human heads.

At last one of these came floating in the direction of his boat. He pulled with all the strength left him toward the object. As it came near he distinguished a face — the ghastly face of a dead man. It came very near his boat; and dropping one of his oars, he stretched over the gunwale and grasped it by the hair. He waited for a great wave which was coming in to lift the body up sufficiently to enable him to drag it over the side of the boat. The little bark quivered for a moment under the additional weight, and for one terrible instant it seemed as if it must keel over. But Neal was as quick as lightning. In a twinkling he had cast the body down over the seats, seized the oar which he had dropped, and was facing the angry waves again with the prow of his tiny vessel. To reach the bay again with as little delay as possible was his great object now. Though his prize seemed dead, the vital spark may not have finally fled. Men half-drowned often appear dead in truth, while with timely care they may be revived.

It was some hours before Neal Desmond reached the coast, and he was so exhausted that he was fain to cast himself down upon the sands for a little rest. But the knowledge that his own life — for he was soaked with brine — if not the life of the being he had picked up on the waters might pay the penalty of inertia, stimulated him to one more frantic effort. With all the strength left him he dragged the body from the boat, tore open the clinging garments on the breast, and began to feel for pulsation. Not the faintest throb — not the feeblest ray of heat. Neal Desmond soon saw that his task was vain.

Up to this time he had not looked at the dead man's face, so absorbed was he in the effort to save his boat and bring his stark burden to land. Now he pushed back the mass of long iron-gray hair which clung around it, and scrutinized the sharp, bleached sallow countenance. He knew it well. With a cry of horror he sprang up from the body and clasped his hands in sudden agony.

"God of heaven!" he cried, "it is my uncle Maurice."

Yes, it was so. Years before Maurice Desmond had left Ireland for the gold fields of Ballarat. Up to that time he had been as a father to Neal — whose own father had died while he was a mere child. But the land laws of Ireland made it impossible for Maurice Desmond to live there. He was evicted from his home, and with what money he could scrape together he emigrated to Australia and set out for the gold fields. Since that time nothing had been heard of him, but Neal Desmond had heard from people who had returned from Australia, that there were rumors that his uncle had grown pretty rich, and that it was his intention to come back to the old country in a little time.

There was a broad belt around the

dead man's waist. Neal Desmond unclasped it. The belt was padded and lined. With his knife he ripped open the soaked lining carefully, and found it filled with bank notes, all saturated with water, besides a score of large diamonds. Taking the notes asunder, he found that they were for large sums, all of them. They represented altogether about ten thousand pounds.

Here was good fortune, indeed. Neal Desmond's heart gave a mighty bound as he looked at the treasure which had so strangely fallen into his possession. A thrill of joy for one moment shot through his frame, but the next instant found him cursing himself for a selfish, unnatural brute. He would give the whole treasure back — nay, ten times the amount, were it there — if he could call the dead man back to life.

Hauling up his boat high on the sands, he started off for his home to change his dripping clothes. This done, he hastened to the coastguard's house to acquaint them of the wreck and the fact of his finding the body. Then he bent his steps hastily towards Norah Daly's lodge. The thought of food or drink never entered his mind, although his exhausted condition necessitated both urgently. His one thought now was Norah — Norah, whom he thought in danger of being dazzled and flattered, perhaps to the verge of harm, by the wealthy English stranger. He would save her from that, for he, too, was wealthy now and he knew that it was the one fatal obstacle — want of wealth — which had kept her and himself apart. The fortune which had fallen upon him so tragically had changed all that.

There was nobody at the lodge but Mrs. Daly. Norah was out, she said. "She's gone to the chapel," Mrs. Daly went on. "She was sad and in low spirits like, all the day; and so I just told her to go to the chapel and say her rosary, and she was sure to feel better, for there's always consolation there."

"Moya is out, too," the aunt went on; "I don't know where. I wish they were both in, for I fear the night is going to be bad. But won't you come in, Neal, and sit down and wait till they come home? They can't be very long away, and you know they're always glad to see an old friend like you."

Neal said no, not just then. His thoughts were in a whirl. He felt that he had wronged Norah, and he did not care to encounter her just then, feeling in such a guilty mood. He turned away and bent his steps in the direction of the path which led out to the Puffing Hole. That pile of rocks is so called because of the peculiar noise it makes when wind and sea run high. It juts out from the rugged shore like a bastion. The path to the Lover's Leap winds up, in gradual ascent, from the plateau around the Puffing Hole. Neal Desmond strode onward and upward, and as he neared the brow of the cliff his ear caught the sound of voices now and again borne on the wings of the rushing gale. An unusually strenuous blast forced him for a moment to seek the shelter of an injutting ledge. Not many minutes had he been there when he heard the noise of footsteps and exclamations of terror on the path outside. Then two figures swept past him, scrambling down the path, holding on as they went, to the projecting pieces of rock along the sides of the pathway.

"Be careful, Miss Daly. For God's sake, try and get into some shelter, else you will be blown into the sea; this wind is terrific," he heard a man's voice exclaim. It was the voice of Doc Merthyn.

"Miss Daly!" Norah, then, had played her aunt false. So thought Neal Desmond, in a flash, as he heard the words. There was no other Miss Daly in his thoughts than Norah. He could not see the girl's face, so tightly was the hood of her mantle drawn about her head. The sisters were wonderfully alike in figure and bearing.

"Ha, traitress!" he cried, bursting out of his sheltering-place, "and so you have been won from me by the gold and the glitter of the false Saxon!

But, by heavens, it will be but little use to you! By the great God above us, I'll fling him into the Puffing Hole, for I swore I'd do it, and Neal Desmond always keeps his word!"

A piercing shriek burst from Moya. Neal had the look of a maniac. His hair was tossing madly in the wind; he gesticulated furiously as he rushed down the sloping pathway after the pair.

An awful blast came, and it flung both Neal Desmond and Doc Merthyn in a heap against the sides of the rocky passage. It caught Moya, whose dress gave it a greater leverage, in its fierce grasp, and whirled her round and round upon the path, as if she had been but a feather. On and on it whirled her, down that fearful incline, with merciless fury.

"Merciful heavens! she's lost — she's over the ledge!" cried Desmond, springing to his feet. "Throw yourself down, Norah — save yourself — everything shall be forgotten and forgiven — but, oh, for the love of God! don't die before my eyes," cried the frantic man, as he rushed after the girl down the hill.

But it was too late. Moya could not help herself. She was borne along by a force as irresistible as destiny. She uttered a cry of despair as she quivered on the verge of the abyss, and the next instant was swept into the seething waters below.

Neal Desmond was frozen with horror — mad, stark mad. He dashed like a maniac, a maniac's strength animating him to face that awful tempest, back up the path towards the spot where Doc Merthyn lay cowering and quivering with fear and mental agony. He sprang upon him like a panther and dragged him by the collar of the coat away down the path of death.

"Mercy, mercy!" cried the despairing man. "I am innocent, I could not help it. I never harmed the girl in word or deed."

"Mercy! Ha, ha!" he laughed wildly. "Such mercy you shall get from me as the devil shows to lost souls. Down the Puffing Hole you'll go — ha, ha!— down there after Norah Daly!"

"Stop, on your life — on your salvation, rash man!" cried a voice from a rock near the brink of the chasm. "Norah Daly is safe at home. It is her sister whose death you have witnessed, and I fear have brought about by your mad conduct this day."

Father Hurley stood before them. He had been visited by Norah, who confided to him the story of her doubts and her temptations, and had counselled her to return home and have no more to say to the English visitor. He had learned from her, too, of Moya's mission, and, judge of human nature that he was, had surmised the motive. He knew Moya's disposition well — knew of her ambitious spirit and the scornful light in which she regarded the humble people about her from amongst whom she might have long since found a husband and protector had she not given way to dreams far beyond the possibilities of her station.

Neal relaxed his hold upon his intended victim, and stood gazing with stony eyes for a moment upon the face of the priest.

"My God!" he gasped at length, "this is awful. Moya Daly drowned! What brought her here? 'Tis almost as bad as if 'twere Norah herself. This fellow — this English *shoneen* here — is the cause of it all. He tried to put his *comether* on the girls, and Moya was foolish enough to heed him."

"It is an awful lesson to you both," said Father Hurley solemnly. "You, by your mad folly, have been no less instrumental in hastening the girl's death than this man here — though neither of you meant her the slightest harm, I have no shadow of doubt. Go home, sir," he added, turning to Doc Merthyn, "go back to your own country, and seek no more to interfere with the peace of virtuous Irish families by your fine airs and your lavish display of wealth. They are not for such as you, nor you for them. They are a different race. You, Neal, come along with me, and beg the poor heart-broken mother's

pardon, and God's pardon, for the part you have taken in this awful day's work."

A little grave, in a sheltered nook in the humble graveyard of Kilkee marked with a cross made with sea-flowers and white ocean shells, points the sad moral of Moya Daly's ambition. Her fair form, undisfigured by aught save the ocean brine, was washed ashore on the shining strand of Kilkee when the storm abated, and no more bitter tears of sorrow were shed above the mound than those which came from the contrite heart of Neal Desmond.

The angel of forgiveness came at length to Norah too, and his gentle wings fanned the feeling of resentment which she felt towards her old lover into those of sympathy and attachment to the man whom she had in a weak moment driven beyond the bounds of reason by her inconsiderate behavior. Their mutual tears of sorrow fell long over poor Moya's grave as they knelt, united in grief, and united in heart and spirit, beside the clay which clasped as fair a lily as ever grew by oceans' side, and a happy bride in England had reason to bless the day when a wayward lover's eyes were opened to the sin and misery which a wanton trifling with the heart's holiest affections may entail upon innocent lives.

THE FAGGOT GATHERER.

HAVE YOU ANY FRIENDS IN HEAVEN?

A LIGHT-HAIRED, blue-eyed wee one,
Grown weary and tired of play,
Climbed on my knee to ask me,
In his simple childish way;
"Have you any friends in heaven,
That you sometimes want to see?"
Oh! the child's words thrilled my heart strings
Like a minor melody.
"Have you any friends in heaven?
Who beneath God's skies,
Has not some dear one waiting
On the hills of Paradise?"

I thought as I sat in the twilight,
With the wee one on my knee,
Of the little blue-eyed Georgy,
Whose years not numbered three.
He went from *her* arms to heaven,
It seems long, long ago,
And left in *her* heart that sorrow
That only *mothers* know.

I thought how I, as a father,
Grew lonesome, and longed to hold
Once more on my breast, our Georgy,
With his hair of sunset gold.
Do I ever want to see him?
Oh! child with the earnest eyes,
My heart has gone on before me
To the hills of Paradise.

— *Major G. Arthur Tappan.*

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

ST. GEORGE MIVART, whose illuminating articles, in recent numbers of the Nineteenth Century, on the "Happiness in Hell," have provoked discussion among thinking men, Catholic and Protestant alike, the world over, has been for nearly twenty-five years a conspicuous figure in that group of Englishmen to whom the world is indebted for no small share of its scientific knowledge. His original investigations in the realm of natural history would alone entitle him to distinction, for it was he who first demonstrated the insufficiency of the Darwinian theory to account for the origin of species. That achievement would have assured him lasting renown, but it is by no means the greatest service which Professor Mivart has rendered to the world. His splendid talents, his profound erudition, his unceasing toil, and, above all, his simple religious faith, have been dedicated to the task of proving that scientific truth and religious truth are not, and cannot possibly be, antagonistic to each other. Hence his unique position among Englishmen of science. His researches in the material realm have strengthened his hold on spiritual things. Theirs have confirmed their agnosticism.

The outward life of St. George Mivart, like that of most scholars, has been an uneventful one. He has, however, been no mere bookworm, in spite of his dozen or more published volumes and scores of pamphlets, covering a range of widely differing topics that is simply appalling to the average mind. Contact with nature, with the world, with life in many phases, has made him broad and sympathetic and kept his books rom smelling of the midnight oil. He was born in Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, London, Nov. 30, 1827. From his mother, who was a brilliant woman, he inherited his piety as well as his love of study. Obtaining his early education at Clapham Grammar School, at the famous Harrow School and at King's College, London, he intended to matriculate at Oxford. His interest in theological and ecclesiastical subjects, however, had early led him to a study of church history, and the result of his investigations was that, in his seventeenth year, he was baptized in the Catholic Church. His purpose of going to Oxford was therefore abandoned, and he entered St. Mary's College, Oscott, instead. In languages, mathematics, and in the natural sciences, he was accounted the most brilliant student of his time. Studying law after the conclusion of his college course, he was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1851 and practised for a time. The bent of his mind, however, was toward the natural sciences, and all his leisure hours were devoted to them. He stuck to the law for about eleven years, and in 1862 was appointed a lecturer in St. Mary's Hospital Medical School. Recognition speedily followed his valuable contributions to scientific knowledge. In 1867 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society; in 1869, and again in 1882, vice-president of the Zoölogical Society; secretary of the Linnæan Society from 1874 to 1880, and its vice-president in 1890. He was called to the professorship of biology

in 1874, and held this position until 1890, when, on the invitation of the Belgian Episcopate, he accepted the professorship of the philosophy of natural history in the University of Louvain, where he has since remained.

His life has been a marvellously busy one. In the intervals of writing his books he has delivered hundreds of lectures on scientific subjects before learned bodies and before popular audiences in all the great cities of England. He has scarcely known a day of idleness for forty years. And his industry has been of the kind that counts for something in the progress of the world, along many lines. It must surely be a wonderful mind that can write an erudite treatise on "The Myology of the Echidna, Agouti, Hyrax, Iguana, and Certain Tailed-Batrachians," invest a work on "Cats" with scientific interest, write a classical work on "Birds," handle historical and political questions in an original and thought-provoking way, and start a theological discussion that has caused a wave of excitement to pass over the whole religious world. Yet all these activities give barely a hint of the versatility of Professor Mivart's strong and original mind.

For years he was, as he himself says, a hearty and thorough-going disciple of Darwin, accepting from him the view that natural selection was the origin of species. With his characteristic independence, however, he began an exhaustive investigation of the Darwinian theory, and the result was his work on "The Genesis of Species," which appeared in 1870, at University College, Kensington. One purpose of that book was to show that, while the theory of evolution is perfectly compatible with the strictest Christian orthodoxy, if not applied to the human intellect, yet "natural selection" could not account for the origin of species. Many of my readers will recollect what a cyclone of indignation was aroused by that work. Professor Mivart called down upon his devoted head the wrath both of Darwinians and of many Catholic clergy. The latter pronounced his book heretical and dangerous in the highest degree. But Professor Mivart held his peace and bided his time. He sent a copy of the book to the Supreme Pontiff, and Pius IX. conferred upon him a doctor's hat in recognition of his services to science and religion. Cardinal Newman himself bestowed the degree at a public function.

His literary style is one of remarkable clearness and strength, and whether he is discussing some abstract scientific subject or wielding the theological cudgels, there is never any doubt as to his meaning. The quality of his mind is amply shown in this extract from his recent controversy with Rev. Father Clarke: "I feel it necessary to guard my non-Catholic readers against the mistake of supposing that the fact of my opponent in the Nineteenth Century being a priest and a Jesuit gives him any power to bind the Catholic conscience. Not only does no single priest or bishop (save the Bishop of Rome) possess such authority, but not even an entire religious order can claim it. Thank God, the liberty of Catholics, both clergy and laity, is very much greater than it is commonly supposed by outsiders to be."

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APRIL, 1893.

Devotion to the Catholic Faith is Loyalty to the American Flag.

ARCHBISHOP SATOLLI is now the accredited representative of the Holy See in America. There is no further reason to question his position or to misunderstand its significance. When he speaks in deciding a vexed question, he speaks with the direct authority of Pope Leo XIII. To question his decisions is to ignore the authority of the Sovereign Pontiff himself. In the letter appointing him Apostolic Delegate to the United States, His Holiness says:

"We grant you all and singular powers necessary and expedient for the carrying on of such delegation. We command all whom it concerns to recognize in you as Apostolic Delegate the supreme power of the delegate Pontiff; we command that they give you aid, concurrence and obedience in all things, that they receive with reverence your salutary admonitions and orders. Whatever sentence or penalty you shall declare or inflict duly against those who oppose your authority we will ratify, and with the authority given us by the Lord, will cause to be observed inviolably until condign satisfaction be made. Notwithstanding constitutions and apostolic ordinances, or any other to the contrary."

After such an explicit declaration, all room for doubt, for cavilling or trimming is removed, and it only behooves the Catholics of this country to recognize the wisdom and fatherly consideration of the Holy Father in bridging the distance that separates them from Rome and placing the means of settlement of all differences at their very door. The reign of Pope Leo XIII. has been one rich in beneficence to the Church; but no one act of that glorious reign has been so signally a promise of blessing to the Church in America as the sending to our shores of Most Rev. Archbishop Satolli.

THERE is something wrong somewhere in our present system of government. This feeling is not monopolized by the mortgage-crushed farmers of Kansas and other Western States. Every now and then a truly honest man, who is not a personal sufferer by the present pressure, but who sees things clearly, has to speak out in clarion tones. The latest is Representative Shell, of South Carolina. After serving through the next Congress, to which he has been overwhelmingly elected, he proposes to retire to his plantation and forswear politics. He has announced to the people of his State that he will not be a candidate for Governor and will not accept another nomination to Congress, and he has given his reasons. They are curious reading and in substance amount to this: Mr. Shell's experience in Congress has convinced him that his efforts to obtain for his constituents the legislation which he promised to try for, are simply useless. He is satisfied that all so-called national legislation is moulded for the benefit of a comparative few and against the interests of the

vast majority of the people. This testimony coming from a distinguished Democrat is very weighty and should make us all more thoughtful. But especially ought our young men to study into all problems of government and try to find out whether it is not possible to bring about in the near future such a desirable thing as industrial equality in this republic.

. . . . . .

Another member of the last Congress, Mr. Jack Adams, of New York, has also distinguished himself lately by a unique move. He has written a letter to the Corporation Counsel of New York City, suggesting a legal attempt to bring Jay Gould's estate into court and recover back taxes. Mr. Adams' letter quotes the affidavit of Jay Gould's executors that the deceased left seventy million dollars of personal estate and adds:

"Thus seventy million dollars is the executor's sworn estimate of the personal estate at death, which is to be compared with five hundred thousand dollars, the assessed valuation for the preceding year. The assessed valuation, it is to be observed, was based upon representations made by Mr. Gould in person, and under oath, to the Commissioners, in accordance with the provisions of section three hundred and twenty of the City Consolidation act. Mr. Gould's wealth may have fluctuated between seventy million dollars and five hundred thousand dollars during the interval of less than two years between the dates of the two estimates, but, while this is possible, it is not at all probable."

This last paragraph strikes us as the most polite and delicate bit of sarcasm we have heard for many a day. Just think of it! Here was this monster of money, this most appalling product of our present transitional period, this, well, this truly poor rich man, Jay Gould, year after year, in the name of Almighty God, swearing to a lie in order to escape taxation on his legalized plunder. No wonder an honest man like Mr. Jack Adams makes so just a suggestion. But will the New Yorkers adopt it, or will they wait a few years and confiscate to the State every one of those seventy million dishonest dollars left behind by Jay Gould?

So many Americans of note have suddenly passed away this last winter that a sense of sadness has for days pervaded the nation, and especially New England, four of whose most noble and representative citizens have gone in quick succession: — Butler, Blaine, Brooks; and now for Dr. Andrew Peabody, of Harvard, memorial services are being held. All over the world, in the hearts of Harvard men who read the news of the death of this distinguished scholar, the echoes of these memorial services will arise. For Andrew Peabody was something more than a mere professor, something far greater and more worthy of honor than the minutest scholar who ever got lost in a wilderness of books and mistook mere acquisition for true learning. He was a sincere and straightforward man, full of mercy and loving kindness. To him in all kinds of trouble or perplexity the students turned as the needle to the pole, always certain of right direction, given in a manner whose eager kindness almost seemed the outcome of a personal affection. For Doctor Peabody loved the race almost as much as some men love themselves and far more wisely.

The subscribing of twenty-five dollars on the part of the convicts of the Charlestown State Prison for flowers to grace the bier of the late Gen. B. F. Butler

is a simple and touching reminder of the fact that delicate sensibility and a convict's garb may be associated. A man's environment often determines his ultimate classification in the social scale, and, therefore, one's judgment of the unfortunate may well be tempered with sympathy and mercy.

WHY are we Americans so behind the times in some respects? Here's the pneumatic tube applied to the postal service, which has been in use between Berlin and London for several years, and it was only introduced into this country a month and a half ago by the Postmaster-General. The first parcel was sent from the Philadelphia main post-office to a branch and in one minute and three seconds from the time Mr. John Wanamaker deposited the parcel, it arrived at the sub-station. It returned in the same time and as the new carrier leaped out of the receiver, those present gave three cheers for the system which is going to revolutionize our mail service.

THE lover of Nature familiar with her every phase, will delight in the series of papers, the first of which is presented this month, by Mr. Herbert Milton Sylvester, entitled "A Spring Opening." Not since the pen of Thoreau was laid aside have the brooks, the forests, fields, birds and flowers of America had so faithful and charming an interpreter, nor does the language at present possess another with the exception of John Burroughs. Mr. Sylvester has that happy faculty of getting his reader in touch with the rustic environment he portrays, of leading him away from the rush and turmoil of the city, its fetid atmosphere and interminable walls of brick and stone, and into the country with its ever varying glories of field and forest, and where he will be nearer to the Creator by being surrounded with His handiwork, rather than that of man.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is a Catholic periodical, and nothing shall ever find a place in its columns that shall call in question its Catholicity or lessen the warmth of its welcome in the Catholic home. Recognizing the necessity of authority in the treatment of all questions of Faith and Morals, and knowing in whom such authority is vested, its presentation of purely Catholic matters shall be done over signatures that will carry their own evidence of competency to discuss the same; but in secular literature its aim is and will be to present the best current brain product of Catholic and non-Catholic writers, that the readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE may not find it necessary to seek the great secular periodicals for the work of the brightest and most entertaining minds. Thus, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, to increase the worth and value of its pages, has engaged a staff of contributors which represents not only the most valued names in current Catholic thought, but the best and brightest among all the workers whose pens are enriching every department of American literature.

EVERY one remembers the venerable and impressive anecdote about the wealthy and cautious old gentleman who advertised for a coachman. Each applicant for the position was asked to drive as near the edge of a dangerous precipice as he thought safe. One drove within a foot of the brink, an-

other showed his skill by guiding the horses within six inches, another ventured still nearer, and so on. The last applicant said he wouldn't dare go near the precipice, but would keep as far away from it as possible. "Ah! you're the man for me!" cried the employer, and hired him on the spot. Now there is in every movement, in every enterprise, in every cause, a danger line, to overstep which plunges the coach of progress and the coachman down the abyss created by prejudice and ignorance and narrow conservatism. There is a spurious kind of discretion, somewhat akin to cowardice, which has been called "the god of sots and cowards"; and there is also an insane foolhardiness which courts danger. But the coachman who "arrives"—to paraphrase an expressive and useful bit of slang.—is he who disregards imaginary dangers, knows the temper of his steeds, his road, and his goal. Blessings on the man whose discretion does not paralyze his courage and who can discriminate between real and imaginary perils!

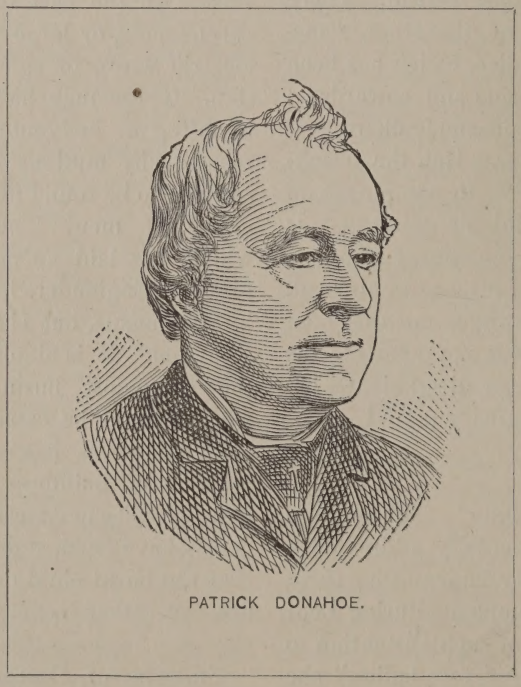
A LITTLE champagne! Not long ago a fashionable London lady addressed a letter to other society dames urging them to abstain from champagne during Lent and give the price of such abstention to the poor. "If only a few ladies," she says, "would put themselves bravely into this little champagne movement during Lent hundreds of starving souls would be relieved." The natural inference from this is that in six weeks London society women consume a vast amount of "the foaming grape of Southern France." We trust there is exaggeration here, though the lady appears to have minute and unassailable knowledge whereof she speaks. We are told, moreover, that in New York and other American cities the amount of tippling among society women is alarming. What is to be done, if this be so? The only answer we can suggest is that every religious man and woman must work harder still to prevent this curse descending from the upper crust of society into the great middle class.

THERE is one fundamental reason for the devastating fires that have visited Boston in the past few months — not carelessness, or large-area buildings, or electric wires, or spontaneous combustion. These may have been the contributing or incidental causes, but the reason why millions have been swept away is to be found in the overreaching greed of men. The Yankee goose which has laid so many golden eggs for New Englanders has not been killed by any means, but she has been badly wounded. It is almost incredible that the shrewdest business men in the world should be capable of such suicidal idiocy as has characterized the erection of buildings in the most enlightened city in America. But they evidently have been, and they have proved that the burnt child does not dread the fire, but rather seems to like it.

FRIENDS of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE who do not find this publication upon any news stand or in any news store they may visit will confer a favor by so informing us. As all unsold copies are returnable at our expense, there is no reason why all newsdealers should not have DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE on hand each month for the accommodation of their patrons and gain to themselves.

AN HONOR WORTHILY BESTOWED.

THE University of Notre Dame confers annually a gold medal upon some man or woman who has rendered distinguished services to humanity. The announcement of the recipient of this high honor being made on Lætare Sunday, the medal thence has its name. It is always given to a Catholic layman, is blessed with solemn services, and the presentation is usually made the occasion of a celebration, to indicate that the Church rejoices in the honors won from, and the benefits bestowed by, humanity upon a worthy son or daughter. Among those who have received the Lætare medal are: General John Newton, the eminent engineer, who removed the obstructions to navigation at Hell Gate and thus rendered safe the approach to New York harbor through the East River; John Gilmary Shea, the historian; P. C. Keely, the architect; Anna Hanson Dorsey, the novelist; Eliza Allen Starr, the poetess; Major Henry C. Bronson, for his services in literature and philosophy; and W. J. Onahan, who has been prominent in church work. The choice of the university this year fell upon Patrick Donahoe, the founder of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, and his long and honorable career in the cause of Catholic journalism and literature was thus fittingly crowned by a tribute from one of the leading Catholic institutions of learning in the country. Rev. Father J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., vice-president of the University of Notre Dame, came to Boston to present the medal to Mr. Donahoe, and the presentation took place at the close of the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Charitable Irish Society, March 17, in the presence of a distinguished gathering, including Very Rev. Father Byrne, vicar-general of the archdiocese of Boston; Rev. Father R. J. Barry, Rev. Father Alexander Klauder, C. SS. R., and many prominent laymen. Dr. John B. Moran presided, and in a most felicitous manner introduced the vicar-general, who said:



PATRICK DONAHOE.

GENTLEMEN OF THE CHARITABLE IRISH SOCIETY: You enhance the honor about to be conferred on one of your members by causing it to be done in your presence on this your annual festival, the feast of St. Patrick.

It is a most fitting occasion to show your respect for one of your oldest members, who

so worthily bears the name of the apostle and patron of Ireland. I thank you for the courtesy to myself implied in this action of yours, and am delighted to meet the members of this time-honored society.

The University of Notre Dame, Ind., some years ago invented the happy device of a medal of honor to be conferred annually on some layman who had done signal service in the cause of religion and country. It has the merit of being more generally appropriate than an honorary degree. This year, on Lætare Sunday, you, Mr. Patrick Donahoe, were selected as worthy of this medal. This award is based on many sound titles. You were almost the first Catholic Irishman who rose to distinction in Boston, where so many of the sons of Erin have since won for themselves, by sheer talent and industry, honorable names. You are the oldest living witness of the growth and vicissitudes of the Catholic Church in Boston. Now, entering on your 79th year, you have been for over half a century a potent factor in the marvellous advance of your race and religion in this country. In the "Massachusetts of To-day" you are recognized as a fine type of a Roman Catholic Irishman.

1836 you founded The Pilot, which is still conducted with that intuition of the best aspirations of fellow-countrymen and fellow-citizens for which it has been noted from the beginning. The Pilot, though a pioneer in the field it ventured on, has always proved a true guide, even in the most perplexing times, when human sagacity might be pardoned for making some errors. On all the great questions of religion, patriotism and social reform The Pilot has always taken the right departure and steered the true course.

In giving to the late John Boyle O'Reilly a fair field in The Pilot to manifest his genius, guide his countrymen and influence the course of events, you did more for the cause of Ireland than any other man living in America. For this alone you deserve not only a Lætare medal, but the highest honors that your countrymen can confer upon you. For this alone your name should be held in benediction and you should enjoy our eternal gratitude.

Your publishing house placed in our hands many books that were a real help to religion and patriotism. Your liberality and enterprising spirit encouraged the few gleams of literary talent that from time to time showed themselves in our ranks. The magazine you founded in your days of adversity, though now in other hands, and reaching out with vigorous and well directed efforts for wider recognition, is still proud to bear your honored name. May both be perpetual!

Your charity is proverbial. One can hardly name a Catholic church, orphan asylum ro hospital in this city that did not profit by your bounty when you were counted among the wealthy men of Boston, and even in yoby days of meagre resources, brought about ur our destructive conflagrations, your mite was as cheerfully given to any worthy charity or patriotic cause as your thousands were given in better times. In the care of destitute children your heart and purse were always concerned. You had generous helpers in this work, among them William Pelletier, Charles F. Donnelly and James W. Dunphy, but I think none of them will object to hearing you called the founder of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children on Harrison Avenue, of which you were the first president. You were a benefactor of the Carney Hospital, and one of the most efficient promoters of the Working Boys' Home and the House of the Angel Guardian. You were one of the most prompt and generous of the contributors to the fund for the erection of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross.

Your private deeds of charity are known to God, and for the most part forgotten by yourself. With these facts in mind I need hardly say that this honor from one of our most flourishing and progressive seats of learning is right well bestowed, nor that I deem it a special privilege to be made the medium of conferring on you this distinction, especially here before your brethren of the Charitable Irish Society, and on the feast of St. Patrick, which by a happy coincidence is both your birthday and your name-day. Receive, then, Patrick Donahoe, this gold medal, blessed on the Sunday of mid-Lent, in imitation of the Pope's blessing of the golden rose, when the Church exhorts even the afflicted to rejoice. It is the crowning honor of a well-spent life, and no doubt will go far to compensate you for the bitter trials of the past, console you in your declining years, cheer you in the brighter prospects that now begin to smile on yourself and your family, and reward you for your many good deeds and the good intentions that all know animated even your less fortunate efforts. I hope and pray that you will live to carry this honor proudly, as you visit the Irish parliament about to be established once more in College Green, Dublin, and that modestly wearing this badge of the esteem of your fellow-citizens — a token we hope of the favor of God — you will outlive this nineteenth century.

Rev. Father Zahm then read the address of presentation, which was handsomely inscribed upon a banneret of white moire silk, beautifully ornamented with hand-painted devices representing the genii of the arts and sciences, surrounding the picture of the university. The address was as follows:

MR. DONAHOE, — The Lætare medal of the University of Notre Dame, now rendered even more worthy of acceptance by association with so many honorable names, is this year

offered to you as a symbol of the love and reverence, the admiration and gratitude which you have justly earned.

You were one of the most zealous pioneers of the Church in America, and in showing appreciation of you, Notre Dame honors a noble band of which you are the representative.

You wielded the axe among the trees of the primeval forest that men of your Faith might find their way; you tore aside the poisonous vines that threatened death to all whom they entangled.

All your life you have been a veritable defender of that Faith for which you have never hesitated to make sacrifices in time of trial. You gave the impulse to the great work of the apostolate of the press, which John Boyle O'Reilly continued.

When, like him, you have fought the good fight, and gain the goal, you will have left to those for whom you battled the stimulating remembrance of an example which must cheer and urge them to imitate your unflinching courage and unfaltering perseverance.

Father Zahm then pinned the medal on Mr. Donahoe's breast amid loud applause, and as the venerable gentleman rose to respond, a basket of roses and a bunch of shamrock were presented to him. He was deeply affected, and when he had recovered from his emotion he said:

VERY REV. FATHER BYRNE, REV. FATHER ZAHM, AND OTHER ESTEEMED FRIENDS,—From my heart, which is too full for ready words, I thank the great University of Notre Dame for the honor of its Lætare medal, and you, my old friend, for your gracious presentation of it. It is hard on an old man to stand up against a broadside of praise. As we get on in years, our soul's eyes grow sharper, and I, on my 79th birthday, see not what I have done, but what I wished to do, or might have done. If I have done some good in my long day, to God who helped me be the honor. I, who was of the little Irish Catholic flock when it was poor and despised — I, who have lived under the spiritual guidance of every one of Boston's bishops, thank God that He has spared me to the day of the Church's glory in America — to the day when every one honors what the children of St. Patrick have done for the Church and state — to the day of American cardinals and Catholic universities, and ten million of American Catholics, and an Irish Catholic consul-general at London. I am proud to look back over seventy years of history, and borrowing another's words, say: "All of this I saw, and a little of it I was." As to your poetic vision, Father Byrne, of old Patrick Donahoe at the Irish Parliament in College Green — well, stranger things have happened; but it is for You young men here, standing back of the fighting men in the Old Land, to hasten Ireland's freedom. I'll see it from heaven, anyhow, and rejoice with you again. I thank you all from my heart."

The medal is of solid gold, the centre-piece being blue enamel, on which is a raised representation of an open book, with a pen laid upon it. On one side is the inscription: "*Lætare Medal. Magna est veritas, et prævalebit.*" On the other side are the words: "Presented by the University of Notre Dame to Patrick Donahoe, in recognition of distinguished services to the American Catholic public."

In "Massachusetts of To-day," an historical and biographical memorial of the State, recently published, to which the vicar-general referred in his address, Mr. Donahoe is thus spoken of:

'The oldest newspaper editor in New England, and perhaps in America to-day, is Patrick Donahoe, owner of the Boston Pilot. His life has been a long series of successes and reverses, of struggles and victories, until to-day he stands at the head of the most influential, among the distinctively Catholic newspapers of the United States, and is the most respected and widely known among the Irish-American newspaper men of the Republic. Thoroughly, though not obtrusively Irish and Catholic in his opinions, he enjoys the good will and esteem of his fellow-citizens and countrymen, without distinction of creed, and is looked upon as one of the best and truest types of his race and religion."

Writers for Donahoe's for 1893.

George Parsons Lathrop.
Prof. A. E. Dolbear.
Cardinal Gibbons.
Archbishop Ireland.
Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.
Nathan Haskell Dole.
Arlo Bates.
Eliza Allen Starr.
Henry Austin.
Helen Campbell.
Justin McCarthy.
James Jeffrey Roche.
Francis H. Underwood.
Louise Chandler Moulton.
Herbert Milton Sylvester.
Joseph Howard, Jr.
Clement Milton Hammond.
James W. Clarke.
Frederick R. Coudert.
Thomas B. Fitzpatrick.
Eugene Davis.
Madeline Rock.
Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.
Christian Reid.
Maurice F. Egan.
Walter Blackburne Harte.
John W. O'Keefe.
Richard H. Clarke.
Brother Azarias.
Mary Elizabeth Blake.
Katherine E. Conway.
Rt. Rev. John J. Keane.
Alexander Agassiz.
H. H. Boyesen.
Thomas Wentworth Higginson.
Chauncey M. Depew.
W. Bourke Cockran.
Estelle M. H. Merrill.
Hon. John F. Finerty.
Hon. Joseph H. O'Neil.
R. F. Quigley, Ph. D.

J. Gertrude Menard.
Margaret Sullivan.
Frederick Stansbury.
Godfrey Egremont.
Rev. Charles Warren Currier.
Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C.S.C.
Very Rev. William Byrne.
Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C.
Rev. Joseph E. Tracy.
Rev. Joseph V. O'Connor.
Rev. James Halpin.
Rev. F. A. Cunningham.
Rev. Mortimer Twomey.
John Boden.
Marshall Cushing.
C. W. Ernst.
Leland Mason.
E. Clarence Hovey.
W. S. Snyder.
Victor O'D. Power.
Katherine Tynan.
P. O'Neill Larkin.
John S. Browning.
John O'Callaghan.
Jessie M. Burgoyne.
Archbishop Walsh of Dublin.
Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax.
Patrick Sarsfield Cassidy.
William D. Kelley.
Rev. Alfred E. Young, C. S. P.
Robert J. Burdette.
James Whitcomb Riley.
Denis B. Collins.
Margaret E. Jordan.
Annie C. Minogue.
W. H. Tammem.
Mrs. Tucker McColloh.
Mary E. McKay.
Mary B. O'Sullivan.
Rev. Thomas C. McGoldrick.
Albert F. Zahm, A. M., M. E.

Charles S. O'Neill.

FOR WOMEN BY WOMEN.

CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

WE are surfeited with the wise doings and witty sayings of the children of the rich. They are the puppets of the public, the stage properties of modern civilization. The newspapers gloat over them, the society journals become luminous with artistic reproductions of their idealized countenances; big strong men, who ought to have more respect for their profession, grow maudlin in their efforts to invent new stories about the dainty perfumed darlings; and women, otherwise rational, indulge in the most nonsensical sentiment over charms revealed only by the sheen of wealth, or the reflected light of parental fame.

But what of that wide-awake, world-wise, heroic host known as the children of the poor?

Forget for a moment the cooing of the children of splendor and success, and go down into the social depths where water is not always an indispensable factor in daily life.

There dwell the true heroes and heroines of childhood, the little starvelings, whose first thought is a wistful reflection on the scarcity of food, and whose first voluntary act may be the sharing of a scanty portion with a brother or sister in still greater need. Born with wits preternaturally sharpened, these little folk are keen, shrewd, practical mortals, a sturdy, and (if you will) an aggressive array. Their baby eyes open to the knowledge that for them life is a battle, and they go into the fray with a firm determination to do or die. Many handicapped by disease fall early in the strife; many more achieve victory in the flower of their youth; while others again score success when they have ceased to value it, when riches and fame are as Dead Sea fruit.

And yet how generous they are, how self-sacrificing! A single crowded street can furnish heroes and heroines sufficient to illustrate a series of sketches on this subject.

Look at handsome Charlie, the beauty of his Irish eyes temporarily obscured by two ugly black disks, the trade marks of the bully from whose hands he had rescued Joe the crippled newsboy. "Fighting of course, the young vagabond," is the average verdict of passers-by, who are quick to see the disreputable bruises, but slow in recognizing them as honorable marks of a struggle against oppression. In the good story-books the champion of the weak is invariably rewarded by victory, but not so had it been with Charlie; he had been beaten, brutally beaten, in his own terse English, "knocked into nothin'," but he solaces himself in a cheery way with the reflection, "I kin stand it better'n Joe."

Joe in his turn rises equal to an heroic act, when he saves his own dinner for his hearty, hungry friend, who always experiences much difficulty in "fillin' up"; not that Charlie accepts the sacrifice without question; O no! he must first be convinced that Joe has had "more'n enuff," a lapse from truth that will surely be pardoned by the great Judge of morals.

Then there is Mopsy, the family drudge; the well-known figure with the baby in her arms. He is generally a

Temptation.

lusty, top-heavy fellow, whose solid weight throws the little nurse's frame into the most ridiculous perspective.

Mopsy's mission in life is merged in babies; if she knew how, she could write a real book about them; but she doesn't, so she contents herself with loving them, and takes a motherly pride in their superiority over all other babies in the neighborhood. Poor little Mopsy! it may happen that her ambition will prove greater than her strength, and some night she may lay the baby out of her tired arms to take him up never again this side of Heaven. Perhaps she may be given a baby to care for there; one could hardly imagine her happy without.

Another lesson of patient endurance is taught by little Tim, the invalid of the alley. All day long he sits in the window nodding cheerily to passers-by, or indulging in flights of fancy that make him hale and strong careering round the park on his solitary companion, a battered wooden horse, that is quite as likely to turn into a flesh and blood animal as Tim is ever to know the blessing of health. But life holds compensation for all and Tim's time comes at six o'clock when a weary charwoman is free to forget the toils of the day in performing the loving ministrations of a mother. Her hand is so seamed and roughened that strands of the child's golden hair cling to the horny surface, but love makes the touch as soft as velvet, and infinitely soothed and comforted, he floats away into slumberland where all children meet as equals.

Then there is Terry, a merry, audacious elf, who was never known to be on his good behavior, not even on the serious occasion when he officiated as chief mourner at his own father's funeral.

Even the alley was shocked when he deserted his post behind the hearse to fight Phil Bradley, his sworn foe. The gloves thought proper for the solemn function were split into ribbons before the combatants were torn apart, and then even the undertaker forgave Terry.

Phil had reflected on the dead man's character taunts that hurt all the more because they savored of truth. Poor, benighted Terry! depraved enough to defend the memory of a father to whom he owed neither love nor duty.

As I write, memory outlines another scene, the laying to rest of a truer heroine than the world has ever honored with mural tablet or monument of stone. And yet she was only a "factory hand," capable of no more heroic act than cheerfully yielding up her own life for the three little children, gazing wide eyed and tearless into the open grave. Day after day, and year after year she had toiled for her orphaned charge till her feeble strength was spent. A little wrong-doing might have made life much easier; young, pretty and ambitious, temptation often assailed her, but death was preferable to this simple daughter of the poor whose rugged morality lacked the subtle flexibility of a higher social code.

Oh, the children of the poor! with their warm loyal hearts, their intensely human sympathies, their untaught, undisciplined natures! how the angels

must rejoice in their salvation, signifying, as it does, the triumph of the soul over injustice, oppression and wrong!

When shall the time come for the rich and great to awaken to the awful responsibility of their position? when they no longer see in the waifs of the streets candidates for the prisons? Then shall they uncover in homage to them, not only as the honored men and women of the future, but in reverence for their higher destiny, co-heirs with their own loved ones to that fair heritage — the Kingdom of Heaven.

M. B. O'SULLIVAN.

MENTAL FORGET-ME-NOTS.

THERE is only one absolutely infallible judge of truth; his name is Time. He is slow, so slow that we often despair of his judgment ever being pronounced, but sooner or later it will come, this judgment for which we have been waiting, and it will be final. There will be no opportunity for protest, no carrying to a higher court. Time holds the highest as well as the lowest court, and is in one prosecutor, counsel for the defendant, jury and judge.

VANITY and understanding exist in an inverse ratio in the human mind. They are two dwellers who always seek each to crowd the other out of the tenement. They hold the same relative position to each other as do dirt and thrift, and cannot co-exist for any length of time. With vanity, however, must not be confounded that healthy and proper self-appreciation and confidence which naturally come from a clear knowledge and understanding of one's power and capabilities. The lack of this hampers us as much as does the vanity. We can do nothing unless we feel our own strength, and what does it matter to us if others who see only the outside confound conscious strength with vanity. We have the saving knowledge, and can be serene in its possession.

EVERY reasoning person must be to a certain extent a law to himself. If he is going to measure every act of his life by the standard of some one else, there is an end to all newness and variety of thought, word and deed. No living person, no matter how near and dear, can live your life for you, or can even tell with more than a very varying degree of accuracy just what is influencing you day by day. No one else knows just what you need and crave for the growth of your happiness, or the bettering of your physical state. You must reach out blindly in the dark for what you need, or go bravely forth in the clear light of day to seek it, and the more mistakes you make and the more times you wound your hands and your heart on the sharp prickles of the false, the more able you are to embrace and appreciate in its highest sense the true when it finally becomes yours.

II.

Getting the Effect.

III.

Those Spring Doors.

One does not appreciate a mother till one has made her loving heart ache. You do not know how tender her eyes are till they have looked at you through her tears caused by you. When trouble comes to you from the outside and she shares it and bears it with you, the tenderness you feel for her is one thing, but when the anguish is hers, and yours the sense of guilt, then the love and misery and understanding of it all make a mark on your life and soul that time does not change. One knows then.

What a difference atmosphere and environment make in one's power for working and feeling! It is just as hard to sit and hold one's hands in a room full of busy people as it is to be the only occupied one of a company. A newspaper woman can sit and grind out copy well and brightly in a big office full of noisy men, with messenger boys running in and out with rolls of flimsy, and shrieks for copy coming up from the composing room fit to drive a stranger wild. Now, set that woman down at a desk at home. Shut the doors on her, and send all her family to the other end of the hall. Do you think she can apply and do good work? Not a bit of it. She will wonder what they are all keeping so quiet for or laughing about as the case may be, and she will be made miserable by wonderment as to when she will be interrupted, till her work goes into the scrap basket in despair. This is only a homely illustration of the power of environment. Few of us, even the most thoughtless, could read a novel in church, and oratorio never sounds quite right in a theatre. Environment, I think, is far stronger than even heredity, all proverbs and wise sayings to the contrary notwithstanding.

The world is full of people who waste much eloquence in striving to induce their fellow-men and women to reduce their wants to their havings. That is probably the very worst advice a well-intentioned meddler ever gave. Stop right off if you have listened to him and try to raise your havings to your wants instead. It is pretty hard work, but it pays, and if we find our wants increasing all the time, as they very likely will, why, our havings will increase in a like proportion.

The more we learn to read other people's faces, the less able they will be to read ours. The power of seeing gives the art of concealing, and we are best armored for the fight that comes to all of us by being able to tell what other people think of us without their discovering what we think of them. No one ought to try to be perfectly frank with everybody; there are ever so many people who will neither understand nor appreciate frankness. They would not believe you anyhow, and would misjudge you if they did, so it is better to keep on a little metaphorical mask all the time. The people for whom you reserve it will appreciate it all the more. There is no use trying to be everything to a lot of people. It only cheapens you.

If Providence had intended us to make everybody's wrong right, and

roughness smooth, we would have been created moral and intellectual twins. As we are only single personalities it is not safe to try and spread our influence over too great an area. In order to cover so much ground it will have to be too thin to do much good.

I WOULD rather have people curse me than give a little half-pitying, half-depreciating laugh when my name is mentioned. Let us be strong even in our faults; no one can despise strength; they may depreciate the direction in which it shows itself, but they must recognize it, and pay to it some tribute. Even the tribute of blame is better than the little laugh. J. M. BURGOYNE.

PRACTICAL HINTS.

GAPING holes in the knees and heels of children's hose are more easily mended by tacking in a piece of coarse net and darning through it. The work thus done is more durable and less trying to the sight. A still better plan is to prevent such breaks by strengthening the weak points when the hose are new. A piece of Jersey webbing, stockinet or even a good piece cut from an old stocking, firmly darned in place, will resist wear and tear for a considerable time.

ANOTHER thing worth knowing is that a tiny bit of cotton in the tips of silk gloves will make them wear much longer by preventing the finger-nails from cutting through the delicate fibre.

How many of our readers have lost their temper over the new music book that will not stay open at the right place? Just as a difficult passage is being slowly mastered the leaves approach each other and the student is left in Egyptian darkness as to the ending of the measure.

The preventive against this annoyance is a musical sand-bar. Cut a piece of strong material into a strip nine inches long by five wide and sew up like a pillow; fill compactly with sand and close the open end. Make a silk cover a little larger than the bar and paint on it in gold a passage from some popular air; close the long seam and fringe out the ends; slip over the bar, tie the fringed ends with ribbon and you have a pretty, useful ornament for the piano.

HELP the children to enjoy Easter. A ten-cent package of dyes, a basket of eggs and a little trouble in directing the work will give them a very happy time. The bright red, green, yellow and blue dyes contained in the package give the strong color-effects most pleasing to children. Set on the range four tin dishes half-full of water, add the dyes and when the colored liquid comes to a boil put in the eggs; boil hard. The shells absorb the colors readily and in a few minutes the eggs are ready for decoration. Flowers, birds and their nests, children's faces, stars, half-moons and circles afford a variety of subjects and take well on the gay surfaces. Let the children do all the work themselves; half the fun lies in that; even the baby may be permitted to handle a brush on such an occasion, and in the home-circle even the crudest amateur work is sure to be appreciated.

M. B. O'S.

IV.

Boarding a Car.

V.

"Putting Her Foot In It."

"REST A PLENTY."

THE Southern girl receives this advice from her black mammy every day in the year—"Rest a plenty, honey," and she takes it too, with the result that she keeps young and pretty and strong, years after our restless Northern women have succumbed to backaches and worn-out nerves. Of course we cannot in nine cases out of ten, we average women, with lots of things on our minds and hands, take time for the afternoon nap, or the extra half hour in bed which would add so materially to our curves and roses, but there are any number of ways by which we can all of us relieve the daily strain and keep ourselves pretty and young and fresh and sweet-tempered. Don't think I lay too much stress on keeping pretty. It is every woman's business to make herself just as attractive as she possibly can, without of course taking time away from the sterner duties of life. This last was a parenthetical digression, but now as to this "resting a plenty"—

What is the use in standing up to do lots of things that can be quite as well accomplished sitting down? Dressing one's hair for instance, always a tiring process, mixing cake, or even ironing, can be perfectly well done on a chair, and as the strain of the day will be lessened by just so much there will be just so much less nerve and tissue waste to be restored, and equally of course a corresponding amount of gain day by day. It is the little things that tell in this direction. We are apt to make up for a great fatigue, like a ball or a journey, by a later sleep, the next morning, but the small daily fatigues go on piling on top of each other, till one day the tension grows too much and a break comes.

It is exactly as reasonable to say rest all the time as "pray without ceasing." Nobody is expected to take the latter literally; it means, be always in a prayerful mood, and we can just as easily rest constantly. Don't stand leaning against the refrigerator when giving the day's orders. Sit, even for a minute. Draw a chair up to the drawers you are going to put in order. Bring a chair to the window when you are going to brush your gown. The slight awkwardness will be only temporary. Then there is another thing: shirk every stairway you can. It is just three times as fatiguing to go upstairs as to walk on a level; far better raise your voice and call lustily to some one way upstairs than go running up to find her. Running for horsecars too is enough to make angels weep. The few minutes gained will not weigh in the scale with the fatiguing run. Not one woman in ten will exact from her children or maids the exertion she herself goes through; she sacrifices herself to spare them, and then when she has worn herself to a thread and is then tired and cross, she wonders why her men-kind enthuse over the pretty woman next door. I tell you, women, we are not half selfish enough, or rather we call selfishness and depreciate that which is only reasonable and proper self-care and indulgence. If we don't take care of ourselves no one else will take care of us. We owe it to ourselves to take advantage of every possible opportunity to restore our strength that has left us, and to husband that which we have, and in time those who are nearest to us and

consequently least apt to notice our state, will come to understand that what they call laziness has been the truest economy of our vital force.

Our brains and hearts need rest as much, fully as much as our bodies. It is not the change of air that does us so much good when we run off over Sunday, as the rest obtained by turning the thoughts into different channels, and being interested in things outside the ordinary routine of life at home. A new book, a magazine or a visit to the theatre does the mind as much good as an afternoon's nap, and we owe it to ourselves as a duty to mix with our fellow-creatures and rest ourselves by taking fresh inspiration from them.

The brainiest writer living cannot turn out work of equal merit three hundred and sixty-five days in the year; there must be rest, or the standard will have to be lowered, and why, oh why should we ordinary mortals try and do what cannot be accomplished by the great ones of the earth?

J. M. B.

JUST LITTLE PRETTIES.

THERE is as much art in framing a photograph as an etching or a water-color. There is no sense in buying a frame just because it is pretty and putting a photograph in it. The frame should be as characteristic of the picture as a gown of its wearer. A certain sweet woman whose chief characteristics are a soft dreamy expression of the eyes and a slow, fine smile, invariably frames her pretty face in a little row of moonstones. This environment is as appropriate and becoming as the cut silver or rhinestone frames so high in popularity would be the contrary. I had sent me lately a frame made of a tiny row of pearls, and in all my photograph box there was not one face to suit it, till I came to the picture of a fifteen-year-old schoolgirl taken when she first "put up her hair," and the mingled delight and questioning in her innocent eyes made the loveliest combination in the world with the pure coral frame.

A CERTAIN clever but cynical woman once said that when she lost her children she still had the consolations of religion, but when she broke her pet china there was no hope. There is one, however, providing the pet china be teacups and you only break the saucer. Take your pretty saucerless cups, string them on a ribbon and tie them somewhere in a corner. They will look as if you had intended it and will be very effective; a little bunch hung on the wall by the divan will be used for matches and cigar ashes with delight by the average man, who will disdain to avail himself of an ordinary ash tray.

A KEY chain is always an acceptable gift for a man. He will like a heavy chain with an unornamented but handsome ring better than a more elaborate outfit. Have his initials on the ring; it will make it seem more personal. Be sure and get a good long chain, for he will fasten one end to a suspender button, and it is awkward to turn way round every time a desk or a door must be opened. Don't have holly and things all over the ring if you give it for Christmas, or egg-shaped if it is an Easter present. The man does not live

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VI.

The Effect in a Crowd.

VII.

The Result—"Home Again."

who does not detest being reminded of the souvenir spoon craze.

Of course you love tortoise shells; combs and shoe horns are lots prettier in shell than silver. Only do not let them get dull or they might just as well be celluloid. Keep a soft chamois on hand and polish them once in a while. A little rotten stone and oil will restore the gloss if you have let them go too long.

A slender stiletto piercing three white enamelled *fleur de lis* is a popular lace pin.

The latest pattern for table linen is the goldenrod, either woven in as a border or in single sprays through the entire cloth.

Of all things on earth that should be dainty, surely a woman's handkerchief is the very first and most important. And of all abominations the colored and decorated article that will not wash is the very worst. The stores all keep them in mulle of every imaginable shade, some even decorated with tinsel, intended, of course, to be poked in the front of one's bodice. To a delicate-minded woman this must always seem coarse. There is something almost as suggestive about it as about colored underwear. The daintiest and most womanly thing is to buy sheer linen handkerchiefs trimmed as lavishly as you will with lace or embroidery, but entirely able to stand an intimate acquaintance with the wash tub.

J. M. B.

A great deal can be done towards having a fine and smooth complexion by a systematic treatment of rubbing. A fine towel or a bt of red flannel are best for rubbing, twice a day, or four times, if rapid results are to accrue. By degrees, as the skin gains tone and elasticity from having thrown off the waste matter in its ducts that kept it clogged, sickly and flabby, the friction can increase in energy. The skin becomes, not tougher, but more resistant. If the rubbing is too hard at first, however, it is liable to produce redness and pimples. Even slight friction will do this at times on an unaccustomed skin. But the treatment should be persevered in, nevertheless, and the skin soon becomes extraordinarily fine and smooth.

To Aid the Baby's Rest.

It is very easy to turn babies over without waking them, and it tends to prolong their naps. Take a firm hold of the clothing near the waist and a little below, and roll the baby gently over. It will not waken the lightest of the little sleepers if properly done, and then it is delightful to see them stretch a little and cuddle down in the new position as though appreciating the change. When they are unable to turn themselves, they get cramped after sleeping an hour in one position, and that wakens them and makes them irritable. If mothers of cross babies will try this plan they will find it "helps."

A Simple Way To Help Poor Catholic Missions.

Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. P. M. Barral, Hammonton, New Jersey. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammonton Missions.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Senatorial Elections.

THE need of some change in the method of electing members of the United States Senate has been attracting steadily increasing attention for many years. So long ago as 1875 the State of Nebraska recognized it formally by incorporating in its constitution a provision allowing electors, while voting for members of the legislature, to "express by ballot their preference for some person for the office of United States Senator." In 1881 a joint resolution was introduced in Congress for an amendment to the Federal Constitution, removing the power to choose senators from the legislatures and providing for their election by popular vote. In 1890 the Democrats of Illinois, at their State convention, nominated General John M. Palmer as their candidate for United States Senator, and put a plank in their platform declaring in favor of the "election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people." They made their campaign with General Palmer on the stump in advocacy of his own election, and he was subsequently chosen by the legislature. In the election of November, 1892, the voters of California were invited by the legislature to give at the polls an expression of their opinion upon the question of electing senators by popular vote, and they responded by a verdict of twelve to one in favor of the proposition.

These are a few of the more notable indications that the public mind is interested in this question, and that there is wide-spread dissatisfaction with the results of the present system. It no longer works to produce a body which is at once a conserving and strengthening force in our system of government, as was the case for fifty years and more after its adoption. As is well known to students of political history, the system as adopted by the convention which framed the Constitution was the outcome of long discussion and compromise, and was entirely different from any of the several plans for the composition of the Senate that were originally proposed, one of which was election by popular vote. The convention drifted into the plan finally agreed upon, and was forced to adopt it by the stubborn refusal of the smaller States to accept anything else than equal representation, though the larger States fought hard and long for proportional representation.— *The Century.*

Fads of Medical Men.

A WORD must be said for the exaggerated estimates frequently given to new discoveries which are in themselves of value, and it is not unfair to rank these exaggerations among the fads of medical men. When a new drug or new medicine is brought to the attention of the profession it is rarely understood fully. Before it may be properly classed a thousand experiments must be made with it, and during these experiments the good derived from it is almost invaribly overestimated. This is owing to the law which governs the effects of all medicines. For under this law every medicine does good and evil. As the good effects are often immediate, while the evil take time to show themselves, it naturally follows that they of the more hopeful sort see the former only. A striking instance of this is to be found in chloral, which, when first discovered, was hailed as a sedative having no evil in its train. We know now the chloral habit to be as awful in its effects as the morphine habit. The lesson this teaches is obvious; a medicine must be thoroughly tried before we can say what it is worth, nor should we allow ourselves to join the faddists who hail the coming of the cure-all at last.

Every new treatment, every fresh drug, every medicine that is discovered is one more drop from the great ocean of knowledge segregated that we may study it for the benefit of mankind. In it there is good and evil, but if we approach it with reverent earnestness and study that we may know, we can assure ourselves that we are helping on the great science to which we have devoted our lives. This is reward enough, and this reward shall surely come to the physician who will work. The amelioration of the physical ills of man is the end and aim of our most noble profession, and it is pleasant to remember that even the enthusiasts aid in the great work by their devotion to their fads.— *Cyrus Edson, M. D., in North American Review.*

Value of Interruptions.

PROBABLY no complaint is oftener heard from busy men well on in life than that of interruptions, the hundred little things that daily take them away, apparently, from their occupations or purposes. It might be inferred from their complaints that half the lives of most people was literally wasted in these little distractions. There is no doubt that daily diverting calls do hinder a man from accomplishing work he has in hand, but it is not demonstrated that these interruptions are not the best thing for him and for the world. It cou d be proved that no man ever accomplished anything in the world who was not very much interrupted, and it is evi-

dent that no man is of much account who is not liable to these annoyances. The value of a man in himself or to the community is pretty accurately gauged by the demands made upon his time. It could be shown that if what he is attempting to do is useless, the world will not interrupt him. It has little need of that sort of man. And probably, also, he is fulfilling his destiny, and being of the greatest service he can be in this life, in attending to these ten thousand calls which seem to interfere with his plan. As a man gets on into the thick of life, he can less and less command his time, and he is apt to grumble more and more at the waste of his powers. The chance is that these interruptions are his salvation. It is not only that diversity of interests is essential to his mental and physical health, but these only can bring out his full powers. The man interrupted a great deal is very much in contact with all sorts of life, and presently he gets a good many of his facets polished up that can reflect it. He lives vividly in a hundred ways instead of vegetating in one.—*Editor's Study in Harper's for March.*

Downfall of the Small Producer.

PRODUCTION, whether in agricultural or industrial pursuits, starts with the labor of the individual alone, or of individual families. The productivity of such effort is slight. So long as this stage lasts, industry is carried on upon a small scale, and the product depends wholly upon the personality and powers of the laborer. The product is naturally appropriated by the laborer as his personal property. The basis of such a system is private property in the means of production. The economic development of capitalism destroys this ownership by small producers, in their means of production, and thereby abolishes the system of small production. The stages by which this development takes place are at first imperceptible, until the factory stage is reached. It was the introduction of machinery which finally placed capitalism in possession of a weapon which enabled it to overcome easily all opposition. Steam power accelerated the process. It was utterly impossible for the small farmer or city industrialist to compete with production on a large scale, propelled by steam and electricity; neither can produce as plentifully, hence as cheaply, as the factory or large farm; and their downfall is manifestly but a question of time.

The first effect of capitalist competition is that the artisan and small farmer throw into the breach all their savings. To stem their decline, they become more industrious; the hours of labor are lengthened; wife and children are dragged into the vortex; yet, notwithstanding this feverish activity, the quantity of food they consume grows steadily less, and self-denial is practised in every other direction.

The wage-earner under capitalism is better off than the small farmer or the small producer. If these stick to their small production because they still retain some property, although they could earn more as wage-workers, it is evident that their property is a curse to them rather than a blessing, a fetter rather than a shield. The small producers do not even enjoy a greater degree of independence as the price of their misery. Wherever small production is forced into competition with large production, the former sinks into complete dependence upon the latter. The artisan becomes an appendage; his home becomes an out-house of the factory. As to the small farmer, he is forced either to take up some industrial pursuit in his home as the employé of capital, or he hires himself out to a large farmer. Thus the little property of these rivets them to their own threshold with the effect of making them even more dependent than the wage-workers. Furthermore, it cannot even be said that such small producers enjoy the fruits of their labor. They are generally in debt, and the usurers must first be satisfied. It frequently happens that interest on mortgages will absorb the whole product of the labor of the small holder; in which case he has worked for nothing and paid his own expenses to boot.

The divorce of the small producers from their means of production is thus inevitable. Proletarianism is the unavoidable lot of the masses, if capitalism is to remain in force. —*Adapted by the New York "People" from the German of K. Kantsky.*

Developing Literary Taste.

THE student can be taught "good taste." Of course this can only come from acquaintance with literature,—with the best that has been thought and said; and with that acquaintance comes a broader and deeper consciousness of life. Poets have the faculty of giving us more than mere ideas: they give us sensations which we otherwise would lack, but having, enjoy a greater range of inner life. This scientific age, when once it took hold, was sure to try some dull mechanical method for teaching literature. Despairing of getting students to learn poetry by heart, teachers have settled down to the close study of literature from the standpoint of information and analysis. Of course there is information in literature; but what of that? What does literature mean to him who has merely studied it with an eye to grammatical, linguistic, or rhetorical instruction? Superficial knowledge, facts—no soul; this sort of analytical study is utterly ineffectual for developing a taste for literature. Let us have fewer scholars and more sympathetic readers.
—*Edward T. McLaughlin in the Educational Review.*

A Story for Children.

FROM THE SPANISH.

THE Emperor Charles V., of Spain, having abdicated in favor of his son, had retired to the Monastery of Yuste, in order to enjoy in the cloister that peace and happiness which he had vainly sought for in a monarch's turbulent, though brilliant life.

Philip II. had therefore become, during his father's lifetime, the heir to the most splendid crown of Europe, nay, of the whole world. Nevertheless, he assumed the reins of government without any seeming satisfaction. He attended to the affairs of state with perseverance and assiduity, but with no manifest interest or enthusiasm, and with the air of one who performs an irksome duty.

The only relaxation he allowed himself — and one he much enjoyed — was to clothe himself in a disguise, and to wander alone, and at night, through the streets of Brussels. Dressed in the national costume of the peasantry, and wrapped in a long cloak, Philip would traverse the most unfrequented streets, and visit the obscurest districts of the city, peering in through chinks of windows, and stopping to listen at doors; by this means becoming informed of secrets of misfortune, which he was often able to relieve.

During these midnight rambles, two or three of his faithful guards, ever solicitous for his safety, were accustomed to watch his figure from a distance, and never let him out of sight.

One night, when he went out as usual to wander through the streets of Brussels, he found a young man sleeping on a bench, such as in those days stood beside the doors of nearly all the houses. He shook him by the shoulder and awoke him.

"Don't you know," he said in Dutch, "that it is forbidden to sleep out in the open air? The patrol will soon come round, and then you will be taken to prison."

"And what's that to me?" replied the youth in Spanish. "I am going to conclude a piece of business at this very moment which I intended to postpone until the dawn."

"A piece of business at this hour?"

"Yes, indeed! and one of some importance."

"Unless that business be to rob a neighbor, or to break into a house, I cannot think what can concern you at an hour when every one is sleeping."

"Well," replied the youth, "in truth the idea of robbery had occurred to me, such as you are evidently well accustomed to, since you speak of it so freely; but I had repelled the evil thought, and had returned to my first scheme."

"And may I know what that scheme is?" demanded the disguised king.

"I am not in the habit of making

confidants of people whom I meet with in the streets at midnight. You can do me one favor, however. I am a stranger here. Will you direct me to the river?"

Philip acceded to the stranger's wish and allowed him to depart, but followed at a distance without losing sight of him.

The young man proceeded to the riverside, and climbed a rugged height which he discovered by the moonlight. There he fell upon his knees and repeated a short prayer. Then he arose, and was in the act of leaping into the water, when he felt a powerful hand grasp him by the collar, and he was flung backwards on the ground.

It was the king.

"Do not force me to commit a crime before I die," exclaimed the Spaniard, as he drew a dagger. "I must choose between death or crime. Let me die, or I will stab you to the heart."

"Are you a Christian," cried the king, "and yet attempt to commit suicide?"

"It is singular that you assume to question and to judge me; and stranger still that I should answer you. But as fate has willed it, I will relate to you my history. I left Lisbon in the hope of finding a young lady whom I dearly love, but whose parents refuse their consent to our marriage. This young lady has left Brussels with her father. I have spent all my money. I cannot find a way to earn a single *maravediz*. What would you have me do? To follow your advice — to rob?"

"You wish to marry!" cried the king. "Are you thinking seriously of such a thing when you are in such poverty?"

"Oh! I should not have been so in Lisbon. Believe me, had the parents of Doña Luiza Reinaldo consented to our union, I should undoubtedly by this time have been the painter of Doña Juana, the sister of your King Philip II.; but the grandees would not consent to having an artist for their son-in-law. They have, therefore, departed to the Low Countries, where her father has just concluded an important mission for the king. I would have followed them, for they have borne away my very life and heart; but as they travelled in a carriage and I on foot, they had already left when I arrived here, and I was unable to find out where they had gone. Yesterday I was famished. I had no money left. I besought an innkeeper to allow me to paint his portrait for the price of a supper, but he kicked me out of doors. Leave me, then, to fling myself into the river, for the Evil One is putting thoughts of crime into my soul. Oh! misery is indeed a fearful counsellor."

"Come, come, you must not so readily lose heart."

"But when one is hungry, what would you have him do? Not eat?"

"Come, come! You said just now that you offered to take a portrait for the value of a supper. I should greatly like to have mine taken, and I will give you twenty livres to gratify my whim. Take this gold coin; it is worth more than I have stated, but you can give me the change to-morrow."

"I do not want to receive alms," replied the Spaniard proudly, as he rejected the proffered coin.

"Remember, it is not given as an alms. It is the price of a portrait which you are to take of me. Take this," said the king, approaching the dim lamp placed before the shrine of the Madonna, which stood in a crevice of the wall.

Philip had drawn out his pocket-book, and on a fly-leaf written down as follows: "*I have received the price of a portrait, which I engage to take, of the bearer of this note.*' Now sign it."

The Spaniard did as he was bidden by the king (who all the while was muffled in his cloak) and signed the paper — *Sanchez Coello.* They were on the point of separating, when the artist called back his unknown friend.

"Where am I to find you? You know no more than I myself where I shall lodge to-night."

"Do not make yourself anxious about that. I shall find you," replied the king.

Sanchez Coello took up the satchel containing his brushes and colors,

threw it over his shoulder, and proceeded to a hostelry, where he was admitted for the night.

On the following morning he was still sleeping soundly when a servant entered his room. "Señor," he said, "for several days I have been seeking you throughout the city. You must appear immediately before His Majesty Philip II. who has sent for you."

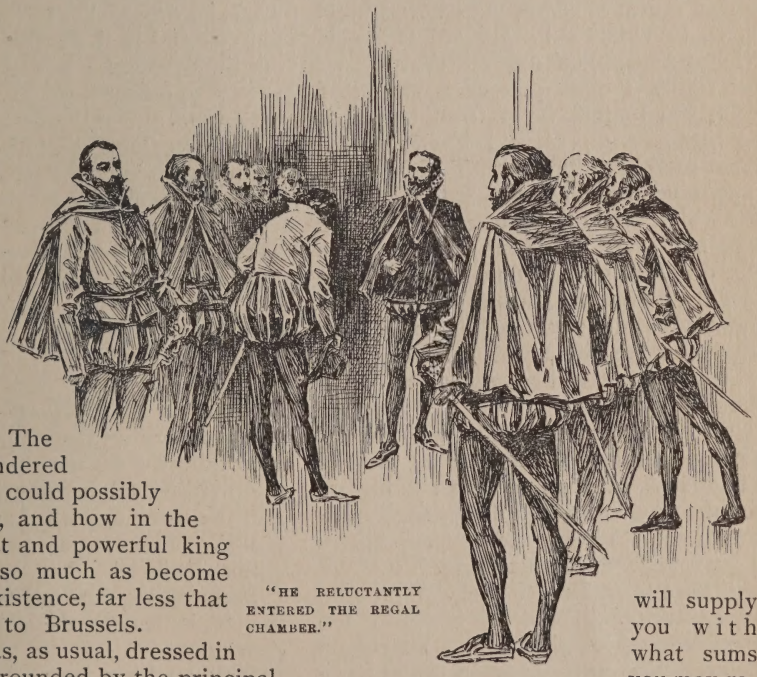
"The king has sent for me?" exclaimed the other, in extreme surprise.

"Yes; His Majesty in person."

"But I cannot possibly appear before a monarch in these old shabby garments."

"You must obey instantly. His Majesty does not like to be kept waiting. Come with me at once; never mind your dress."

Sanchez Coello arose and hastily dressing himself, prepared to be conducted to the palace. The poor fellow wondered what Philip II. could possibly require of him, and how in the world the great and powerful king of Spain had so much as become aware of his existence, far less that he had come to Brussels.



"HE RELUCTANTLY ENTERED THE REGAL CHAMBER."

Philip II. was, as usual, dressed in black, and surrounded by the principal officials of his court. It was with no little confusion that Coello, passing between two lines of brilliant courtiers, reluctantly entered the regal chamber in his travel-worn clothes.

"Señor Alonso Sanchez Coello," said the king, "our well-beloved sister has informed us that you were in Brussels, and she earnestly recommends you to us as her favorite painter.

"We desire to possess a mark of your talent, and therefore we commission you to execute a painting representing some passages in the life of our blessed patron, St. Philip. This picture is destined for the Church of St. Ursula, and must be ready for the feast of St. Philip, which occurs within a month."

"The term assigned is very short," replied the artist, "but in token of my gratitude for Your Majesty's protection, I will engage to conclude the painting by St. Philip's eve."

"I accept your word. In my palace you will find a room assigned to you, and an assistant. Our staff of servants will be at your orders, and our treasurer will supply you with what sums you may require."

Sanchez Coello thought that he was dreaming, but his dream was a reality. He was soon installed in an apartment almost regal, while a bevy of servants ready to obey his smallest wish were in attendance. An easel stood before him, with a large canvas ready for his work. He at once began to sketch the picture demanded by the king.

In spite of the industry and perseverance of Coello, the picture was of such

colossal size that he was forced to work far into the night if he hoped to conclude it by the time appointed. Indeed, as the time flew by he could not, if he was to keep his vow, leave his work even for a moment's rest.

It wanted but a few days to the time appointed, and he was laboring with feverish haste, when an unknown individual entered his studio.

"At last I have found you!" cried the stranger. "What trouble I have had, to be sure! But how could I imagine that the man who meant to drown himself, and who was starving, should be lodged in the king's palace, with a crowd of servants to attend him! Well, to business! My wife is named Philippa, and you owe me the portrait for which I paid you in advance. I want you to take my portrait instantly, so that I may present it to her on the feast of St. Philip."

Sanchez was endeavoring to recognize the voice and the features of the man who had saved him from death, but he could not do so. Yet he spoke of the singular adventure of that night — a circumstance unknown to any one; and moreover he displayed the very note which he himself had signed under the lamp of the shrine.

"I am willing to fulfil my contract," replied Coello, "but not for the feast of St. Philip. I have to finish a picture for the king, and it will be hard work to have it ready by the day appointed. I have not a moment to lose."

"That is nothing to me. I ordered my portrait and paid for it before the king ordered his picture. I now claim it and you must paint it, unless you wish to be considered as a man whose word is worthless. Moreover, you would not be in the king's palace but for me. Bear that in mind."

"You are quite right," replied Sanchez. "I shall have to risk my future. To be wanting to my pledged word to the king is to lose everything; but sit down, and I will take your portrait, even if I be disgraced in the king's eyes."

The stranger sat down, and Coello began to take his portrait. He was a man of fine physique, with a face full of intelligence and nobility. He watched Coello at his work with a singular curiosity, and manifested himself somewhat of a critic, as the artist gathered from the observations which involuntarily escaped him.

After six hours' assiduous work the portrait had progressed considerably, and would require but a short time more to finish it. Sanchez threw himself into an arm-chair, and appointed an early hour the next day for his sitter to return, when he hoped to conclude the portrait.

It was the eve of the feast of St. Philip. Sanchez had concluded the portrait; but though he sat up the whole night at work, he was unable to finish the king's picture, and in the early morning, worn out by fatigue, he was still holding the palette and brush, when Philip entered his studio.

On perceiving that the picture was unfinished, the countenance of the king became clouded by displeasure.

"You have been wanting to your word," he cried in a severe voice.

Sanchez hung his head without replying. The king glanced round, and his eyes fell on the portrait of the stranger.

"By St. Philip!" he exclaimed, "you have been amusing yourself by taking the portrait of a private individual, instead of working at my picture! Through your failure I am now unable to present the picture I commissioned you to paint, and the ceremony will have to be postponed. This is a serious business, Señor Coello!"

So speaking, the king turned and left the studio, leaving the artist in the direst dismay.

Half an hour later Coello was summoned to present himself immediately before the king. He obeyed in terror.

"Señor Alonso Sanchez Coello," said the king, "you have been wanting to your pledged word; but on the other hand, you have fulfilled a promise which you had formerly made to me."

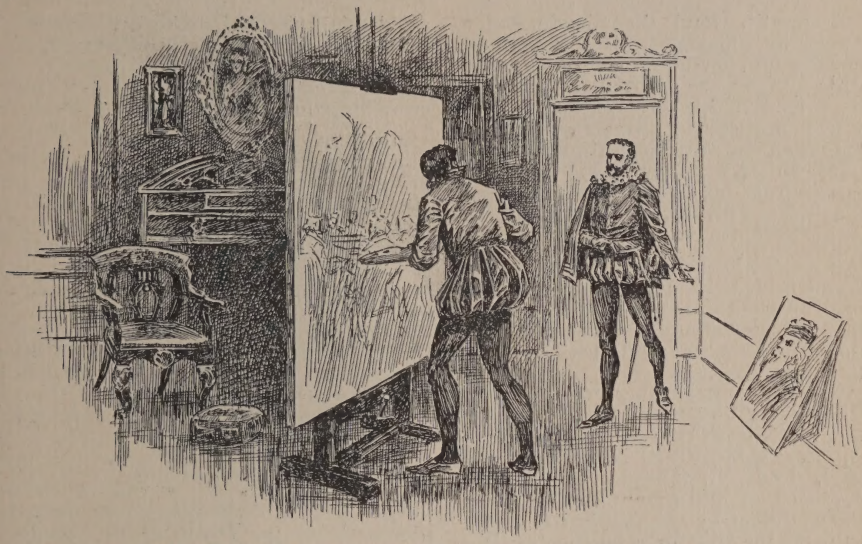
The Spaniard looked at Philip in speechless surprise.

"Yes," continued the king, "the stranger whom you encountered on the night of your despair, and the king,

are one and the same person; with the sole difference that I sent in my place, to have his portrait taken, Ottovenius, the most celebrated Professor of Antwerp. You may now conclude the painting of St. Philip at your convenience; all the more as we are now about to celebrate a wedding."

Taking a silver whistle, which hung from his waist, the king blew a note upon it; and in a few moments Sanchez Coello saw Professor Ottovenius enter the apartment, leading Doña Luiza by the hand, and followed by Don Reinaldo and his wife. Sanchez Coello fell on his knee before the king.

The marriage of the artist and Doña Luiza was soon after solemnized in the royal chapel.



"THE KING'S EYE FELL ON THE PORTRAIT OF THE STRANGER."

King Philip manifested feelings of deep friendship towards Sanchez Coello. On his return to Spain, he brought with him his favorite artist, who, moreover, accompanied him in most of his military expeditions.

Sanchez Coello several times took the portrait of Philip II., on horseback and on foot. He was covered with honors and distinctions by the most powerful crowned heads in the world, by popes, dukes, and cardinals. At his table sat grandees of Spain, and his house was the resort of the highest dignitaries of the Church and State, so that often two extensive courtyards of his residence were filled with litters, carriages and sedan-chairs. He became the most famous artist of his time, and amassed a princely fortune.

BEWARE OF THE DOG.

THE SAINTS' CALENDAR FOR APRIL.

April 1.— St. Paul the Simple was a simple peasant who abandoned an unfaithful wife and fled into the desert. There he found St. Anthony's cell, and determined likewise to become a monk. Anthony subjected him to many mortifications to test his strength of determination and capacity of obedience, and delighted with his fervor, built him a cell three miles from his own, where Paul spent the remainder of his life. He died about the middle of the fourth century.

April 2.— St. Francis of Paula, at the age of fifteen left his home at Paula in Calabria to live as a hermit in a cave on the seacoast. Disciples gathered around him and with them in 1436 he founded the "Minims" so-called to show that they comprised the least of monastic orders. They observed a perpetual Lent, and never touched meat, fish, eggs or milk. Francis made the rock his bed, a hair shirt his best garment and boiled herbs his only fare. Louis XI. of France, trembling at the approach of death, sent for the poor hermit, who went by the Pope's command, and prepared the king for a holy end. The successors of Louis showered favors on the Saint, and his order spread throughout Europe. He died at the age of ninety-one, on Good Friday, 1507, with the crucifix in his hand and the last words of Jesus on his lips, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."

April 3.— St. Richard of Chichester was born in the little town of Wyche, near Winchester, England, A. D. 1197. He and his elder brother were orphaned when young, and Richard gave up the studies which he loved, to farm his brother's impoverished estate. His brother in gratitude for Richard's successful care, proposed to make over to him all his lands, but he refused both the estate and the offer of a brilliant marriage, to study for the priesthood at Oxford. In 1135 he was appointed chancellor of that university, and afterwards was made by St. Edmund of Canterbury chancellor of his diocese. He championed the cause of the Saint in his long contest with the king and accompanied him into exile. Returning to England after St. Edmund's death he toiled as a simple curate, but was soon elected Bishop of Chichester in preference to the nominee of Henry III. The king refused to recognize the election and seized the revenues of the see. Richard found himself in opposition to the king as St. Edmund had been, and, therefore, went to Lyons, where he was consecrated by Innocent IV. in 1245, and returned to England and vindicated his episcopal authority, despite the king's hostility. After two years his revenues were restored, and he died in 1253, while preaching, at the Pope's command, a crusade against the Saracens.

April 4.— St. Isidore is one of a family of four saints, SS. Leander and Fulgentius being his brothers and St. Florentina his sister. They were born of a ducal family in Carthagena, Spain. St. Isidore assisted in converting Prince Recared, the leader of the Arian party; and with his aid, though at the constant peril of his own life, he expelled that heresy from Spain. On the death of his brother Leander he succeeded the latter as Archbishop of Seville. He died in that city on April 4, 636, and within sixteen years of his death was declared in the Council of Toledo a Doctor of the Catholic Church.

April 5.— St. Vincent Ferrer, the "Angel of the Judgment," was born at Valencia, Spain, in 1350, and at the age of eighteen made his profession in the Order of St. Dominic. He converted the Jews of Valencia whose synagogue became a church, and afterwards became one of the most distinguished missionaries of the Church, preaching throughout Europe and converting many thousands. Convents, orphanages and hospitals arose in his path, and miracles in the cure of the sick, the blind and the lame were wrought through his intercession. He died at Vansies in Brittany in 1419.

April 6.— St. Mark, Hermit, who was forty years of age when he turned his back upon men and sought the desert of Seete to redeem by prayer, fast and solitude, the time he had lost. He was most kind and gentle to all, and when God put the seal of miracles upon his sanctity, not men only, but the beasts of the desert had recourse to his charity. He died A. D. 400.

April 7.— Blessed Herman Joseph of Steinfeld, known from childhood for his devotion to the Blessed Virgin and for the evidences of her love vouchsafed to him. He died about the year 1230.

April 8.— Saints Perpetua, Saturus and Felicitas who suffered martyrdom at Carthage in the year 203.

April 9.— St. Apollonius, a monk of Thebaid who won the crown of martyrdom in the persecution of Diocletian and who while undergoing torture converted Philemon and Arrian, the latter the first judge who sentenced him. Both Philemon and Arrian

suffered death with Apollonius by being thrown into the sea at Alexandria by order of the Prefect of Egypt.

April 10.— St. Mechtildis was the sister of St. Gertrude and the cousin of the Emperor Frederick II. At the age of seven she entered a convent, and never returned to the world. She was Abbess of Diessen, later reformed the monastery of Suabia, and died at Diessen about the year 1300. Her meditations are among the choicest treasures of the Church.

April 11.— St. Leo the Great was born at Rome, entered the sacred ministry, was made archdeacon by St. Celestine and under him and Sixtus III. had a large share in governing the Church. He was chosen Pope on the death of the latter, being consecrated on St. Michael's Day, 440. He brought about the solemn condemnation of the heresy of Eutyches which confounded the two natures of Christ, valiantly combated the Nestorian and Pelagian heresies, and prevailed upon Attila, the invading Hun, to turn back and leave Rome. Two years later when the city fell into the hands of the Vandals, Leo saved it from destruction. He died A. D. 461, having ruled the Church for twenty years.

April 12.— St. Sabas the Goth who was a Christian from his birth and who proved his fidelity to the Faith under the persecution of Athanaric, a prince of the Goths. He was cast into the Danube in the year 372, having been sentenced to death by drowning.

April 13.— St. Hermenegild, son of Leovigild, King of the Visigoths, who with his brother Recared, reigned jointly with their father. They were Arians; but Hermenegild married a Catholic princess, the daughter of Siegbert, King of France, and was converted to the Faith. He was denounced as a traitor by his father, who marched with an army to seize him. Hermenegild tried to rally the Catholics of Spain in his defence, but failed, surrendered, and was cast into a dungeon at Seville where his steadfastness to the Faith won him the martyr's crown.

April 14.— St. Lidwine, Virgin, was born at Schiedam in Holland, Palm Sunday, 1380, and died in 1433, who dedicating body and soul to God, prayed that her exceeding beauty might be spoiled, lest men should think of marrying her. Her prayer was answered, she received an injury which confined her to bed for thirty years, suffered exceeding torture and became hideous with sores. Her few weak words softened hard hearts, healed quarrels, and wrought miracles of grace.

April 15.— St. Peter Gonzales, a Dominican who accompanied Ferdinand III. as chaplain in his campaign against the Moors, and reformed by example and precept both court and camp. He repressed the lawless soldiers at the taking of Cordova and saved the lives of many prisoners, and in the mosques which he converted into churches, he called captors and captives to penance. He had a particular affection for sailors and the last years of his life were spent in their behalf. Under the title of St. Elmo he is still invoked as the patron of Spanish mariners. He died April 15, 1246.

April 16.— Blessed Benedict Joseph Labre was born at Amettes in the diocese of Boulogne, in the year 1748. After an unsuccessful trial of the religious life, when twenty-two years old he abandoned, at the call of God, his country and parental home, and renouncing all further communication with his relations, spent the remainder of his days as a poor beggar, either in visiting the chief shrines of Italy and Spain, or in praying for long hours together in the sanctuaries of Rome. He was most devout to the Blessed Sacrament, so as to be called "The poor man of the Forty Hours." He died at Rome on Wednesday in Holy Week, A. D. 1783.

April 17.— St. Stephen Harding, after a pious education at Sherborne Abbey in Dorsetshire, entered the Benedictine house at Molesme in Burgundy, then in all the fervor of a new foundation. But with the increase of alms the observance relaxed; and Stephen, having in vain protested against the growing remissness, followed St. Robert with twenty-one monks to Citeaux, where he became abbot, and strictly carried out the rule of manual labor and poverty. Stephen became, with St. Robert, co-founder of the great Cistercian Order. He died A. D. 1134.

April 18.— Blessed Mary of the Incarnation was born in 1565. A strong desire for the religious state was checked in obedience to her parents and at their wish she was married when eighteen. As the reward of her piety she had the joy of seeing three of her daughters in Carmelite houses, and in 1613, becoming a widow, she joined the Discalced Carmelites, and her final vows were taken on a sick bed, with the name of Mary of the Incarnation. She died in 1618.

April 19.— St. Elphege, Archbishop, was born in the year 954 of a noble Saxon family. He became a monk in the monastery of Deerhurst, near Tewkesbury, and afterwards lived as a hermit near Bath, where he founded a community under the rule of St. Benedict, and became its first abbot. At thirty years of age he was chosen Bishop of Winchester, and twenty-two years later he became Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1011, when the Danes landed in Kent and took the city of Canterbury, putting all to fire and sword, St. Elphege was captured and carried off and eventually put to death, Easter Sunday, April 19, 1012, his last words being a prayer for his murderers.

April 20.— St. Agnes of Montepulciano

was born in 1268, and when a mere child entered the austere house of St. Francis. At the age of fifteen she was appointed by papal dispensation, abbess of a new foundation of the Order of St. Dominic at Proceno. The power of her intercession became so famous that her townspeople prevailed upon her to return to Montepulciano. She died April 20, 1317.

April 21.— St. Anselm, Archbishop, was a native of Piedmont, and became a monk at Bec in Normandy. William Rufus when dangerously ill took him for his confessor and named him for the vacant see of Canterbury. He went into exile rather than submit to the interference of Henry I. in ecclesiastical affairs, and the king had to yield to the feeble but inflexible old man. St. Anselm is one of the celebrated fathers of scholastic theology, and was the first to establish in the west the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. He died A. D. 1109.

April 22.— SS. Epipodious and Alexander who suffered martyrdom at Lyons in 178. Both had been friends from boyhood and were young and unmarried. Epipodious was tortured and then beheaded, and Alexander was crucified.

April 23.— St. George, Martyr, was born in Cappadocia at the close of the third century, of Christian parents. He became a soldier under Diocletian who advanced him to the rank of a tribune. When the persecution of Christians by the emperor began, George rebuked Diocletian sternly and openly for his cruelty and threw up his commission. He was, therefore, subjected to a lengthened series of torments and finally beheaded. He has been chosen the patron saint of England, Arragon, Valencia, Barcelona, Genoa and Malta.

April 24.— St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen was born in 1577, and was noted for the devoutness of his youth. He eventually joined the Capuchin Order and embraced a life of austerity and prayer, his self-discipline being of the most vigorous kind. He was sent into Switzerland by the newly-founded Congregation of the Propaganda to combat the spread of the heresy of Calvin and fell a martyr to his zeal at the hands of the heretical zealots. He was the first martyr of Propaganda.

April 25.— St. Mark, Evangelist, was converted to the Faith by St. Peter, accompanied the Prince of Apostles to Rome and acted there as his secretary or interpreter. His brief gospel giving the substance of St. Peter's discourses on Our Lord's life, was prepared under the eye and with the sanction of St. Peter. St. Mark was sent to Egypt to found the Church of Alexandria and his disciples here became the wonder of the world for their piety and asceticism. Here he set up the first Christian school, the fruitful mother of many illustrious doctors and bishops. After governing his see for many years, St. Mark was one day seized by the heathen, dragged by ropes over stones and thrown into prison. On the morrow the torture was repeated and having been consoled by a vision of angels and the voice of Jesus, St. Mark went to his reward.

April 26.— St. Gregory of Nyassa was the younger brother of St. Basil, and was called by the latter to help him in his diocese and was in due time chosen Bishop of Nyassa, in Cappadocia. There the Arians prevailed upon the Governor to order his banishment, but he returned to his see on the death of Valerian, the Arian Emperor. He visited the churches of Arabia and Palestine, redressed abuses and healed dissensions and sat in the second General Council of Constantinople, A. D. 381. He died A. D. 400.

April 27.— St. Zita, Virgin, who for forty-eight years was a servant in the household of Fatinelli, a citizen of Lucca, where her piety, her humility, patience and industry eventually sanctified the whole house and drew down upon it the benediction of Heaven. On the moment of her death, in 1272, a bright star which appeared above her attic window showed that she had gained eternal rest.

April 28.— St. Paul of the Cross modelled the eighty-one years of his life on the Passion of Our Lord. In the hope of dying for the Faith he enlisted in the crusade against the Turks, but a voice from the Tabernacle warned him that he was to serve Christ alone. At the command of his bishop he began while a layman to preach the Passion and after a season of crosses and trials lasting fifteen years, the papal approbation was obtained and the first house of the Passionists was opened on Monte Argentario, the spot which our Lady had pointed out. St. Paul died while the Passion was being read to him.

April 29.— St. Peter, Martyr, was born in 1205, at Verona, of heretical parents. He attended a Catholic school and at the age of fifteen received the habit of St. Dominic. After ordination he preached to the heretics of Lombardy and converted multitudes. It was his constant prayer that he might die for Our Lord. His prayer was granted, for he was attacked as he was returning to Milan, by those enemies outside the Church whom he had confounded. He was felled with an axe and this blow not proving fatal, his murderers completed their work by stabbing him in the side.

April 30.— St. Catharine of Siena. A sketch of the life of this holy daughter of the Church will be found in another part of this magazine, accompanying a poem in her honor.

THE STORY OF THE MONTH.

The month just closed has been an eventful one, as March has a knack of being once every four years, for it witnessed the induction into office of the new national administration. This inauguration is unique in the history of the country, for never before has an ex-president been again returned to the Presidency after a retirement from that office.

So important a matter as the placing in other hands of the guidance of the affairs of this great nation and without friction of any kind, is a spectacle which clan-ridden Europe cannot understand. It is one of the grandest proofs of the intelligence and patriotism of the American people, their respect for law, and of the thorough manner in which the foundations of the Republic were laid, that an event fraught with such momentous consequences occurs without disturbance to the peace and security of the country. It shows that the American people place patriotism above partisanship, and the advancement of their country's interests above the concerns of any one individual.

With the beginning of the administration of President Cleveland comes a new set of cabinet advisers and the infusion of new blood into the heads of governmental departments.

Perhaps one of the most significant acts of the new administration is the caution which is being used in dealing with the Hawaiian question and the sending to the Sandwich Islands of a special commission to examine into the true state of affairs in this group of Pacific islands. President Cleveland does not propose to establish a new precedent in our international policy without good and sufficient reason therefor, and consequently the matter is to be weighed carefully before any positive step is taken.

One of the early acts of the new administration is the appointment of Hon. Patrick A. Collins as consul-general to London. This is a most substantial recognition of long and distinguished service. This is the most remunerative and responsible position in the consular service. It will prove an object lesson to the English Government emphasizing the injustice and stupidity of its rule which has deprived the empire of the services of those whose abilities win ready recognition in America. When England was coercing the people of Ireland, Mr. Collins was at the head of the Irish National Land League, working hard in conjunction with his compatriots on this side of the Atlantic to lighten, so far as possible, the burdens of the people of his native land. Now he goes to England as the consul-general to that country. The English people who looked upon Patrick Egan as little less than a felon, were undoubtedly astounded when the last administration made that gentleman minister to Chili. Now it must receive at its own court another distinguished son of Ireland who has won in the country of his adoption such distinction as never could have been his at the hands of the Government under whose sway he was born. While England is preparing to do justice to Ireland by granting her Home Rule, America sends her as English consul-general, one who has rendered loyal service in strengthening the Irish legislative demands which are now on the point of fruition.

The illness of Gladstone during this month occasioned much alarm on both sides of the Atlantic and therefore the announcement that he has recovered is hailed with joy by the lovers of liberty the world over. It has been Ireland's ill fortune in times past to have the cup dashed from her lip just as she was about to taste the nectar of freedom.

Little wonder then, if remembering the fatality that has mocked her for centuries, dread should be felt that the untimely death of the English Premier would again set back the hour of her deliverance. Although the Home Rule bill has been deferred two weeks by Mr. Gladstone's illness, now that he is again able to take his place on the ministerial benches of the House of Commons no longer delay may be feared, as far as the passage of the bill by the Commons is concerned. There can be no doubt of the sincerity of Mr. Gladstone's desire to do as complete justice to Ireland as, from his standpoint, the exigencies of the British Empire will admit. It is his wish to crown his long career of statesmanship by conferring upon Ireland her own legislative body. May he realize that wish!

Since the last issue of Donahoe's the Church in America has suffered the loss of Bishop Dwenger of Fort Wayne, Ind., and Vicar-General Brady of St. Louis. Bishop Dwenger had been ill for a long time, consequently his death was not unexpected. Father Brady was one of the ablest assistants of the venerable Archbishop Kenrick and was prominently mentioned for the coadjutorship of that archdiocese. His death was sudden and a shock to his metropolitan, clergy and people.

On the 11th inst. Archbishop Williams celebrated the twenty-sixth anniversary of his episcopal consecration, and received the congratulations of his devoted clergy and people. Those twenty-six years have witnessed a fruitfulness that is the glory of Boston and witnessed the devotion of the see to archiepiscopal distinction. It is the hope and prayer of his people that Archbishop Williams may be spared to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of receiving the Pallium of an Archbishop which will take place in 1900.

Boston has been sorely tried by fire during the present month, one of the most destructive conflagrations in the history of the city occurring on the 10th inst., entailing a loss of upwards of four million dollars and the sacrifice of five lives. Not since the great fire of 1872, which laid complete waste to the business heart of the city, has Boston received so destructive a visitation. Fires have become so common as to cause a great advance in the insurance rate in the business section of the city. It is a little singular, to say the least, that the worst fires of recent years are in modern so-called fireproof buildings, and one effect will be to restrict by law the open floor areas which offer such uninterrupted spread to the flames. March 19 for the second time in its history, Tremont Temple was gutted by fire, the previous destruction being in 1879. This fire added nearly five hundred thousand dollars to the aggregate of recent fire losses.

In Boston's necrology for the month is included the name of John H. McDonough, Chairman of the Democratic Ward and City Committee, who died suddenly at a banquet in South Boston, Friday morning. Mr. McDonough was a prominent factor in the Hub's political life, and his death at a time when pleasure and festivity reigned, was a sad ending to an evening otherwise so filled with happiness. He was a singularly able man, and one who had the confidence and friendship of all who knew him. Another death of the month was that of William Welch, for a long time foreman of the mechanical department of the Boston Pilot. Mr. Welch had been in poor health for some time, and while his death was not wholly unexpected, it came with a shock to all who knew and loved him.

The city of Boston's memorial exercises in honor of the late Gen. Benj. F. Butler, which took place last Wednesday evening, were a fitting tribute to the memory of one so long associated with the life of the city, the state and the country. Ex-Congressman Greenhalge's oration appropriately honored the great and rugged worth of General Butler; but the tribute which will live longest

were the thoughts embodied in verse in the poem written for the occasion by James Jeffrey Roche, and which will endure as aphorisms preserved in the amber of the language.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY was celebrated becomingly in Boston as elsewhere; but here its observance was marked by an unusually interesting event, the formal presentation to Patrick Donahoe of the Lætare medal, annually awarded by Notre Dame for distinguished services to Religion and to Country. This event is dwelt upon elsewhere at length in these pages, and nothing need be added here than to note how worthily the honor was bestowed, honoring not only the venerable recipient, but the great Catholic university that signalled him out for the distinction.

Rohrer's Practical Calculator is a handy little manual that will save the possessor much mathematical perplexity, and is published by Thompson Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from the well-known White-Smith Music Publishing Co., Boston, the following new music: Vocal—"Eastertime," anthem, by C. C. Stearns; "Of Loving Will the Token." trio, by Schumann, arranged with violin obligato by Carl Pflueger; "A Gleam of Sunshine" (arranged for soprano and tenor, or baritone and medium voice), words adapted from Longfellow, music by Louis Campbell-Tipton; "Only the Stars Can Tell" (arranged for soprano and tenor, contralto or baritone, and as a vocal duet), words by George Cooper, music by James Fairchild; "My Ray" (arranged both for soprano and contralto), words by V. O. C., music by Louis Campbell-Tipton; "Take It On, Boys" (comic song), written and composed by Auckland and Brunetti; "The Andalusian Maiden," song by W. M. Hutchinson; "Swing Me High" (waltz song), words and music by Charles C. Du Chemin: Instrumental—"Il Penserosa," (waltz, arranged for mandolin and guitar), by A. H. Plante; "Golden Rod Waltz," "Golden Rod Galop," "Golden Rod Polka," by F. E. White; "Robin's Lament,"by Balthaser Meissinger; "Fawn Galop," by O. R. Blum; "Boabdil," potpourri for piano arranged by B. M. Davison; "Love's Dream After the Ball" (four hands),by Alphonse Czibulka; "Barn Dance" (four hands) by Camille Daubert; "Dance of the Liliputians" (four hands), by Theodore Bonheur.

THE INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM.

THE fact that employers are tolerably well satisfied with things as they now are, while laborers are not, coupled with the fact that most persons belonging to neither class, who have given attention to the subject, find more hardships visited upon the laborers, raises a presumption that the present division is in favor of the former class. It does not follow, however, that this is due entirely to the total depravity of the employers. Doubtless among perfect men, all relations, industrial, political, social and the rest, would be perfect and harmonious; but if one class were perfect and the other unchanged, it is not likely that the ideal relations could prevail between them. Sympathizers with labor are very apt to lay most of the blame upon employers, or at any rate, upon the system under which modern industry is carried on; but if we inquire why a better system is not adopted, it becomes clear that an improvement in the natures of laborers is even more essential than an improvement in the natures of employers, and that it would have more far-reaching results. Just as it was inconceivable to most Englishmen two or three hundred years ago, that the Crown instead of being the owner of the realm should ever become merely the agent of the people, so it is inconceivable to most of us to-day, that an analogous industrial change should ever take place, that the employer should ever become the agent of the workman. He would be a bold man who would confidently predict such a change; yet it is by no means improbable that some change in the industrial relations of the many to the few, analogous perhaps to the change which has already taken place in their political relations, will eventually be brought about, with the development of intellectual and moral character among the many.— *The Weekly Review.*

In Merry Mood.

VENTURESOME VAGARIES IN VERSE.

ALAS!

Alas! for the poet of Spring
Who foolishly essays to sing
  While as yet Winter's winds range about,
Far better, indeed, were his fate
Had he but the patience to wait
  Till his muse had a chance to thaw out.

Alas! for the editor folk
Who now must revamp the old joke
  And make it appear fresh and young,
As, when in the World's early Spring,
The ancient and moth-eaten thing
  Escaped from some Chaldean tongue.

Alas! for the reader, poor wight,
Ah! his is the sorriest plight
  That Time at this season doth bring;
For him the crude verse and stale joke
Are things that may fitly provoke
  A horror and dread of the Spring.

SEASONABLE POETIC FLIGHTS.

Now in madrigal and sonnet
  Is extolled the Easter bonnet
And the mind to this conclusion thus is led:
  That the poets high are aiming
  Since there's reason in their claiming
That their tributes are appealing to the head.

OUTLIVED ITS USEFULNESS.

The ever present dental joke
  That seeks a smile to win,
Can but a vacant stare provoke—
  It's now, alas! *too thin*.

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

It seems quite a strange thing to say,
  But 'tis true as Time's showing can make it,
That "where there's a will there's a way,"
  Which the Law will discover to break it.

AN EPITAPH.

He always was cold
  With the young and the old
And now it to all doth appear,
  Since his heart was like stone
  When in life he was known,
He must feel quite at home with stones here.

TWO OF A KIND.

E'en though the statement make a stir
  The fact none can gainsay:
The foot-pad and photographer
  Each has a taking way.

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

With how much zest
  We hail the jest
That's mirthful, bright and mellow,
  The while its wit
  Is meant to hit
And plague some other fellow,
  But out of joint
  Appears its point,
And undeserving laughter,
  Although we smile
  In sickly style,
When we're the ones 'tis after.

APRIL GIFTS.

April comes to wake the flowers
  Unto blossoming anew,
And it also brings the showers
  That are bound to wet us through.

A SEASONABLE FACT.

This fact consideration begs
  Amid Time's toil and fuss:
If we "shell out" for Easter eggs,
  They will shell out for us.

THE CRINOLINE CRAZE.

If this crinoline craze
  Shall prevail, as 'tis said,
It will prove Fashion's ways
  Are for making a spread.

CONFIDENCE.

Donahoe's Magazine.

VOL. XXIX. BOSTON, MAY, 1893. NO. 5

THROUGH THE WORLD'S FAIR IN AN HOUR.

BY COMMISSIONER E. C. HOVEY.

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it."
Addison's Cato.

THE above quoted words are expressive of an earnest determination to overcome every obstacle which may arise to interfere with the attainment of some desired end; words also of confidence that success must perforce follow a hearty and never-ceasing application to the work in hand. There is no vainglorious boasting in the final words, "we'll deserve it."

Their true force is to be found in the very antithesis which they imply; namely, that without an honest and continued effort success would not be deserved. To those who, by frequent visits to Chicago, have formed an intimate acquaintance with its projectors, the above quotation seems peculiarly applicable to that perseverance and enterprise which has resulted in that magnificent collection of buildings now so aptly called "The White City." Too great praise and credit cannot be given to the directors of the World's Columbian Exposition, who have within the short space of two years transformed Jackson Park from being one of the many breathing-places which the foresight of the citizens of Chicago has provided for its people, into an international exposition so much grander and more magnificent than any of its predecessors as to render comparison useless and unnecessary.

The combined talents of the architect, the artist and the landscape gardener have made of this park a fairyland indeed. This result has been accomplished by the determination of the directory that only the best talent available in each of these departments shall be employed.

THE ROLLING CHAIR.

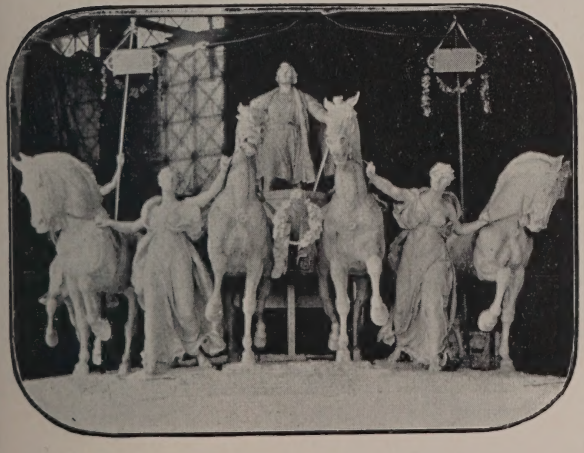
Realizing how dependent each of these was on the others, so that the much to be desired effect might be obtained, the representatives have been in that constant coöperation and companionship which has brought about that symmetry of design and those artistic results which have received universal praise and applause. It is certainly within the limits of truth to say that never before has there been massed together in any one place and to such a high degree of perfection, the art of the designer, the work of the constructor, the skill of the artist, and the charm of treatment that is confided to the landscape gardener as will be seen during the coming six months within the grounds of the Exposition. These have, to some extent at least, been open to the inspection of the public, the consensus of whose opinion must after all be taken as the best and most lasting criticism. It is undoubtedly safe to say that as yet no one, however beautiful he may have in his imagination pictured this scene to be, has left Jackson Park without acknowledging to himself that the result of all that has been accomplished is far beyond what his fancy painted.

GROUP FOR AGRICULTURAL HALL.

Figures, it is true, are tiresome, and should not in an article such as this be largely used. Still, they do serve to emphasize the immensity of this enterprise and the responsibility which has been constantly with the directory. Before the gates of the Exposition shall have swung open to the public there will have been spent in the construction of the buildings in the laying out of the grounds, and in the general administration of the Exposition a sum not less than nineteen million dollars. When to this is added the appropriations made by the United States Government, by foreign governments and by the several States of the Union, this sum is so increased that it is conservative to say that before the first day of May there will have been spent or appropriated from these sources the sum of thirty million dollars. This, too, entirely independent of those vast amounts which are being spent by the individual exhibitors in the preparation and installation of their

exhibits. Some idea as to the increase which will come from this latter source may be obtained from the statement that one exhibitor will spend over thirty-five thousand dollars for the cases alone in which his exhibit will be installed. It has been estimated that the total amount invested in the preparation of the Exposition for the reception of the exhibits will exceed fifty million dollars. It has seemed necessary to say this much regarding the financial investment, that the readers of the MAGAZINE may form therefrom an idea of the support which has been given to the Exposition by the directory, by governments foreign, national and state, and by individuals. It is by reason of this universal interest in the enterprise that the officials have found themselves so overwhelmed with applications for space as to make it necessary for them to decline over one-half of the exhibits which have been offered. This very condition has made it possible for the chiefs of the various departments to choose only the best. Hence it follows that the Columbian Exposition of 1893, though larger than any which has gone before, will more truly tell than did either of its predecessors the story of the world's great progress in all of the many arts and sciences which mark the milestones in the advance of true civilization.

THE "SPHINX," BY BAUER.



PEDIMENT FOR PERISTYLE.

Jackson Park covers an area of something less than seven hundred acres, and is situated in the southeastern section of the city of Chicago, from

THE TWELVE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC FOR AGRICULTURAL HALL.

whose centre it is removed about seven miles. No one who did not know this park before it was decided upon as the location of the Exposition can form any just idea of the transformation which has taken place.

The introduction of the water-ways which make it possible to provide each of the many Exposition buildings with water frontage, as well as an approach by land, has made it necessary to turn water into land and to let the water in from the lake to overflow the land. Hundreds of trees have been moved that the work of the landscape gardener might harmonize with that of the architect. The result of the changes is to be seen in the Jackson Park of to-day, which bears no sort of resemblance to that of twenty-four months since.

Various means of communication within the Exposition grounds have been provided. From the northerly portion starts an elevated electric railroad which, running in the rear of the many buildings, in no wise disfigures the artistic effect of the scene. Travelling south, it finally ends in the southeasterly portion of the grounds near to the Agricultural

"SYMPATHY."

Building. The waterways are to be supplied with electric and steam launches, with gondolas and canoes, while along the entire length of the pier will be found the moving sidewalk which never stops. This latter, moving in its first section at the rate of only two miles per hour, may be stepped on to or from without shock or danger.

HEAD OF THE STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC.

This will be largely used by those who approach the grounds by water as well as by those who, when tired, will wish to visit the Casino at the end of the pier, where, comfortably seated in a chair, they may view the Exposition from a distance and enjoy the cool breezes from over the water. For those, however, who view with apprehension the fatigue which must come from walking through the many buildings, or who desire to go from place to place, to accomplish which none of the other means of communication serve, the Exposition has provided comfortable and easily adjustable chairs in which when quietly seated one may be wheeled over the grounds by a uniformed attendant who serves also in the capacity of guide. These attendants are for the most part school and college boys who, appreciating the great benefit which must surely come to them from a six months' residence within the Exposition, are only too eager to embrace this opportunity for mental improvement, while earning not only their living, but the means

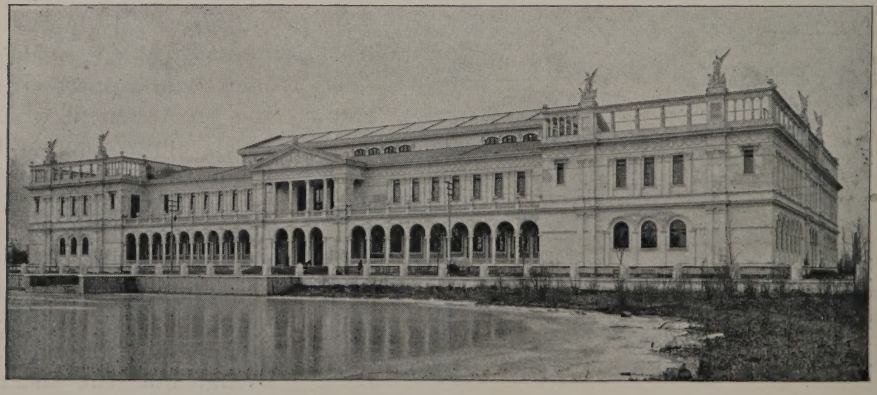
THE BLACKSMITH.

perhaps for continuing their studies another year.

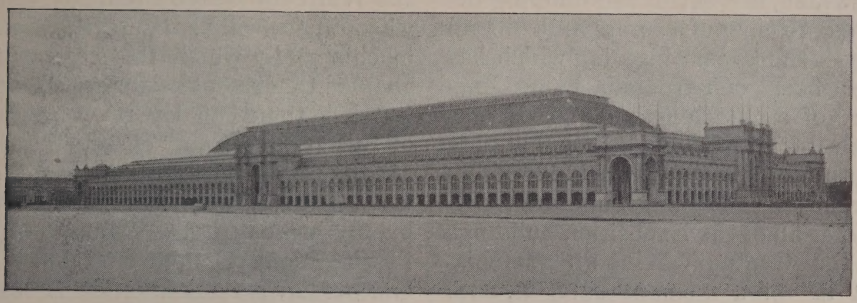
If now the readers of the MAGAZINE will imagine themselves as seated in these chairs, it might not be unprofitable to take a stroll with the writer over the grounds of Jackson Park, noting as we pass only those buildings of especial interest, for within the limits of this article one may not attempt to describe the Exposition in its entirety.

"MUSIC," BY BAUER.

Jackson Park is connected with Washington Park on the west by a broad boulevard, on either side of which will be found buildings which have been erected under what is known as concessions. By this latter term is meant a privilege granted to an individual to erect a building in which he may sell such articles as he pleases, for which privilege he pays either a given sum or a certain percentage on his gross receipts. Here will be found a number of structures not only representative of foreign countries, but of peculiarly interesting American industries as well. It is unnecessary, perhaps, to enumerate all of these, but it may not be amiss to state that among the latter will be found a complete glass factory in which the visitor may see those many exquisite articles of glass the manufacturing of which is in itself intensely interesting and which one can scarcely deny himself the opportunity of purchasing as a memento of any such Exposition. It is such an exhibit which makes an Exposition not only interesting, but highly instructive; for no one can fail while being amused to derive some benefit from a process which, starting with the crude material, turns out beautiful designs of glass which are



WOMAN'S BUILDING.



MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

to be seen in the stores of all our cities.

On this same boulevard which is called the "Midway Plaisance," will be found on either hand collections of houses representing the architecture of foreign nations, attended by representatives of these respective nations dressed in their national costumes. Here will be found on sale numberless articles made by natives, from all over the world. The children who visit this Midway Plaisance will have an opportunity of watching these strange people amusing themselves in their national games, acting in their native theatres, or eating in their respective homes. Here one may breakfast with the Chinese, take "tiffin" with the Singhalese or dine with the Turk. Here one may enjoy frogs' legs with the French, regale himself with caviare from Russia, or feast himself on Frankfurt sausages and Budweiser beer. Leaving this Midway Plaisance and going into the Exposition grounds proper, we find ourselves opposite the Woman's Building, in which it is intended to have a display of purely woman's work, the building itself being designed by a young woman whose plans have received the general commendation of the board of Exposition architects. Prominent women of many countries have interested themselves in this building, and it is no doubt true that there will be seen within its walls a collection which will be interesting and instructive as to what women have been able to do along certain lines of work.

From this point, let us now cross over one of the artistic bridges which span the lagoon, so that we may reach the wooded island, at the northerly end of which will be found a building of the Japanese Government—a building representing four great epochs in Japanese history, and within which is to be seen a magnificent collection of curios, lacquer work, paintings and inlaid gold and silver work. This collection has been drawn from the galleries of the emperor and private owners, and is undoubtedly the finest and most valuable collection of Japanese art that has ever been brought together into any one place. This wooded island, with the exception of this one building, has been turned over to the official landscape gardener, who has in a most artistic way converted it into a pleasure ground, to which the many visitors to the Exposition may repair for rest and quiet from the fatigue which is sure to follow a morning or an afternoon spent within the Exposition buildings.

And now by means of still another bridge, we leave the wooded island and find ourselves once more on the

main land, in front of the building devoted to manufactures and liberal arts — the largest building which has ever been constructed, being one-third of a mile long and nearly one-sixth of a mile wide; a building affording more square feet of exhibition space than the ground area covered by all of the Exposition buildings at the Centennial in Philadelphia. Let us for a moment enter it, and, while you are comfortably seated in the rolling chair of which mention has been made, let me, as it were, push you along "Columbia Avenue," an aisle fifty feet in width, running the entire length of this mammoth building. As we enter it from the north we find ourselves in that portion especially set aside for foreign nations, which are making exhibits such as they have never made before. Here will be seen beautiful silver work from Moscow; the far-famed silks and crapes from far Cathay; the products of the looms of Germany; porcelain from Sèvres, and from the potteries of England; the exquisite embroideries from Turkey, and beautiful metal work from Persia. Reaching the centre of this building, we find ourselves opposite the exhibit of the Waltham Watch Company, within whose space will be found the delicate machinery by which this company is enabled to turn out better and cheaper watches than can their competitors of Switzerland; and of the Gorham Manufacturing Company, whose silver-ware has a reputation not confined by any means to the United States. Passing along Columbia Avenue, we find ourselves flanked on either hand by exhibits of the manufactures of the United States. Here will be seen cotton, woollen and silk goods; the products of the many million spindles and many thousands of looms which are unceasingly singing their song of toil in almost every State of the Union. Here also will be found the exhibits in hardware, as well as of the furniture industry. And now, having reached the end of the avenue, let us go into the gallery that we may see what is there being done in that section especially set aside for exhibits of education. Any one wishing to know what is now being accomplished for the education of the world, not only in primary and secondary schools, but in our colleges as well, will surely have an opportunity of learning here the progress which is

AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

making in the direction which, if properly followed out, must leave an impress upon a community second to none. Such an exhibit is not of interest to every one, but there can be no doubt that the study which will be given to these exhibits, not only from the several States, but from many of the more progressive nations of the world by those whose life-work is given over to the instruction of the young, will derive great benefit from the time there spent; and it is not too much to expect that the result of this comprehensive collection of methods of education will make a new departure in the great and all important subject of education. In this section will be found a magnificent display of Catholic educational institutions which have been collected under the supervision of Brother Maurelian.

A very large amount of space has been, by the Chief of the Department of Liberal Arts, set apart for this exhibit. The hearty coöperation which Brother Maurelian is receiving from all parts of the country, together with his earnest enthusiasm and interest, make it possible to predict that the exhibit of the Catholic Educational Institutions of the country will be a pronounced success and will form a basis for renewed interest and endeavor on the part of those who are interesting themselves in this subject.

We now leave this building, and passing through the colonnade which crosses the grand basin in the southerly portion of the grounds, find ourselves within the Agricultural Building, where have been installed those exhibits which tell the story of agricultural progress and development throughout the world. Here will be seen the results of investigations made by the Japanese, by the Russians, by the Persians, by the French and by the English. Such exhibits must of necessity make for good, for it is undeniably true that no matter how successful any one has become in any line of work, he has never reached that point where he cannot benefit by the conscientious and careful investigation of the work of others. This it is which makes an Exposition valuable. The advantages are mutual. Each exhibitor, while showing the world the products of his thought and industry, is sure to ob-

ELECTRICITY BUILDING. MINES AND MINING.

tain some advantage from an inspection of similar exhibits made by others. This statement is peculiarly true of such displays as we shall find in the next building, which we reach by crossing still another bridge only to find ourselves in Machinery Hall — a building which contains those exhibits which bear testimony to the ingenuity and perseverance of the inventor, and to the energy and industry of the mechanic. It is perhaps not too much to say that the true measure of material prosperity of the world will be found to a greater extent within this building than in any of the others which with this go to form the World's Columbian Exposition. It is not intended by this to belittle the exhibits which come from this very machinery, which, in themselves, require the skill of the designer, and, to a large degree, the industry of the mechanic. It is, however, perhaps not untrue that the measure of true progress is to be found the nearer one gets to the fountain head, and surely the machine is nearer to the starting point than are the fabrics which are woven on these machines. And in these days of labor-saving machinery there is scarcely an article of manufacture which does not depend for its success upon some form of machine which has evolved itself from the mind of the inventor, impelled thereto by that "necessity" which "is the mother of invention."

Across the broad plaza which stretches in front of this Machinery Hall, are to be seen two buildings, side by side, and approximately of the same size, in one of which will be the exhibit of mines and mining, while in the other will be those displays having for their purpose a relation of the story of the wonderful development which has been made in electrical science. An article such as this is far too short even to attempt to give any adequate idea as to the interest which these exhibits will awaken, not only in the mind of the expert electrician, but among the many visitors who, being by no means scientific, are ever bound to see and appreciate, to some extent at least, the curious and wonderful development of the weird fluid — electricity. When, however, it is remembered that at the time of the Centennial in Phila-

TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

delphia, there was no such thing known as practical electric lighting, and when with this statement is compared the further statement that all of the Exposition in Chicago will be lighted solely by electricity, some idea may be gained of the wonderful growth in this science, though still it is generally acknowledged that we have as yet but crossed its threshold. Again it was in Philadelphia that the first public exhibition of the speaking

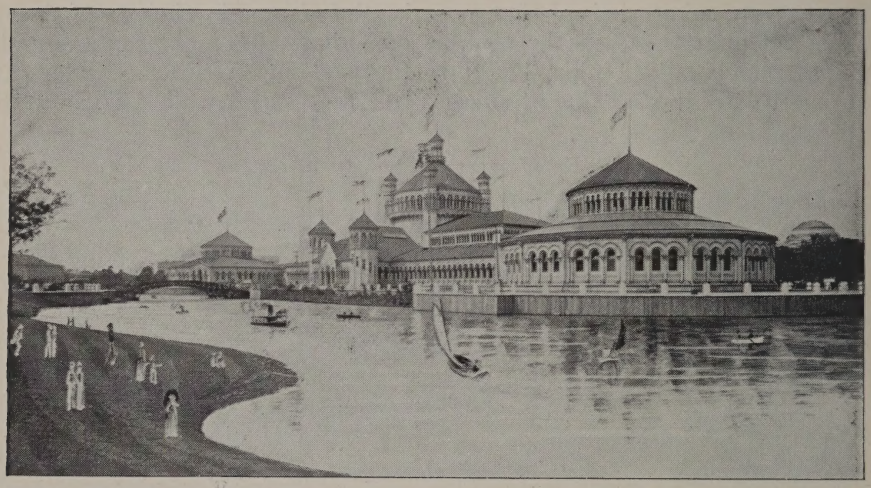
HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.

telephone was made, on which occasion Sir William Thompson, of England, at one end of a wire, spoke with Dom Pedro, of Brazil, at the other. Comparing this to the exhibit of the American Bell Telephone Company, which is within the Electricity Building, and within whose exhibit a visitor will be given an opportunity of talking with New York, one may form some estimate of the results which have been attained from the ingenuity, perseverance and experiments of electricians during the past seventeen years.

Within the Mines and Mining Building which we will now visit, will be seen the products of the mines of the world. Here, too, one will have an opportunity of learning how it is that diamonds are polished, by the diamond polishers of Amsterdam; how these gems are found in the soil of Africa and along the river beds of Brazil. The different methods of mining which obtain in mineral deposits of the West will receive an illustration in this same building, the many geological formations being shown, so that one will be able to realize and interpret better what is meant by the technical words descriptive of the different ways in which these valuable ores and minerals are taken from within the bowels of the earth.

Just a little to the west, we approach the Transportation Buildin &

the only one among the many which is not white in its outside coloring, this particular building being, like Joseph's coat, of many colors, its principal decorative feature being what is now well known as "The Golden Door." Let us pass through this entrance and see what we find within. Here are displays of the many means of transportation both by land and by sea, from the earliest times to the present, from civilized and from barbarous countries. Here will be seen the first engine which was ever used in England, side by side with the largest locomotive now being used by our great trunk lines. Here one may compare the canoe of the South Sea Islander with that more modern canoe used by our athletes for a summer day's outing. The Chinese junk with its ugly lines will be shown in contrast to the full-rigged clipper ship now, too, almost disappearing from the commerce of the world. The "Fulton" and the "Clermont," the two steamers which first plied on the Hudson River, will be shown by pictures, or by engravings, so that one may in comparing them with a model of the "Majestic" or the "City of New York," measure the progress which has been made in steam navigation. This building will be by no means the least interesting of the many, and will surely be visited by many curious visitors to the Exposition.



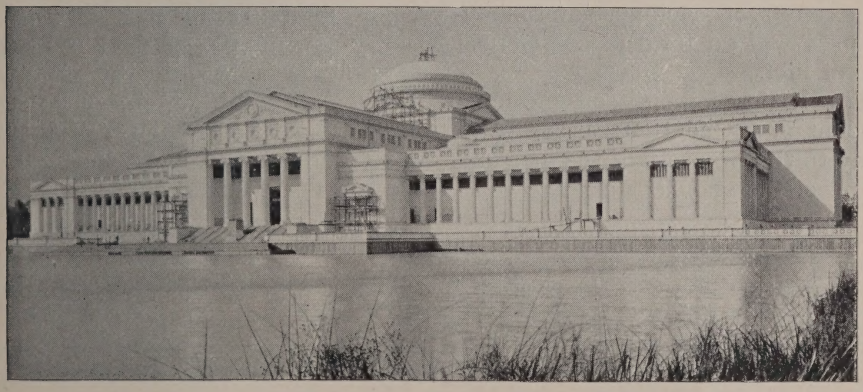
FISH AND FISHERIES BUILDING.

Let us, however, leave this building, and travelling farther north enter the Horticultural Building within which will be found an exhibit of the horticulture and floriculture of the world. The interest which has been taken by foreign countries in this department, as well as by the several States of the Union, indicates that this building will be gorgeous in its decoration, and interesting in the wonderful and curious plants which will be sent forward from all quarters of the globe.

In this stroll we have not by any means visited all of the buildings deserving an entrance. We have passed by the Fisheries Building, which in

its architecture is extremely interesting and whose contents certainly deserve a careful investigation. We have not been near the Art Building, within which will be found one of the most magnificent collections of international art which the world has ever seen. The Government Building and the Naval Exhibit have both seemingly been ignored, and we have passed by without mention the Forestry and Dairy Buildings, the Casino and Music Hall. No just appreciation can be here given of these buildings. It has only been thought wise to mention the few buildings which we have in somewhat of detail, that the readers of the MAGAZINE may form some idea of the different purposes which they will serve. In the northerly section of the Exposition grounds will be found those buildings which have been erected by the several States of the Union, as well as by many foreign nations. These being grouped in a most picturesque way about the Art Building, and very different in their architectural designs, form with the Art Building a beautiful and attractive feature of the landscape. To this section of the grounds the wearied visitor will wend his way, that he may within the building of his own State find relief from the fatigue, and rest his weary brain, which has been well-nigh overcome by the beauties of the Exposition and the interest in the exhibits.

There are to be held in Chicago during the six months of the Exposition meetings which are known as World's Auxiliary Congresses. These will be attended by those from all countries who are peculiarly interested in the subjects under discussion. The measure of good which they will accomplish may perhaps be realized when it is understood that the benefit arising from them is twofold. The Congresses will add very much to the value of the exhibits having reference to the several subjects, while the exhibits themselves will bring an added interest to the Congresses. So much has been said in regard to these latter that it is not perhaps unreasonable to expect that there will be during the six months of the Exposition conventions of the men and women most prominent in

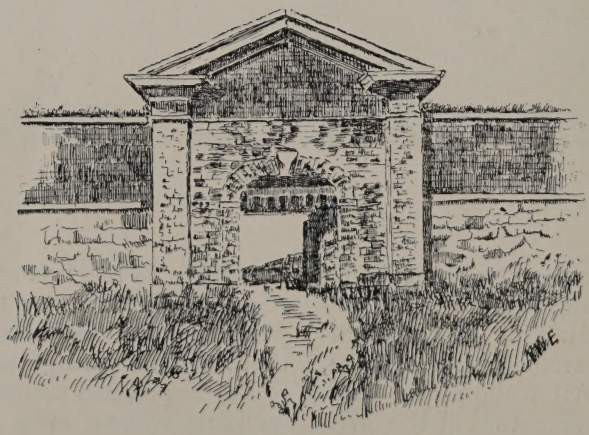


ART BUILDING.

the different lines of work and thought which these Congresses represent — men and women who will have been called together with one common purpose and with the strong desire to learn from, and be benefited by, the discussions and mutual contact. Not to attempt to mention each one of these Congresses, it may be seen from a single one what benefits may accrue. Take, for instance, the congress which has to do with religion and religious thought. In the business which representatives of each denomination will take up, can it be doubted that the result of such an intermingling of ideas and the companionship extending over a fortnight among men and women whose object is the same, but whose method may be somewhat different, will result in a greater degree of liberality one toward the other? It is not too much to expect that these Congresses will accomplish for the moral advancement of the world what the exhibits of machinery and manufactures will do for the commercial side of life.

This Exposition, in itself and independent of its contents, bears testimony to the progress of the arts and sciences, and stands as an object lesson of the development of those finer instincts in man which must forever remain paramount. Its exhibits when collected together must serve, to some degree at least, to amalgamate the nations of the world and foster those feelings of international respect, confidence and good-will, the result of which must be to wipe out cruel war and end in universal peace.

If you have found satisfaction, pleasure and benefit from the stroll which you have been kind enough to take with me over the grounds of Jackson Park, and if, with your attendant, you believe that an international exposition is something more than a storehouse of goods made in different countries, then surely it should be your pleasure, having appreciated the benefits which can come from such a visit, to insist with the writer of these lines, that it is a duty which every man and woman owes, not only to himself, but to those who follow him, to embrace the opportunity now offered of spending some days at least within the grounds of the Exposition, which must surely prove to be a storehouse of knowledge, and by that very token form the basis of a liberal education.



OLD GATE OF FORT CONSTITUTION, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

THE SACRIFICE OF THE SHOP-GIRL.

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

THE shop-girl is an important factor in business life, an essential part of the running gear of every large establishment. Beyond this involuntary recognition of her use as a bit of flesh and blood machinery, the public she serves evinces no interest, asks no questions as to her present needs or ultimate fate. She is merely a human something, as easily replaced as a broken lever or a worn-out cog.

Her personality as a woman; her home-life, its sacrifices and trials; her few pleasures and many cares; her limited income and unlimited longings for everything dainty, womanly and beautiful; and, above all, the development of her soul as the dominating influence of her daily life amid untoward circumstances, arouse no interest and excite no sympathy in the selfish mass, who regard their God even from no higher standpoint than as the necessary motive power, keeping the world rotating for their sole benefit.

And yet what a heroine the girl is! What a practical embodiment of the Christian virtues! Her cheerful endurance is a most pathetic protest against the injustice of her lot; her triumph over the many temptations daily besetting her the most acceptable prayer ever offered by creature to Creator.

When a great hulking brute is condemned to a life of hard labor as an expiation of an atrocious crime, mawkish sentimentalists raise their voices against the severity of his sentence, and not unfrequently secure its mitigation. Yet in every great city of America thousands of weak young girls, innocent of all offence save the necessity of living, enter on a treadmill existence, and the voice of protest is seldom heard — so much less potent is patient endurance than rampant vice in an appeal to public sympathy. If so-called social reformers could live one day out of the lives of these overworked, under-paid shop-girls, their experience might be productive of much good; one mighty wave of public censure would revolutionize the whole false system of employment.

Look into the scale of wages even, and compare it with the actual needs of every-day life. What thougths are born of such knowledge! What hideous possibilities are suggested as a means of supplementing so meagre an income. Pass over the pittance supposed to compensate the little cash girls for their long hours of toil, their loss of education, their stunted growth, both physical and moral, the deprivation of outdoor games and pastimes, and the many other perquisites of childhood, and look into the case of the experienced girl, who has worked her way up to a position behind the counter. She is an expert in her line, a valuable employe, a conscientious, thoroughly competent work-woman, a bulwark in her employer's business, and he rewards her energetic, untiring service with the munificent sum of eight dollars a week! Eight dollars a week for the best years of a woman's life!

Still, this sum is not to be despised; with rigid economy the practical girl can manage to live within it decently and with a moderate degree of present comfort. It is positive wealth compared to the remuneration given to the great majority eking out an existence on four, five or even six dollars a week.

How can a girl make such a sum meet her actual needs and leave a margin for possible illness, or as a provision for the time when youth and usefulness are things of the past? Consider the expenses of the girl who lives at home, by far the best off of her class, provided the home be even a moderately congenial one. Nominally she does not pay for her board, but as a general rule all her earnings, over and above her personal expenses, go into a family fund to eke out the father's income, heavily taxed for the maintenance of younger children; or it may be that a widowed mother finds in her her chief support; in either case the young wage-earner has little left for herself, and out of that little she must provide for car-fare, lunch and incidental expenses; a new gown represents the savings of months; a natty coat is an event in her life, an epoch in the family history; she does all her own sewing, sitting up late into the night to keep her slender wardrobe in condition; she is always mending, brushing and turning, contriving womanly wiles to deceive herself even into thinking that she is well-dressed—a harmless conceit that the sunlight ruthlessly exposes by showing up the neat little darns and worn edges and seams. If she be a brave little woman she doesn't flinch from the knowledge thus forced upon her, but consoles herself with the reflection that poverty may always be decent even if it will not be disguised.

Her work begins early, eight o'clock being the usual hour, and is very laborious, necessitating as it does, an almost constant standing position. In some stores this position is compulsory at all times whether necessary or otherwise, an evil that has been dwelt upon so often and so urgently that further comment is futile.

All day long the wearisome work of the shop-girl continues, selling, answering questions, humoring whims, checking accounts and straightening stock, with a brief intermission for lunch as the only rest of the day. Sometimes the weary saleswoman is too tired to eat, or a cold lunch is distasteful to her, and she returns to her work without having tasted food since early morning, the result of such deprivation being nervous headache and exhausted vitality. Who can wonder that under such circumstances and subjected to such a strain, the girl behind the counter is not wholly angelic? She is very weary of it all, not the least of her trials being the constant resistance of temptation, the necessity of overcoming self.

Here again the home girl has the advantage; the day's work over, she is sure of counsel and sympathy; she looks forward to the gathering in of the family at the evening meal, when the troubles of the day grow trivial under the cheery influence of true home-life. She knows that she has a stanch champion in her favorite brother, even though his appreciation takes the objectionable form of a vigorous pat on the back, making her wince with its heartiness; she doesn't mind being tired when she thinks how much the money will do for the children; and then if there be any great difficulty or danger, why "talking it over with mother" will make the way much clearer. Who can

estimate the saving influence of home-life with its strong sense of good-fellowship among brothers and sisters, their loyal response to the claims of blood, their lifetime of memories in common?

Yes, the home-girl's lot is a happy one contrasted with that of her fellow-worker, who lodges in a dreary back-room, and never knows what it means to take a comfortable meal in congenial company. She lives up to every cent of her income, and finds it wofully insufficient. Outside of her working hours she is thrown on her own resources for amusement or occupation. She may be very young, and not very wise in her pursuit of pleasure; under such circumstances her freedom from control is perilous.

It is much to be regretted that more care is not given to girls in the transition period between childhood and early womanhood, when there is no settled purpose, and the craving for enjoyment is inordinately strong. The thoughtful, motherly girl whose spare time is absorbed by family problems, the studious girl, the musical girl, in short, the girl whose mind takes any special intellectual trend, or is engaged by a fad even, is comparatively safe, but the aimless girl, or the girl with misdirected activity of mind and body, is constantly in danger. Through her love of the sensational, she makes herself conspicuous by her loud dress and louder manner, and accepts the hundred and one doubtful attentions men pay to women they do not respect. She accepts their invitations to dinners, theatres, theatre-parties, and balls of a suspicious character, where she dances away the fever of unrest, together with her reputation, and does it not because she has any real love of wrong-doing, but because she has no stability of character, and the craving for amusement must be satisfied. Such girls should be the special care of all women with a spark of motherliness in them. A word in season, a kindly act, a few friendly (not patronizing) attentions go far in bringing a frivolous, thoughtless girl to a better knowledge of herself, in forming a truer conception of the dignity of womanhood.

And yet in every city there are thousands of women who spend their days in returning pharisaical thanks to God for their own unblemished lives, but make no effort to save the young things fluttering by them on their road to ruin. They feel no pity, no sympathy — nothing but distrust and condemnation.

These are the people who condemn working girls for walking the streets at night. Do they forget that air and exercise are as necessary for bread-winners as for the petted daughters of luxury, and, granting that many of them do not go forth for the sake of health alone, are their motives less worthy than those of their wealthier sisters, who choose an earlier hour for their pageant of dress and display? It is surely no retiring disposition, no modest wish to remain unseen, that brings these fashionable idlers to the crowded thoroughfares, where the air is thick with odors and unsavory vapors.

The girl who is a practical, consistent Catholic is safe under all circumstances, at home or abroad. There is no city so vast as to make her a stranger within its gates, no situation so perilous as to compass her ruin. She is never without an adviser in matters spiritual and temporal, never without a refuge in her hour of need. When in doubt of her own judgment she seeks in the confessional a stronger mind and a broader experi-

ence to supplement her limited knowledge, to strengthen her faltering purpose, or to point out dangers hidden from her untrained vision. Comforted by words of divine inspiration, exalted in spirit by frequent recourse to the sacraments, she grows strong in faith. Religion is the source of her courage, prayer is her sanctuary and her salvation. Temptation after temptation assails her. Her unprotected condition, if without a home or family ties; her winsome youth, her very innocence, make her the object of unholy desire often skilfully disguised as interest in her welfare; she is grateful for the tender solicitude, for the many attentions so delicately proffered, but shrinks back appalled from the words of the tempter when he reveals his hideous purpose, using the specious argument that the semblance of virtue is as valuable as its untarnished possession.

The young Christian asks no aid from the world in this her hour of need. At the foot of the cross where Magdalen wept for the lost treasure of her womanhood the pure spirit pleads for strength to preserve her purity even unto the end. The greatest danger besetting her young life is met and vanquished by prayer. She cheerfully accepts the daily routine of toil, the constant sacrifice, and passes through the discipline to the tranquil peace of maturer womanhood, or, as often happens, she may be called away early to the enjoyment of her reward.

Who has not seen such a one forever at rest, her passing earthly beauty already divinely transfigured, the lustre of her purity glorifying death? Contrast such a triumph over temptation with the fate of the girl who yields, the girl without faith. She is the girl who, for a time, dresses elegantly, occupies an expensive suite, and fares luxuriously. She cannot do all this on eight dollars a week. She may have other honest resources, but circumstantial evidence is very strong against her. To say the least, her feet are set in perilous places, and slip down gradually to the level of the social outcast. Of the ultimate fate of such girls the homes for fallen women, the prisons and the morgues keep the record. What other future is possible to degraded womanhood? Abandoned by her destroyer, her one treasure pledged beyond redemption, debased and destitute, the phantom of her lost innocence remorselessly pursuing her, despair rises up in the soul that never sought its strength in God, and hatred darkens the heart never lighted by His love.

Public censure is the one remedy for this evil; it is the most powerful deterrent that can be brought to bear on illicit evil-doers, who recognize no other authority, civil or religious.

There should be no trifling with so grave a subject, no respecting of persons: every paper recording the suicide of one of these unfortunates should lay bare the exigencies of her life, together with the name and social status of the primary cause of her spiritual as well as physical death.

Here is a mission right at their doors for the dominating spirits among the women of America. A nobler cause than clamoring for rights that do not belong to them, for positions that they can never fill, even if men be so foolish as to let them try.

The emancipation of working-women from the necessity of selling themselves would be a royal seal to set on the closing years of the nineteenth century. It is surely time for vigorous concerted action, when

the morality, and consequently the strength, of a nation, is being weakened by the constantly increasing traffic in woman's purity, degraded into a marketable commodity, a tremendous price paid, willingly or unwillingly, for coveted employment, worldly emolument, or — saddest of all — for that commonplace but indispensable article, bread.

A LOST FRIEND.

BY GEORGE RUSSELL JACKSON.

ESTRANGED! And for a cause so slight!
Oh! heart-depressing word — estranged!
An eye has lost its wonted light,
The aspect of a face has changed;
The winter days go darkly by,
A pleasant dream comes to an end,
And life has lost its zest, for I
Have lost a friend.

Like ships, that on the ocean wide
Together come and smoothly sail,
By fair winds wafted, side by side,
Till parted by an adverse gale,
So unexpectedly we met
And friendship soon knit heart to heart,
But now like ships, by storms beset,
We drift apart.

Is man the sport of circumstance,
Or is he fettered to his fate?
Does wise design, or simple chance,
His various actions regulate?
Is he a slave, or free? But why
The time in idle questions spend?
What matters it to me since I
Have lost my friend?

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

A SKETCH.

BY C. F. S.

I HAVE made many acquaintances in various parts of the world who gave me their entire confidence and never asked my name or nationality. They were dogs. I have dog friends in many places, and it is but just to them to add that the duplicity I have practised on them at various times proves that their confidence was not justified, and the honors are all on their side.

I was lying at full length on the grass in the Sydney domain one sunny day, smoking my pipe and watching the happy boys playing cricket in the distance. I was in that part of the large park that skirts the marvellous harbor, and I could hear the water plashing gently upon the beach. Presently I heard a whining, as from a little soul in anguish, and this soon became so acute that I arose and looked over the precipice leading to the water below. On a ledge about twelve feet down, I beheld a tiny black-and-tan, crying as if his little heart would break. With the aid of some stout cord and two handkerchiefs knotted together, I improvised a kind of balloon basket out of my straw hat, in the interim sending an occasional word of encouragement to the little canine below. As soon as he understood that a friend was at hand he ceased uttering his tale of woe, and awaited developments. The basket completed, I lowered away, and it had scarcely reached the ledge before the little fellow, trembling with excitement, walked into the hat and allowed me to elevate him gently to *terra firma*.

The demonstrative gratitude of that dog will ever remain in my memory. It seemed as though he would never get through with thanking me. Then my troubles began.

I took him to a butcher's shop, and gave him the free run of the establishment. After he had satisfied the inner dog, "I held it fit that we shake hands and part," trusting that he would go home and give an account of himself. But he had other views. In short, he adopted me then and there.

I gave him to a boy, and very reproachful he looked as he went away in the urchin's arms. I had gone scarcely three blocks when he was again with me, frantic with delight. I was booked for Melbourne that night — a stage journey in those days — and dogs were impossible. Then I tried to lose him. I darted into dense crowds, up sharp turnings and dark alleyways; I went into the front doors of hotels and darted through the rear entrances, but all to no purpose. Like Nemesis, the bright little creature was ever at my heels. He must have thought me a strange character, but I believe he had implicit confidence in my honesty.

The day wore on and matters were becoming desperate. I sat down and thought the matter over. Then I arose and we journeyed up George Street to the Royal Hotel. Entering the café, I chose a large comfortable chair and in it placed my walking stick and gloves, with strict instructions to Black-and-tan to watch them carefully.

Then I escaped by the back door. For all I know to the contrary, the faithful little fellow is still watching my property. After many vicissitudes and the lapse of years, I never think of my little friend without a blush of shame at my wicked duplicity.

THE SISTERS IN THE CIVIL WAR.

BY CHARLES S. O'NEILL.

AR, while it calls forth the heroism of the soldier, is nevertheless a relic of barbarism which advancing civilization has not yet succeeded in relegating to the fossil-closet of the past. "The pomp and circumstance," too, with which it is surrounded appeal more strongly to the popular fancy than does the dark side of the picture, and so we find the heroics dominating public attention while the quieter though no less striking incidents are overshadowed. The valorous charge, the brilliant strategic movement and all the attending dramatic features of armies in action, furnish a more inviting picture than does the battle-scarred field after the hurricane of death has swept past and left behind but the terrible evidences of its passage.

It is with the minor strain of the great epic of war that this article is designed to deal — the suffering of the maimed and the dying, and with the dear tender hands that led the way to renewed life or smoothed with a mother's touch the pillow of death.

All honor to the brave devoted women of whatever station or condition who responded to the call of the suffering and with their womanly ministrations brightened the gloom and horror of the hospital. The country can never forget its debt of gratitude to them, for in their own womanly way they supplemented the heroic endeavors of their valiant countrymen; but this article is designed to treat of those devoted daughters of Religion who did not need the presence of a devastating war to emphasize their devotion to the sacred calling to which they had consecrated their self-sacrificing lives. To them the battlefield and the hospital but furnished increased opportunity for the work in which they had been employed before and in which they have continued since — the work of healing and of mercy.

Volumes have been written in regard to the work of the women who left the peace and security of the home fireside for the harrowing scenes of field and hospital, and praise has been worthily lavished upon them. The story of their devotion may well be told, for it glorifies American womanhood; but save in the hearts of the veterans who enjoyed their tender ministrations, in occasional references in works on the war, or in the musty records of the War Department, one seeks in vain for any recognition of the great work of the Sisters. This is strange, in view of the large number who gave such loyal, competent and tender service where their care, tenderness and sympathy were needed most, and also in view of the fact, as stated by Mary A. Livermore in "My Story of the War," "I found everywhere the greatest prejudice against Protestant women nurses. Medical directors, surgeons and even ward masters openly declared that only Sisters of the Catholic Church should receive appointment." The efficiency of the Sisters as nurses had been amply proven in European wars and in the

times of great epidemics in this and other countries, and so the medical authorities knew what they were about when they so unanimously favored the work of these self-sacrificing daughters of the Church.

Notwithstanding, however, the great service they rendered, there is a poverty of written recognition of their labors that is simply startling in its very meagreness.

The Sisters of Charity whose mother-house is at Emmittsburg, Md., were the first to respond to the duty of caring for the sick, the maimed and the dying. Their house was in such close proximity to the National Capital and to the field of Bull Run, that they were right on the scene of the opening clash of arms between North and South. The grounds about their mother-house which had hitherto been but the quiet retreat of the Sisters, was turned into a stirring camp, and the sound of the martial drum and clink of accoutrement succeeded that of the peaceful community bell.

His Grace Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, in a sermon delivered at the Baltimore Cathedral in 1889, on the occasion of the centennial anniversary of the establishment of this the primatial Catholic see in the United States, has this to say: "Sisters of Northern birth and principles nursed the Southern soldiers; Sisters of Southern birth and principles whose brothers were fighting in the ranks of the Confederate army were found nursing their Northern foes. These Sisters acted as silent evangelists of the old Church. They quietly revolutionized popular opinion concerning her."

From Emmittsburg went forth the Sisters who rendered such valiant service in and about Washington, and on the blood-stained fields of Virginia, while the branch communities of the same daughters of St. Vincent de Paul in various parts of the war-stricken territory, were ever to be found where the need of their services was greatest.

The Sisters of Mercy and the Sisters of the Holy Cross, as well as representatives of the other Catholic Sisterhoods, were no less prompt; and it is to be regretted that there is not a more perfect and accessible record of the work done by the representatives of each order; but the merit of their work will not fail in the heart of the American soldier however lacking is the attention that the Sisters received at the hands of the scribes.

In a report that was made to Surgeon-General Dale of Massachusetts of a visit made in 1862 to the hospitals in and about Washington by a commission headed by Mayor Wightman of Boston, Dr. John G. Blake, of the latter city, a member of the visiting committee, refers to Douglas Hospital at the National Capital, the nurses of which he found to be entirely Sisters of Charity. Mary A. Livermore in the book to which reference has previously been made mentions, speaking of the West, the Brick Hospital at Cairo, Ill., and the Mound City Hospital, as being cared for by the Sisters of the Holy Cross. At the Mound City Hospital, the superior was at that time Mother Angela, a member of the Ewing family, and cousin of General and Senator Sherman and of Mrs. W. T. Sherman. These Sisters of the Holy Cross had closed their schools at Notre Dame, Ind., to give their time to hospital duty. Archbishop Ryan also says: "During the War one of the largest prisons in the country, known as McDowell's College, was in my parish in St. Louis and I acted

as chaplain to it and to the hospital attached, and I know how deeply these Southern soldiers were affected by the self-sacrificing devotion of the Sisters who came every day to minister to and console them. Very few of these men were Catholics, and many of them were deeply hostile to the Church, yet the vast majority of those who died in that hospital, and a large proportion of those who left the prison, received Catholic baptism. They believed, they said, that the Church of these Sisters was the Church of God."

These are only isolated references to the work of the Sisters and the location of the scene of their labors. Scattered throughout the Union they were to be found in the hospitals in all the great centres where the wounded found an asylum, like in the Satterlee Hospital, Philadelphia, and elsewhere; but they were likewise found at the front in the immediate presence of the leaden messengers of death, on their mission of love, consolation and healing, moistening the parched lip, comforting and assisting the wounded, writing the letter of the stricken soldier that was to convey to the dear ones at home his last farewell, or announce his convalescence and the assurance of his return to them. Out of the rich store of their sympathetic hearts they freely ministered to the present need, and wherever there lives a veteran of the late war who recalls in his own case their unwearying care, skill, devotion and tenderness there lives the one who is ever ready to render them loving homage.

Let one of these veterans, Captain Jack Crawford, the poet-scout, give utterance to the thoughts of thousands, in his own manly and graceful way. In conversation with the writer a few years ago he warmly attested how greatly he venerated the Sisters, and the following from a speech which he delivered at a Grand Army gathering in distant Arizona, some time later, is substantially the same as the writer received from his own lips:

"On all God's green and beautiful earth there are no purer, no nobler, nor no more kind-hearted and self-sacrificing women than those who wear the sombre garb of the Catholic Sisters. During the War I had many opportunities for observing them. Right in the fiery front where the bullets hissed in maddening glee and shot and shell flew wildly by, where lay dead and mangled forms with pale blood-flecked faces yet wearing the scowl of battle, I have seen the black-robed Sisters moving over the field, their solicitous faces wet with the tears of sympathy, ministering to the wants of the wounded and whispering words of comfort into ears soon to be deafened by the cold, implacable hand of death — kneeling on the blood-bespattered sod to moisten with water the bloodless lips upon which the icy kiss of the Death Angel had left its pale imprint. How many veterans of the War can yet recall the soft soothing touch of a Sister's hand as he lay upon the pain-tossed couch of a hospital! Can we ever forget their sympathetic eyes, their low, soft-spoken words of encouragement, when the result of the struggle between life and death yet hung in the balance? While convalescing at the Satterlee Hospital, Philadelphia, having been severely wounded at Spottsylvania, Sister Valencia taught me to read and write and to her I owe the foundation on which I have built the education I now possess. I am not a Catholic, but I stand ready at any and all times to defend

these noble women even with my life, for I owe that life to them."

This is the estimate of one who remembers their service. There are thousands who lovingly remember their debt to the Sisters as does Captain Crawford, although unable to so eloquently and feelingly express the same.

In common with the other dwellers in the territory which was the immediate scene of battle, the Sisters having charge of schools and orphanages, suffered much loss of property, and the following incident in this connection is interesting, showing as it does the devotion felt for the Sisters by one who would not, to save his life, be a party to the destruction of their property :

When Donaldsonville, La., was being bombarded the order was given by a Confederate officer to set fire to the buildings of the Sisters. The subordinate to whom the order was given was an Irishman named Scott, and he flatly refused to apply the torch. The commander pointed his revolver at the sergeant to enforce obedience, but was shot dead by Scott. Father Abbott, C. M., in his sermon at the celebration of the golden jubilee of the Sisters of Charity of Donaldsonville, last January, apropos of this incident says :

"Ah,i gnoble commander ! you realized quickly that you had made choice of the wrong soldier to commit this sacrilegious deed. Whilst he was remonstrating with thee you should have known that he was of a race of men who for many long centuries had poured out their blood like rivulets on the blue mountains and the green valleys of the dear old land of Ireland — every sod of which is consecrated with the blood of her martyrs — fighting, bleeding and starving unto death, by the millions, in defence of the Church and Faith that every genuine Irishman must love infinitely more than home, or country, ever so dear. Ah, Irishman Scott ! surely this thought of the many centuries of the most cruel persecutions that ever a nation suffered for divine faith, without ever being robbed of it, quickened your soul at that eventful moment ; when, like so many millions of your forefathers, you were forced, at the peril of your life, to fight for your God, your priest and your Church, and in defence of her most valiant daughter — the Sister of Charity. Ah, poor Irishman Scott ! it is a pity you were sentenced to be shot. It is a pity that this stain is on the history of this American war. But your best friend, as every genuine Irishman believes him to be, the priest of your love whom you loved unto death, prepared you for a courageous death — and you did die like so many of your race in defence of your Faith and Church."

The above incident shows that the merciful work of the Sisters could not save their property from the vandalism of war ; but it likewise shows that they had one devoted champion who sealed with his life the integrity of his veneration.

Who shall write the story of the Sisters in the late war ? It is a chapter of history that yet remains to be written, and one of the purest glory, illustrating the exemplification of the highest and holiest of human gifts. Valor is a great and noble thing when the occasion comes for its employment ; but there is an inspiration in the excitement of battle that dwarfs every other consideration. Higher, nobler and more God-like are the attributes of mercy, tenderness and compassion, the Heaven sent inheritance of the Sisters. The world

can show no other such evidence of consecrated devotion to sacred duty under circumstances so distressing to the tender, feminine heart, and there is a heroism in its performance before which the most valiant triumph of the soldier pales into comparative insignificance. Well may Archbishop Ryan refer to the Sisters as "the silent evangelists of the old Church." Angels of mercy in their devoted, spiritualized lives they are to us, and in the memory of the veterans who shared in the largess of their tender hearts, the truest embodiment of all that is angelic this side of eternity.

MAYTIME.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

Oh, sublime hopes and dazzling dreams
Live in the breath of Spring;
Flooded by fancy's sunlit beams,
Hearts joyously take wing
To pastures new beyond the skies
Where all is bright and gay:
This world would be a Paradise
If life could be
Eternally
One sweet delightful May!

A SUNSET SONG OF SHIPS.

BY MARY THERESE WEST.

O, SHIPS! that lie at anchor,
The port at last is won!
While the evening star gleams out afar,
And sounds the sunset gun,
At peace ye are in haven;
Secure and free from care,
Nor brooding dove, nor raven,
Disturbs your vigils there.

In cloudlands' gorgeous splendor
The crimson fires delay,
A pageant fair, beyond compare,
Attends the dying day;
The waters calm that bound ye
Are all with sunbeams sown,
And the ripples sparkle round ye,
As if with jewels strewn.

The sleepless tide is flowing,
The boding seagull screams,
O, ships! that rest on the ocean's breast,
Mirage of floating dreams!
For locked ye seem in slumber
That heeds not trackless path,
Nor note of bird, nor number
Of hues that the heavens hath.

Yet soon shall come the parting —
Many to sail afar
At the dawn of day will steal away
Across the sandy bar;
For some with toil must measure
Their share of daily bread,
And some in search of pleasure
Their fluttering pinions spread.

O, ships! ye set me musing
On other scenes of bliss,
Where, to longing eyes, a haven lies,
In a lovelier land than this;
O, ships! in the harbor lying,
Type of that Heaven to me,
Where come nor storms, nor sighing,
And souls shall anchored be.

THE CATHOLIC IN POLITICS.

BY THOMAS C. QUINN.

F any man in all the world should be honest in every relation of life, it is a Catholic. If any man in all the world should be unselfishly patriotic, it is an Irishman. For a dishonest Catholic and an unpatriotic Irishman are monstrosities of hypocrisy and selfishness. In the Irish character, ennobled and refined by the Catholic religion, there is every element of the highest American citizenship. These propositions will be accepted as truths by every man, no matter what his religious belief or racial inheritance, who brings to their consideration a fair mind and a knowledge born of observation and experience.

Standing upon the elevation afforded by these facts, let us get a clearer vision of other facts, less pleasant to look upon, which appear in the foreground of America's national landscape. It is a stale truism that American municipal politics are as corrupt as any in the world; that in every one of our large cities are recognizable reproductions or clever imitations of political debaucheries in other lands; that in every close and spoilsful election voters are bought and sold much more easily than real estate; that elections won in this way are accepted by men who stand for honesty and morality before the world; that municipal enterprises of any magnitude without a "job" in them are the exception; and that altogether the standards of honor that hold in the relations between man and man seem to be lost in the relations obtaining between man and the state. We have grown hardened and indifferent to these things — so indifferent, indeed, that not a few may think it useless, or worse, to call attention again to the actual conditions.

The writer is not of those who expect perfection in human beings and who grumble because men are not gods, or who see in the error of a moment the irretrievable ruin of a life, or in the degradation of an individual the disgrace of a people. But it is no time for friendly tongues to be silent when unfriendly tongues have reason for talk. Better get the fist of truth in the face than the knife of misrepresentation in the back. Does an American blush when the Tweed ring, the Bardsley robberies, and other minor and more vague political scandals are mentioned? No; he shrugs his shoulders and smiles. "Thou shalt not steal" applies to private life, not to public affairs. It is so hard to draw the line between what is due to one's self in politics and what is due to the people. "There is no such thing as a public morality, a public conscience, anyhow," he argues; "how can a collection of individuals be an entity and have a consciousness? Society cannot be responsible for the thief, the liar and the rogue."

And when you say that only a corrupt society can tolerate corruption, he replies, "It cannot be helped."

It is the old argument of selfishness. For every wrong, however, there *is* a cause and a responsibility, for nothing exists uncaused. If American political life is honeycombed with self-seeking, fraud, knavery, hypocrisy, the blame must lie somewhere. Not in any one man or class of men, perhaps, but in the nature of things. External conditions, habits, customs, manners, modes of thinking, relations of men to one another are subject to continual change; but human nature is modified but slowly. We may be tolerably certain that the causes that operated centuries ago to bring a nation's downfall — and so far as we can read history they were substantially the same in every instance — will operate again in precisely the same way. But we have grown so polite and well-bred that it is "bad form" nowadays, and almost an evidence of insanity, for a man to recall the hard and cruel warning of the prophet, "that the wicked shall be cast into hell, and all the nations that forget God." Hell and God have softer, gentler meanings now, and the moral law to many is only the mysterious relation which things bear to one another. Honesty, virtue, truth are still respectable in private life, but success is the great desideratum in politics. The city, the state, the nation, is only a vague, indefinable thing. Hence we can have no relations with it.

Cobwebs like these accumulate in the chambers of the brain and the heart that are not open to the sunlight and to the breezes that blow only from the mountains. What should a man care for the eternal verities when his pocket-book is well filled? He can easily persuade himself that whatsoever a man or a nation soweth that shall they not also reap. So the brutality and the coarseness and the selfishness and the dishonesty of life increase. They spread like virus through society. That they have begun to eat into the heart of American political life, few will deny.

The symptoms of the poison you find in the "What-is-there-in-it-for-us?" spirit that directs the action of so many of the political elect; in the growing idea that a "pull" is the motive power and dollars the wheels of a nation's progress; in the absence of a high national feeling, and in the oft-expressed opinion that we owe nothing to the men of the past, who must have been just as selfish and sordid as we are, and that sentiment is an intolerable nuisance anyhow,and has no place in politics. Even the very word "reform" excites only a cynical laugh — and this is not altogether accounted for by the fact that the word has of late only too often been used as a cloak for the most stupendous self-seeking. It is true that there has been no time in our political life without its scandals; that even General Washington was not entirely free from charges of slackness; and that Thad Stevens of Pennsylvania admitted railroad dealings while in Congress that would endanger a Quay's future in this era. Pointing out blots on the white page of the past, however, scarcely justifies spilling the ink bottle on the record of the present. Citing the exceptions of other years will not explain or justify the rule of Now.

The simple fact for consideration here is that political corruption is rampant in every great centre of our population. Exactly where the disease lies, it may be difficult to determine in the very complicated and complex influences and forces that are continually at work. But we

know this much: Irishmen and Catholics far outnumber those of any other race and creed in American political life. That fact remains indisputable. They are not responsible for the degradation and corruption of politics; they have not brought about the infamy that exists in public life to-day, but they have at least in many cases taken advantage of it. Whether they have only fed on the corruption already existing, or whether they have helped to create it, makes not one iota of difference. Of all the distinct and individual forces in contemporary political life, that exerted by Irish Catholics is the most active, the farthest reaching, the most potent. Does it seek to stem the tide, or does it float with it?

Thank God, we can point to numberless men of the race and Faith who honor their nation and their Church, and who are living proofs of the possibilities of the Irish people under fair conditions. There are others — many, too many, of them — who, led on by that ignis fatuus of our extraordinary epoch — the desire for money — have identified themselves with what is worst and most pernicious in American life. That among the inheritors of a struggle for centuries against oppression, injustice and wrong, of a race generous and patriotic to a fault, nurtured on the breast of a religion that teaches honesty and unselfishness as the cardinal virtues, there should be sons so unworthy as to mistake license for liberty and ostentation for success, is a marvel — or rather it would be a marvel were it not a fact, plain and explainable.

In a certain sense every man is the result of two forces — inherited tendencies and environment. What is the environment of our times? Roman amphitheatres with their vulgar show and brutal developments typify, almost perfectly, the surroundings of the present — with this difference: The battles are not tests of physical prowess now, but of mental cunning, and the prizes are not wreaths of victory and liberty, but pots of money and influence. This is no pessimistic view. Belief in the glory and moral hope of the present is not inconsistent with knowledge of its commercial and social deformities. The advice given by the shylock in the street story to his son seems to be endorsed by the customs of our time: "My boy, make money. Make money honestly — if you can; but, anyhow, make money." Place a man in the atmosphere of such an age, when enterprise wears seven-league boots; when nobody is anybody unless he is a millionaire; when speculation is all-pervading; when money is transferred from one owner to another by the ton daily; when even some of the men of God seem to bow to the god of mammon, and you will not wonder that politics, with its opportunities for catching with the dippers of scheming the drippings from the buckets of public expenditure, is sought and perverted. However, bad environment is no excuse, though it is an explanation, for personal error.

There cannot be any compromise between the teachings of the Catholic Church and corrupt practices of any kind. A man cannot be a Catholic and be dishonest. There is no money in honest politics. Many other occupations offer to the honest man just as good opportunities for the ability and energy which command success. If there is no money in honest politics then the man who goes into politics to make money either deceives himself or is dishon-

est. There is no way of beating the devil about this stump. Whether he deceives himself or not soon becomes apparent.

In every walk of life in America, Catholics are achieving distinction based on brain force, physical energy and moral character. Even in politics, against the abuses of which this article is directed, the preponderance of Catholic influence is given to every effort for the amelioration of the condition of the masses, and stands, generallyspeaking, for greater, broader humanity. But Catholic manhood can and logically must stand for more than it does in politics. It must be a saving force in the nation! All national liberty is based on personal integrity. The Catholic Church is the teacher and the preserver of personal integrity. In the theories of the government under which we live is the nearest approach yet made by any people to living nationally according to the teachings of Christ. The life on earth of the Son of God is one grand argument for equality, justice and liberty, in their sweetest,purest sense. Wherein those theories fail of practice is found the weakness of the individual, and the danger of the nation. In the progress of the future in America, Irishmen and Catholics have a great work,— a work for themselves, their fellows, their nation, and their God. It is going to take courage and conscience to do this work. The blighting, blinding influence of corrupt politics, with its blossoms of blunted senses and sensibilities, withered hearts and shrivelled souls, is the first danger to be passed.

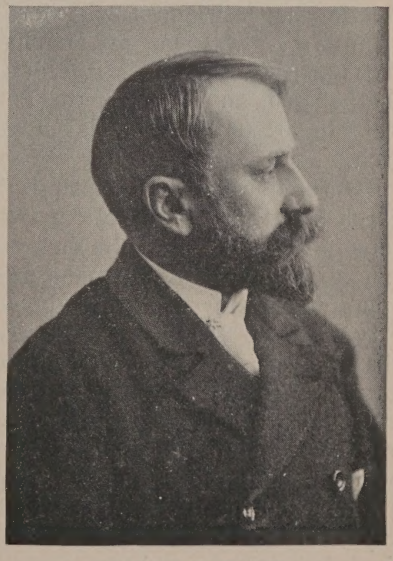
IN AMERICAN STUDIOS.

WILLIAM M. CHASE.

BY HENRY AUSTIN.

THE rank of an artist, like that of a statesman, leans largely on the future. It can rarely be determined in his own time with more than a vague approach to accuracy. Contemporary critics have frequently pronounced verdicts which Posterity has laughed at, and ignored merits which Posterity has reckoned among her most precious possessions. Hence a trifle more of hesitance, moderation, modesty in delivering opinions might be worthy of cultivation by those who are called upon, or feel called upon, to write judgments on the works of prominent men.

These thoughts have often come to me, but have returned with fresh force since my re-reading of an article published five years ago in Harper's under the title, "William M. Chase, Painter." In this article the implication is made, not deftly, but so that it sticks out all over, that our most prominent American artist is one whose love of painting verges narrowly on a love of paint. He is ranked as a man deficient in imagination and in human feeling; a mere marvellous technician, tint-grouper and color-photographer; a workman entirely objective and external. "A wonderful human camera — a seeing machine — walking up and down in the world and, in the humblest things as in the finest, discovering and fixing for us beauties we had else not thought of" is one phrase among many of the praise that smacks of blame. That Mr. Chase's gift is not so much the art of the mind that ponders, the heart that warms, the imagination that fuses and glorifies, as of the seeing eye and the recording hand, seems to be the aim of this critic to establish. He would have



WILLIAM M. CHASE.

it that the iridescence of a fish's back, the bloom on the cheek or the bosom of Beauty, or the hide-and-seek of colors in an oscuro-red kettle are

all one to the soul, or art-soul, of William M. Chase. He forgets or thinks Mr. Chase forgets in a certain brilliant surface realism that permanent Real, called the Ideal, which is always inside, so clearly stated in the poet's lines :

" The color-gamut which we see at times
Play on the fine scales of a dolphin's back,
The creamy smoothness of a woman's neck,
The vague, soft blue of morning's fleeting sky,
Yes, e'en a bronzen beech-tree's sleepy shade,
Are more than enough to set a poet singing,
If any real song be his to sing."

Now, since, deservedly or not, Mr. Chase is our most prominent artist, it behooves us to enquire whether this is true, or has a suspicion of truth in it ; whether his art is merely a radiant reflection of our modern materialism and individualism run mad, of our national affectation of deeps and affection for surfaces ; whether he is a mere *painter* and art-merchant, whose art ought to die with him, or whether he is an apostle of the Beautiful, an artist who hands on the torch.

Before, however, attempting any search into this let us note by what steps he has arrived at the eminence he holds to-day. The Romans called a man *juvenis*, or youth, till he was forty-five, and by this reckoning Mr. Chase is still a young man, for he was born in 1849 on the prairie of Franklin County, Indiana. His parents at first intended him for business, but at twenty he entered as pupil a studio in a neighboring town. He left this very soon and came to New York, where he worked nearly two years in the schools of the National Academy, and in Eaton's studio.

Then, supposing himself an artist, he went to St. Louis and began. Still-life chiefly, with a few portraits, constituted his production at this time and his work sold well. Indeed, it has always sold well—which curious fact makes some artists and critics suspicious of it still. Probably the Chase of to-day would condemn nearly everything painted in those days, yet for connoisseurs the very crudenesses of the early work of future masters or leaders possess always a curious charm and sometimes a serious value.

But there came to St. Louis an artist named John Mulvany, fresh from Munich, and when the young Chase looked on his work and heard him talk of art, it was like a vast vista, a panorama, suddenly spread before a man who had hitherto been half-blind. He lost no time in vain regrets. With the energy that seems to animate him still in his least movements, he secured from friends enough commissions to support him for awhile and went abroad at once.

Entering the antique class of the Academy in 1872, the successful painter of St. Louis became a common scholar in Munich. With a thoroughness equal to his modesty, he stayed there six years, taking prizes and medals galore, and attaining finally the highest of all the school premiums — a free studio. The mark of Munich always leaves a scar, according to the opinion of those who do not like that school of modern art and who prefer to take their light from Paris, or elsewhere, or anywhere.

It is unquestionably difficult to erase the Bavarian sign and seal and most students wear it forever. The saying used to be that you could tell a Munich (*Münchener*) at a distance without enchantment. Brilliancy of representation, independence of story, freedom of handling to the very verge of license, general blackness of tone,

have been styled the chief characteristics of this powerful school of painting. Especially the latter, blackness of tone, has incited comment and invited condemnation — a tone dark, yet splendid, like that ebony which the literary style of the early Christian Father, Tertullian, has been said to resemble

The picture of Chase's friend, the artist Duveneck, which is reproduced here *in petto*, gives, perhaps, an idea of what is meant by Munich in a picture, though I believe this was painted later in Venice at a time when Chase possessed his Munich education rather than was possessed by it. This portrait, however, executed before he was thirty, bizarrish as it might be called in composition, has that essential energy of uncompromising truth in the finish which characterizes all of Chase's latest portraits.

"I cannot flatter and I will not lie," a great, though somewhat overpersonal American once remarked. William M. Chase, unspoiled by his immense popularity, is far too modest a man to make any such resounding claim for himself. Yet one can readily see that it is the unconscious motto of his artistic career. This fine sincerity became clear to the Munichers, when he rose to the possession of a free studio, for instead of obsequiously bowing to the reigning fashion in Bavarian art-circles, he devoted himself to still life and studies rather than to the blazonry of the pompous compositions then in vogue.

Long before Chase left Munich, he had made a practice of visiting other European cities, to copy in the galleries and museums. Venice, Paris, Madrid and other nests of art were thus laid under tribute and made to yield up to this indefatigable workman many of the secrets of the masters. In this kind of self-schooling, this copying of the great

PORTRAIT OF DUVENECK.

works of the past, a true artist learns often what to shun as well as what to seek, when he comes to use the brush in original composition. A man of real talent is likely to learn more than his masters are in the way of teaching; that is, in any branch of knowledge or art which is capable of progressing, not fixed or stationary. Even in mere acquisitions this will happen. The most thorough and brilliant scholar I knew at college in nearly all his classes found more meaning in certain things than the teachers themselves had ever discovered.

The thoroughness of Mr. Chase's

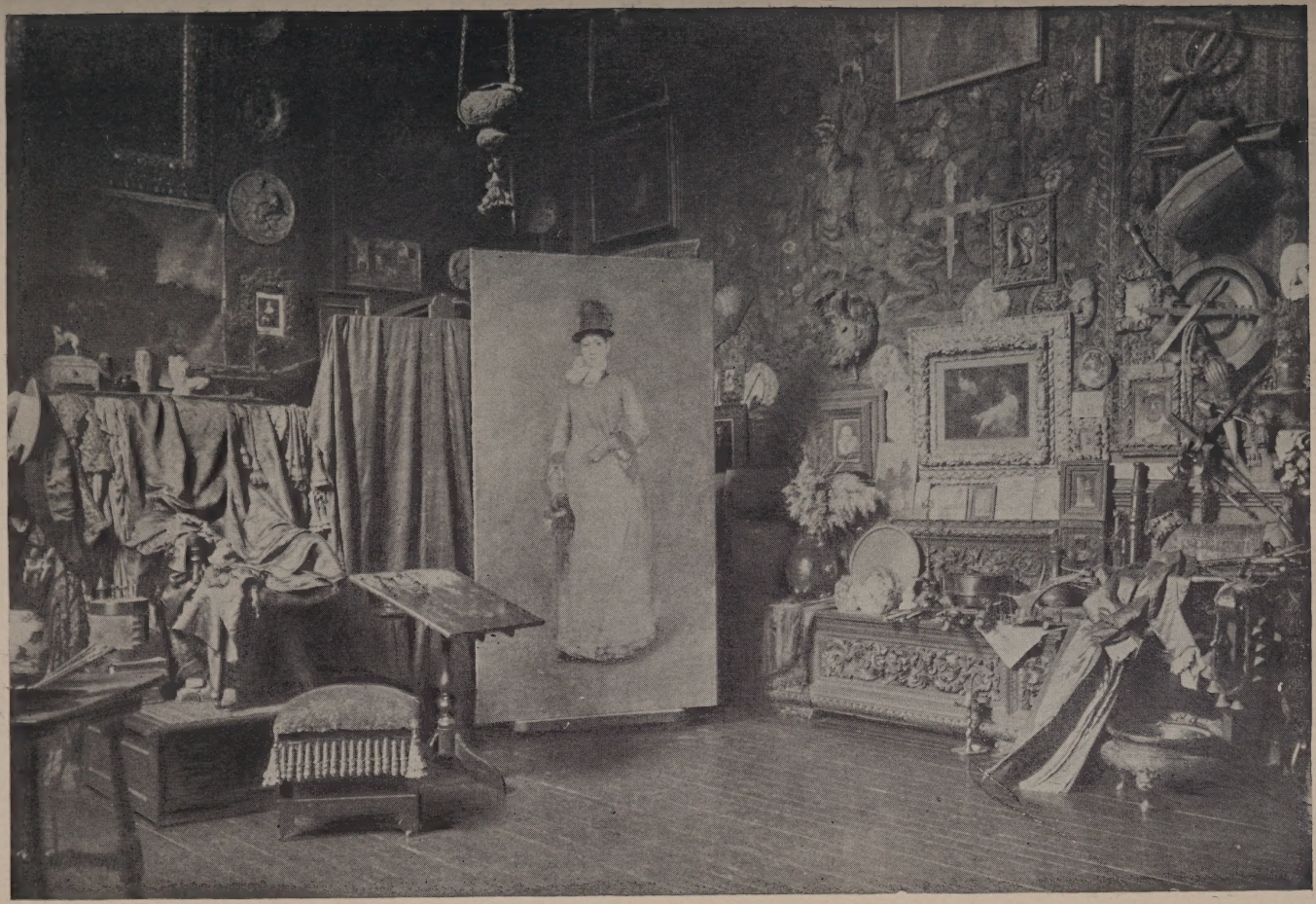
apprenticeship in the Bavarian training school and the high rank he had attained led naturally to his next step up the ladder of honor. In 1878 he was requested to settle in New York and take in hand the painting class of the Art Students' League, which he did with a result whose value to American art has yet to be measured. In 1879 he was elected a member of the Society of American Artists, and in later years he has been elected again and again to the presidency of that society — a mark of appreciation which he doubtless appreciates even more than his social success and the golden sunshine of his popular fame. Nine months of the year he works, perhaps harder than ever before; even the Munich days, and his summers, which are generally spent in Europe, are by no means a diurnal chain of hammock reveries. He probably does not travel for pictures expressly; but picture-finding or making is his life and wherever he goes that most glowing of the Muses attends him. Let us now consider his work. The quantity of this is large, perhaps too large for the quality to be even, and of course, within the reasonable limits of magazine readableness, the variety, the versatility, of an artist so prodigiously productive cannot be ocularly demonstrated. Nor can our present methods of illustrative reproduction do aught but a shadow of justice to works of color.

In such the crown of all effect often depends on some bright note of vital red accentuating the delicate relations of two or more elusive tints. Or else, it may be, the ultimate delight, the culmination of color into sweet sensation, depends on leading the eye and mind up some aerial stairway of alluring light and shade. On other things, too, the serene satisfaction derivable from the contemplation and true possession of an art work may hang, any one of which it shall be well-nigh impossible to give to the general beholder through the medium of a magazine illustration. And the subtler a man's handling, the rounder, sounder and profounder a man's art, the less chance, as a rule, of his pictures conveying themselves apart from themselves on the canvas.

Yet there has been, even in a very brief time, a vast improvement in magazine illustration, as can be verified by any reader who will take the trouble to compare our present reproduction of Mr. Chase's fish with the illustration of the same in Mr. Kenyon Cox's article on Chase in Harper's of 1889—I forget the month. Nothing odious, of course, is meant by this comparison. It simply marks the rapidity of progress in certain lines and the same observation applies to the artistic arrangement of illustrations in magazines. If we look back a few years many of these settings in the letter-press must impress us as acmes of crudeness, not to say barbarism.

"All things flow," said Heraclitus of Ephesus. And what is or should be less stationary, more progressive, more fluent than Art, which is the curve, the undulant line of beauty in human life, and which, when married to Heart, is Genius — a recognizable part of that Spirit who makes "all things flow."

But all these finer fluencies or facilities for the illustration of artistic work, which the progress of the last few years has produced, still lag so far behind the meaning of the originals that were I the manager or guardian of an artist I fancy I should refuse to have some of his best works reproduced, from a feeling similar to that of the famous preacher's sister who



ONE ROOM OF CHASE'S NEW YORK STUDIO.

said she would not let her brother's sermons be printed, unless they could print the tones in which he spoke them. However, as the phonograph remedies that lack, perhaps we shall have, before long, a process of reproduction which can fairly express such a charming thing as Mr. Chase's life-size fancy portrait entitled "Alice," which we give here on the opposite page.

This picture, which is now adorning Chicago, in its utter simplicity, its emptiness of effort, its exquisite ease of handling, is one of its maker's masterpieces. A girl not especially pretty, in a white dress, holding a long pink ribbon, as if in the thought of playing skip-rope: no accessories, no story, save what the ribbon and the pose reveal so lightly.

It looks like very easy painting. Must a man toil for six years at a foreign school to paint like this? In fact, it doesn't look painted. There is so little color that doubtless many a sudden millionaire in search of a real painty picture would probably pass it by, with a sort of wild buffalo sniff. And such brightness of tone along with such lightness of touch! There is no scholastic mannerism in that. It does not remind you of any one or anything before, not even of any special thing by Chase himself.

There are color-collocations in it that suggest him here and there. There is that wonderful sense of open-air enjoyment which he sometimes imparts even to his interior pictures, so passionate is his fondness for unimprisoned air and unlimited light. But, having these, it still has its crown of difference, and so individual and self-related is it, that on first sight you might not like it especially. It might appeal to you only as some intensely clever portrait. But at second sight its picture quality would dawn on you, and it would rapidly grow to be one of the roses of your remembrance.

This "Alice," I infer, is a recent production, one of the last five years, for it seems to me entirely free and above any possible charge that Mr. Chase has not wholly outgrown any slavery to paint. Indeed, connoisseurs must have noticed as many as seven years ago that Chase's contact and close fraternity with the great painters of Paris had eliminated all the mannerism of Munich, and left him free on his own native soil to grow into his own manner; or manners, for a great artist of any kind may have more than one style and each his own, by right and reason of the intense personal stamp he puts on it. He may even take another man's style and transmute it to himself. Shakespeare did this constantly and with almost constant success. Men of strong receptivity absorb styles.

Chase, it seems to me, has absorbed Paris. He has been for years artistically more a Parisian than a Bavarian. To-day he is more American than Parisian, more himself and unlimited, like the spirit of that Indiana prairie where he was born. All the schooling a man gets is good for him, even if he has to unlearn nine-tenths of it. The process of unlearning is almost always a revelation of inner possibilities. But as to that old charge of European influence on Chase and through him on all recent American art, I think it must be thrown overboard.

Grant that he did bring from abroad too intense an anxiety for technique, too constant and sharp a shrinking from the literary part of art, too deep a devotion to art for art's sake, and to color for the glorifi-

cation of color, and along with brilliant handling too heavy a tone; in short, a style that forced one to think rather more of the effectiveness of the paint and the painter than to absorb the effect of the painting.

with Mr. Chase, when he went out to interview Nature. The handling was the same, but the tone had begun to change

> "Into something rich and new,
> Into something really true."

ALICE.

Grant all this and more, for all this was probably true.

But in 1884 some newspaper critic — in the New York Sun, I fancy — called attention to the fact that a new spirit was walking abroad

Tricks of training, reminiscences of effect, trammels of tradition, subtle tyrannies of theory, were melting away. The splendid art-scholar and art-expositor had become so familiar with his tools that the material media

had sunk to their proper places as servants, not masters, in the magic island, as Ariels most obedient to Lord Prospero. Air, light, life began to be felt as indivisible parts of his pictures.

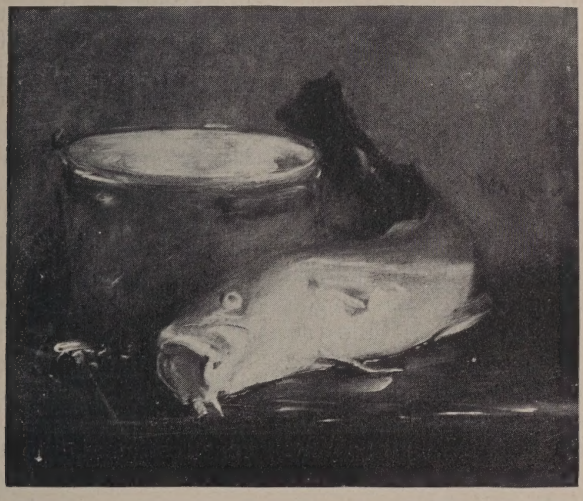
Faintly indicated in our reproduction of "In the Park," owned by Mrs. G. I. Seney, wife of the celebrated collector, this luminous, atmospheric, vital quality, this voluptuousness of vivid vision, must not be confounded with that mere "lust of the eye and pride of life" which makes the canvases of Favretto *feste di colore* indeed, but 'feasts of color' with no flow of soul. There is heart as well as art in Chase's work. His fondness for fresh landscape, as in this picture, is not a delight in vibrant lights and atmospheric atomoles alone. When he puts a child in white for his foreground, alluring the eye on to the stately swans in the placid lake, it is not merely for the sake of making an effective painting, but he feels the sentiment of the child in white rolling her black ball, symbol of the world, with the confidence of innocence. The woman in the dark-blue wrap is not merely an intensely clever photographic reproduction of a well-costumed feminine figure. Chase revels in depicting the more subtle daintinesses of feminine raiment, but you will find, if you study his work of the last five years, that into the daintiness of dress he almost

IN THE PARK.

invariably manages to paint the delicacy of womanhood.

But in doing a landscape like a bit of Central Park, or the Brookline Park — another of his most taking pictures — he never over-humanizes nature. He never crowds his canvas. His is the rare felicity of simplicity. His keenly sympathetic eye finds substance for his affectionately recording hand in certain American scenes, extreme simplicity and transmute it into a fine felicity without losing any of the truth in his crucible.

His versatility in subject and in handling — for he has more than one style — suggests to me also a few remarks on his versatility in mediums. Oil, water-color, pastel, it matters not, this thorough at-homeness with his art is equally manifest, and as for pastel, his power over this medium



A STUDY.

where painters never before sought picture. A woman in a back yard hanging out clothes to dry on a doubtful April day might seem rather a damper, than a kindler, of inspiration. But Chase can make "Washday" one of his most attractive pictures; can paint such a prosaic scene in such way that its truth shall touch you to that sentiment expressed by good old George Herbert —

> "Who sweeps a room as by God's laws
> Makes that and the action fine."

As Tennyson could write in blank verse, naked of all usual poetic adornment, subtle allusion and radiant rhetoric, a story like "Dora" and make it render up a poetic effect, so this American painter can take an is absolutely astonishing. A picture of his wife, done in this, is so marvellously blended and toned that only a very close and minute inspection proves it done in chalk. It looks like an oil in close finish: it is rich and velvety beyond description, to say nothing of the exquisite expression in the face, which of course the artist knows by heart and finds hard to keep from painting. Has enough been said to prove to any one else what has long seemed truth to me, that our most prominent American picture-maker really deserves all his fame, and perhaps more, on the ground that he is not a mere painter, but, with all the phrase implies, a true Artist?

CONSUL-GENERAL COLLINS.

In selecting the Hon. Patrick A. Collins for the responsible post of consul-general to London, President Cleveland has not only honored General Collins and the race of which he is so fine a representative, but has shown his own keen appreciation of exalted and deserving service on the part of the appointee to his party and to the country. No single act of any previous president of this country is so fraught with encouragement to the foreign-born citizen, showing as it does the possibilities that lie before the able and deserving, while to England the selection of General Collins as the commercial representative of this Government at her capital, is a significant illustration of America's recognition of a race to whom the English people are now about to do tardy, but none the less welcome justice. No more potent argument could have been placed in the hands of Mr. Gladstone, at this time, in his demand for Home Rule for Ireland, than the fact that the nefarious character of English legislation has, up to the present, deprived that Government of men so equal to the task of shedding honor upon it, as this very evidence of the height to which the representatives of the Irish race attain when, under the benign influence of a free government, opportunity is afforded for the acquirement of their full intellectual stature. As George II. said after his defeat by the Irish legion at Fontenoy: "Accursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects," so may the Great Commoner bring home to the awakened heart of the English people a due recognition of what the British Empire has suffered by the expatriation of such as General Collins.

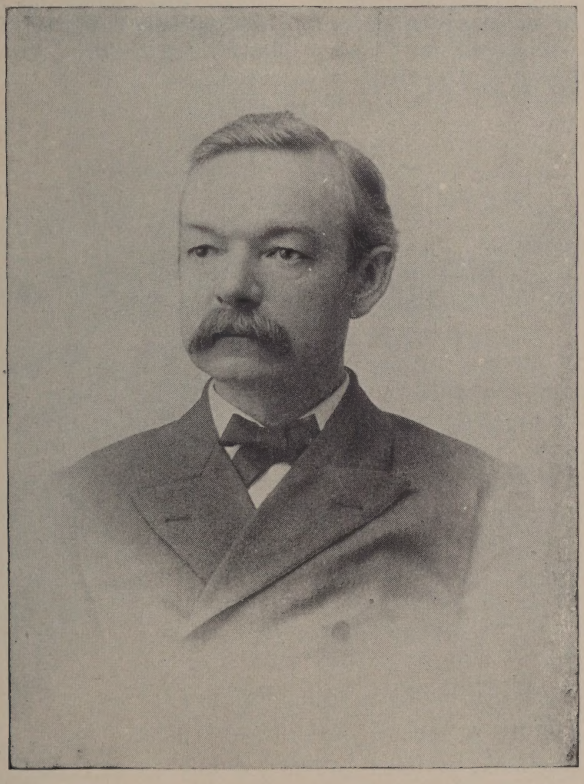
To-day the latter gentleman is, officially, the chief representative of the exiled children of the Gael in America; but his selection by President Cleveland is a tribute to the merit of not only the individual, but of the race the world over.

Nor is the President's recognition of the deserts of General Collins one-half as significant as the popular demonstration of the appreciation of such recognition. The banquet tendered to General Collins at Hotel Vendome, Boston, on the evening of April 4, at which Governor Russell presided, and which was attended by the most distinguished representatives of the political, business and social life of the state and city, was a magnificent testimonial to the merit of the man whom all had assembled to honor, a merit the recognition of which was superior to any petty partisanship distinction. Also significant was the reception given to General and Mrs. Collins on the evening of April 10, by the Catholic Union of Boston, as evidencing the love and esteem of those who knew him best.

It is particularly apropos at this time to sketch the life of one who has so won and reflected honor, and therefore the following from that recent sterling work, "Massachusetts of To-day," is both timely and interesting:

"A born leader of men, Patrick A. Collins has certainly contributed his share to keep the State of his adoption well in the van of progressive, liberal and

intelligent life. His ability, both at the bar and in public life, has attracted the attention of all classes of citizens throughout the United States. A brilliant debater, a forcible and eloquent speaker, gifted with a thoroughly equipped and well-balanced mind, he stands a conspicuous example of what a fine graft can be made of Irish and American stock. He exerts probably a stronger influence upon the men of his race in America than any other living man, as the part he took in the campaign of 1884 amply demonstrated. Not alone in America is his influence felt, for he has devoted much of his time and talents to the cause of Ireland. His connection with the Fenian Brotherhood from 1862 to 1870, as secretary of the Philadelphia convention and chairman of a subsequent one, and the distinction of being the first president of the Irish National Land League of America — all bespeak his loyalty to his native land. Parnell repeatedly thanked him for assistance rendered to the Irish cause, and at the League headquarters in Dublin his picture hangs beside that of the dead leader. Mr. Collins was born in Fermoy, County Cork, Ireland, March 12, 1844, the year in which John Boyle O'Reilly was born. He was the youngest of a large family and was only three years old when his father died. His mother came to the United States in 1848 and settled in Chelsea, Mass., where he received a common-school education. He met many vicissitudes in his early years, first as errand boy in the office of a Boston lawyer, then as clerk in a Chelsea store, then as coal miner in Ohio, then working at the upholstery trade in Boston



HON. PATRICK A. COLLINS.

and giving his leisure hours to study. Graduating with honors from the Harvard Law School in 1871, he was admitted to the bar in that year and has continued in the practice of his profession ever since, with the interruptions which public office has occasioned. He has been a member of both branches of the Massachusetts Legislature, judge-advocate general of the State and Member of Congress for three terms. He was on the Judiciary Committee during his whole service at Washington, and was prominently engaged with many important measures, including the Bankruptcy Bill. In 1888 he peremptorily refused the use of his name for further congressional honors. Mr. Collins was permanent chairman of the National Democratic Convention, held at St. Louis in 1888, and was delegate to the Chicago convention in 1892, when his celebrated speech, seconding the nomination of Mr. Cleveland, was made. He was chairman of the Massachusetts Democratic State Committee from 1884 till 1891. Mr. Collins was married in 1873 to Miss Mary E. Carey, of Boston. They have three children, two daughters and a son."

INADEQUATE

BY KATHERINE E. CONWAY

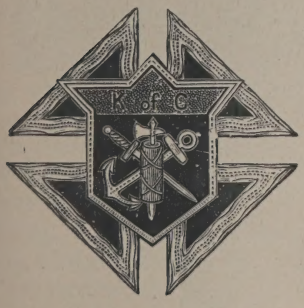
THE least of loving is in having, dear;
To-morrow you will wake to weariness,
And shrink, betimes, in heart-sickness and fear,
Ah, woe! from hands that now you'd kneel to kiss,
You'll wake to your life-dream fulfilled, aghast;
Would God this dream, as other dreams, had passed!

The least of loving is in having. Light
Night with a firefly; quench the flame that glows
From thirst for the Exhaustless Infinite,
With the small dewdrop in the heart of a rose.
The best of loving will be having never,
Till, having All, you're sure of it Forever.

THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

BY THOMAS H. CUMMINGS.

"A true knight
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word,
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue,
Not soon provoked; nor, being provoked, soon calmed;
His heart and head both open, and both free."
Shakespeare



THE twelfth of last October saw the beginning of that grand series of public observances that are to mark forever in history the Four Hundredth Anniversary of the Discovery of America. The great military, naval and civic displays throughout the world, the unveiling of statues in honor of Columbus, and the building of monuments to his memory, abundantly attest the popular appreciation and enthusiasm, while the naval display in Hampton Roads, perhaps the grandest the world has ever seen, and the opening of the World's Fair at Chicago this month, handsomely round out and are the crowning glory of the Columbian Celebration.

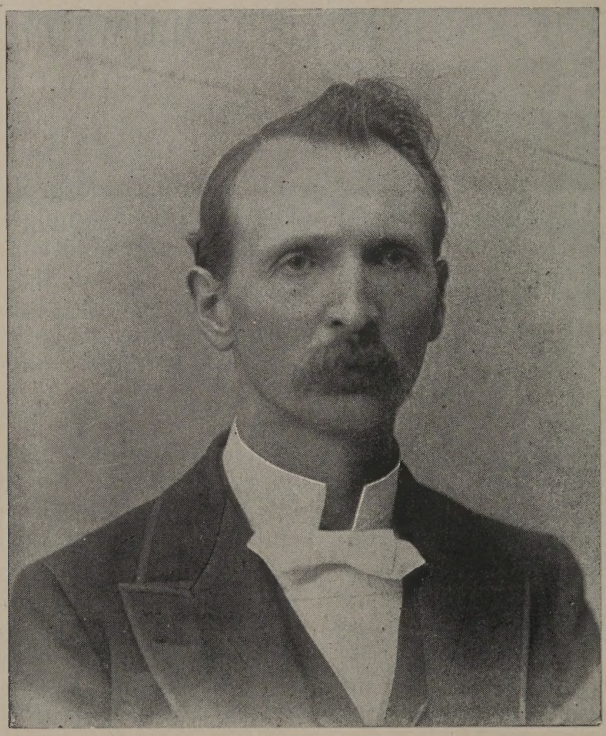
But among all the features of this great Quadri-Centennial there is one specially worthy of mention here and not without some permanent interest to the world at large, and that is, the organization of a society to perpetuate the fame of Columbus, as well as to unite the Roman Catholic laymen of America under the inspiration of his great name for the purpose of social intercourse, mutual help and self-protection. This organization, known as the Order of Knights of Columbus, was begun in a quiet, unambitious manner in the city of New Haven, Conn., some ten years ago, and now counts, in the New England States alone, upwards of seven thousand members, the very cream and flower of the Catholic population of this section of the country. It has risen to its present grand proportions largely through the logic of events and a widespread enthusiasm for the memory of the great Genoese explorer.

"We are his heirs," they sing in

the opening ode of their first section of their ritual, one of the grandest and most impressive rituals ever devised.

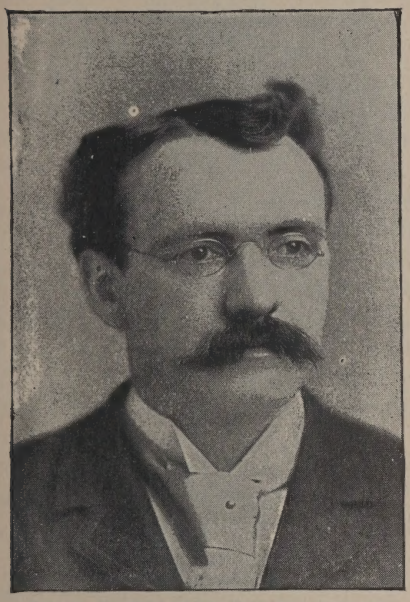
"We are his heirs; we wear his name;
We boast his deeds; we spread his fame;
Our order is the shining flame,
That lights the gloom of long ago."

The objects and purposes of the order are clearly defined in the original charter granted by the Connecticut legislature in the January session of 1882. Though somewhat modified since then, it still preserves the main features of the original draft which are, in the best sense, highly noble and patriotic. As just stated, it will seek to preserve the memory of Columbus as a sacred legacy; and to this end, at their last annual convention, the order voted unanimously to approve the establishment of a monthly publication, which was designed by the projectors to publish matters relating to the biography and writings of Columbus and the early discovery of America, that his integrity might be preserved and his name kept alive in the hearts of the American people. While limiting its membership only to practical Roman Catholics between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, its aim nevertheless has been to have the brotherhood of men, regardless of race distinction, more widely recognized by the world at large. For instance, in the little band of followers associated with Columbus on his first voyage to the new world were Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, French, English and Irish representatives. With good reason therefore, there are in this order which seeks to perpetu-



JOHN J. PHELAN, Secretary of State, Conn.
Supreme Knight.

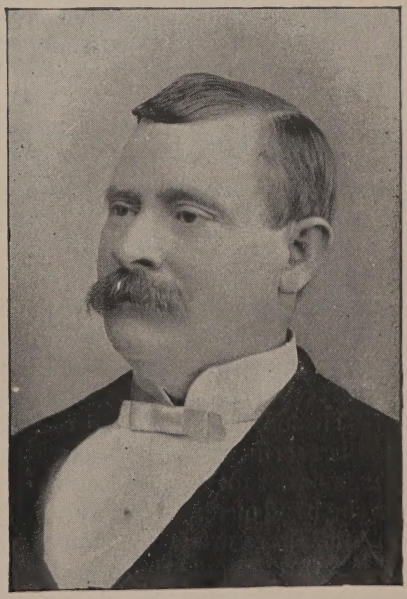
ate their fame and glory, members of each of the above-named nationalities. In the Juan Perez Council No. 68, Boston, Mass., there is Dr. Brindisi, the Italian Consul, Viscount di Valle da Costa, the Portuguese Consul, Brigadier-General R. de Espina, the Spanish Consul, Signor Benjamin Ferrari, fencing master of the Naval Battalion, representatives of the French, German, English, Irish and American races. In the conferring of the degrees of membership and honorary knighthood there are no race distinctions, for all meet in the council chamber upon the common level of humanity and call each other brother.



PHILIP J. MARKLEY, *Supreme Advocate.*

With true American patriotism they demand from their members respect for manhood and liberty for the individual, particularly that liberty which is the essence of all liberty and which was first planted on this continent by Roman Catholics, viz.: Freedom to worship God according to one's conscience. They ask that no man's social and civil rights be affected by his religious beliefs.

Accordingly, the unjust and un-American attempt on the part of a certain coterie of bigoted writers to belittle the character of Columbus simply because he was a Roman Catholic, naturally meets with their dissent and disapproval. They believe there should be more mercy in the world, and more justice, and when they go forth like the mediæval knight to redress wrongs and right grievances, their motto is "Fair play and equal rights for all." Ours is a country of all races and creeds, and this patriotic order of Columbus seeks, in a word, not only to defend the character and work of Columbus, but also, by uniting in the bonds of fraternity different races of men, again to illustrate the old, old story ever new, of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men.



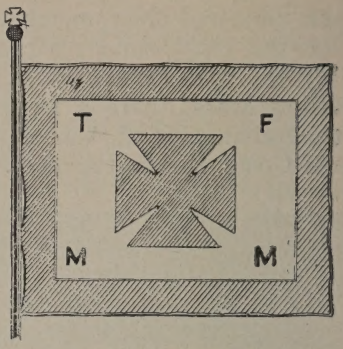
DANIEL COLWELL, *Supreme Secretary.*

But the world cares very little for elevated sentiment unless it sees it manifested in some proof, and so the founders wisely attached to the society a fraternal insurance feature. On the death of a brother knight in active membership, his beneficiary receives one, two or three thousand dollars according to the class A, B or C in which he may be insured. In the days of old, when chivalry flourished in all its glory, the mediæval knight trusted alone to the justice of his cause and his own courage for success in his enterprises, and these were his rewards. Men were trained to knighthood by a long previous discipline. Though men of human weaknesses, they were taught to possess a stern purpose, inflexible will, and that purity of feeling and enthusiastic love for all that is good and generous which inspired deeds of valor in the interests of civilization that will live in history while the world endures. But as Tennyson truly says —

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

And so the modern knight while yielding in no way to his illustrious predecessor of the Middle Ages in the matter of chivalrous feeling and conduct, nevertheless has an eye to business. He looks for material returns from his sacrifices as well as glory, and it is sweet for him to know that, when the hand of death is laid heavily upon him, there are thousands of his brothers throughout the world who are sworn to protect the dependent ones he leaves behind.

Since this practical feature is under consideration it is well to note that the order has paid out, for death benefits and charity alone, nearly three



FLAG OF THE ORDER.

hundred thousand dollars. Who can estimate the amount of good done by this money? It can only be measured rightly by those who have known how to be happy and how to be broken-hearted — the widowed wife and little orphans at home. What an amount of tenderness and sympathetic love it means for these dependent ones at the fireside. "We dry the mourner's tear," they sing in the closing ode of their beautiful ritual.

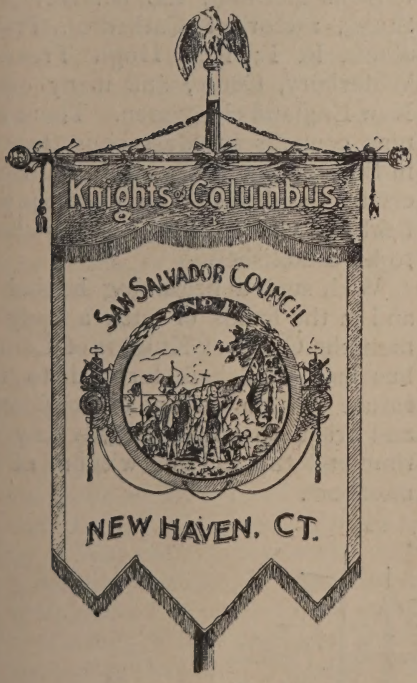
"We dry the mourner's tear;
The tired heart we cheer;
Faith in our work appears
Upheld by love."

And yet, despite the fact that so much has been thus far accomplished in the w y of charitable work by this order, its story has never before been told in public print. It has done its work quietly and modestly, easing the burden of the world, asking no return and receiving no reward save the consciousness of having done good where it was needed.

Human needs, human love, human sorrow— in these all men are one, and the Order of Columbus is in the world to seek and to serve that which is common to all men. For "the quality of mercy is not strained; it droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes — It is an

attribute of God Himself, and earthly power doth then show likest God's, when mercy seasons justice — "

From the very beginning, the most scrupulous care has been taken in the formation of new councils, that the character and quality of the men admitted should be of a very high standard. Personal worth weighed more as a matter of qualification than anything else — and the wisdom of all this is shown in the result, the splendid organization as it exists to-day. It is largely made up of the great middle class of the American people, which, after all, constitutes the real life, the bone and sinew of the nation. Merchants, successful business men in every calling, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, journalists, all are numbered in its ranks. In the New England States alone there are upwards of seventy councils with an average membership of nearly one hundred members apiece.



BANNER OF THE ORDER.
(Front View.)

Hon. John J. Phelan, the Supreme Knight of the order and present head of the Knights of Columbus, is the Secretary of State of Connecticut. Although called to Hartford almost daily by reason of the duties of his office at the State Capitol, he resides permanently in Bridgeport, where he has a beautiful summer home. He is a lawyer by profession and enjoys the distinction of being one of the best known members of the Connecticut Bar. His magnificent law offices in the Sanford Building are models of their kind and abundantly attest the character of the man as well as the nature of his law practice, which is one of the finest in the State. He was town attorney of Bridgeport from 1882 to 1885. He represented the town in the state legislature during 1885 and 1886, and was again city attorney in 1889 and 1890, when he was elected to the office which he occupies. He was chosen Supreme Knight of the Order of Columbus in 1886, a position to which he has been unanimously elected ever since, because of his effective work and rare executive ability in shaping the growth and promoting the general prosperity of the order at large. To him belongs the honor of first opening the door to truth and light and pointing the way for the Order of Columbus to a new national career.

Second only to Supreme Knight Phelan is Daniel Colwell, Esq., the Supreme Secretary of the order who, though born at North Adams, Mass., has been an honored and respected resident of New Haven for many years. As long ago as 1876, he was elected town constable and court officer of the Superior Criminal Court in New Haven, a position which he

resigned in 1884 to accept that of General Secretary of the Knights of Columbus. To him, more than to any other single influence, is due the present magnificent development of the inner life of the order. A cultivated kindly gentleman, with literary tastes and abilities of no mean sort, he has succeeded in lifting the society above the plane of the ordinary endowment order and has left an impress upon the secret work and ritual of the organization that can never be effaced. As a member of the original charter body, with Rev. Father McGivney (since deceased), Hon. C. T. Driscoll, the present Corporation Counsel of New Haven, Wm. M. Geary, John T. Kerrigan, Esq., and others, Secretary Colwell drafted the original articles of incorporation of the Knights of Columbus, was chairman of the committee that filed the first report and constitution of the order, and was largely responsible for the preparation of the beautiful ritual and the ceremonies of institution used at the installation of new councils.

Next in order is the Supreme Treasurer, Hon. P. D. Ryan, a successful business man of Hartford. He is a gentleman of fine presence and engaging manners. On him rests the financial responsibility of the order; the annual income of which from various sources is now about seventy-five thousand dollars.

Hon. A. W. Tracey, M. D., Mayor of Meriden, Conn., is the Supreme Medical Examiner, and Hon. Philip J. Markley of New Britain, the Supreme Advocate General of the order. The great personal worth and high standing of these gentlemen in the various communities where they reside is a sufficient guarantee of the merit and intrinsic worth of the organization. The present Board of Directors are Messrs. Thomas J. Coffee, New Haven; P. J. O'Donnell, Portland; R. J. Dwyer, Hartford; Thomas Eagan, Southington; P. E. Hendrick, Taftville; Bernard Tully, Norwalk; B. F. Reid, Waterbury; J. B. Carlin, Pawtucket, R. I.; James H. Conley, Boston, Mass.

Among other distinguished members are Judge Robinson of the Law School at Yale College, and George Parsons Lathrop, LL. D., Rev. Dr. Stang, rector of Cathedral, Providence, R. I.; Rev. Hugh Treanor, Waterbury, Conn., and many other New England clergymen. There are nine councils in Massachusetts, two in Boston, one in Lowell, Lynn, Somerville, Cambridge, Lawrence, Springfield and Chicopee, and others about to be established.

With such a beginning behind it, and in the hands of such a body of men, the Order of Knights of Columbus may well look forward to the future with an amount of confidence and trust to be measured only by time and the zeal and wisdom of its members.

THE PRICE OF JOHN JACKSON'S ONE LIE.

BY JAMES REALF, JR.

FREEDOM, individual freedom, as a rule is not the rule, but the exception. For the mass, it is a memory of the past or a dream of the future.

John Jackson was not a free man; he was not even a gentleman. At least, in every large American city there are four hundred living reasons to the contrary.

But, to speak scientifically, John Jackson, floorwalker to River, Bogg & Co., was free after a fashion, for he was starting out on his vacation. That is, he was free with a string to him, by which invisible yet omnipotent bond at the end of a fortnight he would be twitched right back into the heart, or rather let us say, the interior of the hive of the great corporation.

Just at that moment in July, 18 — he was standing on the corner of Gay and Easy Streets, with his hands in his pockets—the popular American attitude — and he was staring hard at the clock on the spire of the Bankers' and Brokers' Reformed Church near by. Was not this also rather an appropriate attitude for a free and contemplative American on the brink of a vacation, if there be any truth in the saying that time is money? The clock on the Church of Reformed Bankers and Brokers seemed to be of this opinion, for with flaring golden hands it contentedly pointed to glaring golden figures, that may mean millions if a man knows how to reckon them rightly.

While he looks at the golden image let us look at him. A mere human cipher to be sure, yet it must be admitted that he is rather handsome superficially; that is, his features are proportional, nose pretty straight, eyes light blue, clear and mates; teeth white and even, hair dark brown, well trimmed, parted in the middle probably, an observer would say, though he leans a little to one side as he stands; ears close to his head, mustache of that pale bright straw color which lady novelists and schoolgirls of a certain age call golden; complexion of an even pink, height five feet, ten, shoulders broad, hips slight, hands taper and comely, with well-kept nails, feet, perhaps, a little too small for his height — which might be called a fault in the right direction for a society man, though hardly for a floorwalker in River, Bogg & Co.'s.

Add to this the fact that he was very tastefully dressed, with a certain impressive, though extremely quiet elegance — and then complete him with a fancy cane and you might reasonably fancy that he looked lazy enough and vacuous enough to have been taken for a shining ornament of the four hundred anywhere.

Though his face was by no means an intellectual one Mr. Jackson in reality was fairly well educated. He read occasionally and reflected on what he read, and just because he saw a thing printed in a book or even

in a newspaper he did not believe it was necessarily true. He was not actually a bad man. He did not love evil for its own sake. He was not a liar by preference. He had stretched the truth, or shrunk it, or shaded it, many times, of course, in acquiring his commercial education and in serving the interests of the great firm of River, Bogg & Co. But the tricks of trade, the necessary inveracities of the shop, don't count. The Church, of course, condemns them and stops them whenever possible, but the law in many places recognizes them as things to be expected. "Dealers' talk" is the legal phrase.

So strong, nevertheless, is human nature's undercurrent towards goodness that some men who are obliged to lie commercially for their employers or for themselves and family are not thoroughly corrupted by the persistent drip-drop of daily mendacity, but will generally tell the truth in all their own private and personal relations. Such men, too, will tell it with a hearty religious relish of its beauty.

Thus, John Jackson. Outside the great store he had never told a lie in his life. Nor was he stingy or averse to helping others, if they sought his help, although on his not large salary he had saved up $2,567.28. Nor had he any bad habits. Very rarely did he drink a glass of wine; twice a week, perhaps, he smoked a very choice cigar. Yet clean, good-looking, fairly educated, well-behaved, finely dressed, and bank-accounted though he was, John Jackson was frightfully commonplace. You will agree with this reluctant admission, if you look into him as well as at him, while he leans gracefully in the shade of that tobacconist's doorway, and begins his vacation by lighting a cigar. He smokes it leisurely, gracefully, and through its dreamlike, ascending spirals he still gazes languidly at the spire of the Church of Gold. Can his thoughts, when free, such a warm, sweet day, be utterly cheap and commonplace? Here they are:

"Wish I was rich!" (Puff-p'ff-'f!) "One-tenth as rich as old River. With my good looks what a pretty heiress, what a millionairess, I might marry!" (p'f-'ff-puff.) "Couldn't I cut a dash, though, if I had a chance. I'd teach some o' those dudes how to wear clothes and how to spend money. Why, they don't know the A B C of it. Man's got to have been poor so's to know how to be rich. Bogg don't enjoy his wealth: he's afraid of it. River's still worse off. If half that the shop-girls gossip about him is true, he's haunted, and he ought to be. But I wish I was rich — wish I was a swell! With a fair opportunity, why mightn't I win the heart of an heiress? Men, not half as good-looking or well bred, have done so. I'd be a good husband to a rich and pretty girl. Even if I didn't grow to love her as the novelists call it (puff-'ff) (what a mighty good cigar this is!) I'd be eternally grateful to her for piloting me to the altar. No use dreaming of that. But a widow — a rich old widow somewhere might take a shine to me (pfff-fff-f!) and elope with me before her relatives had time to interpose and try her sanity in the courts. She wouldn't have to send me to Harvard, either, to make me presentable. I'd take good care of her money.

"Takes some practical brains to save up twenty-five hundred dollars in ten years on my salary and live with decency besides. Let me see — how much ought I to lay out on this vacation — fifty? (ff!) I spent that much two years ago and it didn't go very far. Wonder, if I were a swell, how much I'd spend in this two weeks; might find out by trying it. Might go to some fashionable watering-place, and live like a highflyer during my 'vake.' If any one recognizes me there's no law to compel me

to advertise myself as a floorwalker to River, Bogg & Co. (Confound them.) I've a right as a free American citizen to sink the shop when I travel and to travel like a prince if I pay like one.

"I needn't sign myself as coming from this poky old town. I wasn't born here. Suppose I register from my birthplace, what harm? No danger either. If I should run across a society man from there it's easy enough to account for his not knowing me in his set by remarking that I haven't lived there since childhood. I can also say, truly, I made my small fortune in the East. The East might mean India or New York or East Boston. If I refer carelessly to my money as my 'small fortune,' perhaps my hearers will think me modest and give me credit for possessing a million. Modesty once in a million times impresses men, and women, too, I believe, though I once read somewhere to the contrary (P—f). Confound it, my cigar has gone out. Sign for me to move on, perhaps. Shall I do it? Why not? Where's the harm in being a real gent for two weeks of a man's life? Can't cost me more than fifty or at most a hundred dollars a week. S'pose I do lay out two hundred of my twenty-five hundred, it won't break me. I'll go it, just this once. But where to? Cape May? Atlantic City? Isle of Shoals? Bar Harbor? That's the place. I'll take the night boat for Boston by the Stonington Line. Now for the bank to get some ready money."

John Jackson re-lit his cigar, glanced once more at the clock on the Church of Gold and then strode off lightly and brightly. At the bank he got fifty dollars in bills and three certified cheques for fifty dollars each, made by himself payable to his own order. Armed with these bits of paper representing labor which he intended to spend in buying idleness, he purchased some dry goods—though, strange to relate, he did this, not at River, Bogg & Co.'s, but at a rival establishment.

Then he went to his lodging-house, packed his trunk and valise and bade his landlady's daughter good-by with a smile from the bottom of his clear blue eyes, which that susceptible little girl fancied was from the bottom of his heart.

"What shall I bring back to you from my travels?"

"Bring yourself back safe and sound, Mr. Jackson. I won't ask for anything else."

"You never asked for that, yet."

"I never happened to know you in a leap-year. Next February, p'raps I might be bold enough."

"You wouldn't have to speak more than once."

The door closed on the bright, laughing face of little Miss Norah Dove, and as Mr. Jackson went along he fell to thinking rather strongly about Norah; guessed she might make him a pretty good wife; wondered if marriage with a poor girl could be made to pay; decided that on his salary it would hardly be a wise investment. Still he kept thinking of Norah and quite absorbingly, while he established himself on the boat and while he watched through twilight the beautiful harbor of New York with its magnificent, though mocking statue of the Goddess of Liberty. At last the Goddess faded into distance, but, even for some time after, his projected invasion of the sacred realm of swelldom had apparently slipped out of his mind.

What brought it back was rather singular. Just before John Jackson retired to his stateroom, he was walking about with his hat tilted down over his forehead, because the electric lights of the cabin dazzled him. All of a sudden he saw something strangely familiar. It was a face and figure. He started back. Had he

almost collided with a full-length mirror in the salon? The figure and face were his own.

No! it was not a reflection, but a reality, for the image had no hat on, but was using that as a fan, while posed in graceful lassitude against the side of the cabin mirror. The resemblance was so perfect, as far as John Jackson knew his own outside, that for a moment it took away his breath. The next moment by some mysterious instinctive reason he was impelled to take himself away. From the presence of the man who thus twinned him or doubled him, he shrank, with a feeling of relief that his double evidently had not noticed him. Seeking his stateroom he sat there a few moments without turning on the light; brooded there in the semi-darkness, half awe-struck and half-angry. Some of his feelings are not difficult to interpret. Most of us have heard of the German superstition that nearly every one has a double, to meet whom generally portends disaster. Along with this is the rather common resentment one feels at looking too much like any one else — at seeming to be a copy instead of an original.

Most of us are so fond and so jealous of our own individualities, including our outward guise, that we do not relish being reminded of our resemblance to another, unless it be our likeness to some very great or important personage such as Cæsar or Napoleon, John Wanamaker or Lydia Pinkham.

Till that night it had never occurred, and possibly did not then, to the good-looking floorwalker of Messrs. River, Bogg & Co., that he was a man of very ordinary pattern inside and out and that probably he had not one, but a dozen doubles, in the United States alone. As he began to recover his composure, he turned on the light in his stateroom and looked long and critically into the glass. Probably these were some of his reflections:

"Not the least doubt *he* was a swell. Looked it from the ground up. Very likely worth thousands. Going to some watering-place. I must find out by hook or crook where and not go to the same. Wonder if he'd have been startled if he'd seen me. Wonder where he came from. Wonder what his name is."

John Jackson undressed himself, and after a few more futile, waking wonders was soon in the wider wonderland of sleep. When he rose in the morning to take the train at Stonington, his first waking thought was of his double and he refrained from going into the breakfast saloon of the boat, lest he should meet him.

He walked about, however, with his hat tilted down, wondering how he could find out where the other man was bound. Till just before the train was due, he did not catch any glimpse of his fellow-traveller. Then he became a spectator and listener at a simple, yet to him dramatic, scene.

Pacing nervously up and down in the station that is part of the Stonington wharf, he saw his double saunter down the gang-plank with a small satchel in hand and baggage following. He noticed on the satchel plain as day stamped in gold letters, the name "John Johnson," and under it in smaller letters the name of the town where he himself was born.

Startled afresh by the sameness of place and the nearness of name, John Jackson under his slanted hat gazed fixedly at John Johnson, more than half expecting that something still stranger must happen.

Something did happen. How? Impossible to tell, but John Johnson slipped just as a heavy baggage truck was wheeling past and a smothered curse of pain broke out on the keen morning air. Men began crowding round the fallen traveller.

"Make way there, you idiots! Do you want to suffocate the man as well as crush his legs? Can't you let a surgeon get to him?"

"Hungry for a fee!" "Yes, up early for an accident." "No mosquitoes on him!"

Not minding these remarks from the crowd, who made way for him, a little man with bright eyes and an imperious manner pushed forward and no sooner caught sight of the prostrate gentleman writhing in agony, yet courageously smothering the instinctive cries, than he exclaimed:

"Good heavens, Jack, is this you? What's the matter?"

"Halloo, Hathaway! The matter? That's for you to say. Guess I need a chap like you. Made a bad break, I'm afraid!"

"Let me see! — Confound you fellows, did you never see a broken ankle? Get away from here."

The crowd began to disperse, but John Jackson lingered with three others who were offering assistance to carry Mr. Johnson away under the surgeon's directions, and he heard this fragmentary dialogue.

"Hathaway, how long have I got to stay in this"—

"Horrid hole, you were going to say, Jack, but you paused on account of my feelings, because I may happen to live here. I do, and it isn't such a dull town after all."

"Of course not, if a sharp fellow like you, my dear Sawbones, can live in it; but how long must I linger? I'm due at the West End Hotel, Bar Harbor, to-morrow. Ow! what a twinge that was!"

"My dear Johnson, you've got to stay here at least a fortnight."

"And wear a plaster cast?"

"Yes, unquestionably. Now if you men will kindly bear a hand and lift my friend gently, I'll take him right along to my house. How happens it you're travelling alone?'

"Oh! never take my valet with me on short trips. Only wrote to the Hotel I should stay a fortnight and now — ow, ow! Confound it, Hathaway, you'll have to give me an opiate or I shall howl like a dancing dervish."

"All right, Jack. I'll give you an opiate if necessary, that will blot this fortnight out of your mind. Do you want a wire sent to the Hotel about you?"

"O, no! Let them wonder why I don't come. None in that crowd are very intimate friends of mine, any way, except Miss Grove, and I guess I'll not let her know that I'm a railroad wreck, or a cast-away — in plaster."

The sufferer tried to force a grin, as he said this.

Then the men began to lift Mr. Jack Johnson, and Mr. John Jackson hurried off to his train with a good many queer ideas dancing like cunning little demons in his head.

"So, his double's name was John Johnson. Well, Jack is a nickname for John — John's-son and Jack's-son — the names were really identical at root. Bound for Bar Harbor, too! That accident, which had delayed John Johnson for a fortnight—was it a hint from Destiny that John Jackson should take his place? Suppose he went to the West End Hotel and registered in careless handwriting, would he not be taken at once for the other man? And the swells there — they were not very intimate with him — so his double had said — it would not be difficult to keep up the masquerade, and what harm would there be in it after

all, if they began it by mistaking him? He was not going to swindle them out of anything except the pleasure of their society — and he would pay handsomely for that. He would spend his money during that fortnight like a prince. But there was that Miss Grove — she did know John Johnson intimately. Well, he could avoid her, if necessary — hold her at arms' length, socially, so to speak. Just a little coldness of manner would do that. He had tried it with success on shop-girls who had attempted to trifle with his dignity."

All the way to Bar Harbor these thoughts danced within him. He tried once or twice to drive them away by reasoning to himself of the danger of detection, the disgrace that would follow exposure, the fun that the pictorial newspapers would make of him, the possible loss of his position if his escapade came to the ears of River, Bogg & Co.

But the nearer he came to his destination the feebler grew his reasons and the stiller grew the still small voice, called conscience, till it seemed to lapse into silence before the sonorous assertion and re-assertion of his vanity. "For two weeks of my life I will be a gentleman."

Yet as John Jackson walked into the West End Hotel at Bar Harbor, it must be stated, as a matter of fairness, that once more his conscience rose for his rescue. He took up the pen and started to register himself as John Jackson.

Just as he came to the second J a pleasant young man sauntered up and laying a light touch on his left hand said :

"Johnson, my dear boy, you didn't bow. Don't you know your old friend Tom Emmett without his beard?"

"I — didn't recognize you — Emmett. Excuse me a moment. I haven't finished signing."

He turned back to the register and in turning saw an exceedingly beautiful, dark-haired, gray-eyed girl enter the hall door and with all the poise of birth and wealth and breeding glide stately towards the parlor. He stared involuntarily at the vision, and Tom Emmett said :

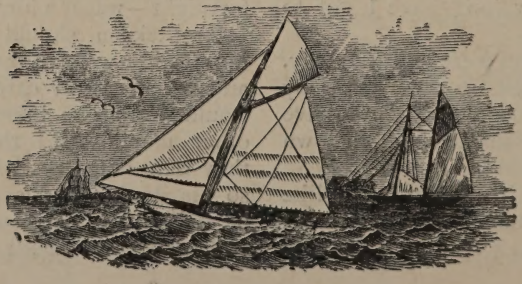
"Why, Johnson! are your wits gone? Don't you remember Miss Grove of Baltimore? Last season we thought you were rather hard hit in that direction, and after you left the gossips ventured to hint that your goddess moped a little. Tell me, *entre nous*, old man, are you going to try again this year?"

To this, which was uttered in a confidential society whisper, audible only to the one addressed, John Jackson answered dreamily :

"Pon my soul, I don't know'

Then he finished signing the register. It read *John Johnson.*

(To be concluded next month)



IGNORANT ESSAYS.

BY A PERIPATETIC PHILOSOPHER.

SNAPPER-UP of unconsidered trifles, destiny one day led me into my favorite little hostelry in the Pentonville district of London. While waiting for my matitudinal refreshment, a gentleman entered the room who immediately enchained my attention. I observed that he had careless gray hair, cleanly cut features, and a piercing eye glowing with nervous intelligence. He wore a soft hat knocked into indeterminable shapes, in itself a remarkable concession to Western civilization by a son of Albion. He curled himself up in a corner, called for something hot, and asked for a morning newspaper. Fortunately I was able to supply his want as I am seldom without a newspaper of some kind in my pocket. The journal served as an introduction, and thus I became acquainted with Thomas Purnell.

Purnell who was the personal friend of Henry Irving and, in fact, of everybody in London that was worth knowing, outside of the smart set, was at that time known as "*Le Prince de Boheme*," and my after-acquaintance with him dispelled all doubts in my mind as to whether I should meet in England a genuine bohemian of the old school. He lived with his sister, something after the manner of Charles and Mary Lamb, and the cast of his mind was not unlike that of the best of England's *litterateurs*. It was in the morning that I first encountered Purnell and neither of us had much to say. It was the season of

"The daffodils that come before the swallow dares,"

and the fire in the inn parlor was not unpleasant. Spring had not yet assumed her genial sway, and the London parks were still arched with

"Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang."

Daylight and conversation never yet went hand in hand. At night the little inn of which I speak took on a strange aspect. Sable night is the bohemian's best friend. Coats that look — and feel — shabby in the garish light of day are all right at night. Even frayed cuffs seem at night to take on a species of weird picturesqueness as of old lace, and all thoughts of the inequalities of costume are drowned in a genial pot of musty ale. The inn parlor was in the form of an ellipse, and the divan that ran all around gave it the sociability of a cosy cabin. Here at night congregated writers, painters, sculptors, with artisans and sometimes a sprinkling of tradesmen whose tastes were in accord with the assembly. The room was public, but these men were drawn there by mutual attraction and there was seldom a discordant element present.

Purnell, who had been Secretary of the London Archæological Society, enjoyed the friendship of Tennyson, who was also at heart a bohemian of the first water. A-

though a shy man, he occasionally contributed a story to our nocturnal seances.

"Tennyson went," said Purnell, "to Greenwich at the invitation of a royal astronomer. At that time he knew little about other worlds than ours, and his wonder and delight as he looked through the great telescope at the marvels of Orion and the wondrous beauty of the Pleiades which

> "Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies
> Tangled in a silver braid,"

knew no bounds. A gentleman who happened to be present, and who is now one of the leaders of the opposition in English politics, turned to the poet and remarked: 'Lord Tennyson, what do you think of it?' 'I do not,' replied the author of Locksley Hall, with one eye still glued to the telescope, 'I do not think much of the county families now!'"

Purnell was at his best in his own home, surrounded by a few of his intimate friends. On the rare occasions when he felt like talking, he would discourse with an eloquence and poetic beauty that I have rarely heard equalled. His knowledge of men was remarkable and his ability to analyze characters without leaving upon them critical stain was truly marvellous. His sympathy was all-embracing. Like his companion Tennyson, he too "has gone, my friends, where we all must go," and where presumably, it is not necessary for them longer to strive for.

> "The brotherhood of Nations,
> And the federation of the World."

WHILE in New York recently I heard of the death of my old Confederate friend, Colonel Bulrush. In the history of life there is nothing more dramatic, graphic and artistic than the life of Colonel Bulrush. Born under the old Southern régime, educated according to the tenets of the old school, having fought and bled for the principles which he considered right, in his old age a total wreck, the only hope of comfort was the consideration of his friends. On three several fields of battle he bore himself like a hero, and never in the whole course of his military or civic life did he know the meaning of the word fear.

The war is over and the animosities it engendered now sleep in the graves of those who fell. But in the big heart of the nation are gathered all her children, whether from the North, East, South or West. Their heroes are her heroes and their deeds her glory, and when one more, worn by age, wounds and privations, gives the final "Here!" to the great roll-call, then, irrespective of section, prejudice or creed, she gives the meed of honor to her chivalry. Such is due to the memory of Colonel Bulrush, who educated to absorb all the legendary lore that pertains to the environment of the Southern belt, contained in himself the embodiment of the ideas of his section.

Colonel Bulrush belonged to the peculiar aggregation of the unreconstructed, and the fact that he never fell in with the views of modern reorganization was in his case entirely inoffensive, because, while he carried a Federal bullet in his body for thirty years after the war, he was never known to grumble or growl at the brave foe who placed him *hors de combat*. He died under an operation for amputation, his system, worn out by privation, not being able to withstand the shock. It is only in a few soulless words

that I can pay my tribute to the passing of a scholarly and heroic gentleman of the old school.

WHILE journeying North recently, bringing with me memories of President Cleveland's inauguration and the inevitable cold which is nearly always a sequel to that inclement festival, I passed through Jersey City. On the train with me from Washington was a pleasant-looking colored matron of perhaps fifty, who weighed, I should say, at least three hundred pounds.

She was met at the station by a colored youth accompanied by a maiden of the same hue, both of whom were attired in deep mourning. The exact nature of the communication they made to her I do not know, but I do know that she lifted up her voice then and there and gave vent to a howl of anguish so long, so loud, so intense, that the rafters of the great depot rang again. Never before had I known the true meaning of the Scriptural phrase, "She lifted up her voice and wept." Like Rachel she refused to be comforted, and for twenty minutes the air vibrated with the loud lamentations of the poor grief-stricken creature. Not a smile was seen upon the faces of the large concourse of sympathetic passengers as they listened in wonder to the manifestation of three hundred pounds of solid sable woe.

"SOMETIMES a thought comes to you in such a beautiful form," said Oliver Wendell Holmes to me, "that you are constrained to put it in writing to preserve it. Out of this as the nucleus the poem is evolved; the work of amplifying and elaborating which succeeds has relation always to that central idea."

I drew the doctor's attention to the form of writing which he had used in the "Autocrat," and which dispenses, to a great extent, with inverted commas in relating even the actual utterances of some of his characters. This had not been done by him with the design of appropriating the thoughts and sentiments of the characters thus apparently despoiled of their mental property, but for the purpose of a more graphic presentation.

I must have stated this view very clumsily, however, for the doctor seemed to get the notion that I was making a reflection upon him for plagiarizing. He proceeded to set me right on what he misconceived to be my misconception.

"I do not think," he began, "that I can be accused truthfully of literary theft. Certainly I never made use of another's words or thoughts without duly acknowledging their source.

"Some expressions there are, some similes and some sentences, and even whole passages — extracts from the Scriptures, the works of masters of thought in profane literature, and the poets — which are now so much the common property of writers, that explicit acknowledgment is unnecessary: to make it would be to cast a reflection upon the intelligence of your reader.

"The liability to unconscious appropriation is greater in verse than in prose writing. There is, so to express it, a common treasury or storehouse from which one must take one's supply of poetic language. Certain words and terms would be misemployed if put to any other use. They are separated to the service of the muse from the rest of the dictionary.

"Poets and poetasters, alike, handle the same strophes, metaphors and

similes not unfrequently. Both are impressed similarly, though maybe not in equal degree, with the phenomena of external nature; the same classes of subjects furnish each with themes.

"Is it any great wonder then that traversing the same fields of thought and sentiment, they should occasionally slip into identity of diction"?

I WAS sitting one afternoon on the beautiful wide veranda of the Galle Face hotel at Columbo, in Ceylon. It was one of those perfect days in which to dream with your eyes wide open. I was lazily watching the miniature squirrels run up and down the cocoanut palms, while an audacious blackbird coolly perched on the arm of my capacious chair and with his head cocked to one side regarded me with more or less disapproval. The roar of the breakers pounding upon the beach made pleasant music, and in the translucent emerald brine some laughing natives were plashing merrily. A light hand touched my shoulder, and a barefooted Cingalese stood before me. "Would you like to buy some stones?" he asked, in his pleasant voice.

These peddlers of gems, good, bad and indifferent, are very numerous in Ceylon and threaten to become a nuisance to the traveller. They are not allowed in the hotels, and I once saw one of them actually beaten out of the Oriental in Columbo. Hence it was that before addressing me, my Cingalese friend glanced furtively up and down the long veranda to see that he was unobserved by the minions of the hotel.

He took from beneath his blouse a bundle of white cloth which he opened, displaying about a pint of rubies, carbuncles, moonstones and cat's-eyes. As I had nothing to do I looked them through after explaining to the sable merchant that I had no intention of buying. The collection must have been worth many thousands of dollars, judging by individual specimens. Apart from his merchandise the barefooted vendor, costume and all, might have been assessed at about five shillings.

Selecting a magnificent cat's-eye I asked its value. "Seventy guineas," said the Cingalese. "You know Streeters in Bond Street, London, or Tiffany in New York?" he added. I replied in the affirmative.

"You can take any of these stones you like," said he. "I do not ask you to pay for them. When you get to London or New York, go to Streeter or Tiffany and if they tell you the stone is not worth the price I set on it, do not buy it. If they say it is, you can send me the money."

Here was a sublime confidence in human nature such as I had never before encountered in mercantile life. Here was a native whose name and status I knew nothing of, offering to a man whose name he did not know, several thousand dollars' worth of property with permission to take it, uninsured, ten thousand miles, and pay for it if he felt like it.

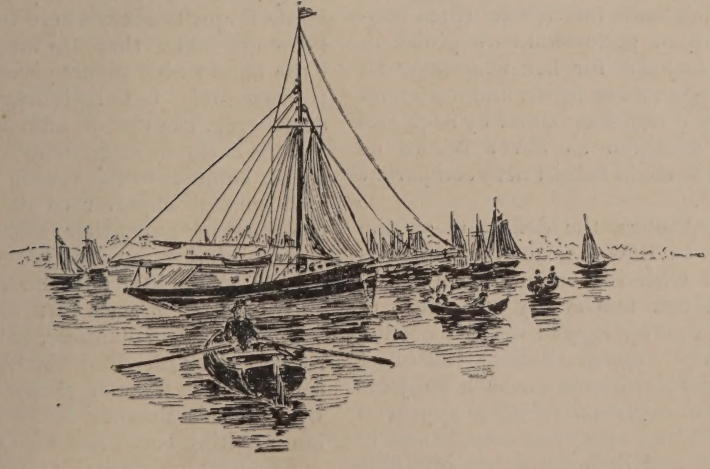
I have since learned that such offers are not uncommon. These itinerant Indian merchants are intensely anxious to do business. Wealthy travellers are continually passing through their country, and they depend largely upon their knowledge of human nature as to whether they shall trust a man or not. The man's name is nothing to them. They are acute observers, and it is the man himself whom they judge. As to nationality, they prefer to deal with Englishmen. I understand that they are seldom vic-

timized. The Hindoo shares with the Hebrew the intense instinct for trading.

While in Columbo, I drove into the suburbs to visit Arabi Bey, or Arabi Pasha to give him his proper title. The political prisoner of the English Government, he was allowed to dwell within the environment of Columbo, and he chose a cottage surrounded by beautiful grounds, on the outskirts of the city. Here he lived quietly with an abbreviated harem and some few Egyptian servants. Many travellers passing through Ceylon, call on Arabi, although it appears to me to be in questionable taste, and I am sure the Egyptian general is bored to death, although he is too much of a gentleman to say so.

I found him a portly Arab of about fifty-five. His demeanor was pleasant, though tinged with a weariness that he could not disguise. He conversed fluently in French and spoke but little English with considerable hesitation. He said that he tried to make life as agreeable as was possible in view of all the circumstances, but that of course he pined for liberty. He hoped eventually he would get it. He did not care to talk international politics. I was not presented to Mrs. Arabi. She was probably too numerous.

While I was conversing with the Pasha, an Australian book-maker who was passing through Columbo on his way to England, called to pay his respects. Taking a handful of cigars from his pocket, he effusively offered them to the Egyptian. Arabi accepted one with polite dignity, and turning to me with a quiet smile remarked, in French, "An antipodian custom, I presume." Turning to me the turfman enquired what was said. "The general remarked," I replied, with malicious mendacity, "that a good Havana is ever welcome."



THE MONTH OF MARY.

BY ARTHUR O'KEEFE.

Month of Mary, blessed days!
Time of jubilee and praise.
Month of Mary, season when
Copious grace descends on men
From the Son of her on high,
Whose throne is to His own most nigh.
At her plea the saving shower;
Graces constitute her dower.
Daughter, Mother, Spouse is she
Of the Holy Trinity.

THAT month in which poets have ever delighted to sing the charms of inanimate nature decked in all the wealth of vernal and floral splendor, glowing with the fresh, fair beauty of springtime, is well chosen by Mother Church as a season fitting for particular veneration of the first and fairest of her children — the Queenly Rose of Sharon, the Spotless Lily of Israel.

In these days heaven seems nearer even to the worldling. Is it any wonder then, that for the man of Faith, during our Lady's month, the birds are chanting, the brooks are murmuring, the flowers are illustrating, and the clear, starlit heavens are telling that ineffable story of the Babe born of a virgin at Bethlehem, the preacher of the Sermon on the Mount, the Saviour of the world?

Ah! dull must be the ear which cannot catch an understrain of praise in all this melody, for her who kept all these things in her heart, and to whom that Divine Son was bound by such ties of filial affection as never before or since did or could subsist between parent and child.

For Catholics, the definition of the doctrine of devotion to the saints is imparted with the catechism in childhood. Much less is any statement in the nature of apology or defence needed here. For non-Catholics, the best source of information on such subjects is found in doctrinal treatises approved by the Church as correct expositions in substance and in form of her infallible teaching.

In these times of what seems almost to be material witchery, when the subtlest agency in nature has been reduced to the position of a drudge in the performance of offices of every-day life; when the appliances for economizing time and labor have reached a stage approaching perfection; when artificial wants, or what, not very long ago, were considered to be such, have come to be regarded as necessaries; and when investigation presumes to explore the realms of the source of life itself, in a vain endeavor to define and measure it — when all this has been or is being done, and yet among us misery still abides with unwearying patience, does not a feeling of disgust at times take possession of the reflecting man, and make him cry out from the very depths of his heart, "Empty, empty, empty." For indeed the eye is not filled with seeing nor the ear with hearing, unless the objects of contemplation be the glories of the heavenly land and the harmonies of the angelic choirs.

Indeed, during all the month of May, the devout child of our Blessed Mother might traverse the whole world, and in every place and in every clime, with kindred spirits everywhere to be found, keep unbroken that tie stronger than "the bond which nature gives;" a bond transcending, but including, and not destroying, the ties of human nature.

This is the homage rendered on earth by her subjects to the Queen of Heaven — a homage superior to that which is the due of any other mere creature, and is inferior only to that to be paid to the Almighty and Everlasting of Days, and to Mary's own Divine Son.

In hymn and canticle, in litany and rosary, the Queen of Christians is receiving ascriptions of praise from those who in this manner keep inviolate a bond uniting earth and heaven.

The unthinking or uninformed without the pale of Holy Church may be inclined to think that all this savors of

unreasoning rhapsody — is the effervescing ebullition of unrestrained enthusiasm. Let such consult the writings of the clearest-minded and most dispassionate of theologians, and they will learn that it is a mental impossibility to overstate in terms of human thought or speech, the glory of the Mother of the Eternal Word, if only the immeasurable distance be kept in mind which separates the Infinite and Omnipotent from the most exalted of His creatures.

Who has ever spoken of her dignity in terms more unqualified than did the angelic messenger? Hail, full of grace! The Lord is with thee. Did not her kinswoman, St. Elizabeth — whose son, sanctified from his mother's womb, was to become the precursor of Our Lord — when speaking under the control and by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, declare of her, Blessed art thou amongst women?

What scripture, the pages of Holy Writ excepted, so teems with thoughts promotive of love, reverence, piety and awe, as are contained in the Ave Maria, in the rosary and the Litany of Loretto! Is not the regular recital of these a liberal education, even for the illiterate? In the things of Martha's choice, which were declared by the Author of Truth to be the better part? Can the mind of a Secchi, to whom the whole expanse of the starry heaven was as familiar, one might almost say, as the way to the playground is to the schoolboy; or the mind of a Newman, crystalline clear, penetrating to the heart of metaphysics and the heart of ethics, or can the mind of such a scientist as is St. George Mivart, find subjects worthier of contemplation? These men and others their like find no inconvenience or impediment in their progress toward the ultimate of human science and learning from time devoted to the study and practice of this highest kind of sentiment—to designate the devotion by no worthier term. They would themselves be the first to testify to its profitableness and helpfulness.

There is this thought which should quicken the affection of Americans for the Blessed Virgin: The Church in the United States has been especially committed to her patronage under the auspices of her immaculate conception.

Who can doubt for an instant that the cultivation of this devotion would be both helpful and profitable for the business-ridden and business-driven people of this country?

For the average reputable, law-abiding, assiduous, especially the successful, American business man, in all too many cases, what is the life which he is leading in this his day and generation?

Is it not a whirl of excitement, a mad rush, an incessant mental strain, an alternation of seasons of fevered hope and bitter failures, or of equally unsatisfying realizations?

Is not this statement borne out by patent facts?

Granted he has greater physical comforts, and in more abundance than ever before. But if he have the capacity to enjoy them he will not permit himself to take the time, and if he have the time, how often does it not happen that he has lost all zest for them?

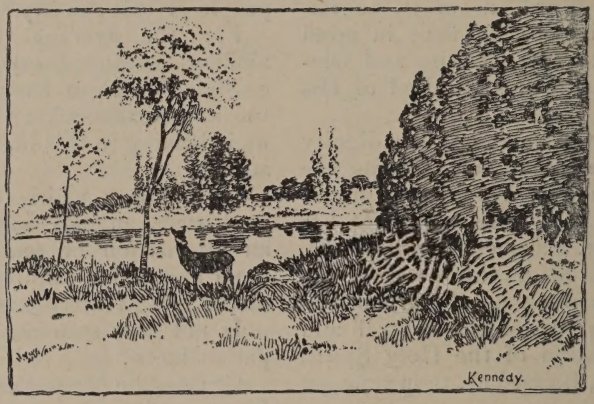
And this is your naturally good, your benevolent, public-spirited citizen; he who is fond and proud of his favored position in life, and, in a vague sort of way, too, is grateful for it.

Take a more extreme example of thraldom to business: Is there a poorer man to be found than the one who has sold time, social courtesies, frankness, ingenuousness, confidence in fellow-beings, the delights of art and literature, leisure for humanizing family intercourse, even his own self-respect, all for the sake of having his name appear at the head of the list of "Our heaviest tax-payers"?

It is not the part of reason, certainly it is not the part of reason enlightened by religion, to despise God's material gifts, secured through the exercise of the faculties and powers which He has conferred on man. But these are not the highest nor are they calculated in themselves to subserve his truest and highest interests.

A contented and cheerful disposition

— is the statement necessary to be made? — will better stead a man in the pursuit even of earthly happiness, than will any assistance he may receive from labor, legacy or inheritance. How much richer would not the Crœsuses of our land become, if by the sacrifice of the greater part of their worldly possessions they could acquire the true wealth which is the endowment of every simply trustful Christian soul!



AN UNCHANGING PROBLEM.

BY REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C.S.C.

Our wider knowledge proves the ancient sage
Whose love the world revered in eras gone
A purblind novice, striving in the dawn
Of learning's fuller day to spell a page
Now read of schoolboys; yet each later age,
Old problems solving, others still must con:
Life's surface-puzzles change as years roll on,
And questions new successive times engage.

One problem only constant is, the same
In this our day as when on Sinai's hill
Jehovah spake athwart the lightning's flame —
How live my life? Its one solution still;
Heed not the babble of men's praise or blame,
But love thy God, and do His sacred will.

THIRTY YEARS OF IRELAND'S BATTLE.

BY HON. JOHN F. FINERTY.

"HOW thick and dark the storm clouds hang on Fionn MacCoul's Table on the top of Slievenamon!" The words were addressed by a large, muscular man, of mature years, in the garb of a Catholic priest, to a tall and slender stripling, still on the sunny side of twenty, as both, "with loose rein and careless canter," rode along the winding and romantic wood that connects Kilcooley Abbey, on the borders of Kilkenny and Tipperary, with the town of Mullinahone, situated near the foot of Slievenamon mountain, in the latter county, on the gloomy morning of Lady Day, Aug. 15, 1863.

The speaker was Father John Lonergan, a patriotic but rather eccentric clergyman, who had what Richard Lalor Shiel would have called "a distempered love of Ireland," and the stripling he addressed was myself, who, on his invitation, was then visiting, for the first time, the South Riding of Ireland's "Premier County."

We were *en route* to attend a mass meeting which had been mysteriously called to muster on the summit of old Slievenamon, the most famous mountain in that part of the green island, that very day. The object for which the gathering was to be held was not very clearly announced in the placards which proclaimed it, but it was shrewdly suspected that it was not called for the purpose of professing loyalty to the British Crown and Government in Ireland, and this suspicion was, of itself, sufficient to insure a good-sized audience, no matter how unfavorably the clerk of the weather, who is generally on the side of established authority, might view the contemplated proceedings.

The rain had fallen ceaselessly all through the night, but the superbly paved highway was still excellent for travelling on horseback, and we hoped that a fine afternoon would make up for a damp and cloudy morning. We had not proceeded far upon our journey, however, when the rain began to pour again in torrents from the opaque clouds, and, as we were approaching a small hamlet in the colliery district, Father Lonergan suggested that we had better dismount and seek shelter, so as to allow the worst of the storm to pass over before proceeding further. The village lay on a cross-road, a short distance to the left of the main highway on which we were travelling, and thither we turned our horses' heads. We found a good resting-place under a kind of cart shed which stood near a seemingly untenanted blacksmith's forge. It was still early morning, and nobody seemed to be astir. I asked the name of the place, and the priest answered: "You are now on historic ground. This is the village of Ballingarry, where Smith O'Brien was defeated in 1848!"

"Ballingarry!" I echoed, with some degree of excitement, for, like nearly all young Irishmen of the

period, I was filled with traditions of '48 and Young Ireland.

"Observe the tall, solid house on the rising ground over there," he continued, pointing southward with his riding whip, and not heeding my exclamation; "that is the house of the Widow McCormack and it stands on the hill of Farrenrory."

I expressed a desire to visit the spot, which was less than a mile from where we had halted, and could be reached by a lane, or boreen, over which the police "double quicked," as I afterward learned, when they saw O'Brien's apparently formidable, but practically unarmed, force of insurgents on the causeway, on that day of unfortunate memory, in which the martial reputation of the Irish people was really tarnished for the first time in their troubled history.

As the rain had again ceased to fall, we remounted and rode toward the farmhouse. It was a substantial brick and stone building, with "rough cast" walls, two stories in height, and having a high-pitched roof. The windows were numerous, for a residence of that period; and the yard was protected by a strongly-built fence of rock-faced stone, through the open gate of which we found admission to the front of the house. A small kitchen garden, in which grew green peas, cabbage and lettuce, was situated at the southern end of the homestead. This was the notorious "cabbage garden" of Punch and of such "history" as was written by Douglas Jerrold and Thackeray.

We again dismounted, and out of the front door of the mansion came a well-formed man, still a little on the younger verge of middle age. He saluted us in the cordial Munster fashion, and asked smilingly if we had come to look at "the War House," as the country people still called the place.

"Yes," responded the clergyman. "Are you a McCormack?"

"No, Father," he answered quietly. "Widow McCormack and her children went to America long years ago."

"Were you here the day of the fight?" pursued the priest.

"Yes, your Reverence," he replied. "I was only a boy then, but I remember the day, and all about it, right well. It was on a Saturday, the 29th of July, and rainin' cats and dogs, just as it was this mornin' before ye came. The country around was swimmin' in water, and the sky was nearly as black as night. I can still see Smith O'Brien — a tall, fine man, with side-whiskers and sharp eyes, and a proud look to him. The people were hungry and wanted to kill a few bullocks in the pasture, and roast them whole on the iron gates of the big house park, over there beyant; but O'Brien says to them, says he: 'Boys, here's my purse. It's all the money I have. Take it and buy food, but, for God's, and Ireland's, and my honor's sake, don't steal from anybody, friend or foe.'"

"And what did the people say and do?" questioned the clergyman.

"Well, they looked sour, and told him bluntly that they didn't want, and wouldn't take, his money. They asked him how he hoped to get and keep an army together if he didn't intend to let them live on the country until they could pay for what they took. One dashing-looking gentleman in a green uniform, and with a goold band around his cap [Terence Bellew MacManus] argued with Smith O'Brien to let the boys have their way, but he wouldn't heed him at all. 'I'm not a cow stealer, or a highwayman,' was all the answer he made to him.

"Then there was a little sandy-haired chap, with a gun in his fist, and he was as mad as a wet hin with

O'Brien, and said his scruples would spoil the whole thing. I can't think of his name now, but he got a bullet in his hip afterwards from the police, and he was 'on his keepin' around for a long time. He had the spunk of the divil in him, that little chap had," said the narrator of the episode.

I did not know then, but I have no doubt now, that "the little chap" alluded to was no other than James Stephens, since so celebrated as the Head Centre of the Fenian Brotherhood.

"What effect did Smith O'Brien's refusal to let them live on the country have on the people?" queried the priest.

"Oh! three out of four of them 'rose out' of the whole business, scattered and went to their homes disgusted. The few that did remain had no heart left in them. They were wet to the skin, half-starved besides, and there weren't half a dozen fire-arms of any kind in the crowd. Some of them had pikes — old, rusty, useless things hidden away since '98 — and others scythes and hay-forks. About noon we saw the peelers comin', in their flat-topped, glazed caps and big frieze overcoats. A man on a gray horse rode ahead of them. That was Inspector Trant. Smith O'Brien gave the word to march out and meet them, and the people did. But the peelers seemed frightened like, and ran up the boreen you've just been over. They got into this house, and knocked loopholes out of the walls with a crowbar they found in the yard. You can see the marks up there yet."

We looked where he pointed and saw several irregularities in the mason work, indicating where the piercings had been made.

"Then," continued the farmer, "the people, with Smith O'Brien at their head, rushed up here after the police, without any order. Some of them, I believe, threw stones at the windows and loopholes. O'Brien called out to them to stop it, and he went up to that window there, and called upon Trant to surrender. He refused, and then some of the people began stone-throwing again. The peelers got mad and fired a volley into the crowd. O'Brien was still standing on the sill of the parlor window, but he escaped. I heard an awful cry, the mob scattered everywhere, and I saw half a dozen men fall in a heap in this yard. One of them was the little chap with the sandy hair. I think he fired a couple of times himself at the start, but I'm not sure."

"And didn't the people make any other effort to force the place?" demanded Father Lonergan.

"Oh! faix they did, your Reverence," answered the man. "The gentleman in the green coat loaded up some straw in a 'creel,' used for bringing turf from the bog, and, with the help of half a dozen of the boys, rowled it up to the back door. He wanted to smoke the peelers out of the house, but Trant cried out from a loophole, 'Smith O'Brien, we've got half a dozen small children in here, under the stairway. Don't burn them up.'"

"Well, what happened next?"

"Well, then, before O'Brien could interfere, the man in green fired his pistol several times into the straw, to make it light, but it was soaking wet and wouldn't burn. It only made a little smoke. He fired a good many shots at the lock of the door, too. Come around with me and I'll show ye."

We went with him, as requested, and saw plainly the half-effaced marks of five or six bullet holes in the door around the lock. They were

the handiwork of bold MacManus. Tears stood in the priest's eyes, as he murmured, "Brave fellow! brave fellow! God rest his soul!"

"Amin," said the farmer solemnly; "if they were all like him, divil a one of the peelers would have seen another sunset. Father Fitzgerald, who was parish priest here at the time, havin' heard the firing, came ridin' up with his curate. Both had whips in their hands. 'Get away from here, ye fools!' he shouted. 'It is a shame for ye, Smith O'Brien, so it is, to lead the simple, God fear.ng people into such trouble.'

"He pointed to the corpses of the boys killed by the police, with a terrible look in his eyes, and said to the man in green, 'Did they die without the priest?'

"'I suppose so,' answered he, 'and so did thousands of brave Irishmen before them.'

"'There's enough of this business, Smith O'Brien,' said Father Fitzgerald, turning to the leader. 'Get your men away while you can, for I saw a big body of police and some horse soldiers coming this way as I rode up. This is a bad business, sir, and Ireland will have cause to lament it many a bitter day.'

"'Well, sir,' replied O'Brien, 'there's no use in talking about it now. You, and others like you, wouldn't let the people rise when we might have made a success of it, and now all you can do for the country is find fault with the men who have risked and sacrificed everything — as God knows I have done — for Ireland.'

"The two priests then drove the people before them down the boreen to the village. The peelers could have easily shot Smith O'Brien, and some of us young fellows who didn't know the danger we were in, but they fired no more after the priests came. The dead and wounded were picked up and carried away by the people when they retired. Smith O'Brien and the gentleman in green — a laughing, rollicking, fine kish of a man he was, sure enough — were the last to leave the yard. I followed them out of curiosity, like a boy would, and says O'Brien to the other, 'Tis all over now.' 'Divil a bit of it,' said his friend. 'I'll not give up till I see Meagher and Doheny. They must be around Fethard somewhere.'

"Well, to shorten my story, that was all there was to Ballingarry fight, as they called it, although all the firin' and killin' was done here at Farrenrory. I never saw Smith O'Brien or his friend afterwards. The Government offered a big reward for some one to swear agin them, but sorra one they could get to do it in the whole wide country. One farmer, named O'Donnell, was in the crowd that attacked the peelers. They took him up and put him in Clonmel jail. Then they offered him, as I've heard said, a chest full of goold if he'd swear agin Smith O'Brien, but he told them he'd stand to be hanged or shot first. So they kept him in a dark cell all alone, until he died, I have been told, of confinement and a broken heart. God be good to his soul! 'Twas himself was the true man and no mistake."

By the time the reminiscent farmer had concluded his simple story, a strong westerly wind sprang up and partially dispelled the ominous clouds, giving fair promise of a better day. The morning vapor still hung gray and thick around the foot hills of Slievenamon, but Carrig-mo-Clear and the peak of the stately mountain itself, were grandly illuminated by

the sunbeams shining through a cloud rift. We said good-by, reluctantly, to the entertaining rustic and bade a long farewell — one of us at least — to the heights of Farrenrory, where "freedom's seed was sown in blood to ripen into ashes."

"'Twas told of thee the world around,
'Twas hoped of thee by all,
That with one gallant, sunward bound
Thou'dst burst long ages' thrall:
Thy faith was tried, alas, and those
Who perilled all for thee,
Were cursed and branded as thy foes,
Acushla gal machree!"

We pursued our course with great rapidity, proceeding in slap-dash style through several small towns, and reached Mullinahone just as the people were coming from last Mass. Early in the afternoon we reached the high road that runs along the base of Slievenamon, on its northwestern face. We had not proceeded far along this thoroughfare when we encountered a prim-looking old peasant, loaded down with a heavy frieze cotamore (big coat), although the temperature was, for favored Ireland, swelteringly hot. The high stiff collar of his coarse linen shirt threatened his large ears with amputation. His corduroy small clothes were open at the knees and he wore a rust-colored high hat which must have been well on toward middle age when O'Connell "stood" for Clare in 1829.

"Can you tell us the way up the hill to Mr. Duggan's place?" inquired the priest.

"Doogan's, is it?" said the man, half-interrogatively. "Faix I can. D'ye see that stone fince up there, with a blue gate in the middle of it? Well, whin ye pass that gate — sure if it's locked ye can lift it off the hinges — ye'll find yerselves in a boreen. Well, follow that boreen to yer right for about a mile. Then ye'll find, on yer left, another stone fince and a gate. Pass that and ye'll come out on another boreen, lading up the mountain. Follow that and it'll bring ye to the door of the Doogans'."

The priest thanked the old man and we prepared to pursue our journey, when the ancient, as if suddenly remembering something he had forgotten, turned back and shouted after us:

"May I ax if ye're goin' to the meetin' at Meagher's Rock there's such talk about?"

"You have guessed truly, my friend," responded Father Lonergan. "That's where we're bound for."

"Thin ye're too late!" exclaimed the patriarch, lifting his hands in deprecation. "The peelers, under Frinch, the stipendiary magistrate, marched up there two hours ago to stop it. It's just the owld way — the way of the cow's tail — always behind — always too late!"

"It seems to me, good man," observed Father Lonergan, rather nettled by the shannanah's remark, "that you are in no great hurry yourself to get there."

"Och! I'm too owld for such nonsense, and there's lots of younger fools in Ireland now! I rimimber '98, and O'Connell, and Smith O'Brien's affair — faix I've learned sinse in me owld age — ha, ha, ha!" And the sour old chap hobbled away, talking to himself.

We pursued, as well as we could, the instructions of our aged and eccentric mentor, and, after a great deal of toil and trouble, finally succeeded in finding Farmer Duggan's comfortable abode, where we received a genuine Tipperary welcome. One of the sons — a handsome, stalwart youth of superb build — offered

to guide us to the place of meeting, at the summit of the mountain, and we gladly availed ourselves of his kindness. We were obliged to leave our horses at the farm yard, because it was impossible for them, owing to recent rains, to ascend any higher on that side of the elevation.

Young Duggan led us up the hill, with his hands behind his back, although in places, the slope was so abrupt that the priest and I were obliged to assist ourselves upward by twining our fingers in the long, tough heather, which rose nearly to our waists, and presented with its purple blossoms, a most picturesque appearance. After ascending about eighteen hundred feet, we came upon a boggy plateau, or table land, out of the middle of which towered the tall dark cone of the mountain summit. It was no easy matter to cross the morass dry shod; and it would have been impossible to get through it at all without a competent guide. The mist, too, came down and enveloped us, and we could hear the roar of many waters, as the angry and swollen highland streams threw themselves precipitately over the edge of the plateau, into the deep valley beneath, and finally emptied themselves into the pastoral Anner.

But the kindly west wind soon came to our relief, the fog lifted, and revealed long lines of people, of both sexes, streaming eagerly up the steep mountain sides, from north and east and west — all bound for the rendezvous at Meagher's Rock. We soon reached the base of the final summit — Fionn MacCoul's Table — and beheld, waving on its apex, an Irish tricolor flag — the flag of '48 — while about seven thousand of "the finest peasantry in the world" stood massed solidly in front of a large box-shaped bowlder, from the top of which they were being addressed by a tall, athletic, brown-bearded man, of about thirty, who wore blue clothes and spectacles. It was Charles J. Kickham — the gentle poet, novelist and patriot, whose name and memory will ever be dear to his country and his countrymen.

Beside him stood a shorter man, somewhat older, with dark, curly hair, a brown cloak and a single eyeglass, which he was fingering nervously. This was Peter Edward Gill, editor of the Tipperary Advocate, published at Nenagh, and one of the most formidable provincial opponents that the exterminating landlords had ever met. He followed Mr. Kickham in a speech of great power. When Mr. Gill had concluded his oration, a cry, doubtless inspired by Father Lonergan, went up for me, and, to my great amazement and embarrassment, I was pushed forward to make a speech. The world seemed to reel around me, but I began. What I said I knew not then, but, in any case, it had the effect of inflaming the audience, for a dozen stout fellows seized me bodily, with enthusiastic shouts, and almost carried me on their shoulders around the Rock.

The policemen were startled by the noise, but remained quiet, at parade rest, the inspector and the magistrate, the Hon. Martin J. Ffrench, of the famous Galway family, behind them on horseback. They had come up by a more practicable route than that which we had pursued. The London, Dublin and Government reporters were not idle, however, and next day, in the English and Irish capitals, the newspapers, Whig and Tory, had grave editorials on the speech of a boy not yet out of his "teens." Lord Carlisle, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, "honored" me with a

reference, in his address at an agricultural association meeting a week later, in which he said "two sets of principles were operating in the country — one set proclaiming that Ireland should be what nature [and the English] intended she should be — the fruitful mother of flocks and herds — while the other set went forth on the blast that shrieked around the top of Slievenamon on August 15th."

Kickham and Gill came in for a fair share of abuse from "His Excellency," while all three of us were held up to execration and ridicule by the Times, Standard, Telegraph and Ireland's comic enemy, Punch. And thus I was fairly launched on the stormy sea of Irish politics.

Evening smiled propitious as the meeting came to a close. Every particle of vapor fled before the slanting beams of the sun, setting in crimson splendor over the dark blue hills of Clare, plainly visible from that great height. They lit up, far into the bosom of Limerick county, the storied Golden Vale — the most fertile land in Europe. Southward, almost at our feet, lay "rare Clonmel," while the silvery Suir flowed ripplingly "on its clear, winding way," past Carrick town and under the shadow of the Cummeragh hills, to "adorn rich Waterford." South by west lay Knock-mael-dhoun, beyond whose southern side, "where Cappoquin hath woodland's green, and Ownmore's waters flow," Edward Walsh loved and sang. Northwestward rose the gigantic shoulders of the Galtu range over Aherlow Glen, where Shamus O'Brien slept after "leathering the yeomen, himself against four." In the same direction "Cashel of the Kings," Cormac's chapel, boldly outlined on the crest of "the Rock," seemed to slumber in the blue haze of approaching twilight. Eastward, looking like beautiful summer cloud banks in the great distance, towered the mountains of Wicklow, with Mount Leinster and the Blackstairs for gigantic comrades, in stately rank and file. The nearer view — it being then in the prime of the Irish harvest — disclosed "brown heath and shaggy wood," golden grain field and emerald pasture-land, with snow-white flocks and russet herds gloriously intermingled. All this we beheld while standing on Meagher's Rock — the rugged platform from which that radiant orator addressed the people in '48, and from which Oliver Cromwell, the English Attila, had viewed the scene we then gazed upon, two hundred and fourteen years before. It was on that rude pedestal he uttered to his Puritan captains, looking down upon beleagured Clonmel, so well defended by the younger Hugh O'Neill, the memorable words, so often alleged to have been spoken elsewhere, "This, gentlemen, is a country worth fighting for!"

The Slievenamon meeting did no good, of course, beyond temporarily exciting the people. Other and sterner influences were at work, holding out fair promises for a time, but ultimately destined to be as fallacious as any of their predecessors. Indecision and procrastination became the twin curses of the new movement. Hardly had I descended from Slievenamon when, in the old town of Callan, County Kilkenny, I was sworn in a member of the Irish Revolutionary or Republican Brotherhood. The King's River rippled past the spot where I took the oath, with an approving murmur. Its translucent waters had received "the aspiring blood" of Roger Mortimer, heir to the elder line of

the Plantagenets, when Art McMurrough, Leinster's hero king, smote the Norman power, hip and thigh, at Kenlis, in the last decade of the fourteenth century. From the day of the Slievenamon meeting, however, I became a mark for the rancor of the foreign government, which worked against me by methods secret and indirect, but most effective. Regard for the interests of others, who would be made to suffer for my opinions, impelled me to seek the shores of this newer world. The spring of 1864 found me in New York, and thenceforward my connection with the Irish movement has been entirely American in point of experience. The personal recollections of that experience — not any attempt at detailed history — will be the theme of future articles.

NATIONS.

BY GODFREY EGREMONT.

LET us be men, my brothers; men are more
Than nations; Brotherhood's once-loosened tide
Shall sweep away all barriers that divide
Mankind; "they may be one" — can we not soar
To this? through Stygian darkness of the hoar,
Past centuries' touch of each was lost; in wide
Emergence into Dawn, shake hands! beside
The pale no longer cur-like snarl; the door
Of Love lies open; enter; raze for aye
These artificial boundaries; patriots then
In one vast realm where brother lights the way
For brother, with no crown on earth again
But His the Eternal King's; my brothers, say
Shall this be so? not nations; no! but men.

A DROP OF INK.

(An Etching.)

BY ARTHUR O'KEEFE.

THERE is one moment which is fraught with more anxiety for parties defendant in criminal cases, on trial in the courts, than is contained in all the time, be it brief or protracted, taken up in the whole trial.

It is not when the judge rises to deliver his charge to the jury, after all the evidence has been put in and the arguments of opposing counsel have been made. It is not when the panel returns into court after agreeing upon a verdict. It is not even when the verdict is announced, and the harrowing doubt which all along has tortured the defendant is changed into the certainty of despair.

No. The supreme moment is none of these.

It is reached only when the clerk has passed up to the judge the indictment paper. What profound, almost palpable silence falls upon the place as the magistrate takes up his pen and dips it into the ink-well, preparatory to inscribing the sentence.

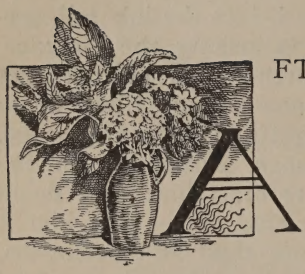
This is "the drop of ink" of whose potency George Eliot wrote such a thoughtfully eloquent passage. There it hangs, suspended on the nib, ready to crystallize into doom for the convicted man. For him it is really more rigid and relentless, more inexorable in its present fluid state, than will be the gyves of steel and the bolts and bars which ere long will clip him 'round.

These, it may be, he will be able to overcome by the unwearying exercise of all powers of his mind and body; but should he so at last obtain temporary freedom, the vociferous, though voiceless, outcry of those written words will ring in the ears of the wretched skulker, filling him with incessant alarms, till for him the wide welkin itself becomes only a more spacious goal.

WAS HE SO VERY MUCH TO BLAME?

(A Sequel to "A Matter of Expression.")

BY JESSIE M. BURGOYNE.



AFTER Meta and young Hayes had come to the end of their troubles; after the long engagement had ended in a pretty wedding, with the orthodox number of bridesmaids and ushers, and of course the small couple in Empire costume scattering flowers; after the girl who caught the bride's bouquet had announced her engagement to the best man, people for a while forgot all about the young pair, or, if they did give them a thought, fancied them still on their wedding journey.

Young Hayes and Meta, however, had stolen a march on their friends, and, after a three days' visit to New York, had settled themselves in a quiet hotel where they would not be known, and given themselves up to the delight of furnishing their flat without being bothered by advice from any one.

They knew just how much money they had to spend and exactly what they wanted, so it was only a couple of weeks before their cards were out and Meta was having Thursday afternoons in a pretty little scrap of an apartment on the sunny side of St. Botolph Street. Just at the left of the parlor door in that flat, stood a clover-leaf table on which Charley had, in spite of Meta's protests, arranged every picture of that young woman that he had been able to beg, borrow or steal from her entire family connections; some of them were really dreadful, but young Hayes was obstinate about it, and when he looked at Meta with his business eye she always gave up the argument. In the middle of this table stood an oblong white enamel frame, with a broad gray-blue mat, surrounding a curious object which not one of Meta's girl friends could classify. It looked like a piece of the cover of a pack of firecrackers or a strip torn off a tea box. Meta wouldn't tell what it was and did not like to talk about it, but one day young Hayes had some men up for dinner, and one of them began chaffing him about some old Harvard grind. Hayes said he knew a better one than that and would tell it, but not the name of the fellow it was on.

This man, he said, was saving up to get married, and as he had never attempted anything of the kind before, was really having a very bad time of it, and every now and then his wild desire to increase his balance in the savings bank would result in a state of empty pockets and depression that was really tragic. These occasions were always marked by a doleful jingling of a big bunch of keys in his otherwise empty pockets, and the girl he was going to marry learned to look on this especial sound as a sort of foreshadowing of marriage

bells, but all the same she did not like to think of his being so entirely poverty-stricken. You see, she had no brothers and thought he really meant it when he said he was "in a hole." So one day she bereft him of a certain silver dollar she found in his pocket and replaced it by one of hers, saying that now he would be as wealthy as the girls in the "Vicar of Wakefield," who always carried a golden guinea with strict injunctions never to change it. "And you never will spend it, will you, darling? promise me." So he kissed her and promised, learning the date by heart so that there should be no mistake in case he ever had another, laughing a little as he balanced it on the end of one finger and tipped it with a quarter, saying it did not ring right and he was perfectly sure it was a bad one she could not get rid of any other way.

He carried the dollar a whole year till it got quite dirty and worn; every now and then the girl would ask him if he had spent it yet, until, much as he loved her, he privately thought it rather a nuisance. One day she got some whiting, a soft brush and a chamois skin from the butler's pantry and polished it up like new.

The fellow was taken ill about then and had rather a bad time of it. His landlady and that nice girl, her daughter, looked after him and he came through all right. The landlady was a good hearted old soul and rather went over his things and did a bit of mending for him on the sly. She also kept an eye on his small valuables, and during the days when he was in bed in a dark room, made such disposition of them as best suited her practical mind. His watch he would have under his pillow with his letter book, but his pencil case, studs, scarf pins, and that sort of thing she hid in a handkerchief case in the drawer, and all his loose money put in a box on top of the dressing-table where she could get at it for small expenses, such as laundry bills, messenger boys and the like. This was all very well while it lasted, but one day she came to him and asked for more money, the store in the box was gone, "even that bad dollar that I've tried all this week to get rid of, sir. I gave it to the laundryman for these shirts," holding them up. "It was good enough for a heathen Chinee."

Well, it was gone, and there was no use making a row and worrying the good woman; but the first thing the fellow did when he could get about was to hunt up the Chinaman and enquire for his dollar. The expedition ended in a row, for the man did not understand what the fuss was all about, and the police officer who finally appeared on the scene was hardly a sufficiently sympathetic person to be confided in as to the exact reason why the young fellow wanted to examine the Chinaman's till.

He got three other dollars of the same date before he went to see the girl again, with the sneaking hope of confusing her should she ask about the unlucky coin, and thus getting out of the scrape. The evening wore on, and his uneasy conscience began to nod and nap, she was so sweet and loving and had made such a number of pretty things to adorn the home that was to be theirs. Just before he said good-night, she whispered in his ear, "Charley — " (The men who had been dining seemed to think young Hayes showed a remarkable knowledge of detail, but held their peace) — "Charley, do you remember that yellow gown you used to love almost as much as I did, and how you always wanted me to have my picture taken in it? Well, I did, nearly a year ago."

"And you never even told me!

I don't think that was nice, I think it was a very unkind thing for you to do. I suppose everybody in New York but myself has one."

"Why, you blessed boy, you have carried it around in your trousers pocket all the time and never knew it. The joke was too good not to keep; that dollar I gave you was a locket. Give it to me quick. You just press your thumb nail on the "e" in "States" and it opens and there I am, looking at you. Let's have it, darling." — "Well," broke off young Hayes, "I won't tell you fellows another word if you shout like that; but I've always kept the bill for those shirts and if you were half a set you would try all the dollars you come across, to see if we can't find that one some day."

VIOLETS.

BY ARLO BATES.

THE woodbird calls, the shadows flee,
The sun comes golden from the sea;
Across the meadow as I stray
For you I take the fern-fringed way;
To gather violets wet with dew
Which only bloom, my love, for you —
For you, my love, alone for you!

The grasses bend, the dewdrops shine,
The hawthorn's breath is sweet as wine;
The soft wind steals with presence sweet
To fling white petals at my feet,
And lift the leaves from violets blue,
Hidden to wait, my love, for you —
For you, my love, alone for you!

Blue as your eyes which hearts beguile;
Their faint perfume sweet as your smile;
I gather them with fervent prayer
That they my passion may declare;
Their petals pale, tear-stained with dew,
May tell how I live but for you —
For you, my love, alone for you!

SUPPRESSING DANGEROUS BOOKS.

THE CONGREGATION OF THE INDEX.

BY REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.

THE right of self-defence is inherent in every intelligent being; it is dictated by the law of nature and it proceeds from the duty of self-preservation. It is a right which belongs, not merely to individuals, but also to moral bodies or societies. As the individual may and must protect himself against the encroachments of disease, the inclemency of the seasons and from exterior foes, thus has society the right to defend itself against those who threaten it with destruction or who tend to inflict an injury upon it. For this reason, nations wage war against their enemies from without and against those from within. To the latter class belong traitors, the seditious and transgressors of the law. Those who tend to the injury of the state may do so by their actions, their words or their writings. Hence the state is justified, not only in suppressing actual and open revolt, but also in forbidding seditious meetings and speeches and the circulation of works and pamphlets which encourage revolt against authority. A society which would neglect thus to defend itself would be responsible for any loss it might suffer.

Apply now this general principle, and you will conclude that the Catholic Church, which is a society, possesses the same right. The essence of the Church, that which constitutes it and makes it what it is, is the end for which it has been established and the truths which it teaches. The end of its existence is the eternal salvation of its members. Whatever may prove injurious to its end and to its teaching tends to its destruction and must, therefore, be removed. To the class of things detrimental to its welfare must be reckoned publications in which its authority, its teaching and its morality are attacked or, at least, endangered. The Church has always understood this, and it has therefore considered it to be a duty to proscribe such works.

We read in the Acts of the Apostles that, when Saint Paul was preaching at Ephesus, many of his converts brought together their books — in which they had taught curious arts and superstitious practices — and burned them before all [1]. This was the effect of the Apostle's preaching. Thus, even in those early days of Christianity, certain books were considered injurious to the welfare of the people. The Church has continued to be animated by the same spirit, and, as a mother solicitous for her children's life and happiness, she has constantly striven to remove poison from them.

In the year 1050, at the Council of Vercelli, convened by order of Leo IX., the book of John Scotus Erigena,

[1] Acts xix. 19.

which contained various errors against faith and which had given rise to the heresy of Berengarius against the Holy Eucharist, was committed to the flames. Nine years later, Berengarius burned his own books, in presence of the Fathers of a council assembled at Rome, under Pope Nicholas II.

In the early part of the thirteenth century, Pope Alexander IV. condemned a book written by William de Saint Amour against the mendicant orders, and another, entitled the Eternal Gospel, in which certain heretical opinions were defended. From these instances we may conclude that the prohibition of books is by no means a novelty in the Church.

When, in the sixteenth century, the great revolt against the authority of the Church had broken out in the Northern countries of Europe, and venerable doctrines were attacked on all sides, Pope Paul III., at the suggestion of Cardinal Caraffa, who afterwards succeeded to the papacy as Paul IV., instituted a special congregation with the object of defending the Faith. Its title is that of "General and Universal Inquisition in the Entire Christian Commonwealth against Heretical Depravity." Its work is to enquire into all matters savoring of heresy, schism and apostasy from the Faith, and it is endowed with the most ample powers to proceed against the guilty. It consists of a certain number of cardinals, to whom are added learned prelates and secular priests, with the title of consultors. It also bears the name of Congregation of the Holy Office. This Congregation must not be confounded with the odious Spanish Inquisition from which its methods are altogether distinct. Sixtus V., seeing that its duties had increased to such an extent, that it scarcely found time for the accomplishment of the entire task confided to it, determined to institute another Congregation upon which a portion of the burden should rest. This was the Sacred Congregation of the Index of Books. It was destined to take upon itself one department of labor, which, thus far, had belonged to the Congregation of the Holy Office—that of examining, and, if necessary, condemning all published works. It is an adjunct of the Congregation of the Inquisition, with which the highest power still resides.

The Congregation of the Index consists of cardinals, the number of which is determined by the Sovereign Pontiff. It is presided over by a president, assisted by a secretary, who is always a member of the Order of St. Dominic, and by a great number of theologians and doctors, mostly religious, who bear the title of consultors. The Master of the Sacred Palace, a dignity which has always belonged to the Dominican Order, since the thirteenth century, when it was conferred upon St. Dominic himself, always occupies a position in the Congregation of the Index.

This Congregation possesses the right of examining and deciding on works published in all parts of the world. It may also give permission for the reading of forbidden books. Although, generally speaking, the perusal of dangerous books is highly detrimental and there is, perhaps, more harm done by them than by any other means in this world, nevertheless it must be admitted that such reading is sometimes of an absolute necessity. How could otherwise works injurious to faith be refuted? At the same time discretion must be used in regard to the persons to whom such license is granted, and, for that reason, the authority for granting it is reserved to the Sacred

Congregation of the Index, and no confessors, nor even bishops, possess it without a special delegation. In this country, the heads of dioceses generally have the faculty granted to them by the Holy See, of permitting their priests to read certain prohibited books for the sake of refuting error.

The mode of proceeding in vogue in this Congregation is as follows: The secretary distributes among the consultors the books to be examined, and a report is sent up to the Congregation by the latter. The affair is then taken into deliberation, but only the cardinals possess decisive votes, according to a Constitution of Pope Sixtus V. After the votes have been collected, a decree is formulated in the name of the Congregation of the Index, and, before being published, it is submitted by the secretary to the Pope for approval. If a book has been prohibited, all persons in the whole world are forbidden to publish, read or keep it.

There are three classes of forbidden books. To the first belong works treating on religion which have been condemned on account of their authors, who are either heretics or are suspected of heresy. The second class consists of books written by Catholics, condemned, not on account of their authors, but for errors in matters of faith or morals which they contain. Prohibited books of the third class are all those anonymous works which contain errors in regard to morals, religion or faith. This prohibition extends to all the faithful, even to bishops and cardinals who are not allowed to read books of the classes mentioned without a special permission from the Holy See or the Sacred Congregation.

Among prohibited books, some are forbidden under pain of excommunication; namely, those written by heretics and propagating heresy, and those which have been expressly and by name forbidden in Apostolic Letters, or documents emanating from the Holy See. However, the works of heretics belonging to the early ages of the Church are not considered as included in this prohibition.

It sometimes happens that the works forbidden are those of a good Catholic and a man of reputation and merit. In that case the Sacred Congregation is urged to act with consideration towards the author, either by affording him the opportunity of defending himself, or by appointing one of its consultors to take up the defence of the book. This was the desire of Benedict XIV., expressed in his constitution *Sollicita*. Sometimes the work is condemned with the clause *Donec corrigatur*, that is, until corrected.

As the Congregation of the Index, having an important duty to perform and a grave responsibility weighing upon its shoulders, must act without respect of persons, it follows that the works of men eminent for their learning and piety are sometimes proscribed. An instance of this is the great Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, whose book entitled, The Maxims of the Saints, was condemned by Innocent XII. in 1699. The author submitted to the decision of the Holy See, giving, perhaps, a greater example of virtue than those who had been his opponents in the celebrated controversy on certain points appertaining to mystical theology.

Although Rosmini Serbati, the founder of a religious congregation, is acknowledged to have been a saintly man, his works, published after his death, were, nevertheless, proscribed and a number of propositions extracted from them were condemned by Pope Leo XIII. in 1887.

It may also happen that the Congregation of the Index, as well as other Roman Congregations, practically rescind their decisions. This has taken place in regard to the works of the astronomer Galileo Galilei. Two propositions taken from the writings of this distinguished man had been condemned by the Congregation of the Inquisition in the year 1616. Soon after this, the Congregation of the Index prohibited all books defending the Copernican system. However, as this system came to be universally admitted, the Church afterwards permitted it to be taught and the books once prohibited on account of it, are no longer on the Index.

The Sovereign Pontiff is always prefect of the Congregation of the Inquisition. Its present secretary is Cardinal Rafael Monaco La Valletta. The prefect of the Congregation of the Index is a man well known in the theological world, as well as in the American Church, for though of foreign birth, he is a citizen of the United States. Cardinal Camillo Mazella of the Society of Jesus, before his return to Italy, where he was promoted to the dignity of Cardinal Deacon of the title of St. Adrian, by Leo XIII., on June 7, 1886, was professor in the Jesuit scholasticate of Woodstock, Maryland. Cardinal Mazella was born at Vitulano in the Archdiocese of Benevento, on Feb. 10, 1833. He is the author of several learned works on dogmatic theology. In the Congregation of the Index he is assisted by Father Hyacinthe Frati, who fills the office of secretary.

A MEMORY.

BY REV. MORTIMER EDWARD TWOMEY.

SOMETIMES a thought comes stealing from my brain,
A sweet refrain
From out the past with recollections bright,
When all was light
From rim to rim the broad horizon round,
And when the ground
My nimble feet scarce deigned to step upon.

But now are gone
Those halcyon days since death my friend enrolled
Within his fold,
And linger but the recollections kind
Of what's behind,
While I look forward to where ends the street,
My friend to meet.

ROUND ABOUT PLATTSBURGH.

BY BAYARD BRADFORD.

THE granting of a charter by the State of New York to the trustees of the Champlain Summer School has attracted much attention in educational circles.

Knowing that the School is inevitably destined to take a leading position as an educational factor, the trustees recognized the necessity of a location where nature could exert the most elevating influence on the mind.

The northwest shore of Lake Champlain, round about the village of Plattsburgh, attracts more and more attention each year. Over a century ago a French traveller wrote in his journal:

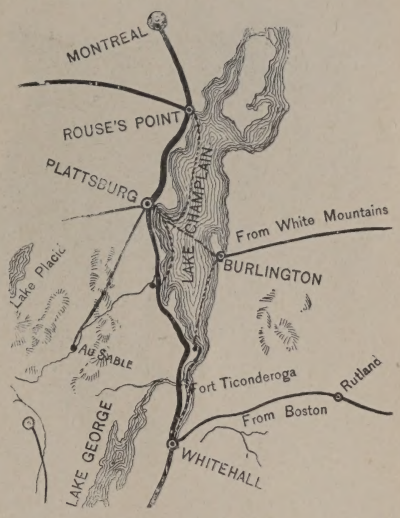
"In general, I have never in my life seen anything which approaches in beauty the borders of Lake Champlain. . . . If this country is ever inhabited, it will be the finest in the world."

The whole region is approached from every side through scenery which can be surpassed in but few countries, possessing, moreover, the rare attraction of romantic and historic associations.

"Every bay and island of the lake and nearly every foot of its shore has been the scene of some warlike movement — the midnight foray of the predatory savage, the bloody scout of frontier settlers, the rendezvous of armed bands or the conflict of contending armies."

Cooper, in "The Last of the Mohicans," has made real the traditions of fierce Indian battles fought before the pale faces came.

The first authenticated visit of a white man in any official capacity was that of Samuel Champlain, in 1609. His expedition against hostile Indians culminated in a battle which is believed to have been fought near Cumberland Head, three miles from Plattsburgh, within sight of flourishing villages of the savages. Recent discoveries give support to this tradition.



Vicinity of Plattsburgh.

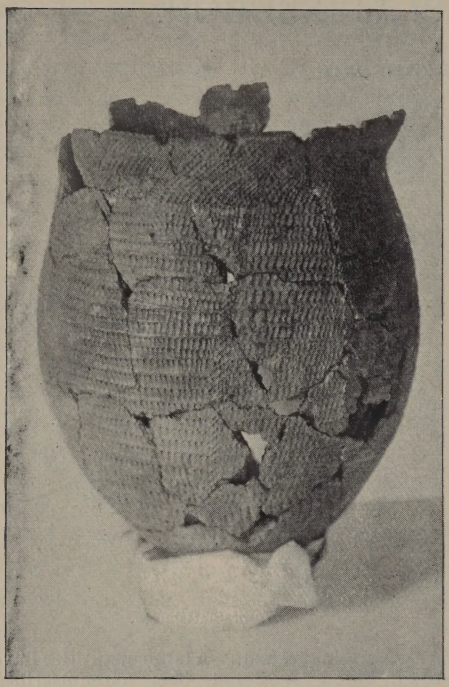
"Aboriginal remains in large quantities have been found scattered over circumscribed areas. . . . The remains consist of stone weapons, implements and ornaments; of implements of copper; of implements of bone; of fireplaces and of pottery. . . . Pottery, entirely in fragments, occurs in great abundance. . . . The largest village site is in Plattsburgh, located on a sand ridge a mile long and from twenty to forty rods in width, lying between a sluggish creek, abounding in fish, and the shore of Cumberland Bay." [1]

This village may have been the one to which Radisson refers in the account of his captivity:

"At 3 of the clock in the afternoone we came into a rappid streame, where we weare forced to land and carry our Equipages and boats thorough a dangerous place. . . . The morning early following we marched w^th^out making great noise or singing as accustomed. Sejourning awhile, we came to a lake 6 leagues wide, about it a very pleasant country imbellished w^th^ great forests. Y^t^ day our wild people killed 2 Bears, one monstrous like for its biggnesse, the other a small one. We arrived to a fine sandy bancke, where not long before many Cabbanes weare errected and places made where Prisoners weare tyed." [2]

The "dangerous place" to which the captive refers was probably Au Sable Chasm. The river, on its way through

[1] Dr. D. S. Kellogg's report to American Association for the Advancement of Science.
[2] Voyages of Peter Esprit Radisson, 1652-1684. Boston: Prince Society, 1885.



Indian Jar (restored).
[Collection of Dr. D. S. Kellogg.]

this wonderful cut, varies in width from thirty to one hundred and fifty feet. The rocks seem to be of primitive formation and the action of the waters has given a smooth polish to the brown sandstone footway. In the chasm are several interesting formations — Jacob's Ladder, the Devil's Oven and Punch Bowl, and the projecting bluff, nearly two hundred feet high, called Bellevue, where the river, reduced to a width of ten feet, rushes through in a grand succession of rapids. Full of such picturesque spots, this whole region attracted the pale faces as much as it did the Indians.

Officers and soldiers who had served in the French and Indian Wars were attracted by the fertility of the land and obtained grants from the colony of New York.

William Gilliland, a native of Ireland, was the first permanent settler. As a wealthy merchant in New York City he conceived the idea of establishing a great colony here. The Revolution ruined the enterprise and its promoter — after ten years of prosperity.

About the year 1767, Count Charles De Fredenburg, who had been a captain in the British army, settled at the mouth of Saranac River and erected a dwelling. To De Fredenburg and others was given a grant of thirty thousand acres of land on both sides of the Saranac, including Cumberland Head and Plattsburgh old patent. Three miles up the river he built a saw-mill and a dwelling, on the site of what is now Hartwell's foundry. During the war of the Revolution De Fredenburg disappeared and his grant was forfeited.

The importance of the district as a place of settlement was so well known that an active competition soon sprung up to secure the patent. In 1784 Judge Zephaniah Platt of Poughkeepsie associated with himself a number of capitalists who succeeded in securing "war bounty" or "class rights" grants aggregating thirty thousand acres. By pushing their claims to preference they were enabled to locate their township on the De Fredenburg tract and obtained the patent.

The land was surveyed, the proprietors offered inducements to settlers, and a grist-mill, a saw-mill and a forge were built on the banks of the Saranac. To provision the settlement the owners of the patent appropriated sixty-five dollars "for flour and bread and one hundred and sixty dollars for pork and New England rum, a pint of rum to a pound of pork being a workman's requisite in those roistering days." The stores and dwellings were first erected at Cumberland Head, but the change to the site of Plattsburgh soon followed.

The settlers along this north shore, in conjunction with those south of them and the "Green Mountain boys" across the lake, were schooled by many hardships and privations for the great and heroic deeds of the Revolution. The history of the region brings to notice the deeds of Rogers, the intrepid scout, and how near the Indians once came to roasting Israel Putnam alive.

Macdonough's Fight off Plattsburgh.

Two other names catch the eye also — Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold. No enterprise was too daring for them to undertake, no obstacle too great for them to surmount.

One plan of the first campaign of the war, as formed by the British Ministry, contemplated a movement down the lake to concentrate on Albany. From the shore opposite Valcour Island the colonists watched the progress of the first naval engagement between an American and a British fleet (Oct. 11th, 1776), and witnessed Arnold's masterly retreat the following night.

The narrow strait between Valcour and the main land is historic. Over its waters have floated the white banner of France and the red cross of England.

Deeply imbedded in its sands are the hulls of five vessels over whose blood-stained decks the waves have rolled for a century. The position of but one of these wrecks, the schooner Royal Savage, is known.

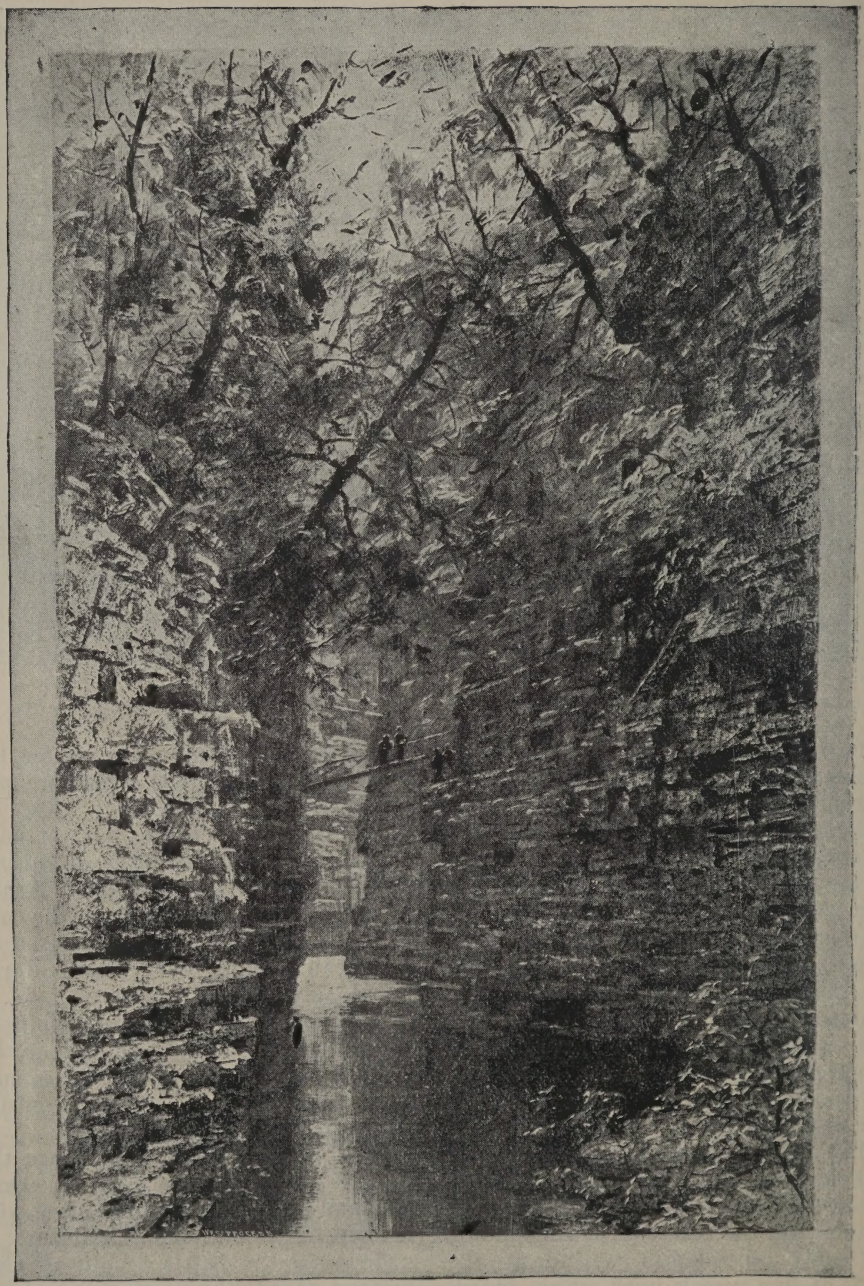
The gunwales are visible at low tide and many pieces of the wreck are possessed by relic hunters.

The Battle of Valcour has not occupied the place in Revolutionary history which it deserves. Although Arnold was defeated, his gallantry and the courage of his officers and men inspired the American troops everywhere during the gloomy crisis of the war.

Washington, always cautious in forming and expressing his opinions, at that time declared there was not "a more active, more spirited and more sensible officer in the service."

It is an interesting coincidence that the last naval fight between an American and a foreign fleet took place within sight of the first one at Valcour.

This was the battle fought off Cumberland Head, the most desperate encounter of the War of 1812, in which Macdonough compelled the English commander to strike his colors after an engagement of two hours and a half.

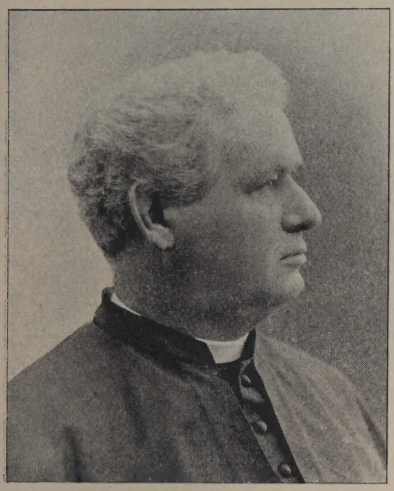


A Glimpse of Au Sable Chasm.

Many exciting incidents of the fight are recorded

"The result of the engagement depended from the first, upon the Saratoga and Confiance. When Macdonough anchored his vessel he not only attached springs to the cables, but also laid a kedge broad off on each bow of the Saratoga, and brought the hawsers in upon the two quarters. To this timely precaution he was indebted for the victory, for without the larboard hawser he could not have brought his fresh broadside into action." [1]

. . . . . .



Rev. Thos. E. Walsh, V. G.

"The first gun fired on board the Saratoga was a long twenty-four, which Macdonough himself sighted. The shot is said to have struck the Confiance near the outer hawse-hole, and to have passed the length of her deck, killing and wounding several men, and carrying away the wheel. In clearing the decks of the Saratoga some hencoops were thrown overboard and the poultry permitted to run at large.

Startled by the report of the opening gun of the Eagle, a young cock flew upon a gun-slide, clapped his wings and crowed. The men gave three cheers and considered the little incidence a happy omen." [2]

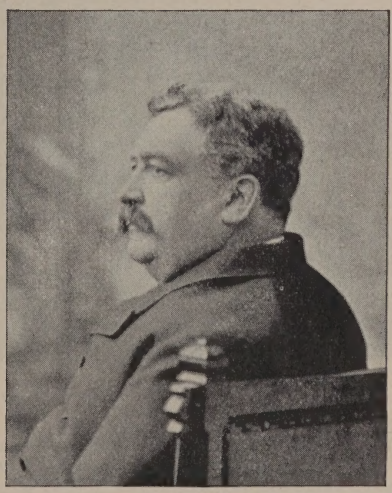
. . . . . .

"It is said that scarcely an individual escaped on board of either the Confiance or Saratoga, without some injury. Macdonough was twice knocked down; once by the spanker-boom, which was cut in two by a shot and fell upon his back, as he was bending his body to sight a gun; and again by the head of a gunner, which was driven against him, and knocked him into the scuppers.

Mr. Brum, the sailing-master of the Saratoga, had his clothes torn off by a splinter while winding the ship. Mr. Vallette, acting lieutenant, had a shot-box on which he was standing knocked from under his feet, and he too was once knocked down by the head of a seaman.

Very few escaped without some accident, and it appears to have been agreed on both sides to call no man wounded who could keep out of the hospital. . . . Lieutenant Gamble was on his knees, sighting the bow-gun, when a shot entered the port, split the quoin, drove a portion of it against his breast and laid him dead on the quarter-deck without breaking his skin.

Fifteen minutes later one of the American shot struck the muzzle of a twenty-four on the Confiance, dismounted it, sending it bodily inboard against the groin of Captain



Gen. Stephen Moffitt.

Downie, killing him also without breaking the skin. Lieutenant Stansbury suddenly disappeared from the bulwarks forward while superintending some duty with the springs of the Ticonderoga. Two days after the action his body rose to the surface of the water — cut in two with a round shot." [3]

. . . . . .

"Midshipman Lee of the Confiance, in the letter to his brother [Niles' Register, Vol. 8.] describes the condition of his vessel: — 'The havoc on both sides is dreadful. I don't think there are more than five of our men, out of three hundred, but what are killed or wounded. Never was a shower of hail so thick, as the shot whistling about our ears. Were you to see my jacket, waist-coat and

[1] Midshipman Lee in Niles' Register, Vol. 8.

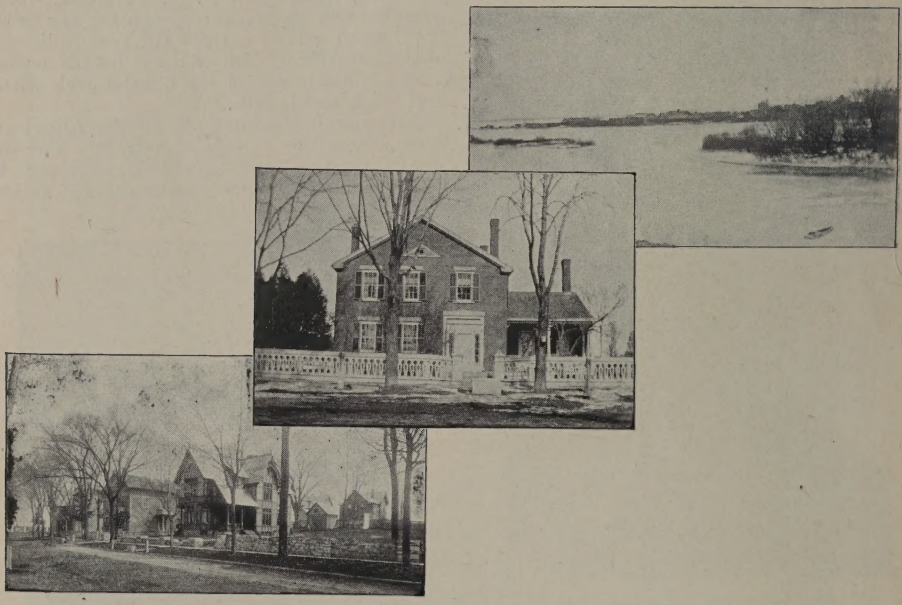
[2] Cooper's Naval History and Niles' Register.

[3] Cooper's Naval History.

trousers, you would be astonished how I escaped as I did, for they are literally torn all to rags with shot and splinters; the upper part of my hat was also shot away. There is one of our marines who was in the Trafalgar action with Lord Nelson, who says it was a mere *flea-bite* in comparison to this. . . . Our masts, yards and sails were so shattered that one looked like so many bunches of matches, and the other like a bundle of rags."

. . . . . .

"I could only look at the enemy's galleys going off, in a shattered condition; for there was not a mast in either squadron that could stand to make sail on; the lower rigging being nearly all shot away, hung down as though it had been just placed over the mast heads."[1]



Macomb Street. Home of the Davidson Sisters. View Across Plattsburgh Harbor.

While Commodore Macdonough was fighting on the lake the attempt of the British land forces to drive General Macomb out of his Plattsburgh fortifications met with defeat. Macomb, in a letter to Gen. Jonathan Williams, gives a concise account of this repulse: —

. . . "These troops, all most superbly dressed and equipped, just from France, the conquerors of the world, holding a sovereign contempt for all mankind, appeared before this place and after investing it for five days and bombarding the forts for one day from seven batteries, which were all silenced by our superior fire, raised the siege on the 11th and precipitately retreated to Canada, leaving provisions, ammunition, tents, marques and thousand other things behind, as well as their sick and wounded. We pursued with our light troops and made many prisoners and have covered the escape of about five hundred deserters. The militia and volunteers from New York and Vermont, finding I would not surrender the works, flocked in by thousands and the British commander really was in danger of losing his whole army. . . . . Take it altogether, considering our small forces and means, it is the most glorious affair that has happened this war. An army and navy defeated by inferior numbers at one and the same time, is without a parallel in our history. . . . De Russy will make a sketch of the enemy's position and our own." (See map.)

The success of the navy and army on that memorable day (Sunday, Sept. 11, 1814) and its lasting impression, is reflected in a semi-comic melody published soon afterwards for the character of a negro sailor: —

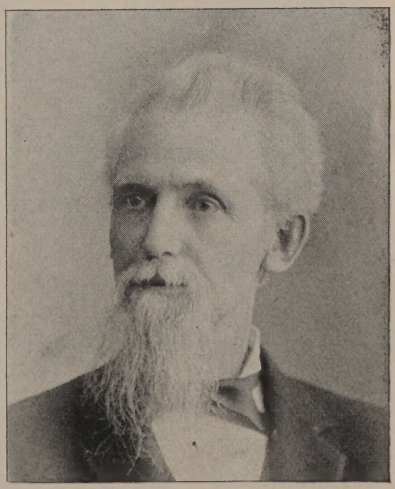
"Back side ob Albany 'tan lake Champlain,
One little pon' chuck full ob water.
Plattbu'g dar too, close 'pon de main,
Town small, him grow bigger do herearter.

[1] Macdonough's Report of the Battle.

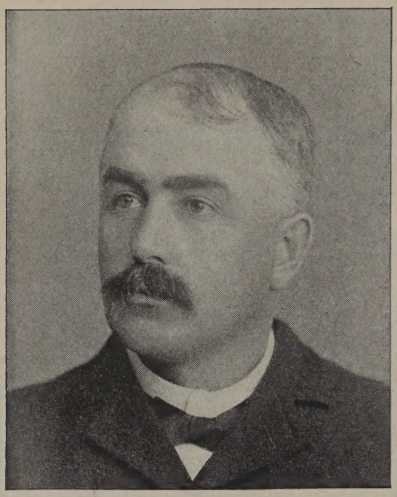
The Normal School. The Samuel F. Vilas Home. Home for the Friendless.
The Court House. D'Youville Convent. The High School.

On lake Champlain, Uncle Sam set he boat —
An' Massa McDonough He sail 'em,
While General McComb make Plattbu'g He home
Wid an army whose courage neber fail 'em."

Two days after the dual battle the American and British officers who were killed were taken to the village burial ground, attended by a large concourse of the military and citizens of Plattsburgh, and buried under two pines. The sailors and marines who fell in the engagement were buried on Crab Island, side by side, in one common grave. This island, just off the shore, has been known locally as "the patriot's cradle and the warrior's grave," — from the poetic line of one of the Davidson sisters. Tourists often come to visit the burial place in the cemetery of the eldest one — Lucretia Maria Davidson — whose poetic genius is justly a matter of pride in the village. Before her untimely death, in her sixteenth year, her poems attracted the attention of literary people in England and America.



President E. C. Baker.

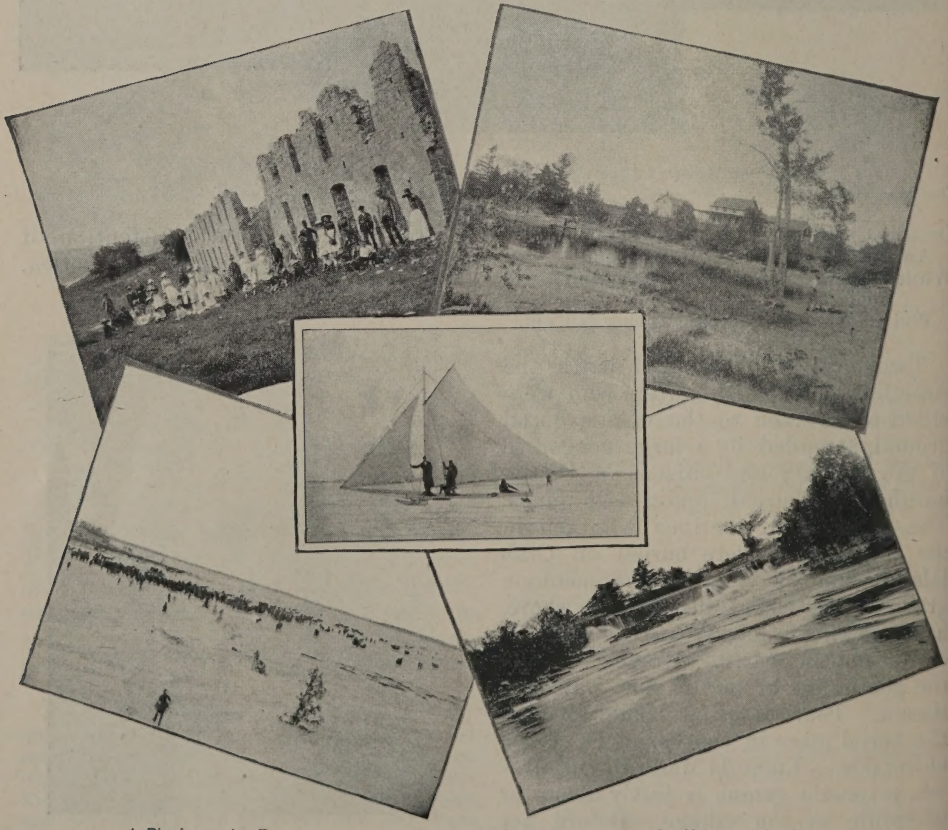


Dr. D. S. Kellogg.

Southey, Bryant, Irving and Miss Sedgwick all testified to their admiration of her work and lovely character. The introduction to the first edition of her poems (1829) was written by Samuel F. B. Morse — of telegraph fame — who had seen several manuscript volumes of her poetry and prose when visiting Albany in 1827. The lines "To Science" (written in her thirteenth year) reveal the quality of her mind: —

"Let others in false Pleasure's court be found,
But may I ne'er be whirled the giddy round;
Let me ascend with Genius' rapid flight,
Till the fair hill of Science meets my sight.
Blest with a pilot who my feet will guide,
Direct my way whene'er I step aside;
May one bright ray of Science on me shine,
And be the gift of learning ever mine."

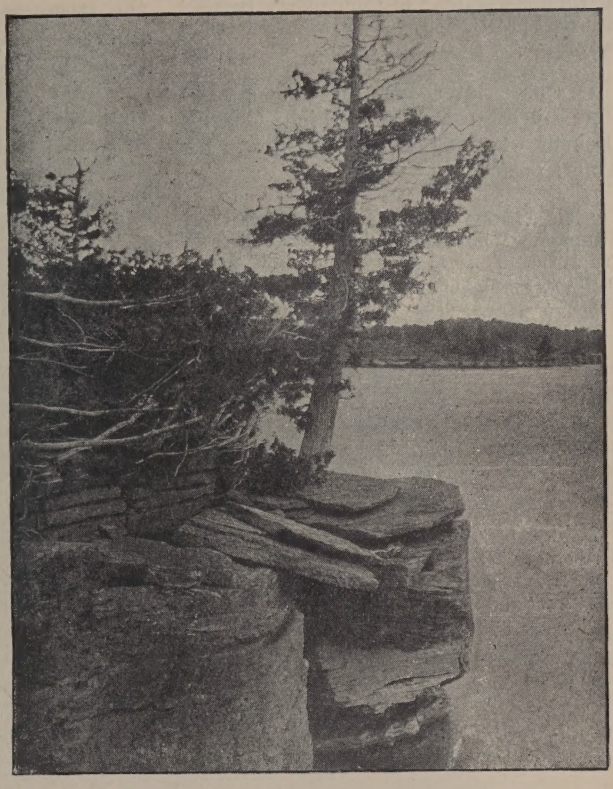
A magnificent sunset view is to be had from the shore where the Davidson house stands: the Vermont hills, topped by Mount Mansfield, gleaming in



A Picnic at the Fort. The Queen of the Ice. On Valcour Island.
Horse-Racing on the Lake. Fredenburg Falls.

the distance, and the bay — over which the trader, John Jacob Astor, often passed on trips to Canada — glistening in the foreground. From here in those early days the old "Vermont," the second steamboat in the world, could be seen approaching the wharf at Cumberland Head to let off the passengers who had come up from New York by way of the Hudson River and the canal, in the remarkably quick time of two days and two nights! The rules on that boat were very strict: —

"It is not permitted for any person to lie down in a berth with their boots and shoes on, under a penalty of one dollar and a half. . . . In the ladies' cabin and in the great cabin, cards and all other games are to cease at 10 o'clock at night, that those persons who wish to sleep may not be disturbed. Gentlemen are not permitted to sing or whistle the tunes



Along the Shore of the Lake.

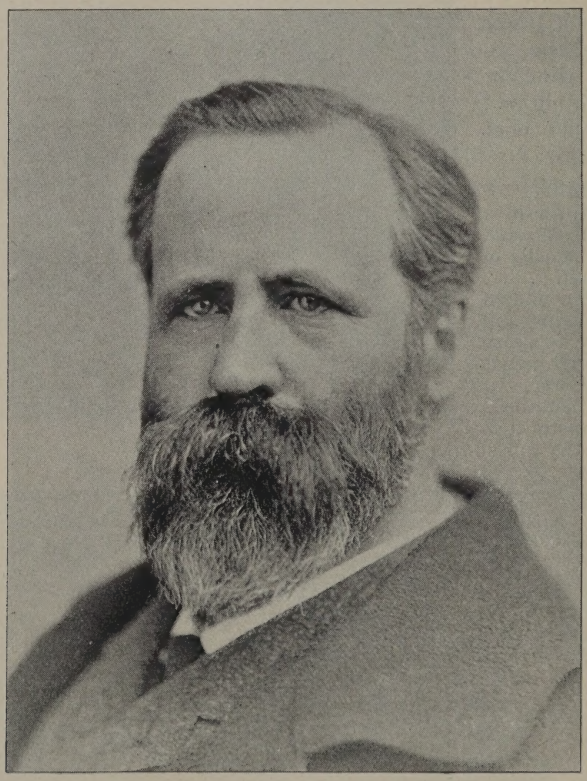
of 'Clinton's March' or 'Burgoyne's Defeat,' as it may prove offensive to some of the company."

It was a later boat on the lake — The Burlington — of which Charles Dickens wrote so enthusiastically in his American notes: —

"There is one American boat which I say is superior, I have no doubt, to any other in the world. . . . Every nook and corner in the vessel is a perfect curiosity of graceful comfort and beautiful contrivance."

the steamers which are run from Burlington to-day by the Champlain Transportation Co.

The steamer Vermont, the largest of the fleet, is a magnificent side-wheel boat, elegantly equipped, with fifty-six staterooms. The steamers of this line bring to Plattsburgh, in time for supper, the visitors who come from New England by way of Burlington over the Central Vermont Railroad — the popular Green Mountain route.



Hon. Smith M. Weed.

This boat and her captain inspired the local muse. Gilbert, of opera fame, may have known of the song and turned plagiarist!

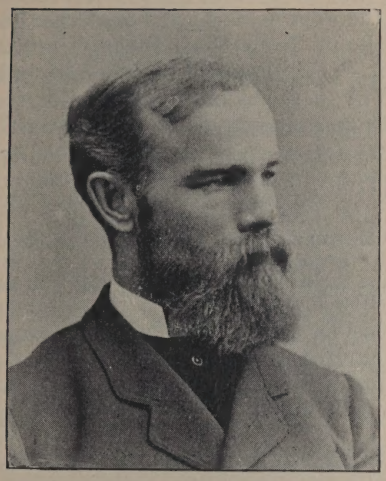
"He scrubs his decks with so much care
That cowhide boots can't come it there.
Ha! ha! ha! — oh, what fun
With Dandy Dick of The Burlington!"

The muse and Dickens would need to reconstruct their sentences to tell of

Travellers have often compared Burlington to Naples.

"Fair Burlington! I bring a song to thee,
Thou lovely Naples of our Midland Sea!"

The unique beauty of the city consists in that grouping of the elements of beauty which makes an almost ideal scenery for a small rural city: — its crescent bay, with headlands at either horn, opening into a water view ten



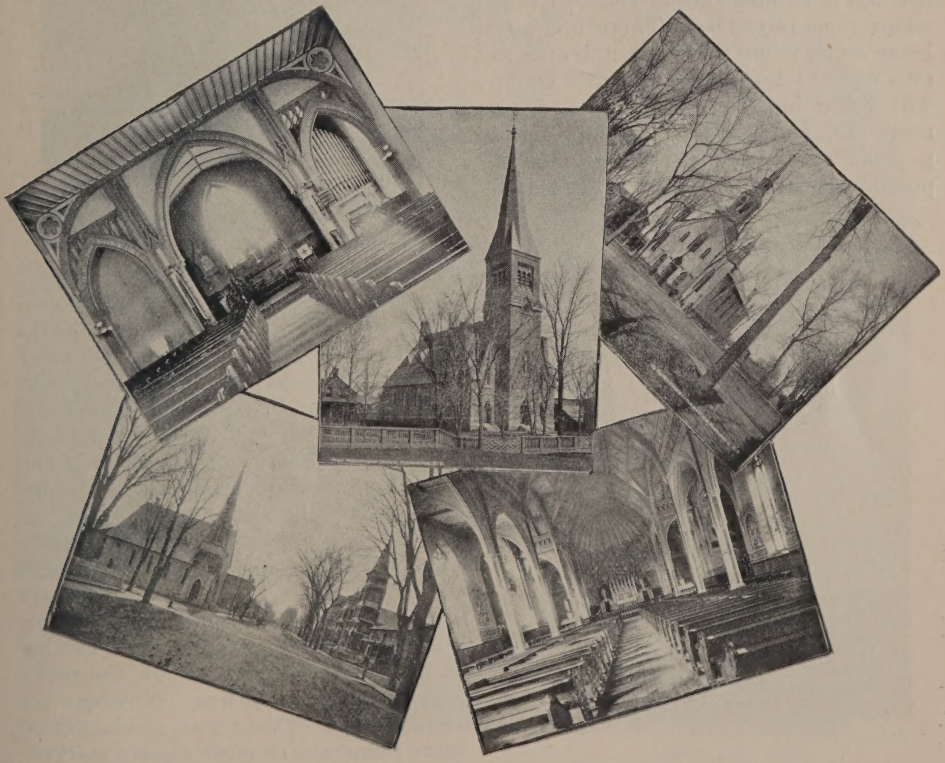
Judge Kellogg.

miles across and fifty miles from right to left; its gentle slope from the harbor's edge to the college-crowned summit a mile away; its boundary of mountains, on both sides, with their bold peaks, purple or misty, or snow-covered, according to ever-varying meteoric conditions, and with the help of perspective and atmospheric illusion, constituting a circular framework to the picture.

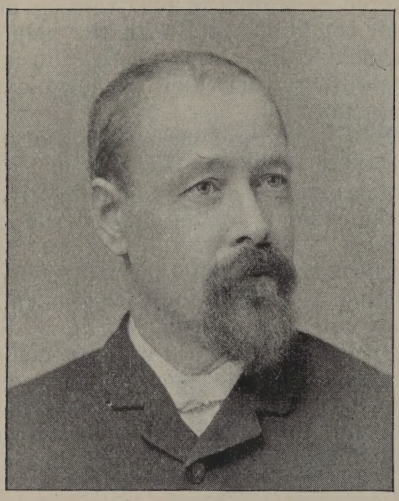
One of the three masterpieces of the celebrated architect, Richardson, is in Burlington — the library building given to the college by the late Frederick Billings.

From the dome of the main college building a view of the rarest magnificence can be obtained. Of it, a distinguished and world-wide traveller once said that he knew of only one scene in the world to surpass that which lay before him, as he looked east from the dome, and that was the one in view when he turned and looked west.

That Champlain is one of the most beautiful lakes of the world is a statement that goes unchallenged. It is a paradise for those who long to fish, hunt, tramp and camp. There are many summer places where one is sure



Trinity. Methodist and Baptist Churches. Presbyterian. St. John's. St Peter's.

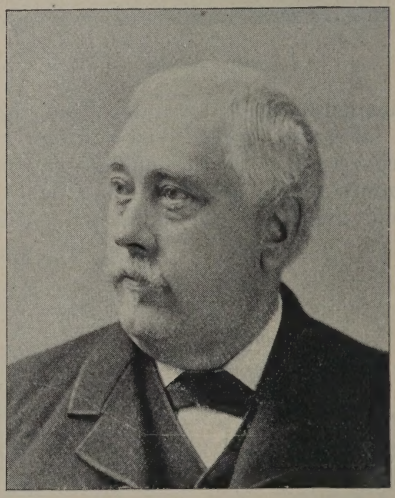


Hon. John Wever.

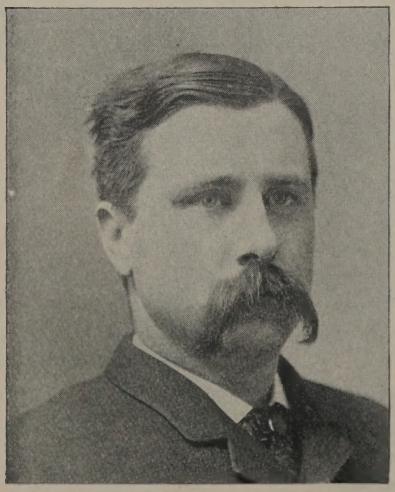
of comfort and of meeting "the people one likes to know"—and there are hundreds of nooks and corners where one can be equally sure of the "solitude where none intrudes." There, one may be as much alone with the universe as on a desert isle—and an hour's tramp will bring him to a post-office, fresh meat, milk and eggs! This paradoxical position of proximity and distance is puzzling to strangers, but highly prized by the experienced. "Great change in six hours from Wall Street," remarks one. "Six hours!" is the rejoinder. "Why, it seems millions of miles from bulls and bears to these forest bays."

"The rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And waters below look dark and deep—
Where the ragged pine in its lonely pride
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
And the solemn owl, with the dull 'too hoo,'
Settles down on the side of the old canoe."

Besides this picturesque and romantic environment the location has many points of great geologic interest. Back from the lake near the western bound-



Deputy-Collector Martin.

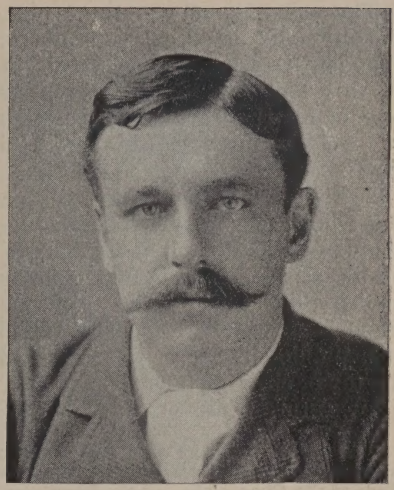


Hon. John B. Riley.

ary of Plattsburgh the archæan rocks, the oldest on the globe, are found exposed. Above this, and dipping toward the lake, are found in succession the Potsdam sandstone, calciferous sandrock, chazy limestone, and Trenton limestone, all within the town limits. Spread over these is the till of the last glacial period, post-pliocene deposits filled with sea shells, and the sands and gravels of the terrace epoch. Here are examples of ancient inland lakes now emptied of their waters by the cutting of long, deep gorges through the rocky barriers at their outlets. Nowhere are the evidences of the recent glacial period more numerous or more clearly marked.

Ancient river deltas now far inland, interesting sand dunes, and numerous other features of peculiar geologic interest, offer great advantages for practical field study.

Not only do these features combine to make Plattsburgh, in beauty of environment, the gem of the Champlain valley, but the great diversity of soil and conditions of drainage enable it to support a flora and fauna which for interest, rareness, and number of species represented is probably second to none in the State. This long north and south valley, which was once an arm of the sea, and whose waters now lie less than a hundred feet above sea level, offers a free and open path to all migrating birds and insects. An important factor also is the climatic influence of the lake's 500 square miles of water surface.



Hon. Geo. S. Weed.

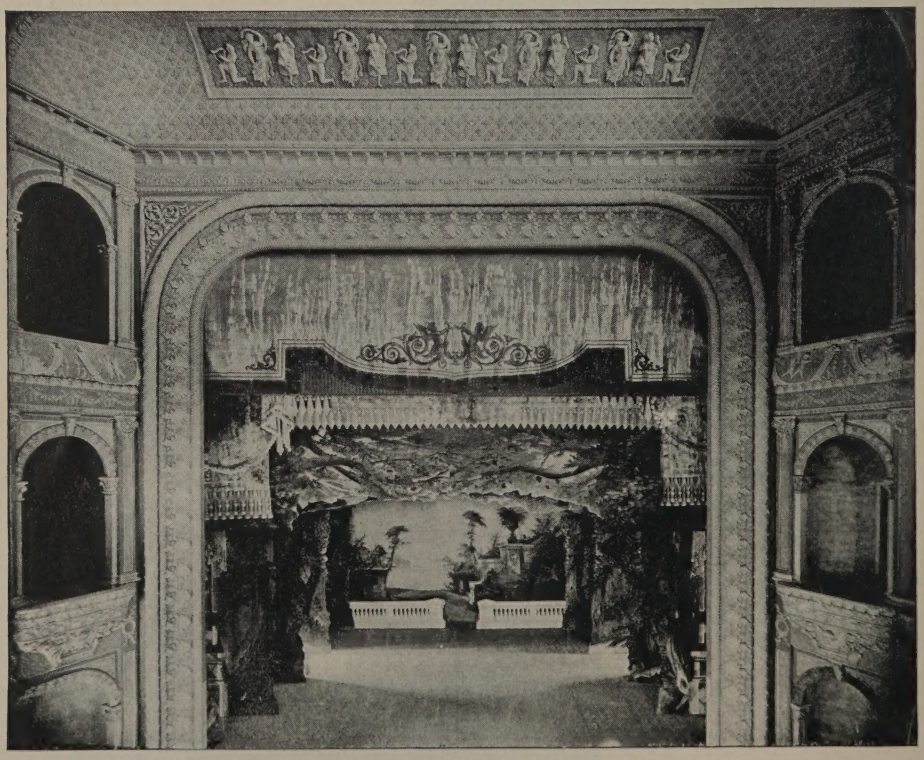
Some Plattsburgh Residences.

The soil, throughout the region, is exceptionally good, and produces, in abundant measure, all the staple crops of this latitude. As a fruit-growing region, for the hardier varieties, it is probably unsurpassed in the United States.

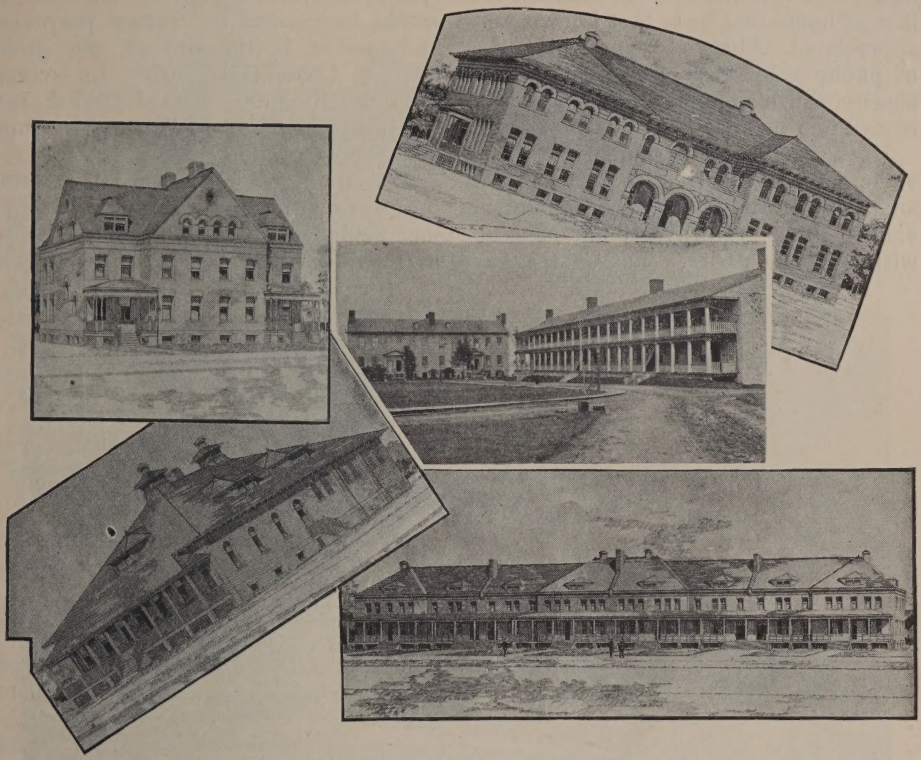
Plattsburgh is the trading centre for the whole region, which probably accounts for the million and a half in deposits at two of the four flourishing banks. The vice-president of one of these banks, Mr. E. C. Baker, alluding at a public dinner to the situation of the town, cited facts which argue much for its future prospects : —

"A lake port, with a safe harbor and sure anchorage, it is supported by the rich farming lands of the Champlain and St. Lawrence valleys. The ever-reliable Saranac River, running through the centre of the town, yields power enough within the bounds of its corporation to turn thousands of wheels, and give employment to hundreds of thousands of industrious hands. . . . Railroads converge here from all the great cities of the North, South, East and West; and from every town and hamlet in Clinton county they bring the interior residents to its schools, its conventions, its courts of justice, and its four large banks."

Mr. Baker has been active since 1867 in many of the public interests of the place, having served twelve years as Assessor, nine years as Village Trustee, and is now serving his third term as President of the village. In the establishment of the First Baptist Church he was one of seventeen constituent members, and by his constant attendance, energy and liberality, has very largely promoted its present flourishing condition. His activity and zeal have added much to the present prosperity of the village, as well as in beautifying and improving its general appearance.



Interior of the New Theatre.



Post barracks and the new buildings.

Mr. Baker's look ahead for the future of Plattsburgh is strongly seconded by that of Hon. George S. Weed, who has awakened public interest again in the ship-canal between the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain — a project which nearly passed the Senate several years ago. Mr. Weed was born in Plattsburgh thirty-one years ago. Graduating in 1886 from Harvard University, he was nominated by the Democrats in the fall of the same year, for the assembly. In 1888 he was reëlected. He was President of the village in 1890, and was subsequently appointed Judge of Clinton county. Closely identified with the business and educational interests of Plattsburgh, he has a bright future before him.

No account of Plattsburgh would be complete without a mention of the man whose name will always be remembered in Northern New York.

Hon. Smith M. Weed, living in Plattsburgh from his boyhood, was educated in the common schools and at the academy. He graduated from the Harvard University Law School in 1857 and at once began active law practice in the village.

In 1865 he was first elected a member of the New York Assembly, was reelected to that body repeatedly, and was a leading spirit in every Assembly.

He brought forward and so ably supported a bill providing for a ship canal, connecting the waters of the St. Lawrence and the Hudson through Lake Champlain (a great work which is now again being agitated), that the measure passed the Assembly and was only lost by a narrow majority in the Senate.

In 1867 he was a delegate at large for the State Constitutional Convention.

Although his reputation as a leading Democrat strikes far outside of his own

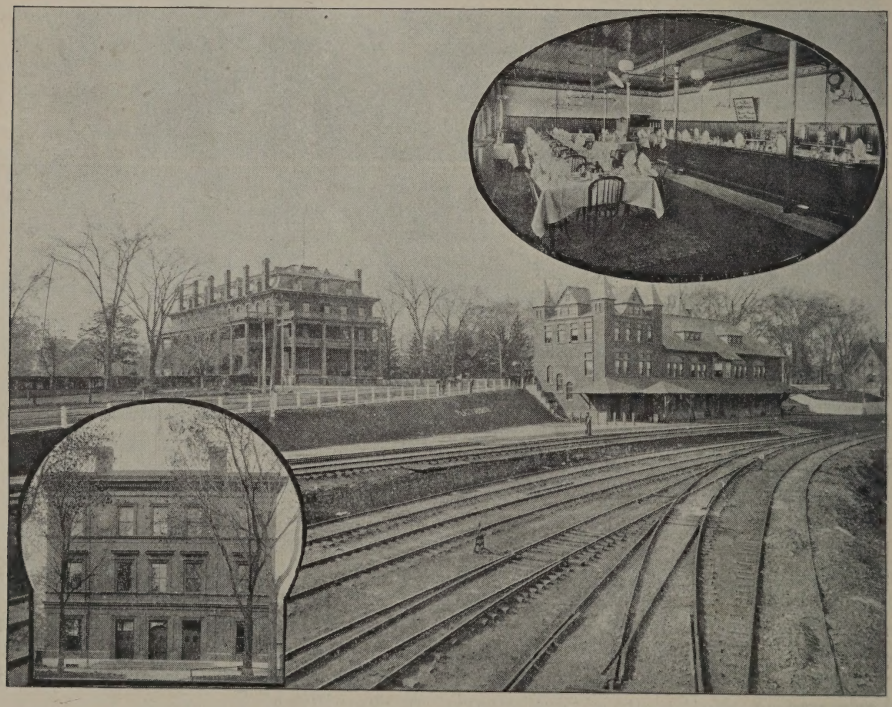
local circle into the state and nation, yet it is at home that he is best known and appreciated. Always foremost in works of public enterprise, as well as public charity, the community has learned to regard him as a leader.

He was chiefly instrumental twenty years ago in securing to Plattsburgh and the western border of the Champlain valley, direct railway communication with New York City. The Chateaugay railroad, the first to reach the great Adirondack plateau some ten years ago, was the result of his enterprise, and to his push and energy was due the opening of the great iron treasures of Lyon Mountain, one of the largest iron works of Northern New York. In everything that tends to benefit Plattsburgh, Clinton county, or Northern New York, his energies are always at the service of the public, and his purse is always open. For many years he held Bluff Point against the destructive axe of the lumberman, foreseeing the time when it would be needed for better purposes, and now it is the site of the great "Hotel Champlain" with its sylvan grounds adjoining those of Cliff Farm, the future home of the Champlain Summer School.

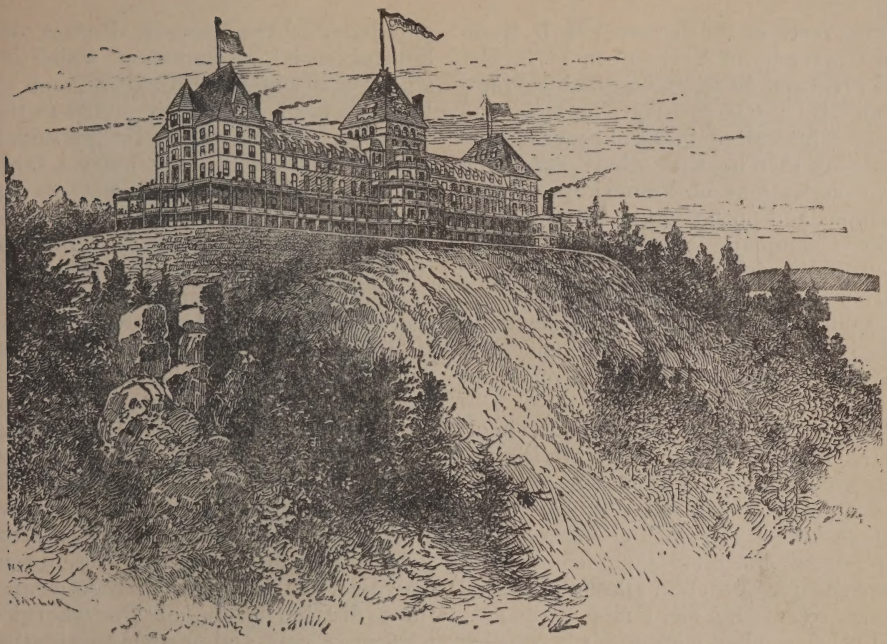
The foremost individuals in Plattsburgh concerned with bringing the Summer School to Cliff Farm (known also as the Armstrong Farm) are two men who are held in high respect in the village — the Very Rev. Thos. E. Walsh and Hon. John B. Riley.

When Father Walsh came to Plattsburgh in 1881, he was full of vigor and strength, but his laborious duties as vicar-general, together with the cares of his parish, have silvered his once shining black hair, and his health has been greatly impaired.

During the twelve years of his pastorate of St. John's Church, he has by his strict integrity, unblemished character,



Custom House. Railroad Station and Fouquet House. Restaurant.



THE HOTEL CHAMPLAIN, FROM THE EAST.

bright and genial disposition, uniform courtesy and unremitting labors among the poor, sick and afflicted, won the respect and confidence of all classes, irrespective of creed.

Mr. Riley, who is one of the trustees of the Champlain School, is a lawyer about forty years of age. Brought up on a farm, he was afterwards a teacher in the public schools, and served finally as superintendent of schools from 1875 to 1881. In the meantime he had been admitted to the Bar. He was elected President of the village of Plattsburgh in 1885, was reëlected in 1886, and soon afterwards was appointed superintendent of Indian schools by President Cleveland. He resigned his office to accept the office of Chief Examiner tendered by the New York State Civil Service Commision. He has recently resigned this office.

As one of the Board of Managers of the State Normal School in the village he is in close touch with the educational aims and questions of the day. In this respect he thoroughly reflects the general sentiment of all the citizens. The methods of teaching at the Normal School are of the best — which is true of the schools in Plattsburgh as a whole. The efforts of Supt. McAndrew, specialist in educational questions, are unremitting to bring them to a high standard.

During the last ten years the average attendance has increased from 893 to 1,140 pupils, and the percentage of tardiness per pupil has decreased from 2.3 to 2.6. So few cases of tardiness imply great loyalty to the schools and devotion to duty on the part of parents and pupils.

The popularity of progress in the schools is unmistakable.

Manual training has made a good start, especially in sewing and nature study and is followed up through all the grades.

The superb collections at the Normal School, obtained by Prof. Geo. H. Hudson with the zeal and enthusiasm of which only a scientist is capable, are invaluable to the teachers in natural history lessons.

In his careful work, Professor Hudson has had the inspiring help of a warm admirer, Dr. D. S. Kellogg, who is himself a student of no mean ability.

having received the degree of M. D. from the University of Vermont in 1873. He has practised in Plattsburgh since that time. By mere accident, in 1878, he became interested in local archæology, and since then he, with others, has made large collections of stone implements, weapons and pottery from the valley of Lake Champlain. As a part of his avocation he joined the American Association for the Advancement of Science in 1880. His interest in archæology led him into local history, and his private library contains numerous volumes of rare Americana.

The capstone of every public school system is the High School and in Plattsburgh the course fits pupils for college.

A number of graduates have entered college directly from the school and pupils now finishing their course are preparing for Cornell, Wellesley, Vassar, Smith, Harvard, Yale, Union, Williams, and other smaller institutions.

The good work done by the schools is in no small measure stimulated by the Normal School, the location of which in the village will always be a credit to General Stephen Moffitt and his supporters.

Born at Clintonville, in 1837, he worked on his father's farm until he engaged in service on the steamboats of the Champlain Transportation Co. In the fall of 1861 he enlisted in the army as a private and rapidly rose to be captain, lieutenant-colonel and colonel, and brevetted brigadier-general. At the second battle of Fair Oaks he lost his left leg. He has been county clerk, agent and warden of Clinton Prison, delegate at large in 1872 to the Republican National Convention, and was appointed Collector of Customs for the District of Champlain by President Grant, in 1876. In 1888 he was elected member of the State Assembly, and in 1889 was again appointed Collector of Customs.

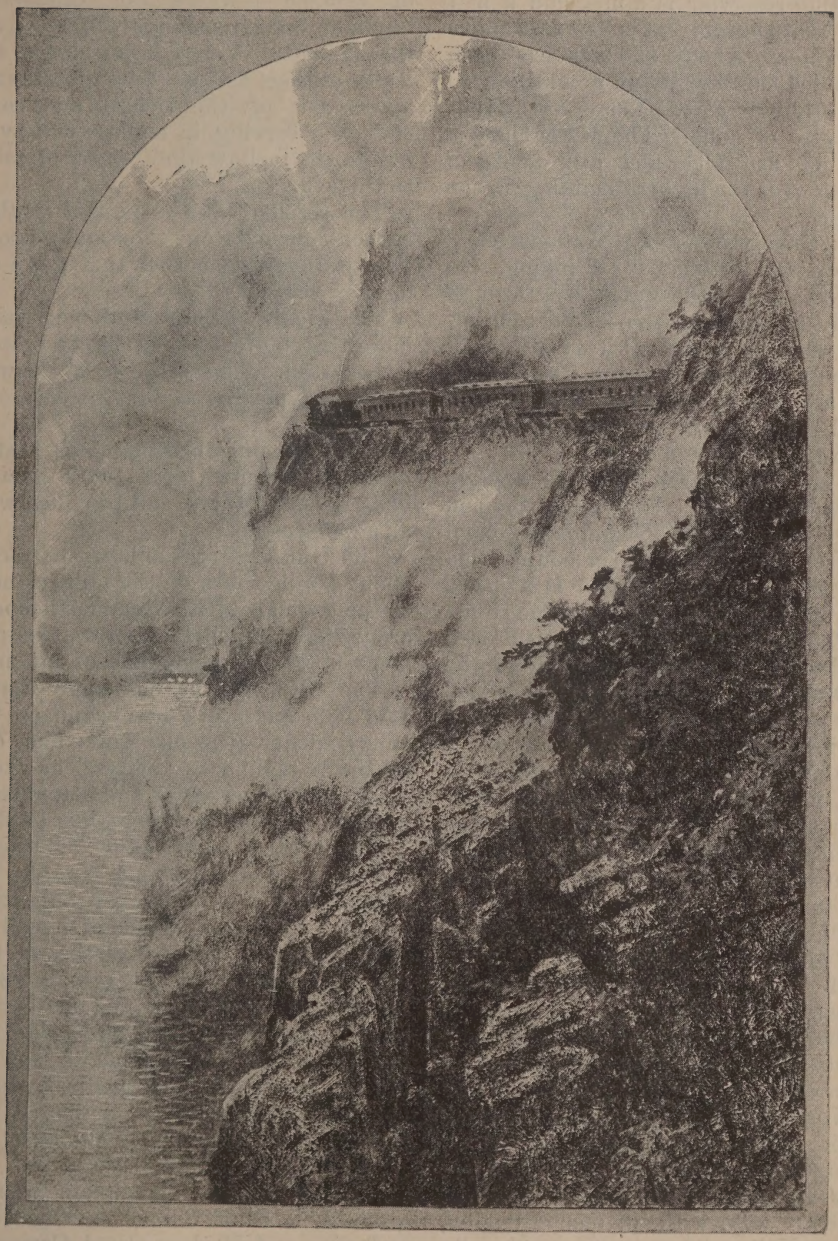
One of the ablest associates of the collector at the Custom House is Mr. John Martin, who has been Special Deputy for fifteen years, and continuously in the service of the Government since 1870. The popularity of the Lakeside Club, a delightful social organization which includes many of the prominent men of Plattsburgh, is locally attributed to the fact that Mr. Martin is the president. Some day the club may have a large and fine building. There is room for it in the village, to satisfy what is unquestionably now lacking. Perhaps the need will be met in some other way in the future. A Young Men's Christian Association building, with all the facilities of the most recent structures, or a public library, liberally endowed, would be a constant mentor and stimulus to the latent powers of the maturing young men and women. The churches, public buildings and residences of Plattsburgh testify to the liberal, benevolent and artistic spirit of its citizens.

Hon. John M. Wever, the present representative in Congress of the twenty-third district, is one of Plattsburgh's most prominent and prosperous citizens. When he was sixteen, Mr. Wever entered the Union army, serving in the Army of the Cumberland and the Army of the Ohio. His late connection with the Vilas National Bank as its cashier, covered a period of nineteen years. In 1884, Mr. Wever took a prominent part in the organization of the Merchants' National Bank of Plattsburgh, which has had a most prosperous existence.

In the fall of 1884, Mr. Wever was elected county treasurer, and reëlected in 1887. In 1890 he was elected representative in Congress, and in 1892 re-elected.

The many things which contribute to make a good town—in the popular sense of the term — are not lacking in Plattsburgh. The police and fire departments are efficient; the sewerage system is of new and thorough construction; the plan of street and road repair, and of paving, admits of rapid drainage for surface water and ensures a dry and solid roadway.

For a pure water supply in abundance Plattsburgh is justly noted. The waterworks were built in 1870 at a cost of $180,000. The source of supply is two brooks, West brook and Mead brook,



Rounding the Cliffs.

six miles from the village. The distributing reservoir is a mile and a half from Plattsburgh. It is 346 feet above tide-water. About $20,000 has been expended on the system in addition to the original cost. There are about 22 miles of pipe. The water has a head of 210 feet and can throw a stream over the highest building in the village.

The lake water — for that matter — is pure and suitable for drinking. In winter it makes the purest ice, through which the skater or the ice-boat enthusiast can look as though it were crystal. Of these there are many in Plattsburgh who are able to enjoy the sport late in April — long after the ice has broken up in the South and North.

A few Plattsburgh buildings deserve notice in passing. The High School, where some of the Champlain School lectures will be given (in conjunction with those in the theatre) is a large, well-fitted modern structure; the Home for Aged and Infirm Women, endowed by Mrs. H. H. Vilas, in memory of the late Samuel F. Vilas, is a well-designed brick structure, with a comfortable interior; the D'Youville Convent, a young ladies' boarding school and academy, is pleasantly located, with spacious playgrounds. In this institution thorough instruction is given in English, French, music, painting and domestic economy.

The Home for the Friendless is a well-equipped two-story building, in which about forty boys and girls are educated and provided for.

The court-house, one of the new county buildings costing $60,000, which has no equal in any town of the circuits of Northern New York, owes its satisfactory structure and adequate interior arrangement to Hon. S. A. Kellogg — the Justice of the Supreme Court. In his own way, without demonstration, Judge Kellogg has been continually active in those good works which every community always respects.

The most recent structure — and one of which the village has always been sadly in need — is the new Plattsburgh Theatre, built by Mr. Weed at a cost of $80,000 — where the Champlain Summer School lectures will be given this summer. The rich finishing of the walls, ceilings and galleries presents the appearance of the richest and most elaborate carving, in endless variety of design, in mellow tints, most pleasing to the eye.

The seating plan is perfect, with a capacity for over one thousand persons. The arrangement is such that there are no poor seats.

The richly decorated dome, rising more that 60 feet above the first floor, is beautiful. The stage is as commodious and perfect as that of any city theatre.

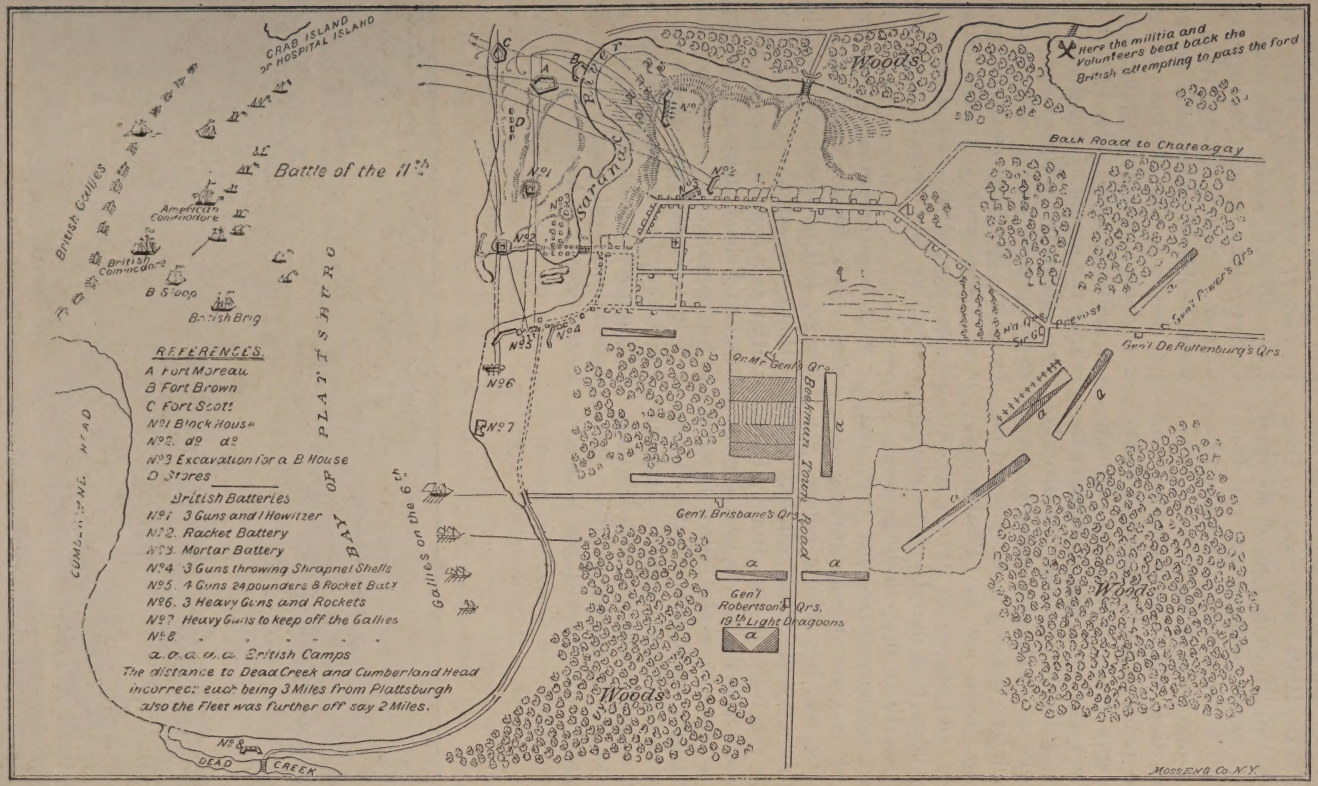
There are nine dressing-rooms, heated by steam, carpeted, fitted with electric bells, speaking tubes, and provided with all appointments.

The United States military barracks, about a mile south of the village (next to the grounds of the Summer School), are to be enlarged to receive a complement of twelve companies of infantry.

The Government has appropriated $200,000, and work has begun on the enlargement — the plans of which call for a full regiment — officers' quarters, hospital, quartermaster and commissary departments, besides the regular twelve-company barracks and other buildings.

The army department regards the Plattsburgh post as a very important one, and the future annals of it will be as valuable in military circles as the past have been. At this post in 1832, Dr. William Beaumont and his cousin Samuel, two army surgeons, made the famous scientific experiments on St. Martin, by which the medical world became familiar with the action of the gastric juice in the human stomach.

Beyond the military post, on the other side of the Champlain School grounds, is Bluff Point, on which the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company has built Hotel Champlain — one of the finest buildings in the country. Upward of $500,000 has been spent on the hotel and grounds. There are more than ten miles of drives connected with the


CRAB ISLAND
or HOSPITAL ISLAND
Battle of the 11th
British Gallies
American Commodore
British Commodore
B S Coop
British Brig
REFERENCES.
A Fort Moreau
B Fort Brown
C Fort Scott
No1 Block House
No2. do do
No3 Excavation for a B House
D Stores
British Batteries
No1 3 Guns and Howitzer
No2. Racket Battery
No3. Mortar Battery
No4 3 Guns throwing Shrapnel Shells
No5. 4 Guns 24pounders & Rocket Batty
No6. 3 Heavy Guns and Rockets
No7 Heavy Guns to keep off the Gallies
No8 " " " " "
a.a.a.a.a. British Camps
The distance to Dead Creek and Cumberland Head incorrect: each being 3 Miles from Plattsburgh also the Fleet was further off say 2 Miles.
CUMBERLAND HEAD
BAY OF PLATTSBURG
DEAD CREEK
Gallies on the 6th
SARANAC RIVER
Woods
Here the militia and Volunteers beat back the British attempting to pass the ford
Back Road to Chateagay
Gen'l Powers Qrs
Gen'l De Rottenburg's Qrs
Gen'l Brisbane's Qrs
Gen'l Robertson's Qrs. 19th Light Dragoons
Bridge Road
MOSSEN'G Co. N.Y.

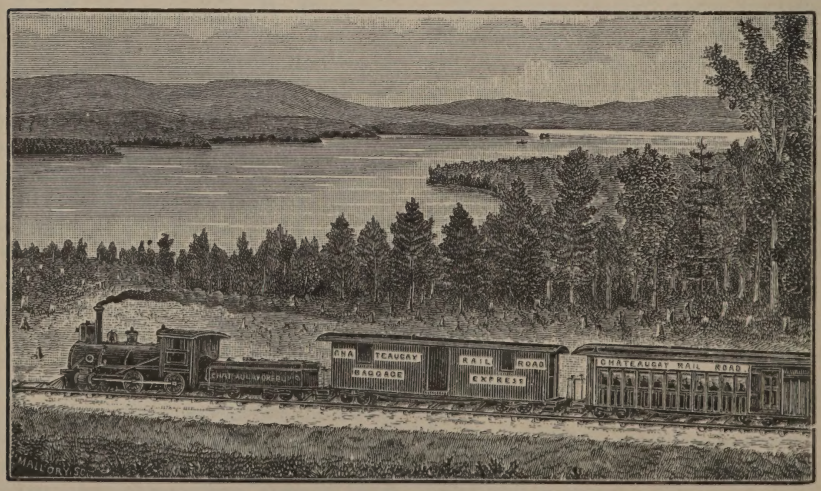
A Map of the Battle of Plattsburgh.

hotel. The company's railroad runs through the whole tract and lands passengers at the Bluff Point Station. Over this railroad, which is one of the best equipped in the country, the run from New York is made in about nine hours—or five hours from Albany.

Connecting with the Delaware and Hudson railroad at Plattsburgh is the Chateaugay road which runs through the finest part of the Adirondacks. An accomplished traveller has already described, as well as language can express it, the scenery to be enjoyed on the trip from or to Plattsburgh: "Ridges and slopes of green, broken only by lakes, that dared just to peep in view from their deep hiding-places—one vast wilderness, seamed here and there by a river whose surface you could not see, but whose course you could follow by the black winding gap through the tops of the trees. Lake Champlain, with its islands, spread away as far as the eye could follow toward the Canadas, while the distant Green Mountains rolled their granite summits along the eastern horizon, with Burlington curtained in smoke at their feet. To the northwest gleamed out here and there the lakes of the Saranac River, and farther to the west those of the Raquette; nearer by, Lake Sanford, Lake Placid, Lake Henderson, Lake Colden, shine in quiet beauty amid the solitude. Nearly thirty lakes in all were visible — some dark as polished jet, beneath the shadow of girdling mountains; others flashing out upon the limitless landscape, like smiles to relieve the gloom of the great solitude. Throughout the wide extent but three clearings were visible—all was as Nature made it. My head swam in the wondrous vision and I seemed lifted up above the earth and shown all its mountains and forests and lakes at once."

Such is the magnificent country within easy reach from Plattsburgh. As a village, full of hospitable people, it is without an equal in Northern New York; as a location for the Champlain Summer School, it cannot be surpassed in the country.

The trustees have chosen a site of which they themselves, perhaps, do not fully appreciate the value. The coming generations will say, "They builded better than they knew."



UPPER CHATEAUGAY LAKE—AS SEEN FROM THE RAILROAD.

A FAMOUS CONTROVERSY.

BY REV. THOMAS C. McGOLDRICK.

THE second edition of a remarkable book, "Mary the Mother of Christ in Prophecy and Its Fulfilment," has recently been issued from the press of Father Pusted. It is such a clear and exhaustive vindication of the position of the Blessed Virgin in Catholic worship and theology, that it deserves more than a passing notice.

The history of the book is as follows: In 1887 the Anglican bishop of New Brunswick delivered a lecture in St. John on "Misprints." In the course of his remarks he asserted that "sometimes the substitution of one letter for another made a vast difference," and as an illustration of this he referred to the words Ipse and Ipsa, "the latter word in an important passage in the Douay Bible being the foundation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception."

It was a grave charge. If he could substantiate it the results would be disastrous for the Roman Catholic Church. It would overthrow the Infallibility of the Pope and as a consequence the little town of Fredericton would become a new Bethlehem in the history of mankind, and the name of Bishop Kingdon rescued from the shades of an ignoble oblivion which are already, slowly, to be sure, but inevitably, enveloping it. Yes, the Immaculate Conception was founded on a misprint. The Popes after centuries of vigilance had been caught napping, and Infallibility was the unsubstantial fabric of a dream! But alas for Bishop Kingdon! there was in his audience a Catholic scholar who had been drinking deep draughts of Catholic theology while the Anglican bishop had been evolving his *jeux d'esprit* on misprints. After the lecture Dr. Quigley protested against the unfounded accusation. The next day through the local press, after explaining that three different readings prevailed among ecclesiastical writers, and that there was no difference in sense to the Catholic mind, he demanded an apology. The bishop was silent, but one of his ministers attempted an evasive reply. Dr. Quigley persisted in his demands and finally tiring of the procrastination, challenged bishop and vicar to a public discussion of the question. The vicar declined and the bishop vanished from the scene, his back to the enemy before the contest began — a position which he valiantly maintained during the controversy which ensued; yea, even when the Catholic lawyer was, metaphorically speaking, trampling on his vicarious and vanquished foe, "his armor soiled, his robe rent, his sword broken to the hilt."

Mr. Davenport, the ritualistic minister, although unwilling to appear on the same platform with Dr. Quigley, had, in the interests of his congregation, to make some defence. He declared that there were not three readings of the text and he challenged Mr. Quigley "to name even one old Latin Bible containing Ipsum," and he also informed his readers that "he was credibly informed that no instance is to be found in any ecclesiastical writer of even the corrupt reading Ipsa being interpreted of the Blessed Virgin before St. Bernard's time."

In answer to the first charge Dr. Quigley quoted six famous Latin Bibles, with a host of other authorities, and in answer to the second he gave the names of twenty-eight Greek or Latin writers who interpret Ipsa of the Blessed Virgin beginning with St. Ephrem, A. D. 362, and ending with St. Bernard, besides others of a later date. This concluded the technical side of the controversy.

Fair-minded Protestants who had followed the arguments of the disputants,

admitted that the illustration used by Bishop Kingdon had no foundation in fact. Mr. Davenport, discomfited, but not discouraged, then undertook to prove to the world that the Roman Catholic worship of the Blessed Virgin was idolatry, and this volume is the republication of Mr. Quigley's letters in answer to the various charges.

The volume deserves a place in every Catholic library. For the clergy it is a thesaurus of patriotic and theological erudition, and a model of scientific thought and research on the Proto-Evangel. For the laity it will be an interesting summary of the doctrine, and a refutation of the objections against the Catholic Veneration of the Blessed Virgin. At the present time it is impossible to name any other book in the English tongue which covers the ground so completely. It contains a concise notion of the Catholic dogma of the Incarnation which is the reason of Mary's exalted dignity. The devotion to the Blessed Virgin is not fantastic or modern, but coeval with the first revelation. The position of our Lady involves a certain solidarity of cause between Our Lord and herself, and she was not only interwoven with the very fibre of Christianity as a fact, but with Judaism as a religion of promise. In a series of brilliant passages Dr. Quigley discusses the prophecies, traditions of the Church and teachings of the Fathers. As an example of his style we append the closing paragraph of this portion of the work.

"If the Incarnation is the sole fountain of life, grace and benediction to all God's intelligent creatures, and some receive more and some less from that Divine Treasury — is it 'idolatry' to hold that she in whom the stupendous mystery was actually accomplished, with her own consent, received a fuller measure than others, whose consent was never asked, who approach it from afar, and only accept it by faith? If to touch even the 'garment' of her Creator and Son was to feel the might of His Divinity, so that 'virtue went out of Him' and the weak became strong,— is it 'idolatry' to say that she, who bore Him in her womb, who nourished Him at her breasts, who enfolded Him in her arms, and who caressed Him with her lips, was transfigured by a union with the Living God which 'The Seven Spirits before the Throne' would not have been able to endure, and received from the Almighty the filial embraces which the Seraphim would not have dared to accept? If at the sound of His voice the dead stood up, the winds were hushed, and the demons fled away, — is it 'idolatry' to believe that she, who listened to that voice for thirty years, speaking as it never spoke to man or angel, and revealing unimaginable abysses of light which no other creature could have seen and lived, that she derived some special benefit from what she saw and heard, and that her wisdom transcended all that human thoughts can conceive, because she alone had for her teacher the Uncreated Wisdom of God? If to look, for one brief moment, on His adorable Face, which is the Light of Heaven, would seem to us the most transporting joy which a creature could ask or obtain, what is it to have watched that Face with worshipful love day after day, and year after year — to have dwelt for weeks and months together in the same house, and sat at the same table — to have touched at one time His omnipotent Hand, at another His sacred Head — to have looked into the eyes of the God-Man and seen the movement of His divine lips — and to have done all this with an unceasing adoration, by day and by night, more perfect than ever was offered to their Almighty King by the greatest princes of the heavenly court? Is it, too, 'idolatry' to claim that these soul-dazzling thoughts suggest motives for devotion to Mary, much more the conviction that she is the Queen of angels and men, as well as the Mother of God?

"Again: If the share which He assigned to this Incomparable Creature in the work of our salvation was present to His thoughts even in the supreme hour of His agony, so that His last words from the Cross to each of His

elect was this: 'Behold thy Mother!' — is it 'idolatry' to recognize an office so set forth, to call her our Mother because she was His, and to tremble lest we forfeit the protection which He wills her to extend to all His children and hers? If she was the Mother of the *Natural* Body of Christ, which derived from her its life, and the supply of all its needs, — is it 'idolatry' to believe that He made her the Mother of His *Mystical* Body also, that the lower was included in the higher, or that He willed her to do for His Church what He made her worthy to do for Himself? If the Divine Word, by whom all things were made, '*was subject to*' His own creature, as a child is subject to his mother, and Mary ruled Him who rules the universe, — is it 'idolatry' to suppose that she has any influence over Him now, that He continues to treat her as a Mother, or that He grants requests which she presents to Him in Heaven because He obeyed so promptly those which she addressed to Him on earth? If He wrought His first miracle to give pleasure to her, and to relieve a transient pang which had moved her gentle pity, and if He did this, as she evidently knew He would, though 'the hour was not yet come,' — is it 'idolatry' to suppose that she still continues to call His attention to the wants of her clients or that He continues to supply them at her word? If His Sacred Passion was the expiation of our guilt, who were not consulted about it and neither approved nor dissuaded it, but are constantly renewing it by our sins, — is it 'idolatry' to praise and exalt her who so generously acquiesced, for the love of us, in the death of that dear Son to whom she had given birth?"

All the popular objections are marshalled in the words of his opponent and answered in a straightforward and satisfactory manner. Honest enquirers of every creed will find this work an interesting and reliable source of information.

The book is a monument to the faith and scholarship of a Catholic layman. If an ordinary reader attempted to gather information contained in this volume he would be obliged to spend years in the great libraries of the world. The author modestly says in his preface, "My occupation has been but to kneel and pick up the gems of purest ray serene" from the writings of Cardinals Wiseman, Newman, Manning; the giant Jesuits, Fathers Harper and Passaglia, and the illustrious reviewers, Doctors Ward and Brownson. The Catholic world will, however, be grateful to him for bringing together the scattered rays in whose pure white light the Mother of God stands transfigured. After a perusal of this volume we feel as if we had wandered through a temple on whose walls the Fathers and Saints had painted, with brushes dipped in the blood of their hearts, their pictures of the Virgin Mother, and we seem to hear the voices of the Catholic world chanting the immortal canticle of the Magnificat.

We may well conclude this article with the words of an eminent scholar, a member of the Church of England whose review forms the introduction to the volume:

"Mr. Quigley may adopt by 'accommodation' the language which Baronius applied to himself, 'I have trodden the wine press alone.' Without the assistance of any learned friends, he has traversed the whole field of Catholic theology. He has examined the original authorities in all the great American libraries — the Astor, Lenox, Harvard, Boston, and that of Georgetown, Washington. He has added to his own extensive collection of books the great works on the subject from Europe. The readers of his work possess in it a golden key with which to unlock the treasures of biblical and patristic learning. He has shown that all Catholic doctrines bear the notes of the Vincentian Canon — Antiquity, Universality, Consent; that when heresy has arisen, the Church has suppressed it by defining what has been the Faith from the beginning. The dogma always existed. Heresy has but drawn it out in an explicit form. Thus the Church is ever

the same. The addition to the confession of the Faith is not an addition to the Faith itself. If the result of his efforts shall be to strengthen the faithful, and to comfort the doubtful, and to restore the erring, and to remove misconceptions from the minds of those who are without the fold of the Catholic Church, he will not have labored in vain."

POLLY RAQUIN.

BY CORA STUART WHEELER.

THE name of the parrot was Polly Raquin;
She belonged to a sailor, called Thomas Rattan.
She was pretty? Oh! pretty as pretty could be;
But not so in every way perfect was she.
Thomas Rattan was a Christian man,
But wicked as pretty was Polly Raquin.

"Coffee!" (for breakfast) "quick-quick," she would cry;
Then "sugar" she'd shriek at each passer-by;
But before she could ever be possibly fed,
She'd scream, with an impudent turn of her head,
Such words, that I dare not repeat what she said.
She tumbled them out in languages four
But in every tongue, what swears she swore!

Now, Thomas Rattan knew a minister kind,
Whom Polly had driven half out of his mind
By her wicked tongue. He owned a bird,
Who knew not a single naughty bad word.
"We'll put my macaw with Polly Raquin!"
Said the parson one morning to Thomas Rattan;
"He will teach her his decent and decorous way!"
So they left them together, a week and a day.

A week and a day — it soon passed by —
They opened the door — O me! O my!
Both birds began to chatter and talk,
Shrill and shriller, with laughter and squawk.
The parson grew pale when he understood,
For nothing turned out as he thought it would.

The pious bird, in a week and a day,
Had forgotten the hymns he had learned to say,
And could hardly wait his words to outpour,
For instead of one, he spoke languages four.
"Alas!" sighed his master, "is this the end?
When a good bird makes of the bad, a friend!"
"It works that way!" said Thomas Rattan,
For he was a wise old sailor man.

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MAY, 1893.

Devotion to the Catholic Faith is Loyalty to the American Flag.

SEVENTY-THREE years ago, Sydney Smith wrote: "In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book, or goes to an American play, or looks at an American picture or statue?"

If our readers will take the trouble to glance at our offer of original water-color paintings in another part of this number of DONAHOE'S, they will see that it is our intention to place a good original American painting in twenty thousand American homes. If Sydney Smith could at this time "revisit the glimpses of the moon," he would have occasion to open his eyes in wonder, for he would behold millions of cultivated people reading American books, witnessing American plays and enjoying American paintings and sculpture. It is our purpose always to do our part in encouraging American achievements in every worthy field. In this special enterprise we seek a double result — the encouraging of American art and the promotion of Catholic literature.

As far as we are able to learn, this is the first time in the history of American publications when original work of good quality has been given as a premium. There is little doubt that the public has had a surfeit of cheap lithographs, and as the standard of American art is growing with the growth of the country, we believe that our offer will arouse practical appreciation. We submit the work we offer to the keenest, most cultured judgment. The paintings we give are worth keeping and will not go to swell the pile of useless lumber. The cynical man will look at our offer and say, "There is some catch in this." The friendly one will say, "It's good; but it can't be done." To both we answer: "The way to succeed nowadays is to do things that seem impossible. This offer of ours is one of those things. Apply the test to it."

The intrinsic value of the water-colors which DONAHOE'S is having made for its subscribers, amounting as it does to many thousands of dollars, will not in any way detract from the standard of the MAGAZINE itself. It is not a case "of where the pictures for the page atone," because the paintings are a free gift whereby we expect to increase our circulation, and consequent sphere of usefulness, very materially.

Every day we receive renewed proofs that the new DONAHOE'S was no ill-timed undertaking. Generous friends everywhere are helping us with good words. We are unwilling that any one who aids us should go without adequate testimony of our appreciation. We therefore have arranged the Art Offer made elsewhere. For each subscriber to secure another subscriber ought not to be a very difficult task. Crystallize your friendly thought into a kindly act. A splendid result will thus be attained.

In view of the treasonable utterances so boastfully made in Ulster, one can but think how prone the British Government is to tolerate in one section of Ireland what would be but the passport to a convict's garb in the other. There is no talk about applying martial law or its near relation, coercion, to the "loyal North," and ex-Chief Secretary Balfour, that specious pleader for the security of the Empire against Irish aggression, forgets his old-time rôle when Ulster is the scene of a threatened uprising; nay, more, he has the hardihood to encourage the blatant belligerency of the North. One can but think that were the same threats made by those who really represent the people of Ireland, how soon they would find an abiding place within the secure walls of Kilmainham. It makes a vast difference whose ox is gored, and a greater difference who does the goring, — in Ireland, at least.

In a recent editorial reference was made to Andrew Bun as the librettist of the opera of "The Bohemian Girl," and to the fact that how very few identify his name with the touching lyrics of that popular opera. As is true in Bun's case, so is it true in the case of the vast majority of song writers. Their names are kept in the background, while those of the composers are prominently displayed on all concert programmes. While the latter are entitled to all due credit for their portion of the work, there is neither sense nor justice in ignoring those whose poetry is equal to, and was in many cases the inspiration of, the music with which it is wedded. When more fairness is displayed by the distribution of proper credit, there will be less ignorance in regard to the names of song writers, and just as much knowledge of the composers as at present. Neither party has a right to monopolize the entire credit.

A prominent daily paper recently obtained a consensus of opinion in regard to whether or not a man should resign his seat in a street car to a lady who would otherwise have to stand. Many of the men who contributed to that symposium proceeded forthwith to argue the question, and to point out cases wherein a lady may be permitted to get what comfort she can by "hanging on to the straps." How well the very fact that man can stoop to discuss the negative side of the question shows the growing selfishness of this materialistic age. Courtesy is a spontaneous offering of a refined and chivalrous nature, and by no juggling with the word can it be made to mean the result of weighing one's own claims against those of another. Courtesy waives the point of personal convenience, and finds a pleasure in so doing that the selfishly calculating boor never can know. There was a time when a man with any pretensions to what manhood implies would not think of occupying a seat in a street car or anywhere else while a lady was standing near by, and when he would have considered it beneath his dignity to entertain the question whether or not the lady was as well able to stand as himself, leaving such pettiness to the uncultivated cad; but things have decidedly changed, when men can be found who over their own signatures will attempt to justify the playing of the part of boor. What matters it that often the recipient of a seat does not seem to appreciate the

courtesy that prompted its being resigned to her. The courtesy is there just the same, and if it be a failing in accordance with the dictum of these degenerate times, God bless the failing, for like the shortcomings of Goldsmith's father, it leans "to virtue's side."

JUST as

A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs,

so there is more of vital power in the humble and obscure deeds of genuine friendship that fill in the chinks of our daily lives, than in all the turbulence and storm of human activity. And we are continually forgetting it. A dollar stands for something positive and tangible. A kind and disinterested word or deed is intangible. And because we see as through a glass darkly, the dollar looks the bigger. But, somehow or other, when we take a good square look at both, the dollar dwindles and the kind word grows. We cannot make our ties too spiritual or call too often to mind the fact that friends are all around us if we would only recognize them.

BIGOTRY is a poor investment considered from a mere monetary point of view, and since money is the god of the professional bigot's idolatry, he lapses into profound silence when the consideration for his unreasoning spleen is withheld. Honest men can have nothing but contempt for the bigot, and pity for the poor shallow dupes upon whose credulity he trades.

LATELY, several more or less anonymous contributors to the daily press have been drawing on the vast and varied assortment of miscellaneous misinformation that such gentlemen generally possess, to prove to the American people that at home the Irish are a hard-drinking race. The implication of course is intended that, if such be the fact, they would be likely to import such habits into this country by the cargo, so to speak.

Now, the fact of the matter is that comparatively the Irish, at home, are not a hard-drinking race. The proof of this is furnished from English statistics which, according to Rev. Dr. Burns of London, an officer of the United Kingdom Alliance, show that as to the amount of liquor consumed in the United Kingdom of England, Scotland and Ireland, the English spend per year per capita $19.16, the Scotch $15.14 and the Irish only $11. Moreover, according to gallons, the English consume nearly ten times as much as the Irish, though the population of England is by no means ten times that of Ireland. Further comment seems rather superfluous and in the nature of a reflection, where none is intended or necessary.

THE woolly wig and mantle of Shakespeare's Justice Shallow appears to have descended with a thud on United States Judge E. C. Billings of New Orleans. *In re* the late strike there this Daniel in the den of Labor Lions declares general strikes to be illegal, if in any way they restrain the freedom of commerce. This capital-capitalistic, judicial, but hardly judicious, gentleman of the South, like Judge Ricks in the North, appears to be under the impression that man was made for trade. We had always supposed the reverse of the proposition to be true, and had fancied that the Liberty of Man was the ideal of a republican government, the real, divine *desideratum*, not the Freedom of Commerce. Why, even in England such poor law and

brutal insensibility towards workers from the bench would not be displayed, or if displayed by some blind devotee of vested interests as opposed to fundamental and natural rights, it would meet with such a scorching and excoriating from the press that the offending judge would wish to hide his diminished head for a long cooling period. We Americans are the most patient people in the world.

As for strikes, while we do not recommend them or believe them wise and worthy of use as a weapon, except in rare cases and under rare good guidance, there never can be and never has been in any candid mind the least doubt of their legality. True, a strike may lead to the commission of illegal acts on the part of some individuals composing it, but this does not necessarily happen. They are restraints of commerce, no doubt. But so are many things beyond the reach of courts to rectify. The decision of Judge Ricks, however, in regard to the striking railroad men has a dim glimmer of sense amid its striking absurdity. He seems to think that, because the public are instantly and vastly affected by any cessation of regular work on the part of railroad workers, a great duty to the public is owing from somewhere to prevent this kind of friction; in short, to make impossible the inconvenience and injury to the innocent people caused by a railroad strike. In this dim feeling of general public right which he displays Judge Ricks is correct. But his remedy, namely, to compel men to work on railroads willy-nilly, is wrong. It is simply slavery, and we fought, or our fathers did, to abolish that sort of thing thirty years ago.

THE development of the Irish woollen industry and the great impetus that has been given to its importation to this country has been and is one of the most hopeful signs of the industrial regeneration of the Irish people. To the late Peter White of Dublin, more than any other one man, is due the decided step forward, and his death is therefore a sad loss to his country. A devoted son of Erin, he contracted the illness which terminated his life while engaged in arousing the interest of the people in Ireland in behalf of the Irish exhibit at the World's Fair, to which the Countess of Aberdeen is rendering such loyal service. Mr. White visited this country last year to arrange for this exhibit, and made many warm friends by his earnest, patriotic and practical efforts in behalf of Ireland's industries, and his death, therefore, at this time is mourned on both sides of the Atlantic.

IN the present number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE begins a brilliant series of articles on "Thirty Years of Ireland's Battle," by one who has had a far better perspective of the momentous events than if he had been in the thickest of the actual fray. Hon. John F. Finerty's position in the councils of the Irish National League of America entitles him to speak with authority, and his intimate knowledge of Irish affairs, combined with his powers of vivid description, will lend to his reminiscences unique and lasting value. We commend to our readers, of every nationality, these fascinating pictures of one of the most memorable struggles in the world's history. They cannot fail to kindle in every heart the love of right and the hatred of wrong, while their artistic merit will appeal to all.

MASSACHUSETTS MEN OF FOREIGN BIRTH.

In the recently published historical and biographical memorial of the State entitled "Massachusetts of To-day" (Columbia Publishing Company, 611 Washington St., Boston), there is the following appreciative and just estimate of the foreign-born population of the State: Co-existent with this development of the Massachusetts citizen, there has been going on for upwards of thirty years a change in the physical complexion of the social body. Unnoticed at first, and then gradually making its numbers felt, there has come an immense immigration from European countries, an influx of foreign blood whose proportions in the census of 1890, as compared with those of the native population, are measured by the ratio of 29.4 to 70.6. This might at first glance seem an extraordinarily large percentage of foreigners, were it not that the historian Bancroft stated that in 1755 the colonies were inhabited by persons "one-fifth of whom had for their mother tongue some other language than the English."

While in some other States the character of immigrants who have arrived and are still arriving is such as very properly to alarm those who have the public interest at heart, yet it is undeniable that in the foreign-born population of this Commonwealth there is nothing which either threatens the safety of its institutions or impairs its proud title as the most progressive and most enlightened member of the sisterhood of States.

The immigration to Massachusetts has been of an exceptionally high order. The alarmist has not yet succeeded in showing that this element of the population is not just as patriotic, as intensely American, as earnest, and as jealous of the right observance of those principles which underlie the government of the State and the nation, as the descendants of the Puritans themselves. Their very reverence of those principles, as manifested frequently in the every-day life of the people, attests the God-given privileges to the enjoyment of which they have been invited, and which they have in no instance disgraced. It could not be otherwise in a Commonwealth whose pride in itself and whose public spirit and lofty patriotism quickly impress themselves upon all new-comers.

No fitter exemplification is recorded of the attitude of the foreigner in Massachusetts than the following from the pen of the late Boyle O'Reilly, himself an immigrant, and a leader of the most numerous part of the foreign-born population, and an American citizen, esteemed in all classes: —

"No treason we bring from Erin, nor bring we shame or guilt!
The sword we hold may be broken, but we have not dropped the hilt;
The wreath we bear to Columbia is twisted of thorns, not bays,
And the songs we sing are saddened by thoughts of desolate days.
But the hearts we bring for Freedom are washed in the surge of tears;
And we claim our right by a People's fight outliving a thousand years!"

The original fountain-head of population in Massachusetts flowed in a defiled stream through more than a century, and its passage accumulated so much strength and power for purity that instead of being contaminated by the alien waters which flowed into it, it clarified and purified and made sweeter those waters themselves. In all the forty-four States, there exists no happier realization of the republican idea than within the confines of Massachusetts. There has been no great race friction, no class discrimination. The red hand of anarchy has never risen to strike at the life of the people; labor riots which have disturbed other States, imperilling life and property, are, in Massachusetts, unheard of.

Here are the British-American and the Irish, the German and the French-Canadian, the Portuguese and the Pole, the Swede and the Italian, almost all the types of the races of Europe, and with them the descendants of the twenty thousand English families who settled in Massachusetts mainly between 1630 and 1640, a happy and contented industrial commercial family, whose common goal is prosperity, and moral and physical improvment.

Out of this common citizenship there will come forth, in another day and generation, a new race of Massachusetts men. Meanwhile, the liberalizing tendencies of experience will have obliterated whatever race prejudice that may exist in a latent form now. The evolution will be easy and natural; by the intermarriage of the races, which has already begun, the superior bone and sinew and the Spartan fortitude of the foreigner, and the cultured intellect and Athenian graces of the descendants of the Puritans, will be interchanged—the result will be a more perfect, more ennobling, more symmetrical manhood.

THE BREAD OF LIFE.

BY JOHN S. BROWNING.

Souls must be fed!
When Famine stalks, lean-visaged, through the land
Men pity the outstretched, imploring hand
And give it bread,
The while the people hunger, faint and die
Whom naught but bread of life can satisfy.

No empty word
Can fill the mighty world-heart with content;
Ambrosia from Olympus must be sent.
He shall be heard
Who has the mountain peaks transfigured trod,
And brings a message from the living God.

TREASURES IN OUR TRUST.

BY REV. MORTIMER EDWARD TWOMEY.

"Then burst his mighty heart—
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
. . . . . .
Great Cæsar fell."

THE human heart is ever an inspiration. It has been the poet's theme, the minstrel's song, the action of the dramatist, the study of the novelist. It has been triumphant in the battle's dangers, vanquished in the blandishments of pleasure; it has nerved to heroism the great Crusaders, as the martyrs of old; it has failed the hopeful in the hour of their victory. What a wonder, what a miracle it is — the strange, the glorious, the ignoble, the vast, the narrow, the sympathetic, the cruel, the loved and the loving human heart.

All else dies and it lives. Forgotten, it is remembered. Space and time confine it not. Fashioned for good, it seeks for evil; created for happiness, it often gropes in misery. It is will, and it is strength; it is human will, and it is weakness. It is the prey of earthly goods, and it is lost; the object of divine love, and it is saved. It reaches out and beyond itself, and it finds nothing to lay hold on; it looks above, it reaches above to where the voice of God is coming down, and it grasps secure the hand of Omnipotence.

It listens to the siren voices of the world; they have all a false ring. It hearkens to the pleading of the Great Heart of Him who came down to earth and died Redeemer, and it learns that the whole will of God in all His creation, in all the works of His Redemption, in all the persuasiveness of His benefits, is in this word: "Child, give me thy heart!"

Begin with the lowest of creation, struggle through all the grades of being, arise to the nobility of the human soul, and you find in the acme of earthly perfection, in the summit of man's admiration, the marvel of divine goodness — the human heart, the human power of free will. A magnificent physique may make only a cruel savage; a vast intellect dwell within a useless day-dreamer, or manifest itself in the tongue of a bold blasphemer, or the cold corrupter of youth; but a mighty heart makes the Leos of Rome; the Patricks and the O'Connells of Ireland; the Charlemagnes of Europe; the Washingtons of America.

Man with his broad destinies for here and hereafter, left in the hand of his own counsel, must needs direct and guide and strengthen and govern his own heart. Such power as the human will with its great capabilities for good or for evil, for uplifting or destroying, is not to be left untrained or ungoverned. The mother begins, the school continues, but the Church of God, the hand of Religion, ever guides the human heart. Mother and teacher and priest, home and school and church, have all confided to them as their supreme duty the care of the human heart, the tempering and the fashioning of the human

will; the removing from it of flaws, the development of its resources, the welding into strength of its varied forces.

Heaven and earth impose the task, and heaven and earth combine their science and their laws and their powers for the beauty and the glory and the victory. The struggle is within us and without; against ourselves in what is base, with ourselves in what is high; against the powers of darkness in what is evil, with the powers of light in what is good. With a heart educated or uneducated; with a will trained or untrained; with the pursuit of good set before him or not, as the means to a happy end, the young man enters on the duties of life.

"Every gift of God is good." The body is good; the mind is good; but the best is human liberty. Liberty! How the word thrills us! How proud we are to be free! But it is God who gives us liberty and with it gives commands and grave responsibilities; it is God who makes us free, but puts before us a destiny to be achieved; it is God who leaves before man "life or death, good or evil, that what he chooses may be given him."

Freedom is great, but it is a pearl of precious price. While we have it, we may use it; but the giver, retaining always his ownership, will seek it back from us and woe to us if we have lost the right to keep it! We are free, and thereby we are moral beings, amenable to the laws of right and wrong, to that voice speaking within us, that judgment of our own individual reason which we call Conscience, and above all to the eternal, immutable law of Nature's Creator. We are free, and thereby we are responsible; responsible to self, to neighbor, to God. We are free, and thereby capable of action for the betterment of self and of society, and for the attainment of an everlasting inheritance.

Hence morality, responsibility, duty, obligation, reward and punishment are no idle words. They are weighted down, each one with consequences fruitful for peace or for harm, for time and for eternity. The heart makes the man; the great heart makes the great man. And every one who stands at the harbor gate, before he launch out into the deep, must surely wish that each day when the sun goes down below the horizon, he may find the testimony of his own heart that it is good, and great, because a conquerer over self.

The voyage may be long, the storms be frequent; but the courageous heart must never falter, must never look back, must never despair. Some day the clouds will break, and serenity be over the face of the deep, and in the anxious, disturbed soul. Who has the will to do and dare need fear nothing. To him belongs the crown. Thus the spectacle of a young man taking his life within his hands, gazing upon it with earnest eye, reading aright its value, and setting forth to do with it and for it to its utmost powers and resources, becomes the noblest and holiest of scenes, a joy before angels and men. Like the ocean that never loses its volume; like those mines that yield ever abundantly; like the sun always giving light and never decreasing, shall be his heart, ever rich, ever bounteous, ever teeming with goodness — unexhausted and inexhaustible, a wonder to all but himself.

If he become the head of a family, the children shall rise up and bless him; if he become a statesman, history shall hand down his name as a benefactor to mankind; if religion absorb him, sanctity shall encompass

him, and in any station his word and his example shall ennoble others in life, and when he sleeps in the grave, even still shall he endure in those trained to good by his voice and his deeds. "With a strong heart and a willing mind," the journey of life must be made. Of such instruments has the state a need; with such can the Church fulfill its beneficent mission.

Man has been called a microcosm — a little world within himself. He should appreciate himself and value his individual importance. He should take himself seriously and give respect to himself, developing every faculty and resource of his physical, his mental and his moral being, never satisfied, always achieving, so that Heart within and God above him,

> "He may make his life sublime,
> And departing leave behind him,
> Foot-prints on the sands of time,
> Foot-prints that perhaps another,
> Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
> A forlorn and ship-wrecked brother,
> Seeing, may take heart again."

INSPIRATION.

THE young and struggling, though richly-gifted author, his faithful pen clasped lightly in his listless hand, and with wistful, thinking eyes looking fixedly out of the window, sits at his table, a heavy manuscript lying before him.

No one, to see the pale, reposeful countenance of this young man, could have the faintest suspicion of his mental struggle.

He is at work upon the masterpiece of his life. His best labor and most deeply-laid plots have resulted in the manuscript before him. His brightest thoughts have been bestowed upon this effort, which he feels is the grandest of his whole life.

Feels! Nay, that word were too weak. Why, he knows it. He is a man of iron resolution; he has elected to make this the stepping-stone nearest the shore of fame, fortune and future honors. The page uppermost before him is only half-covered; yet the ink in which it is written is days old.

He has reached a difficult point in his work — one which he has tried for many days to pass. It is a fitting end to the plot upon which nearly his whole work centralizes that is lacking, and for this he racks his fevered brain and seeks in vain. Should he fail to find it his whole struggle will count as naught. He closes his eyes and dreams, waking. A voice, singing an old love ballad, comes softly in from another part of the house. The author's face softens — the drawn lines over his forehead and about his mouth disappear. It is his wife, singing as she goes about the household duties she has chosen to do for herself, as they cannot find a suitable servant. The young man's thoughts fly back to the days of his wooing — to the starlit evening when she who now brightens his home plighted with him their troth — and suddenly, amid a flow of tender memories, comes dimly the inspiration he has sought. With a glad smile he studies it — it is just what he needs — it rushes upon him now. Can he hold it?

He starts, and grasps his pen to write.

A door near by is opened and a sweet voice asks:

"Joe dear, won't you please come and baste the chicken while I wash and dress the baby?"

He stares at her blankly — and tears his curling locks in the anguish of his soul. The muse has fled with his inspiration.

— From Short Stories.

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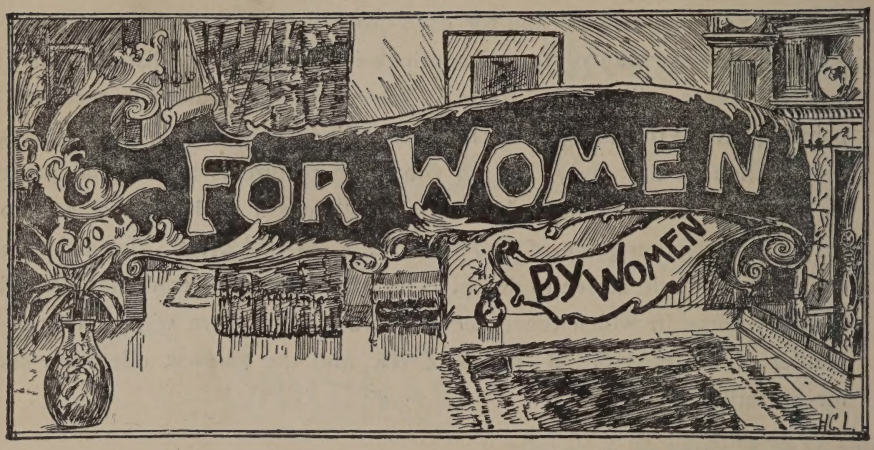


SHOULD MARRIED WOMEN WORK?

An Unmarried Woman's Opinion.

DURING the last decade such an impetus has been given to the organization of societies for the protection of the working classes that now there is scarcely a trade or profession that has not its union.

There is one important element, however, in the human family that has been ignored or at best regarded with indifference.

It is the unmarried women who have no natural protectors and who are obliged to fight the battle of life alone and unaided.

One of the most formidable difficulties these heroines have to encounter is the scarcity of work — not in reality because work is scarce, but because the situations have been monopolized by the hosts of married women, who through avarice or distaste of their domestic duties reënter the labor field where they had been employed before marriage.

Because the married woman has board, lodging and other necessary expenses secured, through her husband who is regularly employed, she can afford to work much cheaper than the unmarried, self-supporting woman and is therefore given the preference.

In dull seasons the married woman can work for the small pittance which means almost starvation to the unmarried sister. I know of a young girl who was employed in a certain tailor shop in this city who during the busy season made a fairly good salary and was able to lay by a few dollars. She boarded in a very nice locality, but when the "slack time" came many of the girls were discharged and several married women kept along because of their willingness to work at a salary that would not suffice to supply the unmarried girl with the necessaries of life even if she had been retained. The result of thus being thrown out of employment meant for the girl a shabby room in a poor locality where the blessed sunshine could not penetrate, no stove and scant food. In a few weeks the money she had saved was gone and starvation stared her in the face Luckily at this time, however, she ob-

tained employment, but her courage was well-nigh gone, and her faith in humanity pretty well shaken. What wonder if so many faint in their progress on the upward path!

The selfish, grasping married woman, who has a comfortable home and only works from choice or perhaps because she thinks she has not sufficient pocket-money to spend on foolish trifles, is the greatest enemy of her sex.

It is man's proud prerogative to supply the needs of the family, and by seeking to trespass on that right the wife unconsciously seeks to lower him from the pedestal on which God himself has placed him — the head of the home and family, the king of the little territory he has founded.

But the wrong does not cease with the injury done to the man; it is also virtually a trespass on another woman's rights.

Every wife unnecessarily figuring as a wage-earner is a purloiner of her unmarried sisters' food.

To such women I would say that after marriage a woman's proper sphere is her home; she should be queen of the household, the presiding angel, the sharer of her husband's perplexities and troubles; hers should be the task to encourage and cheer when cares press heavily upon him. There is no nobler work than to minister to the happiness of her husband and the welfare of her children. Her work is to make the partner of her life so enamored of his home that he may regard it as a miniature heaven, and a wife who strives to adorn and make home happy is a true helpmate.

Housekeeping is woman's natural vocation and she should cultivate that talent before assuming the responsibilities of the household. It is not unreasonable to suppose that when a man asks a woman to share his destiny he also proposes to provide her with board and lodging while she is ministering to his happiness and comfort, and when we see a married woman needlessly working we may safely infer that the fault does not lie with her husband.

It is said that in New York City alone there are two hundred thousand women working at various trades and of that number one hundred thousand support husbands.

In Boston married women are in the majority in the factories, and they are to be found in large numbers in stores, offices, millinery and dressmaking establishments, and every employment that is open to woman. They can be found with their unmarried sisters in every department.

Now this deplorable state of affairs naturally suggests many questions, the first generally reflecting on the quality of the men, but the most important as bearing on the women is, Should women who have drawn valueless prizes in life's lottery be allowed to compete in the labor field with their less fortunate(?) or more fastidious sisters?

There are many women who neglect their homes while perhaps they are busily engaged in arousing the interest of the public in woman's rights or getting up some scheme by which they can revolutionize society.

In hundreds of homes a servant, oftentimes young and inexperienced, is employed to attend the household affairs and "train up the children in the way they should go." In such a household breakfast is the only meal that the family take together; the husband is anxious about his train; the wife is feverish about the work awaiting her in the workshop or office that must be finished before a certain hour; the boys are bolting their food to get off to see a fight in a stable yard, and Nellie is in a hurry to find that missing kitten. All is hurry and confusion; there are no good-by kisses; no womanly admonitions against the dangers of the day.

The business woman has no time to follow her husband to the door and ask if he has his muffler with him in the event of an East wind coming up, or to entreat him to be careful of the cars, and if he has not been doing right lately she has not time to put her arms lovingly about his neck and whisper in his ear, "Now, Charlie dear, you'll be a good

boy, won't you, and come home early." She hasn't time to look straight into his eyes while pretending to close the top button of his overcoat and read there the assurance that he means to be better to-day than he was yesterday.

The days wear on wearily and disastrously for the little ones, who generally earn the reputation of being the naughtiest children in the neighborhood.

In the evening the husband comes home feeling decidedly blue and just in the mood when he needs words of sympathy. He is worried and anxious about many things, but there is no one in whom he can confide; his wife is busy at the workshop. The children are unusually cross and are clamoring for mamma. Little Din, the blue-eyed pet of the family, has sprained his ankle and mother is not here to bandage it and kiss away the pain. Estelle, who has just attained the mature age of six years, is pouting because she has not a birthday party like Clara, next door, had when she was six years old. The hired housekeeper has just given notice that she is going to leave because Maggie, the eldest daughter, is beginning to usurp her rights in the management of the household.

At this moment the mother arrives, and throwing herself on the lounge says: "Oh! I am so tired, Charlie. I have had to sew all day long on garments for the heathen children that must be sent to India by the first steamer; but then I shall not murmur as I can now purchase that elegant new suit which will make me the envy of my neighbors." Charlie does not protest, poor fellow. He knows from past experience that it would be useless. He only sighs as he thinks of what might have been.

What wonder if he reflects on how much better he would be with a less clever wife and compares the partner of his bosom with the wife of some other fellow across the way who has not sufficient business capacity to bank a dollar, much less earn one, but whose children are models of maternal care. He finds out too late, alas! that the woman he has chosen has not the instincts of motherhood, but that the greed of gain and love for the frivolities of life absorb all the gentler graces attributed to woman.

In his angered state he detects even the ring of coin in the very manner in which she speaks to the baby.

There are exceptions, however, in the ranks of working women, and many of those whom we see laboring hard are compelled to do so from necessity, and I would accord all honor to the woman who, when her husband is sick or disabled, puts her shoulder to the wheel and takes his place as bread-winner. All honor to the wife who soothes her husband in his agony and sets his anxiety at rest by her willingness and ability to procure the necessaries of life. Such a woman is a true helpmate. But of the women who unnecessarily seek to deprive the unmarried woman of the means of existence I would say they are sadly wanting in that charity which is supposed to be inherent in every human heart.

The single women should combine against this class, crowd them out, drive them back to their own territory and keep them there, compel them to look after their children, inculcate domestic felicity by freeing the labor field of these goths and vandals, and forever subdue their avaricious dispositions by a preconcerted movement.

To the husbands of America I would say: Keep your wives at home, assert your rights, be the real head and master you think you are; afford the shelter and protection that masculinity loves to boast of, and if the partners you have chosen from all the world are still refractory, then take a few lessons from the laws of domestic government in Japan and by strictly applying these means you will see that the result will be most satisfactory and in the end you will have that peace and comfort which is now denied you.

In conclusion I would say: Married women, cling to your homes; instil into the tender minds of the souls whom

God has entrusted to your care the principles of Christianity; imbue them with the love of their Creator; teach them all that is noble, and inspire them with lofty aspirations. In brief, make your home an ideal one, and though your achievements may not be written on the tablets of fame your name will increase in lustre as time goes on and will be inscribed in letters of love and veneration in the hearts of your beloved ones.

This is the most desirable reward of a true wife and mother.

AN UNMARRIED WORKING WOMAN.

What a Married Woman Thinks.

THE question given above I understand to mean, Shall married women do work outside of their homes, or other than that demanded of them as wives and housekeepers? There seems to be a popular prejudice against their doing so, and like many another popular prejudice, it is illogical, unjust and ridiculous.

Following the example of a certain noted lecturer, this may be stated in the form of numbered propositions, which are to be demonstrated. His enemies say it is easier to put propositions first and establish them afterwards, than to sum up at the end what one has proved merely. Let us try it:

1. Men who object to their wives or other women working in this way are relics of the past.

2. Such men hold the opinion of the Middle Ages that a woman should be nothing but the tail to some man's kite and do nothing but slave for him.

3. Women who object to the work of married women are generally those who have neither the energy nor ability to make a place for themselves.

4. The more good work is done in the world the more demand there is for it, and there is always room, somewhere, for real merit.

5. Not all women have the talent for housekeeping any more than all men are fitted to run a hotel.

6. Work is necessary to the happiness and development of every human being; but distasteful work is nearly as bad as idleness.

7. A woman should have the same right that a man has to choose a congenial occupation.

8. There may be many reasons why a married woman should work which do not appear on the surface.

9. Please mind your own business and let others do the same, is an admonition many would do well to heed in these matters.

First among the "remonstrants" in this hearing are the men who have been born about three hundred years too late. Strange to say, even in this *fin de siècle* age, there are to be found many men who hold to the beliefs current somewhere in the Middle Ages, that a woman's proper sphere is a cube, bounded by the walls and roof of her own home. Men of this sort set a very high value upon what they call the domestic virtues. In their opinion there is but one fitting and legitimate work for women, and that is the difficult and laborious task of housekeeping. If she does anything else, she is unwomanly or has unsexed herself, and their delicate sensibilities are shocked by the spectacle. These men have a good deal to say, usually, about the fragile tenderness of woman, and the chivalrous, protecting care of man. "About this time," as the Old Farmers' Almanac remarks, look out for a domestic tyrant. For the man who talks in this way generally allows his wife to black his boots, take care of the furnace and bring up the coal, wait on her husband by inches and take care of the children alone, doing the work of about four persons—in short, till she wears herself into an early grave. Such a man would be horrified at the idea of allowing his wife to work a few hours a day as a book-keeper or stenographer, a milliner or clerk in a shop or factory; but he looks on with subdued though unexpressed approval while she toils from early morn till long past the hour of dewy eve at household tasks. No matter how laborious or fatiguing the work, if only it be done within the

home, where she is, according to his pet phrase, "sheltered and protected."

Now, women are not all run in the same mould, any more than are men. It does not follow as a natural consequence of her sex that every woman has a taste and ability for housework, any more than it is true that every man makes a good lawyer or cobbler. The woman who frankly confesses that she knows nothing of cooking and just hates to sew, is generally looked at askance by both men and women. The universal belief is that there must be something wrong about a woman who has no instinctive love for these essentially feminine employments. But why should it be any more to the discredit of a woman that she has no talent for housekeeping and needlework than it is to a man that he knows nothing of gas-fitting and carpenteringif neither is his business? It is a very convenient thing of course if the head of the establishment is a Jack-at-all-trades, but such a man is the exception. When the locks get out of order or the frozen pipe springs a-leak, the ordinary householder sends for the locksmith and plumber, and feels that he has performed his entire duty when the bills are paid with money earned at his own chosen occupation. Why should not the same sensible course be open to women? If a married woman dislikes housekeeping, sewing and the kindred labors usually demanded of the housemother, but has the ability to do work of another sort, why should she not do so, using the income gained by her more congenial labors to pay those employed to do the other things for her? This is precisely what her husband does.

Let us take a practical illustration of the carrying out of this conservative doctrine, this "relic from barbarism." Suppose two teachers, a man and a woman, should marry. Now, teaching is as much the chosen profession, the preferred and congenial work, of one as of the other. Education, preparatory training and years of practice have fitted them for this work, one as much as the other. A complete change of occupation would be as unpleasant and difficult for one as for the other. Nobody for a moment considers it necessary for the man; but in the case of the woman public opinion expects that after her marriage she will immediately give up the practice of her profession. Indeed in some States the law forbids the employment of a married woman as a teacher in the public schools. What is the consequence? The income which was scanty enough for one before, has now to support two. In order to make both ends meet, the wife must undertake the household work. That is, she is forced to master a new occupation, say rather half a dozen new ones. She does work which is hard, unfamiliar and perhaps distasteful, exhausting time, strength and energy in a weary treadmill existence; when, if she were but allowed to continue her former employment she could earn, easily and agreeably, enough to pay for all the drudgery of the housework and leave a big balance for other things of pleasure or necessity. Now this is bad economy, a wasteful use of both people and money; but public opinion, led by the conservative man, or rather held back by him, says it is "natural" and "proper." For teachers, in the above case, read clerks, stenographers, factory hands, what you will, wage-earners of any class, the essential facts remain the same.

Other objectors are those workers of both sexes who are so mean and ungenerous in spirit as to regard every success of another as made at the expense of their own. These people are always complaining of the bread "taken from their mouths," and they argue that a married woman who can be supported by her husband, no matter how poorly, should refrain from earning money in any way, in order that others, men and single women, should have what they call "a better chance." This is neither good logic nor good morals. There is always "a chance" for honest effort, there is always, according to the old story, "room at the top," and every successful worker opens a way in which others may follow.

Then there are those who are objec-

tors because they cannot appreciate the use and beauty of work, nor the beneficent part it should play in the life of every one. Work is not an evil, it is a good, and one of the best we have in this world. We Americans, at least, insist upon the right of liberty and the pursuit of happiness for all. But in what particular is liberty of more importance than in the choice of an occupation in life? and what surer aid in the chase after happiness than a congenial and useful employment? Idleness is misery for properly constituted minds. Even criminals in their cells beg for something to do as the greatest boon to be given them. It is our work in great measure which develops character and mind, brings out hidden powers, trains brain and heart and muscle, enables one to grow to the full stature possible to the individual. Who would deny these privileges to any person, "male or female, bond or free"; that is, married or unmarried?

But the best and most conclusive reasons why married women should work outside their homes, are usually those which do not lie on the surface, but are hidden, and peculiar to each case. There are often the strongest, most pressing demands and exigencies compelling the wife to put her shoulder to the wheel by becoming a wage-earner, either permanently or temporarily, and the greater the need, usually, the more carefully is it concealed. When there is not the actual pinch and stress of need there may be the desire, which so few men seem to comprehend, of having a little money of one's very own, for which one did not have to ask even a most indulgent husband; or the wish to gratify some taste for books, or music, or art, or club-life, more expensive than would seem warranted by the husband's income; or the opportunity for helping some poorer relative, or of giving more freely in charity or to the church — these and a dozen like them are reasons sufficient why married women wish and need to engage in some money-earning occupation. Most especially in cases where the outsider sees no need for such a course, the good old rule of minding one's own business and leaving others to do the same is an excellent one to follow.

A Married Working Woman.

AS ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER.

The courage required to live up to one's convictions is greater, ten thousand times greater, than that which leads a brilliant charge in the face of an enemy. For the soldier there is the wild excitement, the inspiration of his surroundings, and, above all else, the fact that the effort is brief. The man or woman who is living out an idea or a conviction which differs from those of his or her fellows has none of these aids. There is no helpful comradeship, no excitement to buoy up the spirits, and, above all, no prospect of a triumphant end. The pressure of opposition which one forgets in sleep will be waiting for the awakening and must be resisted again all through the day and the next day and the day after that. It is a very little thing to brace one's self for a dash which will be over before one realizes it is begun. But it is quite another matter to make up one's mind to spend the rest of one's life in the effort to overcome a deathless enemy who has conquered ninety out of every hundred people who have struggled against him.

The woman who is called hopelessly unpractical sometimes saves herself from despair by her very lack of that so-called saving grace. One of these much berated persons was put, recently, in possession of a bare flat which she was to furnish and maintain herself on an income which would scarcely dress her, and which the slightest diminution of effort would materially decrease. If she had been practical she would have begun to make calculations as to the cost of furnishing, etc., with a probable result of discouragement and tears. She was, however, "one of those helpless people who never see the vital issues of a situation." So her first impulse was one of

delight in a sunny window and her first purchase a potted plant to put in it, and who can question the wisdom of her foolishness?

THERE is something really awesome in the thought that after years of married life husband and wife actually grow to resemble one another. It seems to imply a union that we cannot quite understand, a oneness, increasing day by day, that no one who merely stands on the outside and watches can even in a small measure comprehend. And yet how natural it is. The likeness of feature is always less striking than that of expression, and one's life makes itself reflected in the face. Now two people who live in and for each other, who love the same things and work for the same ends, cannot but grow alike in face as in heart. It is only, I fancy, because this real oneness is so unusual that we do not recognize it when we see it.

And is it not beautiful and altogether desirable? There are people who say it fills them with horror, that it is a terrible loss, a merging one's individuality in that of another and becoming a shadow, an echo. This is absurd. Of course the stronger individuality colors and affects the weaker. If it did not it would not be stronger; but the weaker one gains, and wouldn't you rather gain than stand still? If you had not admired the characteristics of your life partner, why did you not choose another, and if you do like them, why not make them yours? There will be a fair exchange — something given and taken on both sides, and the result will be stronger and more beautiful than either could have attained alone.

THERE isn't half so much time wasted in doing little things as in waiting for the chance of doing a big one.

Little things are what we need and long for, after all. Perhaps once a month we wish for "a million" to make our whole life and the lives of those we love, beautiful, or to endow some splendid charity, but every day comes the desire or the extra dollar which would procure a small and transient comfort or pleasure. One does not enjoy a basket of orchids once a year nearly as much as a rose once a day. All of which, being interpreted, means that we are finite and small things go to make up our daily life.

How much more important are the results of my efforts than those of any one else, and yet how indignant I would be if you were to even hint that I am an egotist.

I should think that nature would be moved out of her divine calm to actual, undignified derision of our efforts to imitate her, and to flaunt in our faces that subtle something which is hers, and which we never can catch and make ours. Take a block of artificial ice. It is absolutely clear; you can read through it. It has none of those little splinters and snow streaks which nature puts in her work and which we call flaws and strive to overcome. But the ice which men make melts in half the time. And the same rule holds good through all creation.

I DREAMED the other night that I was transparent in body and in mind, and that everybody stood around and made remarks. The first horror on awakening changed into an honest wish that it was so. If people only knew why we did things and if they could only see how long we thought over matters before arriving at what seem to them rash and unconsidered conclusions, they would not worry so about us, and then, if they could see how often our machinery does not work right and what a terrible difference a little wrong or difficult running of the engine makes, they would not be so ready to blame a bit of crossness or unreasonableness which can be traced to dyspepsia or a strain on some muscle.

IF people would only understand that Genius needs even more consideration than invalidism. I don't mean cleverness nor brilliancy nor talent, but genius. A genius cannot be phlegmatic nor even easy-going, like us common mortals. The Genius conceives a brilliant idea,

one that will revolutionize the work in hand. It comes to him in a flash, but he is obliged to call in assistance in carrying out the scheme. Now fancy how every nerve is torn by the want of comprehension, the slowness and lack of enthusiasm of those aids. When they dawdle and hang along till all the life is gone out of the idea, the Genius loses patience and relieves his mind by a little nervous English. Then everybody has something to say about his ungovernable temper. The Genius is harnessed, perhaps, working for some one else's glory. The nervous strain is terrible and wearing, and night finds him in a state of physical collapse. It is now that he needs diversion, nourishment and mental and physical rest; above all diversion. He needs nature, things that grow, warm earth and a carefully careless presentation of such things as intelligent, loving study of his mentality proves the most congenial — in fact, the care of his mental and physical well-being that a nurse would give an invalid. You bind yourself to slavery if you promise this? Perhaps you do, but slavery sometimes has compensations.

THE UNLOVELINESS OF HASTE.

WHETHER it be sweetness, or dignity, or reserve, or pretty frankness that is considered the most pleasing womanly characteristic, each and every one of them is totally incompatible with haste. The women who are always in a hurry are the ones we laugh at, indulgently perhaps, but also pityingly. They never get the full benefit of anything nor do justice to it. Life seems made up of a succession of minutes to be saved instead of hours to be enjoyed. The haste and flurry leave on face and mind traces as ireradicable as those of trouble or sin. Friends and acquaintances are kept in a chronic state of gasp and wonder. Certainly there is nothing womanly in all this.

Take life, mental and physical, with a certain amount of ease and quietness if you would get the most from it and be the highest development possible of your nature. Angles come with haste, curves from quietness. Don't switch from one room to another; move softly, and people will watch with a smile, not a pucker of the forehead. Why, even in drinking a glass of milk haste is disastrous. Milk becomes a hard, cheesey mass immediately on entering the stomach. If a whole glassful is poured in at once the big cheese can with difficulty be acted on by the gastric juices, but if sipped with deliberation the number of single cheeses formed are much more quickly affected. Think how nature silently preaches against haste. Its chief beauty is its gentle, natural evolution. Things develop; they do not burst from one stage to another. Sometimes they seem to, but that is only because the slow process has been hidden from us. Which is the rain we all look for, the sudden, dashing storm that beats down trees and flowers, washes seeds out of the ground and destroys roads, or the soft, slow deliberate shower that comes up gently, and sinks softly into the thirsty ground, refreshing everything and bringing benefit, not destruction, with it?

The loveliest music ever written is spoiled, no matter how accurate the notes and expression be reproduced, if the time is hurried. How can woman expect to be the one exception to this universal rule?

Haste is nearly always ludicrous as well as ineffectual, and what is so hard to bear as ridicule? Picture a woman running for a horsecar. She waves her bundles frantically in the air to attract the conductor, steps in some mud and spoils her boots, bumps into everybody in the way, loses her hairpins and her temper, passes a friend she wanted to see, and reaches the car all of a tremble, her fingers too shaky to hand out her fare, hat awry, dignity and womanliness gone and perhaps three minutes saved. It would serve her right if the cars were blocked for an hour at the next corner.

Haste is ungrateful also. The Lord could, had He desired, have created and peopled the earth in an instant, but He

took a whole week to do it, dwelling upon and enjoying each perfected thing, and we utterly ignore this gracious example when we fail to follow it. If the every-day matters of life were to Him worth observing deliberately, how dare we hurry by them?

A very beautiful thing in my eyes is the slowness with which the higher works of God are reproduced. The lower forms of nature and animals reproduce themselves quickly, while that which has a soul and is the image of the Creator cannot hasten. It has time given it to realize the wonderful thing which is coming to it.

Please don't think I am advocating a too slow, phlegmatic mind or body. That would be to let all that is valuable slip past us in the march of life. Keep on the alert, live with every breath and every drop of blood in your veins, use every opportunity that comes to you, but don't waste them by only nibbling a bit here and there. Make the whole loaf yours in the only true way by coming to it with an appetite born of proper exercise, not exhausting rush, and give yourself time to benefit by every morsel.

BEAUTIFUL AND INEXPENSIVE.

One of the prettiest hat-racks imaginable for a small hall, is a little affair of smoked bamboo to hang against the wall. A square mirror set in diamond-wise adorns the centre. Around this are curiously twisted hooks and arms for the accommodation of hats, while wheels and curleyques of bamboo are fixed on at all the corners. They are inexpensive and furnish a hall daintily. They are well worth the consideration of people whose friends are contemplating matrimony this spring.

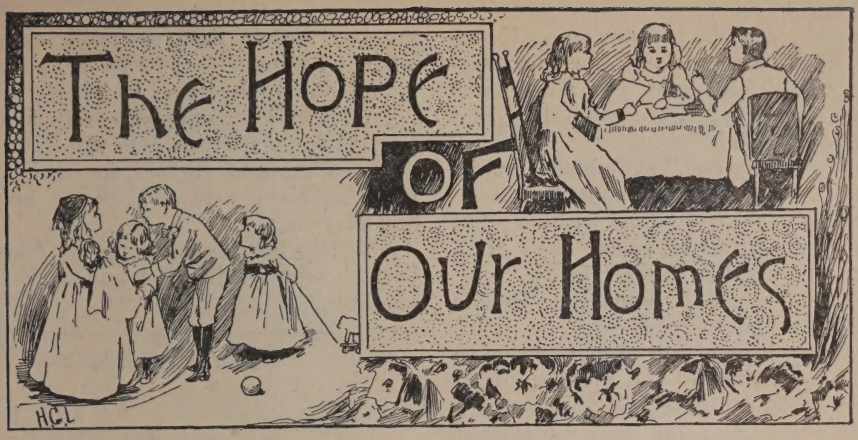
The very latest fancy is for making grills, over-doors, lamp stands and frames of all sorts out of bent iron. It sounds like a blacksmith's job, but anything more dainty and fascinating than the work cannot be imagined. The iron used comes in great rolls like a bolt of ribbon and is not much thicker. Pliers of all sorts and sizes for bending it into shapes are stored in boxes that resemble manicure cases, and the very finger tips need not be soiled. A little practice is all that is required to make the pretty things, and the result is more satisfactory by far than that produced by painters or embroiderers of corresponding skill.

College and yachting pins are among the season's novelties. The club house and private signals of yachtsmen reproduce prettily in enamel or jewels, and are more highly prized by girls than far more costly gifts.

A pretty custom is to give a child on each birthday and Christmas a silver spoon or fork marked, of course, with his or her initials. It is not an expensive gift, and by the time the small person is ready to go to housekeeping there will be a dozen of each to commence with, and a far more precious outfit than one purchased at the time could possibly be.

Did you ever frame inexpensive pictures in blotting paper? You can get it in sheets a yard square, and in lovely dull blues, tans and yellows. Don't try cutting it in strips and uniting the corners; it will look patchy so. Just cut a hole in the centre large enough for the picture, and the remnant will do for a smaller one. White blotting paper can be used for a mat. It has a peculiar softness of appearance that is very becoming to every picture. Use a very sharp knife in cutting and be sure the edges are smooth.

The newest pins by which our watches are fastened to our bodices represent a spray of flowers and leaves in enamel of the natural tints. These are too expensive ever to have the wide sale reached by the bow-knots of last season, but the dainty little inexpensive flower pins we all have can be made to answer by a little ingenuity.



LOST CHANCES.

The ants had a big day's work on hand and went at it with a will, much to the annoyance of idle Bennie.

"They're such busy little beggars," he muttered; "can't take time even to walk round a fellow, but must crawl over him." And with a quick stroke he brushed off an unlucky ant that was taking a short cut across his arm.

It is very aggravating to see others working when one is fond of shirking work, but upsetting the little artisan didn't make Bennie feel better; in fact, it made him decidedly cross, for picking himself and his burden up, the ant ran off nimbler than ever, making up for lost time.

Bennie rolled over on the grass several times, and dug holes with his heels, hoping that the ants would fall into the trap; he even clapped his hat down on a whole regiment of them carrying a joint burden, but nothing daunted, they found a way out of the difficulty and staggered along with their load.

"They won't stop even for a minute," grumbled Bennie, "so I may as well let 'em alone." And laying his head on Ponto's back he began to wonder why they were so industrious.

"They don't look as if they could do anything wonderful," mused the boy. "I'd work myself if I had anything really great to do, but there! some fellows never get a chance to be anything!"

"You are letting all your chances go by, my boy," said a voice right at his elbow, and, starting up in alarm, Bennie saw that the strangest thing had happened!

All the ants were gone and hundreds of queer little creatures were running to and fro and bobbing up and down so swiftly that the boy grew dizzy watching them.

"They don't look a bit happy," he whispered. "I wonder if they, too, want to be heroes."

"O, no!" answered the odd little elf at his elbow, "we only wanted to do some good in life. Our lot is a very sad one — we are Lost Chances."

"Lost chances," echoed Bennie; "who lost you?"

"You did," asserted the elf. "Don't you remember this morning when you were wishing to be a powerful prince?"

Bennie nodded assent.

"You were longing to open the doors of an ogre's castle, but you didn't think of opening the oven door for your tired mother; she was obliged to put down the pies and open it herself. You lost me then, Bennie — I was a chance to be helpful."

"And polite," suggested another Lost Chance. "But what can you expect of a boy who dreams of bowing low before princesses, and forgets to take off his hat to every-day ladies."

"I never thought," stammered Bennie.

"You never do think," interrupted another voice severely; "only for you I should be a good act instead of a lost

chance. You like to fancy yourself conferring favors on every one, and scattering gold broadcast, but when lame Charlie lost his fare you wouldn't lend him your nickel."

"I had only one," explained Bennie, "and wanted to buy peanuts."

"You could have done without; but you would rather be selfish than kind, so you let another chance slip by."

"I don't care," muttered Bennie sulkily; "somebody else —"

"O, yes! somebody else might have lent it," interrupted the manikin, "but when a friend refuses, one doesn't care to ask a stranger; and then you are not the only selfish person in the world."

"That's so," agreed Bennie, slightly comforted; "I'm not half a bad fellow if I only got the right things to do. But it's never my luck; now there's Will Condon got a medal for pulling another chap out of the pond, and he isn't half the swimmer that I am."

"Perhaps you were getting an accident ready the other day when you left the baby in the big bath," suggested a spry little elf, with an odd twinkle in his beady eyes.

"That wasn't my fault," asserted Bennie; "I just put him in there to keep him safe while I went to look at Jim's rabbits. How did I know that he could turn the taps."

"If you had been trustworthy he wouldn't have had the chance," said the first speaker, very gravely. "That is where all the trouble comes in, my boy. Every one of my brothers here could tell of duty neglected or opportunities wasted."

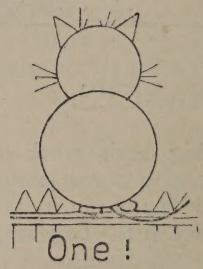
As the leader paused all the little figures rushed forward eagerly to press their charges, but waving them back, he continued: "I don't want to be hard on you, Bennie, for I know boys are careless, but the time has come when you must change if you ever mean to be anything. Give up dreaming of great deeds, and do well the little ones that come in your way. After to-day we pass out of your life forever, but every hour will bring you new chances to be upright and true, kind, helpful and courteous. Make good use of each one, my boy, and in time you will become what God intends you to be, a true man — the noblest kind of a hero."

And with a friendly farewell nod the Lost Chances trooped over the hill.

Or so thought Bennie, for when he woke only the ants and Ponto heard him exclaim:

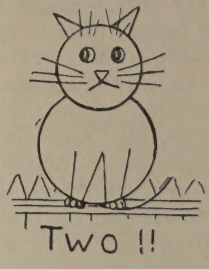
"What a good-for-nothing boy I have been! Guess I'll go home and cut kindling."

CLAY CATS.

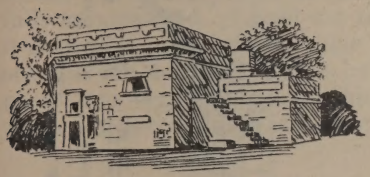


THESE pussies are for the very little people who peep into DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

The next time you are making clay marbles join a big and a little one with a wooden peg and you have the head and body put together; clay legs break off so easily that you would better use cloves or little twigs, and you need only put in two as the pussy's hind legs are not seen when she is sitting down; cut pasteboard ears and set them in place, then mark out eyes, nose and mouth as in the pictures. Bead eyes and a little tongue of red pasteboard make these pussies look very fine and more like "truly" ones.

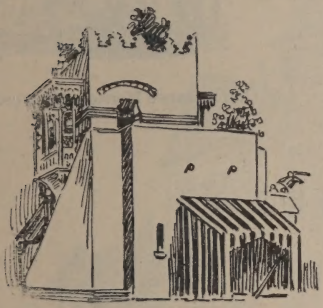


TYPES OF HOMES IN DIFFERENT AGES AND LANDS.



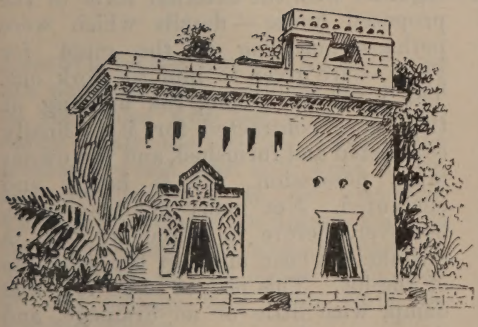
Hebrew House — About 1000 B. C.

Gallo-Roman House — About 500 A. D.

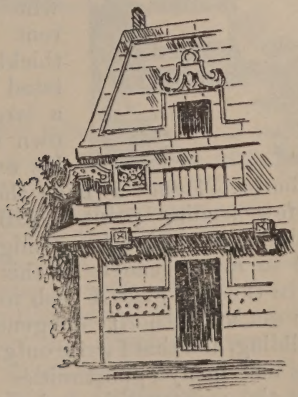


Arab House — Eleventh Century.

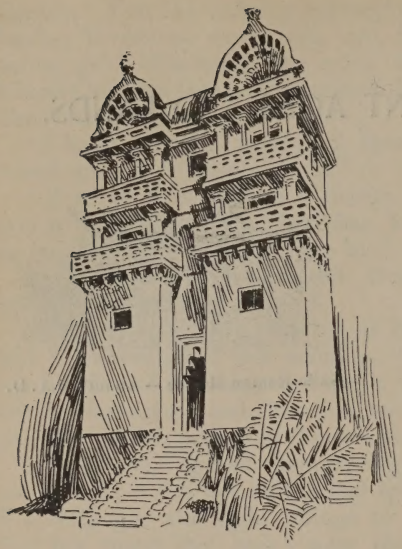
Mediæval House — Thirteenth Century.



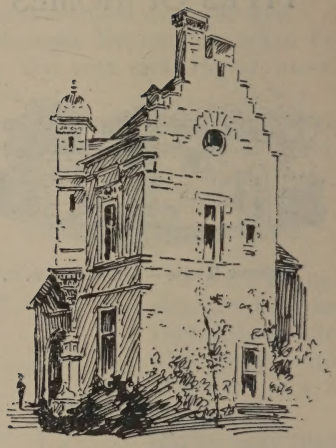
House of the Incas of Peru.



Part of Front of Mexican House



Hindoo House — About 300 B. C.



Renaissance House — Sixteenth Century

HOME BUILDING.

BY WILLIAM PEARD.

IT is the fondest dream of many an industrious, ambitious man who now pays rent in some thickly populated district of a large city, to own a home of his own in the suburbs. Hence I have thought that a few leading points relative to the building of such a home might be useful to many readers of this magazine.

In the first place I wish to say that I am not an authority on general house-building, and that I write only as one who has had many opportunities of observing the construction and arrangement of houses and cottages. The anticipation of building a house for one's self is nearly always pleasanter than the actual experience, as many who have built homes will readily testify. A plot of land is purchased in the suburbs, and then an architect is sought out. Ideas of the internal arrangement of the rooms, closets, stairs, pantries, etc., together with the external form of the proposed house — details which were perhaps maturing in the mind for years — are given to him to work out. The plans are made, the building of the house contracted for, it is finally completed and furnished, and the owner takes possession. He is happy and contented. Not many months elapse, however, before he discovers that a mistake has been made in the selection of the lot. This proves to be low and damp, with little or no drainage, and the surrounding houses, subsequently built, are such as to depreciate all other property in the neighborhood. Too late the owner learns that too

which was hardly known in New England a decade ago. It is grown, and in very common use, in the Gulf States. It is now being shipped to all Northern ports and makes a very neat interior finish, when the grain and the various shades are carefully selected and tastefully manipulated. I need not add that it is finished in its natural color in this cottage, and not a few people have supposed it to be a hardwood, which it is not. The second and attic stories are painted in parti-colors, and all the rooms are papered. The ceilings are tinted to harmonize with the shade of wall paper. All the rooms except the kitchen are laid with soft wood floors, and are intended to be carpeted. There are handsome gas fixtures and gilt picture-hanging moulding, throughout. The contract for the entire completion of this cottage was about forty-five hundred dollars.

A.— Cost $4,500.

The cottage a perspective of which is marked B is a very neat design, and excellently arranged inside for one family. The special exterior features which may be noted are, the veranda space, which is built across the front, and returned down half-way on the side; and the bay window which runs up through two stories and is formed into a shapely tower. The roof and tower are shingled with sawed cedar shingles, and the front gable is also covered with shingles of fancy shape. I consider this a sensible plan for a moderate priced house. The front, and roof lines are graceful and well proportioned; indeed, the whole picture takes on an air of refinement and good taste. The first floor contains four rooms and an entry. The parlor, sitting and dining-rooms are connected by sliding doors, and the kitchen is of good size, with soapstone washtrays and sink, open fireplaces in the parlor and the sitting-room. All the rooms on this story are about fourteen feet square. The second story contains four bedrooms and a bathroom. In the attic story there is one large room finished, which may be used for a children's playroom or chamber, and there is considerable space unfinished here

much care cannot be exercised in the selection of a lot. In purchasing a site for a suburban home I should advise the selection of high land, not necessarily on the top of a hill, but a place which may be reached without effort, on a well-graded street, supplied with sewer and with water, gas, etc. — a spot if possible where the sun may be seen uninterruptedly all day long. Where there is a choice of sites, take one facing the south, or nearly so, as it will be found most desirable for many reasons. Restrictions on new streets, regulating the cost of houses to be erected, the distance from the street line required, and also that each house shall be built for but one family, and other similiar conditions, are often thought to be oppressive and unjust. I regard all such restrictions, however, as a positive advantage to all who intend building a home of even moderate cost, for they will avert many hidden dangers.

Having secured a plot of ground of the required size and in the locality selected, it is necessary to engage the services of an experienced architect to prepare a complete set of plans and specifications for the intended house. These are necessary, not only for the guidance of the builder in the construction and finishing of a house, but are indispensable to contractors who are invited to submit estimates. Grave and expensive mistakes are frequently made because one fails to secure the services of an architect, in order that his fees may be saved. This, it seems to me, is very unwise economy. I have known an instance, and it is by no means a rare one, where a person intending to build pointed out to a contractor a certain house a duplicate of which he desired erected on a lot of land near by, but without giving him any other instructions or plans. The opportunity for disagreement and long drawn out discussions is so apparent and so probable in this case that it goes without saying that such a method of giving instructions to a contractor should be avoided. Having given the plans and specifications to two or three responsible builders, and having received their bids, you naturally choose the lowest and sign a contract for the completion of the building. The architect's services are here again necessary in superintending the construction of the house and in passing on the quality of the various materials used by the different mechanics. His visits should be sufficiently frequent to ensure good workmanship and to prevent unnecessary delay in the fulfilling of a contract.

The accompanying illustrations are perspective views of three different cottages of varying cost. The one marked A is a typical modern cottage. It has several attractive features, notably the veranda, and the approach to it from the street. The octagonal tower on the left-hand corner and the projecting bay in the attic story, are neatly combined, and make a pleasing and somewhat artistic exterior. The house is arranged for one family. On the first story, there are front and back parlors connected by folding doors, open fireplace in the former, dining-room, kitchen, and a good-sized front entry, in which a sofa and chairs may be placed. The second story contains four chambers and a bathroom, and the attic three rooms. The room in front of the attic, which is lighted by windows in the projecting bay and tower, is of sufficient space to admit of its being used as a billiard room. The rooms on the parlor story will average about fourteen feet square. The tower chamber is the same size, and all the other rooms somewhat smaller. Electric bells and speaking tubes are in use throughout, with an annunciator in the kitchen. There is a generous supply of closet room, a pantry, a china closet, drawers, wardrobe, etc. The cellar, which is the full size of the house, has concreted floor and plastered ceiling. Here the water closet is located, and also the laundry, with soapstone tubs, and a good furnace, which heats all rooms on the first and second stories. The first or parlor story of this house is finished in cypress, a species of wood

B — Cost, $3650.

also. This cottage is trimmed throughout with whitewood, finished in its natural color, rubbed down with oil and varnish to a dull gloss. There is actually no paint used on the inside of this building except on the walls of the kitchen, bathroom, pantry and china closet. The plumbing is complete. The furnace is of the best class and heats the house admirably; the walls are papered with the latest style of paper, and the ceilings tinted in tasteful colors. Thirty-six hundred and fifty dollars was the amount paid for the entire finishing of this building.

The cottage marked C is still cheaper. The circular bay running up into the roof, and the front piazza, are the distinguishing features of this cottage. On the first floor are the parlor, dining-room and kitchen. On the second floor three bedrooms and bathroom, with the usual furnishings. The rooms are about twelve by thirteen feet. The cellar is concreted, and the ceiling is plastered, and supplied with a good working furnace. The trimmings and doors inside are of whitewood, stained to represent cherry, which gives a somewhat rich warm air to the rooms. The kitchen floors are of hard pine, and the walls of this room are wainscotted in ash, to the height of three and a half feet from the floor.

The rest of the floors are of soft wood, the stairs are constructed of selected ash and form an attractive feature of the hall. The walls are richly papered throughout and the gas fixtures are neat and appropriate. This cottage was built for twenty-five hundred dollars.

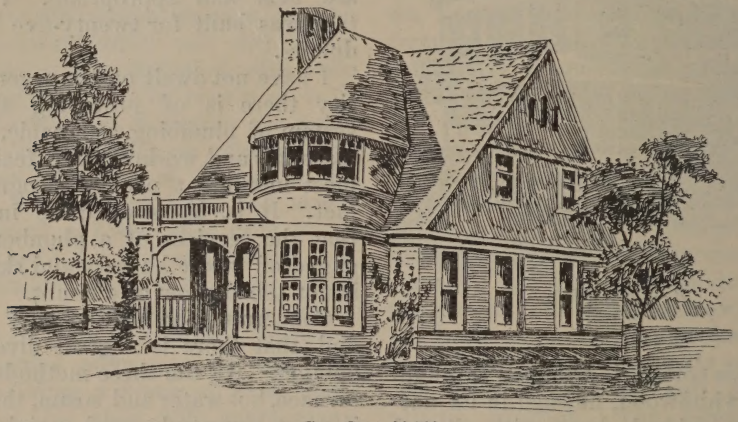
I have not dwelt on the urgent necessity there is of procuring the best system of plumbing attainable, both in materials and workmanship, feeling that most intelligent people recognize this fact. It is, however, quite important that the services of a plumber be engaged of whose honesty and skill there is not the shadow of a doubt.

Concerning the heating of a house I find that there is a great diversity of opinion. Of the three methods in use, furnace, hot water and steam, the former is most commonly used, mainly on account of its cheapness and the ease with which it is managed. The hot water system is highly spoken of by people who have it in use in their homes, but its cost is about four times that of a furnace. Steam indirectly used in furnishing heat I consider the most perfect agency yet adopted, and doubtless it would be more commonly used were it not for its extraordinary expense. The objection to a furnace consists in its being a sort of reservoir of dust which is conveyed with the hot air through pipes and registers and spreads to all parts of a house. The objection to a hot water heater is its liability to leak and get out of order at times when such disasters would cause much damage and inconvenience. There are no drawbacks that I am aware of in the introduction of an indirect steam-heating plant — except, indeed, its cost.

I have observed that within the last few years hardwood floors are being quite extensively introduced into the construction of moderate priced dwellings. It is claimed that they are cleaner and much healthier than carpeted floors. The woods commonly

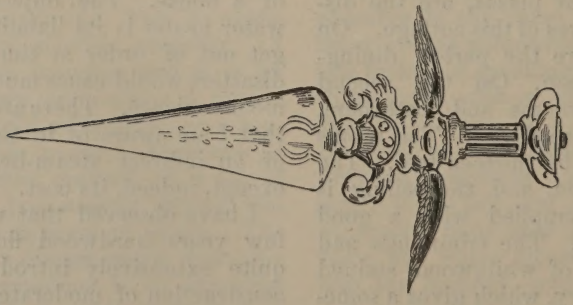
used are oak, maple or birch. Either one will make a handsome floor if the material is carefully selected and neatly laid down. Oak is the most expensive of the three woods named, and the other two are of about equal cost.

The use of French plate glass is sometimes indulged in, even in moderate priced houses, because of its absolute clearness and the rich appearance it gives to windows or front doors. Fancy colored and leaded glass is being used also in small apartments such as bath rooms, pantries, front entries, stairways, and frequently in parlors. An artistic design in many colors of leaded glass is certainly an interesting, if not a brilliant feature, giving cheeriness and beauty to any room in which it is located.



C. — Cost $2,500.

In the painting of a house, I would say procure the services of a painter in whose honesty you have confidence, one who will use pure lead and oil and who will adopt such shades of color as you may suggest or as may be deemed necessary and appropriate to the various parts of the building.



THE LIBRARY CHAIR

Katherine Conway's "A Dream of Lilies."

All great poetry, as a rule, is religious in a certain sense, inasmuch as it contains a constant, though at times veiled appeal to the noblest faculties of our nature. Religious poetry, so-called, as a rule is not so likely to engender the religious sentiment, because generally it either savors of assumption, becomes too doctrinal or dogmatic, or else drops into the mawkishness of pietistic egotism. But, fortunately, to all or nearly all the rules of experience there are exceptions. "A Dream of Lilies," published by the J. G. Cupples Co., proves to be one of these. It is a book of beautiful feeling, brought out in a style that reflects credit on Boston.

We have been somewhat familiar, for several years, with the work of its author, Miss Katherine E. Conway, one of the editors of the Boston Pilot, but we did not know before reading this little volume of religious poems what a grasp she had on the beauty as well as on the strength of our language. Sincerity and intensity without narrowness mark the thirty and more poems in this book.

There is danger in beginning to quote, danger of quoting without end, but what a world of pathetic wisdom is expressed in this, entitled "Misprized,"

"I had a lovely pearl — a wondrous one —
The rarest, purest pearl in all the land.
Oh, my dim eyes that saw not how it shone!
I dropped it in the dust, nor mourned it gone,
But kissed the flaunting flowers in my hand.

"To-day—oh, late and vain are tears or prayer!
Oh, late and vain, lost pearl, my fondest quest!
Though now, at least, I know thee radiant fair,
And now I know thee sweet beyond compare,
Now that thou shinest on another's breast."

Just one more quotation! "Success."

"Ah! know what true success is. Young hearts, dream,
Dream nobly and plan loftily, nor deem
That length of years is length of living. See!
A whole life's labor in an hour is done;
Not by world-tests the Heavenly crown is won.
To God, the man is what he means to be."

These brief extracts, and the poem "Inadequate," which we reproduce elsewhere, will serve to give our readers a hint of Miss Conway's tender and strong poetic quality. It may be justly said that her religious poems leave nothing to be desired, except more at an early date.

As a writer of touching lyrics, the name of Patrick Sarsfield Cassidy is well-known, while Mr. Cassidy is no less known for his sturdy devotion to his motherland, to whose cause he has rendered loyal service. A busy New York journalist, he has yet found time to add to his reputation as a poet the ambitious

work, "The Borrowed Bride: A Fairy Love Legend of Donegal," which has recently come from the press of Holt Brothers, New York. The story is charmingly told and evidences a familiarity with the fairy folk-lore of Ireland, and with the courteous manners and dress of the ancient Irish, that would give the work a value even had it no other claims; but in the two hundred pages Mr. Cassidy has given the most positive evidence of his poetic gift which is equal to the demands of extended narration and in which the interest never flags. There are passages of striking force and beauty, and while an occasional crude line may intrude itself upon the critical reader's attention, the work as a whole cannot but give the most positive proof of the author's equipment for such poetic romances, and inspires the hope that one who can deal so well with the folk-lore of his native country will not rest content with as ingle gem from so rich a mine, but will make many more rhythmic excursions into the same fertile and intensely interesting field.

THE sacrifice that has made Mt. Calvary the magnet of devout pilgrimages through the ages that have intervened, is too exalted a theme for the poet or historian who cannot bring to the work a mind attuned to the momentous influence of that world-redeeming event.

One must feel aright the inspiration to be drawn from Calvary and be equal to the fitting translation into words of the thoughts it inspires before presuming to attempt a task the performance of which must be measured by such a high standard, since to fail is to be stamped with the seal of the veriest presumption.

In "The Tragedy of the Ages," by Prof. William D. T. Travis, A. M., we have a work which is in no sense worthy of the sublimity of the subject, and in text and illustration this work is another evidence of the fact that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." The author is neither poet nor artist measured by this performance, and the fulsome introduction to the volume from the pen of Rev. Edward B. Hodge, D. D., is neither creditable to the literary taste nor spiritual appreciation of the latter gentleman. However well meant may have been the intention of Professor Travis, "the eminent artist, lecturer and author," as the title-page claims him to be, it would have been the part of wisdom had he been content with the past laurels upon which it is presumed his eminence is based. The text is crude and unworthy of the subject, while the illustrations are intolerably bad. On the whole, one loses patience with the presumption that finds such monumental expression in this volume.

INNUMERABLE have been the attempts of modern thought to answer Pilate's question, "What is truth?" each answer differing from all the others. How could it be otherwise, when the mind, cutting loose from the moorings of Faith, casts adrift on the boundless waters of speculation? Futile though the attempts may be to extort from the world the solution of its mystery, they nevertheless often possess a certain scientific or artistic and literary value, and thus serve some good purpose. This is the interest which attaches to "Truth in Fiction," a volume of allegories, sketches and silhouettes from the skilful pen of Paul Carus, and published by Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. He takes hold of the knotty problems of theology and philosophy and in a most fascinating way shows — that he cannot solve them. They elude him; just as they will any one who seeks, without the aid of faith, to grasp them. By far the best sketch in the collection is "The Chief's Daughter," which most vividly and yet sympathetically pictures the struggle between superstition and enlightened Christian faith.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Must Swing on the Level.

In what it implies even more than in what it asserts, the anti-boycott decision of Judge Ricks, if finally sustained, will rank among the most important and far-reaching of judicial rulings.

A combination of laborers exerted so as to interfere with the interstate commerce act is illegal according to this decision.

It therefore follows that a combination of employers so exerted as to interfere with the interstate commerce act is illegal too.

Judge White's charge at Pittsburg denouncing "combines" of capital, which was followed by the conviction of certain master builders who had formed an alliance in restraint of trade, is very significant. Although the railroad question was not directly involved, it has a decided bearing on the great issue which is now exciting such attention.

The interstate commerce bill, under which the Ricks and Taft rulings have been made, was intended primarily to protect consumers in any locality from being discriminated against in the price of necessities through the arbitrary toils of railroad combines seeking to crush out local competition.

The agitation for an interstate commerce act began in New York State, where dealers in many sections were threatened with commercial death by great railway combines should they patronize local competitors in carrying, out of which competing carriers it was sought to crush the life.

Now that the United States courts are ruling under this bill, let us see what they will do with such combinations, for instance, as those which put up the price of coal at will and levy upon the consumer, through pressure brought upon every dealer who patronizes opposition carriers. A good many people besides Judge White of Pittsburg will agree that this is an operation which has all the intent and effect of a boycott, and virtually is one.

The people are very likely to see to it in the end that what is made fish for one class of combinations shall not be made flesh for the other, and fowl for still another. The scales of justice for all classes must swing on the level. — *Boston Globe.*

The Extradition Treaty With Russia.

The extradition treaty with the Russian Government, of which the formal ratification has not yet been exchanged, continues to excite discussion. Mr. William M. Salter, of Philadelphia, has contributed a strong paper on the subject, in which he takes the ground that an extradition treaty between a liberal government like the United States and Russian despotism could not be made on equal terms. He holds, also, that the assassination of the head of a representative Government differs essentially in its criminal character from the violent removal of a despot. In this treaty the difference is totally effaced in the provision that "an attempt" upon the life of the head of either Government, when such attempt comprises the act either of murder or of assasination or of poisoning, "shall not be considered a political offence or an act connected with such offence."

Whatever may be the ethical or political merits of the distinction upon which Mr. Salter insists, it is certain that there could be no extradition treaty with Russia at all unless it should contain the provision now in controversy. Russia would spurn the proposition of an extradition treaty which should not cover the sacred heads of the Czar and his family. The question, then, is, whether this extraditon treaty is worth the concessions which it makes. Very few fugitives from the justice of the United States ever seek an asylum in Russia. There is hardly a region on earth which the fugitive criminal would not prefer for a retreat to that watchful despotism. On the other hand many fugitives from Russia flee to this country in the belief that they can find nowhere else so safe a refuge. Most of these are offenders against the Government of the Czar, not common criminals, and would be liable to extradition under the provisions of this treaty. Conspiracies against the Government in Russia are generally construed into attempts upon the life of its head or into "acts connected with such offence." It is argued, therefore, that in negotiating the treaty with Russia this Government has made unnecessary and undue concessions to the principle of despotism. As for common fugitive criminals, the country to which they flee has a greater interest in delivering them up than has the country whence they escape to receive them. — *Philadelphia Record.*

What Will Canada Do?

Canada is in ferment. Clubs to promote the annexation movement are forming in every city. In Montreal an ex-premier boldly advocates independence. All are agreed that the present status of Canada cannot endure and that one step or the other must be taken.

It is felt that Great Britain would scarcely

oppose either. If four million Irishmen on a little island under England's very shores have scarcely been held in subjection a single year in eight centuries, if a feeble American colony went its own gait a hundred and twenty years ago, it is pretty certain that Canada has but to choose definitely her course and pursue it in peace.

But while the United States would receive Canada willingly there is a general understanding that that is not the best way. As the Federal structure leaves local problems for local solution, so the groups of States of the greater American Union will have their problems, too large for a single State to treat, in which nevertheless interference by the general congress would be clumsy and misapplied.

Our present territory and population is unwieldy for many subjects on which Congress has to treat. Congressmen are already impatient of giving time to subjects that do not touch them within two thousand miles and that they are not within two thousand miles of understanding. And the localities affected are often impatient of the well-meant efforts of these others to make laws for them. How will it be when Canada and Mexico are members of the Union?

As the Union, made up of States with a division of powers that all Europe said must be fatal, is nevertheless a nation, why may not a new league be made up of the independent American republics? Each would preserve its individuality and the risky experiment of making incongruous elements homogeneous would be avoided. Our Federal structure suggests the very basis for a larger coherent union.— *North-Western Witness.*

World's First Parliament of Religions.

OVER sixteen hundred men, eminent in the religious life and work of the world, and representing nearly all the great Christian churches and all the leading historic faiths, have accepted places on the Advisory Council of the Parliament of Religions to be held at Chicago. This great strength of support has been given it from a variety of considerations. There are those who favor it because of the aid it will bring to the study of comparative religions. Professor Max Muller's interest is doubtless derived largely from this consideration. Again, very many have favored the Parliament from the profound conviction that it would show forth the superiority and the sufficiency of some particular form of Christianity. Others have favored it from the feeling that their own religion has been misunderstood, and that they have cherished important truths which others will do well to heed. Multitudes of the more progressive and broader-minded men in Christendom have championed the Parliament from the feeling that they, as Christians, may rightly and wisely show a more brotherly spirit toward the representatives of other faiths. Furthermore, the Parliament has received the allegiance of many because they are assured that this conference will draw Christians more closely together. It is certainly a fact of historic importance, not yet fully appreciated, that the Catholic Archbishops of America, at their meeting in New York in November, 1892, took action approving the participation of the Catholic Church in the Parliament and appointed the Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, the able and liberal-minded rector of the Catholic University in Washington, to arrange with the General Committee for the proper and adequate presentation of the Catholic doctrine on the questions coming before this Parliament.— *Rev. Dr. Burrows, in Review of Reviews for April.*

THE SAINTS' CALENDAR FOR MAY.

May 1.— SS. Philip and James, Apostles. St. Philip was one of the first chosen disciples of Christ. On the way from Judea to Galilee Our Lord found Philip and said, "Follow Me." Philip straightway obeyed; and then in his zeal and charity sought to win Nathaniel also, saying, "We have found Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth;" and when Nathaniel in wonder asked, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" Philip simply answered, "Come and see," and brought him to Jesus. St. James the Less was also one of the Twelve. St. Paul tells us that he was favored by a special apparition of Christ after the Resurrection. On the dispersion of the Apostles among the nations St. James was left as Bishop of Jerusalem. He sat beside St. Peter and St. Paul at the Council of Jerusalem; and when St. Paul at a later time escaped the fury of the Jews by appealing to Cæsar, the people took vengeance on James, and crying, "The just one hath erred," stoned him to death.

May 2.—St. Athanasius, Bishop, was born in Egypt towards the end of the third century. He became Patriarch of Alexandria, and for forty-six years he bore, often well-nigh alone, the whole brunt of the Arian assault. He stood unmoved against four Roman emperors; was banished five times·

was the butt of every insult, calumny and wrong the Arians could devise, and lived in constant peril of death. In the year 373 his stormy life closed in peace. He left to the Church the whole ancient Faith, defended and explained in writings rich in thought and learning, and is honored as one of the greatest of the doctors of the Church.

May 3.— St. Catherine of Bologna, the daughter of a noble Italian family, was placed when only eleven at the court of Margaret, Princess d'Este, at Ferrara. She soon wearied of the splendors around her, and retired at the age of fourteen to serve God in religion. After some years she made her profession as a daughter of St. Clare, and was sent to found a convent of the Order at Bologna. Her humility drew Jesus into her soul, to enkindle therein the consuming fire of love. She saw in vision saints, with our Lady, and Our Lord Himself, who bade her mark the words they were singing, "*Et gloria ejus in te videbitur.*" This prophecy was verified in the extraordinary preservation of her body, which remains incorrupt to this day, sitting in her habit, and miraculously supported. Her holy death took place in 1463.

May 4.—St. Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, was born in 332. After a girlhood of singular innocence and piety, she was given in marriage to Patritius, a pagan. She at once devoted herself to his conversion, praying for him always, and winning his reverence and love by the holiness of her life and her affectionate forbearance. She was rewarded by seeing him baptized a year before his death. When her son Augustine went astray in Faith and manners, her prayers and tears were incessant. She followed him to Italy, and there by his marvellous conversion her sorrow was turned into joy. She died in the year 387.

May 5.— St. Pius V. was a Dominican friar from his fifteenth year, and as a simple religious, as inquisitor, as bishop, and as cardinal, was famous for his intrepid defence of the Church's faith and discipline, and for the spotless purity of his own life. His name before attaining to the Papal chair was Michael Ghislieri. He reformed the Roman court and capital, endeavored to obtain from the Catholic powers the recognition of the Tridentine decrees, revised the Missal and Breviary, and reformed the ecclesiastical music. Nor was he less active in protecting the Church without. We see him at the same time supporting the Catholic King of France against the Huguenot rebels, encouraging Mary, Queen of Scots, in the bitterness of her captivity, and excommunicating Elizabeth. But it was at Lepanto that the Saint's power was most manifest; there in October, 1571, by the holy league which he had formed, but still more by his prayers to the great Mother of God, the aged Pontiff crushed the Ottoman forces, and saved Christendom from the Turk. Six months later St. Pius died, having reigned but six years.

May 6.— St. John Damascene was born at Damascus in the year 690. John on the death of his father, who was vizier to the Caliph, succeeded to the office. He soon resigned his position, divided his vast riches amongst the poor, came down from his high place, and went alone and on foot to the Holy Places, and thence to St. Sabas. His great work, "On the Orthodox Faith," is the first attempt at dogmatic or scientific theology, and was a text-book and model to succeeding ages. His contemporaries named him "Chrysorrhoes," the Golden Stream, and he is the last of the Greek Fathers before the fatal schism. He died A. D. 780.

May 7. St. Stanislaus, Bishop and Martyr, was born in answer to prayer when his parents were advanced in age. Out of gratitude they educated him for the Church, and from a holy priest he became in time Bishop of Cracow. Boleslas II. was then King of Poland — a prince of good disposition, but spoilt by a long course of victory and success, he gave way to scandalous excesses. The bishop, finding all remonstrance useless, pronounced the sentence of excommunication. In defiance of the censure, on May 8, 1079, the king went down to a chapel where the bishop himself was saying Mass, and sent in three companies of soldiers to dispatch him at the altar. Each in turn came out saying they had been scared by a light from heaven. Then the king rushed in and slew the Saint at the altar with his own hand.

May 8.—St. Bernard, Friar Preacher, held in the thirteenth century the office of sacristan in the Dominican house at Santarem in Portugal, and had under his charge two boys, sons of poor parents, who daily served the Masses of the Fathers, and received in return from them such learning as they could afford. It was their custom when Mass was over to take their morning meal in a chapel near the church, in which was an image of the Infant Jesus, to whom they would offer a portion of their food; and the Holy Child would come and eat with them, teaching them the while the hidden things of Divine Love. Which, when Bernard heard, he bade them pray to Jesus thus: "Thou comest, O Lord, day by day, to us; grant that we too, and our Father Bernard, may sit as guests at Thy table." Then Jesus granted their prayer, promising that they should keep the festival of His Ascension with Him. The day came, and the boys as usual served Bernard's Mass. When it was ended the three knelt for a moment before the altar; and as they knelt a sleep came over them and they passed from the house of God on earth to His house in Heaven.

May 9.— St. Gregory Nazianzen was born of saintly parents, and was the chosen friend of St. Basil. Gregory was raised, almost by force, to the priesthood; and was in time made Bishop of Nazianzen by St. Basil, who had become Archbishop of Cæsarea. When he was fifty years old he was chosen, for his rare gifts and his conciliatory disposition, to be Patriarch of Constantinople, then distracted and laid waste by Arian and other heretics. St. Jerome boasts that he had there sat at his feet, and calls him his master and his catechist in Holy Scripture. He was persecuted by the magistrates, stoned by the rabble, and thwarted and deserted even by his brother bishops. During the second General Council he resigned his see, hoping thus to restore peace to the tormented city, and retired to his native town, where he died A. D. 390.

May 10.— St. Antoninus, Bishop, was born at Florence in 1389. After a childhood of singular holiness, he begged to be admitted into the Dominican house at Fiesole; but the Superior, to test his sincerity and perseverance, told him he must first learn by heart the book of the Decretals, containing several hundred pages. This task accomplished, Antoninus received the coveted habit in his sixteenth year. He wrote several works on theology and history, and sat as Papal Theologian at the Council of Florence. In 1446 he was compelled to accept the archbishopric of that city; and in this dignity earned for himself the title of "the Father of the Poor," for all he had was at their disposal. He died embracing the crucifix, May 2, 1459, often repeating the words, "To serve God is to reign."

May 11.— St. Francis Jerome was born in 1642 of respectable and pious parents in the kingdom of Naples, of the capital of which kingdom he afterwards became the apostle. At the age of twelve he was admitted into a community of missioners, and after having made his theological studies in Naples was ordained priest. At the age of twenty-eight he entered the Society of Jesus, and after a most fervent novitiate became a professed father and a pattern of religious observance. He was appointed Prefect of the Missions in Naples, where his zeal for God's glory and the souls of men made him a model for missioners. God repeatedly confirmed the preaching of His servant by astounding miracles. He died in the professed house of the Society in Naples in his seventy-fourth year.

May 12.— St. Cyril of Jerusalem was ordained priest by St. Maximus, who gave him the important charge of instructing and preparing the candidates for baptism. On the death of St. Maximus he was chosen Bishop of Jerusalem. At the beginning of his episcopate a cross was seen in the air, reaching from Mount Calvary to Mount Olivet, and so bright that it shone at noonday. St. Cyril gave an account of it to the emperor; and the faithful regarded it as a presage of victory over the Arian heretics. Like the other great bishops of his time he was persecuted, but on the death of the Arian Emperor Valens he returned to Jerusalem. He was present at the second General Council at Constantinople, and died in peace A. D. 386, after a troubled episcopate of thirty-five years.

May 13.— SS. Abraham and Mary. Abraham was a rich nobleman of Edessa. At his parents' desire he married, but escaped to a cell near the city as soon as the feast was over. Entreaties were of no avail. He walled up the cell door, leaving only a small window through which he received his food. There for fifty years he sang God's praises and implored mercy for himself and for all men. His brother died, leaving an only daughter, Mary, to the Saint's care. He placed her in a cell near his own, and devoted himself to training her in perfection. After twenty years of innocence she fell and fled in despair to a distant city, where she drowned the voice of conscience in sin. The Saint and his friend St. Ephrem prayed earnestly for her during two years. Then he went disguised to seek the lost sheep, and had the joy of bringing her back to the desert a true penitent. She received the gift of miracles, and her countenance after death shone as the sun. St. Abraham died five years before her, about A. D. 360.

May 14.—St. Boniface, Martyr, who after a life of sin went from Rome to the East, where the persecution of Diocletian was raging, to seek relics of the martyrs to place in costly shrines and to obtain grace through their prayers. At Tarsus he found himself in the thick of the persecution. He saw the confessors suspended head downwards in the fire, torn with hooks, stretched on the rack. He kissed their feet and begged their intercession, till these marks of reverence drew the eyes of the persecutors upon him, and he was himself apprehended, tortured and beheaded.

May 15.— SS. Peter and Dionysia, two martyrs who suffered in the Decian persecution at Lampsacus, Asia Minor.

May 16.— St. John Nepomucen was born in answer to prayer A. D. 1330, of poor parents, at Nepomuc in Bohemia. In gratitude they consecrated him to God; and his holy life as a priest led to his appointment as chaplain to the court of the Emperor Wenceslas, where he converted numbers by his preaching and example. Amongst those who sought his advice was the empress, who suffered much from her husband's unfounded jealousy. St. John taught her to bear her cross with joy; but her piety only incensed the emperor, and he tried to extort her confessions from the

Saint. He was racked and burnt with torches; but no words, save Jesus and Mary, fell from his lips. At last set free, he spent his time in preaching, and preparing for the death he knew to be at hand. On Ascension eve, May 16, Wenceslas, after a final and fruitless attempt to move his constancy, ordered him to be cast into the river, and that night the martyr's hands and feet were bound, and he was thrown from the bridge of Prague. As he died a heavenly light shining on the water discovered the body, which was buried with the honors due to a Saint.

May 17.— St. Paschal Baylon, from a child seemed to have been marked out for the service of God; and amidst his daily labors he found time to instruct and evangelize the rude herdsmen who kept their flocks on the hills of Aragon. At the age of twenty-four he entered the Franciscan Order, in which, however, he remained, from humility, a simple lay-brother, and occupied himself, by preference, with the roughest and most servile tasks. He was distinguished by an ardent love and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. He died in the odor of sanctity, May 15, 1592.

May 18.— St. Theodotus, Martyr, was an innkeeper at Ancyra in Asia Minor. He was a married man, but given to prayer and mortification, and on fire with zeal for souls. In the persecution of Diocletian he confirmed the faith of the confessors by prayer and good advice. He made even his occupation an outlet for his zeal. It was this zeal for souls which won him the crown of martyrdom. Seven Christian virgins had been apprehended, and Theodotus remained praying for them, till he got the news of their victory. Next night one of these virgin martyrs appeared to him, told him how to recover her own body and those of her companions, and assured him that his own end was near. He did indeed recover the sacred relics; but in doing so he was betrayed by an apostate Christian. He died in the year 303, after awful torments, strengthened and confirmed by Jesus Christ, Himself the zealous Lover of souls.

May 19.— St. Dunstan, Bishop, was educated by the Irish monks of Glastonbury. He there acquired great learning, and also a cultivated taste for music, painting and metal-work. After long hesitation between the world and the cloister a grievous sickness led him to choose the monk's cowl, which he received from his uncle St. Elphege, and in the year 960 became Archbishop of Canterbury. With the zealous coöperation of SS. Oswald and Ethelwold, his brethren in the cloister, whom he promoted to the episcopate, Dunstan raised the clergy of England from a state of ignorance and laxity. He defended the poor and oppressed, watched over the court and the nobles. On Ascension eve he sang Pontifical Mass for the last time, thrice preached to the people, and concluded by asking their prayers, as his hour was nigh. On the Saturday following he received the last Sacraments, and after giving thanks breathed out his soul to God A. D. 988.

May 20.— St. Bernardine of Siena. In 1408, St. Vincent Ferrer once suddenly interrupted his sermon to declare that there was among his hearers a young Franciscan who would be one day a greater preacher than himself, and would be set before him in honor by the Church. This unknown friar was Bernardine. Of noble birth, he had spent his youth in works of mercy, and had then entered religion. He raised his voice in turn against the civil strife, licentiousness and superstitions of his time, and by his burning words and by the power of the Holy Name of Jesus, which he displayed on a tablet at the end of his sermons, obtained miraculous conversions. The Feast of the Holy Name commemorates at once his sufferings and his triumph. He died on Ascension eve, 1444, while his brethren were chanting the antiphon: "Father, I have manifested Thy Name to men."

May 21— St. Felix of Cantalice was born in 1513. His boyhood and youth were spent in keeping cattle and in the labors of the fields. His greatest joy was to visit the Blessed Sacrament. At the age of thirty years, hearing of the lives of the Desert Fathers, he longed to imitate them, and asked admittance as a lay-brother into the Capuchin Order. He redoubled his prayers and thanksgivings, and added many austerities beyond the rule, and spent most of the night in prayer. St. Philip greatly loved Felix, and it was by the advice of St. Philip that St. Charles Borromeo induced Felix to revise the rules he had drawn up for his Oblate Fathers. Felix expired, full of joy, in 1587.

May 22.— Venerable John Baptist de la Salle from his earliest childhood longed to be a priest, but he was twenty-seven years of age before his ordination took place. At Rheims, where he had a canonry, he commenced the Institute of Christian Brothers. New members gathered rapidly, and teachers and scholars led holy lives. Yet the saint had powerful enemies. Through their influence he was deposed from his superiorship, deprived of his revenues, and a rebellion stirred up among his subjects. He left his cause in the hands of God, and after ten years' patient waiting found himself unanimously elected general, and his institute firmly established. He died A. D. 1719.

May 23.— Blessed Crispin of Viterbo. Although he had received a liberal education, his humility made him fear to become a

priest, and at the age of twenty-four he craved admission as a lay-brother amongst the Capuchins. Frequently employed to gather alms for his convent, he would teach the Christian doctrine to children in the streets, together with little canticles he himself composed in Mary's honor. For this reason he was commonly called "the Apostle of Mary." Oil from the lamp which he kept burning before his simple image of Mary, or flowers from her altar, were so efficacious in sicknesses that it was commonly said, "The oil and flowers of Brother Crispin do more good than all doctors' stuff." He died in Rome at the age of eighty-two.

May 24.— St. Mary of Egypt. At the tender age of twelve Mary left her father's house that she might sin without restraint, and for seventeen years she lived in shame at Alexandria. Then she accompanied a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and entangled many in grievous sin. She was in that city on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, and went with the crowd to the church which contained the precious wood. The rest entered and adored; but Mary was invisibly held back. In that instant her misery and pollution burst upon her. Turning to the Immaculate Mother, whose picture faced her in the porch, she vowed thenceforth to do penance if she might enter and stand like Magdalen beside the Cross. Then she entered in. As she knelt before our Lady on leaving the church a voice came to her which said, "Pass over Jordan, and thou shalt find rest." She went into the wilderness, and there, in 1420, forty-seven years after, the Abbot Zosimus met her. At her request he brought her on Holy Thursday the Sacred Body of Christ. She bade him return again after a year, and this time he found her corpse upon the sand, with an inscription saying, "Bury here the body of Mary the sinner."

May 25.— St. Gregory VII., by name Hildebrand, was born in Tuscany about the year 1013. He was educated in Rome. From thence he went to France and became a monk at Cluny. Afterward he returned to Rome, and for many years filled high trusts of the Holy See. He was elected Pope in 1073, and at once called upon the pastors of the Catholic world to lay down their lives rather than betray laws of God to the will of princes. He excommunicated the Cenci and was thrown into prison, but was rescued by the people. Next Henry IV., Emperor of Germany, after openly relapsing into simony, pretended to depose the Pope. Gregory excommunicated the emperor. His subjects turned against him, and at last he sought absolution of Gregory at Canossa. But he did not persevere. He set up an antipope, and besieged Gregory in the castle of St. Angelo. The aged Pontiff was obliged to flee, and died in exile A. D. 1085.

May 26.— St. Philip Neri was one of the noble line of Saints raised up by God in the sixteenth century to console and bless His Church. He would have gone to India, but God reserved him for Rome. There he went on simply from day to day, drawing souls to Jesus, exercising them in mortification and charity, and binding them together by cheerful devotions; thus, unconsciously to himself, unde rthe hands of Mary, as he said, the Oratory grew up, and all Rome was pervaded and transformed by its spirit.

May 27.— St. Bademus, Martyr, suffered about the year 377 in the persecution that was still raging against the Christians in Persia. Bademus was abbot of a monastery, having left wealth and rank for the poverty of a religious life. Nersan, an apostate, having denied Christ for love of life, was in prison, but was offered liberty if he would slay the Saint who was brought to his cell. Nersan took the sword in his hand, but trembled at the enormity of the crime he was about to commit. The Saint himself was touched with pity. "Poor man," he said, "I am ready to die, but not at your hands." But it was all in vain. Again and again Nersan struck Bademus with trembling hand till the work was done.

May 28.— Venerable Cæsar de Bus fought under Charles IX., preserving his innocence amidst all the license of war, but in the peace which followed he lost his fervor and fell into evil ways. One day he left his house on some purpose of pleasure, and fell fainting to the ground. This was the moment of his conversion. It cost him much to confess Christ where he had hitherto denied Him, but by the grace of God he triumphed over his fear of the world, and became a priest. With the help of Archbishop Tarugi, the disciple of St. Philip Neri, he founded at Avignon the Congregation of Christian Doctrine, a community of secular priests for the education of the poor. Fiery trials tested his constancy. For twenty-five years he was haunted with the memories of his evil life.

May 29.— St. Sisinnius and Companions, who suffered martyrdom near Trent towards the end of the fourth century. These saints were Sisinnius, Martyrius and Alexander. Sisinnius was beaten to death with cudgels, Martyrius was dragge dover sharp stones till he expired, and Alexander was cast into the flames where he had previously seen the his of bodies companions cremated.

May 30.— St. Ferdinand, King of Castile and cousin of St. Louis of France. He devoted his life to the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, and after the fall of Seville, the richest Moslem stronghold, and while Ferdinand was preparing to follow the Moors into their own land, he was seized with his last illness and died May 30, 1252, the model of a Christian soldier and of a saintly king.

In Merry Mood.

Original Verse and Prose Vagaries.

SWEET MAY.

SWEET May! that bids the orchards bloom
And warms the heart that's grown the serest,
Thou recompense for winter's gloom,
Of all spring months, indeed, the dearest,
We greet thee with a welcome note
As jocund as the piping plover's,
And gladly doff the overcoat,
Unless too shabby what it covers.

Sweet May! Thy raiment now is cast
Upon the odor-laden hours,
And Nature wakes again at last
To yield the sunshine, birds and flowers;
The world in beauty reigns complete,
As fair as we may hope to win it;
But, ah! there's bitter with the sweet,
For lo! the oysters R "not in it."

Sweet May! The brooks thy pæans sing
The while they babble in their flowing,
And trout athwart the surface spring
To glitter in the sunlight's glowing.
How to the banks the anglers haste
And spend the day in vainly trying
To land their fish — Alas! they waste
Their time and make amends by lying.

Sweet May! — but why thy claims rehearse,
Since they comprise so large a number.
To try to praise them all in verse
Would lull the reader into slumber;
Enough to know that May is here
To tempt the artists with their easels—
Dear month of beauty and of cheer,
And season also of the measles.

AN APPRECIATIVE READER.

"Does anybody laugh at his humor?"
"Yes."
"Who does?"
"He does."

LOOKING AHEAD.

Now the youth with income slender
Doth economize, indeed,
That the summer time may render
The brief outing he will need;
So he hoards his little treasure,
Bringing pallor to his cheek,
For the transitory pleasure
Just to lord it for a week.

A CONSCIENTIOUS YOUTH.

HE.— I am afraid we must part.
SHE.— Why?
HE.— Because I have taken the temperance pledge.
SHE.— What has that to do with it?
HE.— Everything. Your beauty intoxicates me.

THE STORY OF THE MONTH.

One of the significant signs of the month in Ireland, toward which country the eyes of the world are at present directed, was Lord Houghton the present viceroy's answer to the Orange blusterers of Ulster. He has issued an order limiting the importation of arms and ammunition into Ireland. This does not mean that the Lord Lieutenant is much alarmed over their threats, but is a forcible way of informing Colonel Saunderson and his pugnatious brethren that the Government will suppress any disturbance in the North just as it would in the South. Ulster has no special claims at the hands of the present Government.

The Hawaiia question, one of the most important in which the United States is concerned, owing to the action taken by Minister Stevens in supporting the provisional government of the Islands, has this month taken on a new light in view of the reversal of that action by Commissioner Blount in hauling down the American flag, and throwing the provisional government upon its own resources. This is as it should be. The policy of this Government has ever been to refrain from entangling foreign alliance, allowing to each government the privilege of managing its own affairs in its own way, and neither interfering on its own behalf nor permitting interference on the part of other nations with the national concerns of its immediate neighbors. That is its position to-day, and Commissioner Blount has given emphasis to that fact by undoing the work of the over-zealous Stevens. If the provisional government of Hawaii cannot maintain its own authority, it is discredited by that very fact and is an imposition upon the Hawaiian people that cannot be supported by the United States.

Belgium this month steps into the van of advanced nations by the concession of manhood suffrage to its masses. It does not matter that this concession was wrung from the Belgic Government by the demonstrations of the toilers; it is sufficient to know that the victory has been won, and that the people of Belgium are now upon so promising a footing. It is a happy sign of the times that the masses and not the classes are coming to the front, for the days of the privileged few are numbered. It was known that King Leopold was favorably inclined toward granting this concession; but the aristocracy, those clogs on the wheel of progress the world over, interposed their usual objection. However, they found discretion the better part of valor in the presence of the aroused and determined populace, and so Belgium to day, keeps time to the march of manhood, and the people have won their proper recognition. It is a great victory, and one that cannot be without its beneficial effect in other portions of Europe.

Zante, that earthquake-ridden isle of Greece, has again been the scene of terrible disturbance, and death, terror and ruin have followed the course of the earth tremors. The capital of the island has been almost entirely destroyed, while whole villages in the interior have succumbed to the devastating influence of the dread visitor. In this favored clime of ours, so singularly free from this species of destruction, one can hardly realize the horror of earthquakes; but there such visitations have been no uncommon occurrence, and they have lost none of their terror by reason of familiarity.

The young King Alexander of Servia has this month taken the government of his country into his own hands by breaking away from the thraldom of the regents who have thus far governed in his name. In view of the experiences

DEVOTION.

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WHERE IS COLUMBUS BURIED?

BY RICHARD H. CLARKE, LL.D.

FOUR voyages were made by Columbus to the New World, and it has always been supposed by historians that his remains made as many journeys after death; that he was first carried to the vaults of St. Francis at Valladolid, thence to the Carthusian Monastery at Seville; thence to San Domingo, and finally to Havana, his last resting-place. While sixteen cities and towns claimed the honor of giving birth to the great Admiral, just as

> Seven cities claimed great Homer dead
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread;

so now there are two great cities, two splendid cathedrals, strenuously claiming to possess the sacred deposit of the mortal remains of the discoverer of the New World. A great amount of controversy has arisen on this vexed question, and the dispute has become an international affair.

Christopher Columbus died at Valladolid on Ascension Day, May 20, 1506. His last words were, "Into Thy hands, O Lord! I commend my spirit." With modest obsequies the Franciscans buried his remains in their Church of St. Francis, of the Minors Observantines, in that city.

In 1509, or as others contend, in 1512, his body was removed to Las Cuevas, in the Carthusian Monastery at Seville. It was on this latter occasion that, according to a doubtful tradition, King Ferdinand accorded an imposing funeral to the Admiral, whom he had so wronged and neglected.

The removal to Seville, it is thought, was made preparatory to the intended removal to San Domingo, the city he had founded, in accordance with his wish. It is quite certain that the remains of Columbus, as well as those of his sons, Diego and Ferdinand, and his brother, Bartholomew, were buried at Seville; for the will of Ferdinand Columbus bears date in May, 1539, and in it he desires, if practicable, to be buried in the Cathedral at Seville. "I select it," he said, "in conse-

quence of the great devotion which my father and brother, who were Admirals of the Indies, and I myself always felt for that house, and because their bodies have for a long time been deposited there."

The removal of the remains of Columbus from Seville to San Domingo was delayed, first, by the opposition made in Spain to their removal, and second, because the Cathedral at San Domingo was not then finished. The completion of the Cathedral took place about the year 1540, or 1541, and many suppose that the removal, already long delayed, took place soon after that event, some time in the year 1541.

It is certain that the remains of Columbus had been removed to San Domingo prior to the year 1549, for in that year Archbishop Alonso de Fuenmayer of San Domingo, in an official document, said, "The tomb of the great Admiral Christopher Columbus, in which his bones lie, was greatly venerated and respected in our holy Church, in the main sanctuary." Mr. John Fiske, in his "Discovery of America," says that the removal to San Domingo took place in 1536, and such is the most usually assigned date. Mr. Winsor, in his work on Columbus, states that the removal occurred in 1541. The Rev. Arthur George Knight, of the Society of Jesus, assigns 1536 as the year, as also do Washington Irving and the Count de Lorgues. The Italian publicist, Francesco Tarducci, says: "June 2d, 1537, Dona Maria de Toledo, widow of Don Diego, son of Christopher Columbus, obtained from Charles V. permission to translate those sacred bones to San Domingo in Hispaniola. Her demand was founded on the expressed wish of the Admiral himself. As this wish of Christopher Columbus is not mentioned in any document, it is supposed that the devout woman must have given a broad interpretation to the clause of his will of 1498, where he says, 'My heir shall have a church erected on the island of Hispaniola. . . . he shall also raise a chapel where Masses may be devoutly celebrated for the repose of my soul.' However this may be, it is certain no more suitable spot could have been selected for their resting-place. They were deposited, with great solemnity, in the largest chapel of the Cathedral of San Domingo."

From 1537 to 1540 the Spanish Government issued three several orders for the removal of the remains of Columbus to San Domingo. My conjecture is that the last order of 1540 was carried into effect in 1541. No public or official record was kept of the removal to the Cathedral of San Domingo, and in the Cathedral itself no mural inscription or slab pointed out the Admiral's tomb. So public an act seemed to have needed no proofs or records. In 1676 the fact of the entombment of Columbus in the Havana Cathedral was for the first time inserted by some unknown hand in the records of the Cathedral, and the place indicated therein was the right of the altar; that is, the Gospel side. Tradition indicated the spot where Columbus was buried. The archives of the old church had been destroyed in 1585, when Sir Francis Drake captured and sacked the city, and tradition alone survived. According to this, the bodies of Christopher Columbus, and of his two sons, Diego and Luis, were all buried under the sanctuary floor of the Cathedral of San Domingo. In 1559, Las Casas, Bishop of Chiapa, friend, companion and historian of the Admiral, speaks of the fact that the remains of Columbus

were interred in that cathedral. There can be no question of the fact, for when Cromwell's fleet threatened the Island of San Domingo, the Archbishop, Francisco Pio, earnestly called upon the civil authorities to protect and cover up the monuments of the cathedral, and especially that of "the old Admiral which is on the gospel side of my holy church and chapel."

House in which Columbus Died.

In 1783 and again in 1787 Moreau de Saint-Méry, a French writer, endeavored to determine the correct location of the Admiral's tomb, but without success. His disappointment and his enthusiasm were thus eloquently expressed: "What a subject for the reflection of the philosopher! Scarcely are three hundred years past since the discovery of the New World and already we hardly know what are become of the precious remains of the sagacious, enterprising and intrepid discoverer. We see him expressing an anxious solicitude that his ashes may repose in the capital of the immense island, which first established the truth of his opinions with respect to the existence of a western hemisphere; they are transported hither posterior to

the construction of the principal edifice, the Cathedral, and yet, oh supine indifference for all that is truly noble! not a mausoleum, not a monument, not even an inscription to tell where they lie."

The next chapter in this singular history is unique and surprising. Spain having previously lost the Haytian end of the island, now by the Treaty of Basle, in 1795, was compelled to cede the San Domingo portion to France. The treaty provided that Spain might remove from San Domingo such property as she might desire. Accordingly Spain, unwilling to part with the precious remains of Columbus or to see them reposing in any other than Spanish soil, decided to remove them from the cathedral of San Domingo to the cathedral of Havana. The Duke of Veragua, the representative of the Columbus family, made the request and offered to defray the expense of the removal. Lieutenant-General Gabriel de Aristazabal obtained the permission of the Governor of San Domingo, Don Joaquin Garcia, and of the Archbishop and Chapter of the Cathedral. The King of Spain was to decide ultimately as to the final resting-place of the precious deposit.

Accordingly a Spanish fleet arrived off the harbor of San Domingo on Dec. 11, 1795, and the Lieutenant-General Aristazabal notified the French authorities of his readiness to receive the remains. On December 20 the remains were exhumed and while they lay in state a solemn High Mass was celebrated in the Cathedral of San Domingo, with grand religious ceremony and great pomp. Then the military received and escorted the remains with military honors to the Spanish brigantine, Discoverer. These august ceremonies were performed with punctilious exactness and with every demonstration of veneration, in the presence of the Regidor, Don Gregorio Savignon, the Archbishop of San Domingo, Lieutenant-General de Aristazabal, Brigadier-General Cansi, Quartermaster-General Antonio Barba, Lieutenant-Colonel de la Rocha, and many other distinguished officials. The remains were carried by the Discoverer to Ochao, and thence the San Lorenzo conveyed them to Cuba, where they arrived on the 16th of January, 1796. Here again, on the 19th, new military, civic and religious honors awaited the dead Admiral, and the remains removed from the Cathedral of San Domingo were solemnly deposited in the Cathedral of Our Lady of the Conception at Havana, and every patriotic Spaniard rejoiced at their restoration to Spanish soil.

Now the crucial question arises, Whose remains were those that were thus removed? The official act drawn up at San Domingo on this occasion, dated Dec. 20, 1895, and signed by the high dignitaries and officials present, should have settled this question by a direct declaration that the remains were in fact, as they were understood and intended to be, those of Christopher Columbus. But singularly enough, no mention is made of Christopher Columbus, nor of the person whose remains were then and there removed. It simply states, "A vault was opened which is in the sanctuary on the Gospel side, main wall and platform of the high altar, one cubic yard in size, and therein were found some thin pieces of lead about one-third wide, showing that there had been a box of said metal, and pieces of bones, as it were, of shin bones, or other parts of some deceased person: these were collected in a salver, which was filled

Cathedral of Havana.

with the earth, which, from the fragments which it contained of some small ones, and its color, was seen to belong to that corpse, and the whole was placed in a gilt leaden case with an iron lock; this was locked, and the key was delivered to the said most illustrious Archbishop, and which box is about half a yard long and broad, and somewhat more than a quarter high. This was afterwards placed in a small case lined with black velvet and trimmed with gold lace."

It is thus apparent that there was no inscription to make certain whose remains were removed, and simply because they were found on the right or Gospel side of the altar, on which side tradition located the tomb of Columbus, they were presumed to be the remains of the great Admiral, so ardently desired by the Spanish nation. But even such a presumption was not mentioned in the certificate. They were received in good faith by the Spanish authorities at Havana, and there solemnly interred.

In the Cathedral of Our Lady at Havana where the interment was made in 1796, there is erected a marble medallion of Christopher Columbus, sent from Spain by the Duke of Veragua, and on a plain marble slab is a Spanish inscription in verse, which I translate:

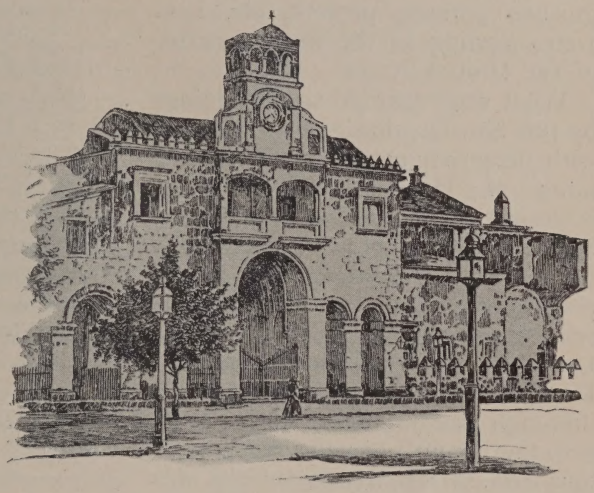
> "O remains and image of the great Columbus,
> For a thousand ages rest secured in this urn,
> And in the remembrance of our Nation."

It were cruel to disturb so fond a conviction, so apparently well settled an historical fact. But in 1877, the telegraph announced from San Domingo to the world, that the remains of Columbus had been found still reposing in the Cathedral of San Domingo. It was now asserted that the remains removed from San Domingo to Havana in 1795-96, were not the remains of Christopher Columbus, but were those of his son, Diego, and that the grave of the Admiral was found untouched and undisturbed on the Gospel side of the grand altar in the Cathedral of San Domingo.

Monsignor Rocca Cocchia, Bishop of Orope, Vicar-Apostolic of San Domingo, the first prelate of the island since the line of archbishops was broken by the negro disturbances, member of the Capuchin Order, a man of irreproachable name, learning and repute as an historian, was the ecclesiastical ruler at San Domingo at the time of the events

now about to be related. During the bishop's absence on episcopal duties, in April, 1877, the rector of the Cathedral of San Domingo, Rev. Francis Xavier de Billini, desirous of reopening the ancient door leading from the sanctuary to the sacristy on the left or Epistle side, then closed with solid masonry, removed the stone wall closing the door; and there to his surprise he found a niche containing a leaden case. This examination brought to light a sheet of lead containing an inscription. On cleaning the leaden plate the inscription was found to read as follows: "*El Almirante Don Luis Colon, Duque de Varaguas y Marques de* . . . . . "; the last word was illegible from corrosion, but we know from history that it was intended for Jamaica, Don Luis having commuted all his rights, titles and estates for the titles of Duke of Veragua and Marquis of Jamaica, and a pension. This ancient door antedated the raising of the sacristy floor, and therefore was on the old level. The investigation which was stopped to await the bishop's return, was resumed on Sept. 1, 1877, in the presence of Bishop Cocchia, the clergy of the Cathedral, members of the cabinet of San Domingo and the consuls of Germany, Italy, Spain, the United States and Holland. The vault was opened and found to contain a leaden case and a number of human bones in different stages of preservation. The eminent persons present solemnly regarded these remains to be those of Don Luis, the son of Christopher Columbus, as referred to in the Synod of 1683, as being buried on the Epistle side of the altar. The inscription proved this beyond question. Following up, therefore, the statement of the said Synod of 1683, and recalling the tradition that the remains of Christopher Columbus were buried on the opposite or Gospel side, the search was continued on that side, and under the Episcopal Chair. On September 8th, there were found in that location not one grave, but two! In one of these the entire remains had mouldered into dust, while in the other the bones and even the gold lace on the garments were distinctly seen, showing it to be the grave of an eminent person. On the 9th, on continuing the excavation, a cut stone was found, which, on being raised from its position, disclosed an empty vault. In 1795, the remains removed were taken from this location, and what other remains could they have been than those taken from the empty vault? On continuing the investigation in the direction of the main altar no other graves were found, but on the 10th the excavation was carried forward to the main wall, in the presence of the rector, Father Billini, and Sacristan J. M. Francoso, and with astounding results. Here was found a large rough stone, broken on one side, and which, on removal, disclosed the vault within and a case. At such a crisis the bishop was notified, and he introduced his arm into the opening and discovered on a part of the coating, which he removed, letters showing an inscription. The stage now reached was so remarkable that the bishop summoned to the spot the President and cabinet of the Dominican Republic, the President of the Legislature, the foreign consuls and officials of San Domingo. In the presence of this eminent gathering the seals of the vault were broken, the vault was opened, and the leaden case or small box, which was in fair preservation, was taken out and carefully examined.

On measurement the leaden case was found to be sixteen and three-quarters inches long, eight and one-half inches wide, and eight and one-half inches deep. It had a hinged cover, with one hinge broken, and on being opened the box contained twenty-eight large and thirteen small fragments of human bones. The dust was later gathered into a casket of gold and crystal. The box was tarnished and dulled with age, but on the outside was found the letter "C"; on the end to the left was the letter "C" and on the other end was the letter "A." These initials clearly stood for Cristoval Colon, Almirante, or Christopher Columbus, Admiral. The box as it appeared when opened, showing the inscription on the inside lid and the precious deposit in them, consisting of human bones, is shown in the accompanying illustration. The top of the box or outside lid contained the inscription:



Cathedral of San Domingo.

DESCRUBIDOR DE LA AMERICA, PRIMER ALMIRANTE.

That is, "Discoverer of America, First Admiral."

The inside of the hinged lid also contained an inscription:

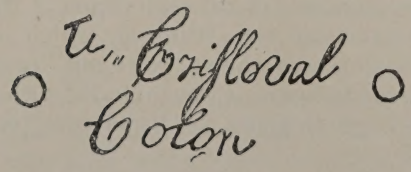
ILLUSTRE Y ESCLARECIDO VARON, DON CRISTOVAL COLON.

That is, "Illustrious and Famous Man, Don Christopher Columbus."

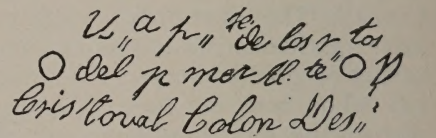
The remains were examined, and there were found among the bones two iron screws and a ball of lead. The screws suggested that a plate may have been affixed to the case and had become loosened therefrom, and this I shall show was the case. The ball of lead has been supposed to be a bullet, which caused the Admiral much pain in his lifetime; for in a letter, written during one of these severe attacks of illness, to which he was liable in his old age, he states that his sufferings were greatly aggravated by the opening of an old wound. The two graves were evidently of the same age. The Spanish consul, Señor Echeverri, who was present, found no reason for suspecting the good faith of the examination, nor of the genuineness of the remains and graves. On the contrary, he acknowledged this by the very fact of his then and there making claim in the name of his government for the restoration of the remains of the Admiral, which in 1795, as was shown, were not transferred to Spain as was intended, either through mistake or fraud practised

then. Bishop Cocchia then proceeded outside to the front of the Cathedral and announced the news to the assembled people, who received it with great enthusiasm, and amid the ringing of the numerous bells of the city. A solemn act or declaration of all that had taken place was then drawn up, and signed by the distinguished persons present, Mr. Paul Jones signing as the representative of the United States.

What was regarded as glad tidings by the San Domincans was received with deep indignation by the inhabitants of Havana, its civil and ecclesiastical authorities, and by the Spanish Government. The King of Spain, in order to satisfy the national resentment, sent a distinguished scholar and historian, Señor Antonio Lopez Pietro, from Havana to San Domingo, with instructions to make a thorough examination in conjunction with the Spanish consul. The portentous case, so recently discovered, was then carried from the Cathedral to St. Aloysius Gobzaga's College on Jan. 2, 1878, and the most thorough investigation, by these gentlemen, only resulted in making assurance doubly sure. They found at the bottom of the case, all covered with mould and dust, a small silver plate with two screw-holes in it, which showed that it had been formerly secured to the case with the iron screws previously found. In fact there is an account which represents the plate as being affixed to the back of the case when found in September, 1877. The inscription thereon read as follows :



which signifies " Urn of Christopher Columbus." But now Señor Pietro and the Spanish consul were enabled to read the inscription on the other side of the loose plate, which proved to be the most significant and important of all the inscriptions. It reads as follows :



which is translated thus : —" Last part of the remains of Christopher Columbus, Discoverer."

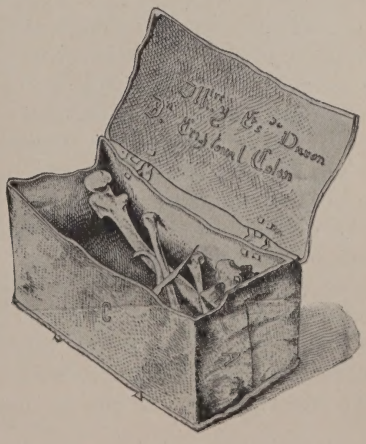
It seems impossible to resist the inevitable conviction resulting from these inscriptions, especially when considered in connection with the other inscriptions, with the finding of the remains and the vaults, in the very spot where tradition and official documents had located the grave of Columbus

But the Spanish side of the question, upholding the claim of Havana as the present depository of the precious remains, is entitled to be here fairly stated. Señor Pietro made an elaborate report of his investigation, which he addressed to the Captain-General of Cuba, and in which, notwithstanding the valuable and incontestible facts he produces, he resorts to able and astute ingenuity to prove the remains transferred to Havana in 1795–96, to have been the veritable remains of the Admiral. His arguments were supplemented by another able report on the same side of the controversy, made by Señor Manuel Colmeiro in the following year to the Royal Academy of History of Madrid, which was presented by the academy to the King of Spain, and afterwards pub

lished by the Spanish Government. The Spanish Government by this act, as well as by a less wise one in 1877 (for as soon as the discovery was made known, they forbade any copies being made of documents in the archives of Spain), made itself a party to the controversy, and gave it an international character. We thus have as litigants in the dispute the Spanish Government,the Royal Academy of History, the Chapters of the Cathedrals of Havana and San Domingo, Archbishop Rocco Cocchia, Señor Tejera of San Domingo, Señor Pietro of Havana, Señor Colmeiro at Madrid, Señor Echeverri of Spain, Signor Belgrano of Italy, and others.

In behalf of the Spanish claim it was necessary, in face of the facts, to take bold and high ground. Hence they attack the veracity and good faith of Archbishop Cocchia, representing him as an imposter, the perpetrator of an audacious fraud, and allege that under the pious pretext of contributing to the canonization of Columbus, he and his confederates were "the authors and accomplices of a pious fraud." While Archbishop Cocchia must be here regarded as the chief witness of certain facts, he is certainly entitled to that measure of credibility which, upon well-known principles of human nature and of moral philosophy, as well as upon the laws of evidence familiar in every court of justice, is extended to every witness. It is not sufficient to assail the testimony of a dignified gentleman, of unquestioned character, and of high personal and official worth. It is necessary to adduce competent evidence to sustain such assertions. I must say that the reports, documents and general literature before me give no such proofs. Nor can I find anything to sustain the charge itself that the remains exhumed in 1877 were lacking in antiquity. The official and solemn declaration of all the distinguished persons present, setting forth the facts, establish the contrary.

With absolute impartiality I have examined the testimony and the voluminous writings on both sides of this controversy, and the facts and arguments. The question is really narrowed down by the established laws of evidence. The historical fact is well established, and it is conceded by the Spanish advocates of Havana, that the remains of Columbus had been deposited in the Sanctuary of the Cathedral of San Domingo, on the right or Gospel side of the altar. By the rules of evidence, a state of facts or condition of things once established or admitted, is legally presumed to continue until a different one is proved or admitted. Hence it follows that the remains of Columbus are presumed still to repose in the Cathedral of San Domingo, unless the advocates of the Cathedral of Havana can prove incontestably their subsequent removal to Havana. Thus the burden of proof rests on those setting up the claim of their removal to Havana. Now what proof



Coffer and Bones.

is there of such a removal? The contents of a grave, containing human remains, were certainly removed in 1795. But there was no leaden case, but only fragments of lead showing there may have been one formerly. There was no plate bearing a name or inscription, and the grave was unmarked. There was nothing to show whose remains they were. Even the official act or document made on the occasion pointedly and significantly refrains from mentioning whose remains they were.

The remains of the great Admiral were transported about the year 1541 to the New World he had discovered, and buried on the right hand or Gospel side of the grand altar of the Cathedral of San Domingo, and there they reposed unquestioned until 1795, when the Spanish Government and Duke of Veragua, immediately and hastily on the conclusion of the Treaty of Basle, and to avoid the complications of leaving them on other than Spanish soil, undertook their removal. In the haste of the removal no other grave in that sanctuary was thought of but that of Columbus, and the first grave found on the Gospel side was taken to be his, and the remains were immediately removed to Havana. There was no inscription by which to identify the remains, and yet should other graves be afterwards found under the sanctuary, or should another grave be found on the Gospel side and especially under the bishop's chair, what authenticity could attach to the remains removed to Havana? But still stronger — what if another grave should be found thus located, bearing equal evidences of antiquity, and containing five separate and distinct inscriptions stating in unmistakable language that they were the remains of Christopher Columbus? Yes, all those were found in 1877. Mr. Greenleaf, in his great work on the laws of evidence, states that the evidence derived from ancient tombs and the inscriptions thereon stands in the very first rank of proof in a court of justice. But see the corroborating circumstances: first, its location just where Columbus had been buried; second, the finding of the grave of Luis Columbus on the Epistle side, just where it had been buried; third, the finding of the empty grave of Diego Columbus, just where it had been located, thus completing the identification of the graves of the three Columbuses; fourth, the remnants of corroded leaden plates in the grave of Diego, showing that there had also been an inscription there, while the other two graves are clearly identified by appropriate inscriptions of Christopher and Luis Columbus; fifth, the high and unimpeachable character of the archbishop and other officials making the discovery and certifying it to the world; sixth, the witnesses called, in the persons of the consuls of foreign nations, to see and certify to the whole proceeding; seventh, the absence of all proof or identification of the remains removed in 1795 as those of Columbus; eighth, the judgment of learned historians and experts in favor of San Domingo; ninth, the current and living acquiescence of the world, as manifested by the fact that, when antiquarians, students, officials, historians or tourists start out to visit and pay homage to the illustrious man who discovered America, they go directly to San Domingo, and there only.

A SUMMER MORNING.

CATHOLICITY IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

BY JOHN BODEN.

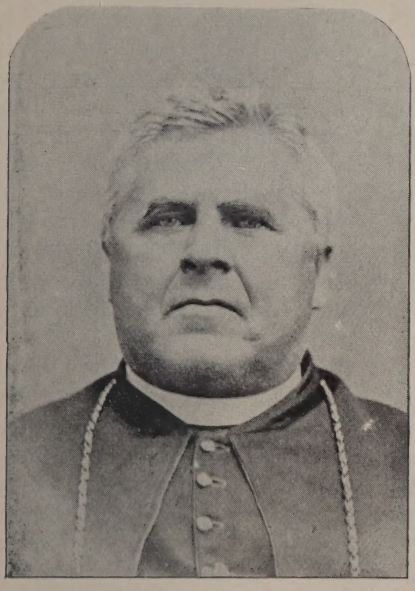
CANADA claims a large share of public attention to-day. With her future the entire continent is concerned. What it may be must almost necessarily for years remain problematical. There is a feeling, however, that in the hands of the citizens the country will make history that will never need an apologist. In the discussion which has recently occupied the space of the daily press on this side of the line there have here and there cropped out inuendoes that Canada is an undesirable place because, it is claimed, it is largely dominated by the members and the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church.

It is true the Roman Catholics of Canada stand well to-day in the esteem of their fellow-citizens, but it is only because of their acknowledged patriotism, their industry, talents and ambition. Years ago and there was but one Province in the entire Dominion in which they were not regarded as absolute aliens.

Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax.

If to-day they fill high places in public, social and professional life it is because they have scaled the barricades that opposed their progress and in spite of sternest opposition scaled heights that once were held by the exclusive few. Every milestone made in their march is a monument to an ambition that refused to bow to the barriers it met on its way.

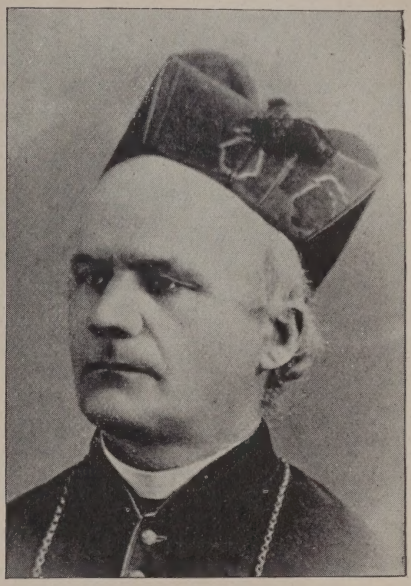
Their triumphs were peaceful ones. Even in provinces in which they have gained an ascendancy in numbers there are no captives at their chariot wheels, there are no heart-burnings in the communities in which they live, there is no man between the oceans who can point to an act done by the Catholics which any citizen might



Bishop Rogers, of Chatham.

blush for. The right to an honest competence, an honorable fame and the liberty to worship God in the faith of their fathers have been all they struggled for, all that any of them has achieved and more than many have yet accomplished.

Catholicism in general in Canada this brief sketch does not profess to



Bishop Sweeny, of St. John.

even outline. It will merely refer to it in the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion composed of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island — three provinces blessed with wealth of forest, mine and sea. Rugged in natural beauty, bracing in climate, rich in harvests, they are provinces in which one expects to see men hardy in body, healthy in mind, of large heart and wholesome expression. It is a land in which the doctrine of the survival of the fittest to a large extent prevails. It is yet in the early stages of its development and drones and weak men in any branch are not encouraged.

Years ago the bulk of the good lands of these provinces, or at least the town sites, were parcelled out among the men known to history as United Empire Loyalists. They retain them still to a very great ex-

Bishop Cameron, of Antigonish.

tent. The rest of the provinces in which homes had to be hewn out of the forests by the sweat of the immigrant's brow were laid open to settlers. After the famine of '47 many of the Irish were glad to find a home anywhere far from the sad scenes of their native land. They were shipped like so many cattle, bound they knew not where, but confident that no fate could be worse than the one they were leaving. Their consignors were Englishmen of rank and they shipped them to the Maritime Provinces of Canada where they might do the traditional hewing of wood and carrying of water for the distinguished Loyalists.

What these immigrants suffered on the fever-laden ships into which they were huddled, parallels some of the worst atrocities committed in the days of the slave trade on African coasts. Down on Partridge Island at the entrance to the harbor of St. John, the traveller yet may see the remains of the great deep trenches into which the immigrant was flung who had died in the very sight of the land of promise. There was no choice for the living but to accept the situation.

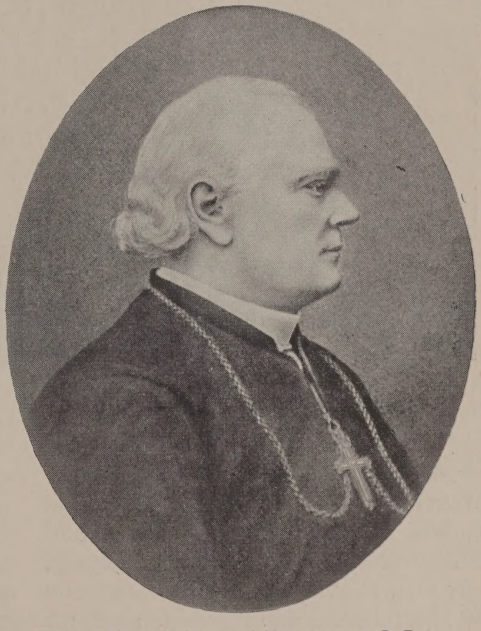
These immigrants formed practically the nucleus of the Catholic colony. They were not the first Catholics by any means to settle, but they were the first of any considerable number. Poor they were in pocket, but resourceful and industrious. They brought with them the Faith from Connaught where it was ever pure, and from Ulster where in trial and in persecution it had become confirmed. It was a living faith, deep and simple. It marked their lives and left its impress on the land of their adoption. Fertile fields attracted the thrifty Scot, mainly to Prince Edward Island, but to the Irish principally, the famine immigrants, their friends and their children, is the progress of Catholicity due.

Wherever they went, their first care was to have a priest to bless their work and comfort them with the sacraments. Their religion travelled with them and grew as they grew in numbers and in influence. The priest advanced with the pioneer and shared with him the privations of his life. People born within the brick walls of a crowded city, or they who know life only as it comes blessed in pleasant towns, can form no adequate idea of either the sacrifices of a priest in a country mission, or of a people in settlements only sparsely inhabited. There are trials for both and hardships that we can

scarcely understand. Less than forty years ago, for example, the present venerable bishop of the diocese of St. John, Rt. Rev. Dr. Sweeny, than whom the Church has no more zealous prelate, was an humble missionary who had frequently to drive over rough country roads in biting wintry weather twelve and sometimes as many as twenty miles to reach his flock. After that ride, cheerless and alone — for in those days there were no railroads in that country and the young priest was too poor to have a servant — he would hear confessions, then say Mass and subsequently preach in both French and English.

It took men of iron constitution as well as of heart bound up in their work to stand the strain, but the Catholic priest, true soldier of the Church, counted not the sacrifices he made. His flock had to make some too. They would come in to hear Mass from distances ranging more than a score of miles, those of them who had horses driving, and those of them who had not walking. The priest was to them the representative of the Faith for whose sake they and their fathers had been chastened in persecution. He was their adviser, spiritually and temporally, receiving their children into the Church and preparing themselves for the fateful journey which all must take between the Church militant and the Church triumphant. Nor is the work of the missionary over. Outside the large towns good priests continue their labors in sunshine and in storm, doing a work that can only be adequately recognized by those who know what it means to drive over rough roads in the heart of a Canadian winter. Whatever of comfort there is in the life of a missionary priest in the Maritime Provinces comes solely from the inner consciousness of work well done.

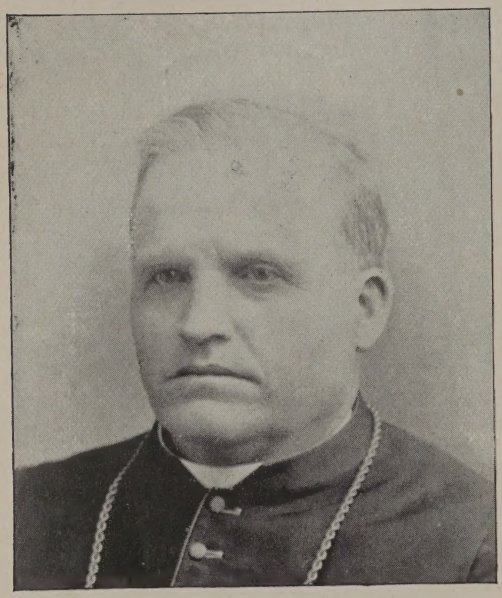
The first care of the priest is to have a church, no matter how humble it be, and alongside that church and beneath the shadow of the cross which crowns it, rises the school.



The late Bishop McIntyre, of Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Where you see one you see the other. There is scarce a village in the three provinces where you cannot find the church and the school. To build them the good father may be obliged to draw on the generosity of his personal friends, or pinch himself by contributions from his own meagre little stipend; but they are built and paid for. From one end of the country to the other the crosses on the steeples of the churches tell the

traveller the stories of the faith of the people and the zeal of the priesthood. Religion comes first, and next, and walking hand in hand with it, is education. This accounts for the progress of the race. Religion makes of them good citizens, and education places them the peers of any men in the land. Illiterate some of the immigrants, through no fault of their own, came to Canada. They realize the handicap it was upon them, and they now are seeing that their children are fitted to cope in the arena of life with any that may care to break a lance with them.



Bishop McDonald, of Charlottetown, P. E. I.

It is a matter susceptible of absolute demonstration that the Roman Catholics have made more sacrifices in the cause of education than those of any other creed in the country. Ambition was ever a distinguishing quality of the Irish in the old land and it is a characteristic that has stood the transplanting and thriven well in the new one. There is scarce a family that has not sought to make all its children educated and to select some one for some line of life in which talent would shine conspicuous. In consequence, all along the field of legitimate endeavor you find the Catholic laboring with intelligence and success. Some years ago there may have been some professions in which, were a call made for a Catholic to lead, there might be hesitancy in filling the place. There is none today. And this state of affairs has been brought about, not by an untoward rivalry, not by any assertions of mere numbers, not through any favor, but by the force of talent, pluck, industry and ambition. The labors of the Catholic priest in preserving the Faith and in establishing the schoolhouses were the seeds from which this glorious harvest sprung.

In writing thus of the Irish there is no discrimination intended against the Scotch and English Catholics who have prospered equally, but the Irish so overwhelmingly predominate in numbers that they may be taken as an evidence of the whole. Nor is there any intention of withholding admiration for the Acadians, who have suffered much in the years gone by both for their religion and their loved La Belle France. In Nova Scotia and in Eastern New Brunswick their villages are a distinct feature of the land. The people are quiet and deeply religious, living in themselves and by themselves. The shadow of their great sadness seems to lie over them still. They are mis-

trustful — and not without excellent reason — of the great world that lies beyond their village boundaries and are content in their pastoral pursuits to pass away the years. The men clothe themselves in the homespun made of the flax they grow, the women dress in the simplest of plain black gowns woven by themselves, with a deep snow-white collar falling half-way to their shoulders which seems to intensify the color of the costume.

The traveller who enters the valleys in which they dwell may well believe himself in peasant France. Morning, noon and night the Angelus is chimed from the belfry of the church, which is never absent, however poor the community. It matters not where the Acadian may be — at work in the field or the shop, at home or by the roadside — at the first sound of the bell the head is bared and bowed and the Angelus piously said. On great feast days, such as Corpus Christi, the Blessed Eucharist is carried in public procession through the main road of the village or the chief street of the town, about whose sides in reverent homage kneel the simple peasants. No man can see these scenes and not feel his heart touched with the faith of the Acadian.

And this exhibition of faith is very rarely found wanting among Catholics in any part of the Maritime Provinces. There is no display of it, but neither is there any hiding. Nor is there cause to be any. Starting with nothing but faith, the Catholic Church is richer by far in the number of its churches, its schools, its orphanages, its hospitals and general charitable institutions than any other church in the three provinces. Its cathedrals in Halifax, St. John, Charlottetown and Antigonish are magnificent testimonials to the generosity of its members. Its churches everywhere attest the devotion of the people and command the admiration of every one. There is not a city in the three provinces to-day in which the institutions under the direct control of the Catholics, are not invariably pointed to the visitor with pride by his host as among the evidences of material prosperity as well as religious influences.

These facts are the best tribute that can be paid to Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, the cultured and zealous head of the hierarchy, patriot as well as priest; to "the learned Cameron," the right reverend and venerated bishop of Antigonish; to Bishop Sweeny, the beloved head of the diocese of St. John; to the memory of the late Bishop McIntyre, and to his successor, Bishop McDonald, to whose efforts the Church owes the great advancement it has made in lovely Prince Edward Island; to Bishop Rogers, of Chatham, never tiring in his endeavors that have made religion flourish in the wilds of Northern New Brunswick. They are the heads that have directed every effort and watched after every detail. Theirs the heart that sustains the flock whenever threatened, and to them is due a debt of gratitude that words can never tell.

They have guided not merely the youth of the land in spiritual ways, but by their counsel and their charity have aided many young men in achieving ambitions for the attainment of which friendly coöperation was essential. Once education ended, however, there ended as well all things temporal save good wishes. Except and only when the issues were forced upon them in the days of the school troubles in New Brunswick did the Catholic priest ever venture into the domain of politics. In Canada the

priesthood has too high an appreciation of its sacred office to mix in politics. When it has aided in securing the advantages of a liberal education to the members of the Church, it believes they are qualified to act by themselves and for themselves in the exercise of their franchise as their conscience and best judgment dictate.

In politics there is no such thing as a Catholic party. They are divided on economic questions as they are in this country, and refrain most carefully from ever dragging religion to the polls. Occasionally the cry about the Catholic vote is raised, but in an experience covering some years of more or less intimate relationship with elections in the Province of New Brunswick the writer never once knew a Catholic to refuse to vote for any man who was of his political faith, but who did not worship at his altar. They who cry out against the Catholic vote, as they term it, are petty little political time-servers driven to the very last ditch and who, in their extremity, shriek against the Catholic vote that they may rally to their aid the intolerant. Sometimes snap elections are gained thereby, but, after elections, they who raised these cries are among the first to acknowledge they had no ground for so doing and no reason save the desire of self-preservation.

Bigotry is dying rather than dead. Evidences of it are growing less frequent with the years for the all-sufficient reason that when they rear their heads they are stamped upon. This is done in neither hostile nor aggressive manner, but in a spirit of manly self-assertion. Many of the people had their right cheek slapped by bigotry in the older land from which they emigrated and their left one smote by the early intolerance of the newer one to which they came. In the fulness of time they wearied of this periodical chastisement, and their children grew up indisposed to submit, without protest, to the popular delusion that they were of an alien race that might labor, but never lead.

They sought only an equal chance with their fellows in the forum and about the workshop and resolved to have it. Theoretically it was always theirs, but in the Maritime Provinces, as in all the world over, conditions were not necessarily harmonious with the theory. The constitution barred no one, but majorities did, and the struggle for recognition was a long and bitter up-hill one, not quite won yet, but still so close at hand as to be almost within grasp. There are no positions to-day to which the Catholic may not aspire and but comparatively few that he may not attain. It would be a grievous injustice not to admit cheerfully that the present generation of Protestants are broader far in their views and more charitable than were their forefathers, but the bulk of the Catholic population is Irish and from these forefathers even this generation have a heritage of almost contempt for them.

Education and business have done much to disabuse them of their prejudice. Education on their part has broadened them to an appreciation of merit in others, and intercourse in business has made them recognize the worth of their Irish Catholic fellow-citizen. They have gradually learned that the better the Catholic the better the citizen. In matters where talent would win the day they have had practical experience that in solving the problem of success a man's faith is no shadow on the brightness of his intellect. In places reached alone by favor there is yet a disposition to make of the Catholic

only the foster child of the state; but that does not worry the prescribed ones at all. Their fathers lived without state aid in the past and the children of these fathers are not utterly dependent upon it. In fact it would seem unnatural for an Irish Catholic to earn his bread through the taxes produced by the sweat of other people's brows.

Some of them are in office both appointive and elective, and more would be, perhaps, but that the earth and the best products thereof are supposed to be the rightful inheritance of those whose blood traces backward to the men who left New England in the early days of the Revolution. One thing to the credit of the Catholics, be it said, they do not barter their franchise for office. They repudiate the idea that their Faith is a barrier to advancement in any walk of life, and resent any attempt on the part of others to consider it so; but there it ends. Oft-times they have been punished for it, but they bore it without grumbling. Loyal themselves to the parties of their choice, they have seen men break their allegiances and wreck their party in their anger that merit in a Catholic had been recognized, but they await in silence and in confidence the reckoning that surely comes for prejudice so mad as this.

Time is curing a lot of that. The Irish are a prolific as well as an ambitious race, with a talent for politics, and with the continued extension of the franchise it will not be many years until no man will care to antagonize them. They do not seek a preponderance of power, but there is no assurance that they may be always disposed to keep in the background when requested so to do. Thus far they have not asserted themselves as they could do were they in a mood to be at times as intolerant as are some of their critics. I recall a constituency in which the Catholics formed a full one-half of the entire strength of the Liberal party. This constituency sent three members to the Commons and yet, from confederation, the Catholics were never represented by a man of their creed on the ticket. Whether Liberal or Conservative, the Catholic is so from conviction and votes his ballot even though in so doing he is obliged to rub elbows with men who do not know that the prejudices of the Old World can find no congenial soil in this.

The writer does not mean in referring to this particular instance that merely because the Catholics are numerically so strong they should have been honored by the nomination of a candidate of their creed, but merely to show that in politics principle guides them. The day may come when a Catholic will be nominated, and if it ever does it will be interesting to note if the dissenting brethren will be as generous in supporting this nominee as his co-religionists now are in giving their suffrages to the choice of the party. If they are it will be a most pleasing and convincing proof of the advancement of the people in toleration. All wish that it may be so. The young country is surely too fair, too alert, too filled with the spirit of freedom to harbor the unnatural resentments of ages that have happily past forever.

Imperfect, indeed, would be the briefest sketch of Catholicism in the Maritime Provinces that did not pay a word of tribute to St. Joseph's College which nestles in the valley of the Memramcook, sweetest by far of all Acadian vales. Nearly thirty years ago it was founded by Very Rev. Father Lefebvre of the Order

of the Holy Cross, who had little else save the zeal of the missionary in Catholic education to aid him. To-day it is an institution of which the people of New Brunswick, irrespective of creed, may well be proud. Its graduates are in the fore-front of public and professional life. They are in the Canadian senate, in the House of Commons and the provincial legislatures, on the bench and at the bar, winning their way in medicine and the arts. At the altars of every diocese in entire Canada, and in the great archdioceses of Boston, New York and St. Paul, officiate priests who claim St. Joseph's as their Alma Mater. Age has grown apace with honors upon Father Lefebvre, but younger men are there taking up and continuing the good work. Among them the most distinguished is Father A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., a contributor to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, a zealous priest and able scholar, the friend of every man who needs a friend, combining within him those qualities of heart and head which have always made the Irish priest the idol of his race. It was the happy privilege of the writer to be a student under Father O'Neill, and he knows that in this very inadequate tribute he is joined not merely by every graduate of St. Joseph's in the land and in Canada, but by every one who realizes that in Catholic education lies the future of our people.

A SONNET.

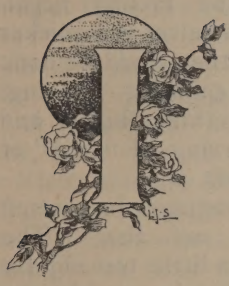
(From the Spanish.)

BY J. C.

FATHER of all! who art most just, most wise,
How fits it with Thy providential plan
That Virtue sighs in fetters, pale and wan,
And Fraud the seat of Justice occupies?
Who is it nerves with strength the arm that tries
To tear Thy law from out the heart of man;
While he who holds that law in honor lies
Prostrate beneath the guilty victor's ban?
In evil hands we see with bitter dole
Victorious palms, and Virtue weep the while
That Vice triumphant mocks in scornful mirth.
An angel form appeared, and with a smile
Whispered: "Short-sighted mortal, is this earth
The goal, the centre, of the human soul?"

THE WOMAN'S CLUB MOVEMENT.

BY ESTELLE M. H. MERRILL (JEAN KINCAID).



N observing the course of human events one sees from time to time certain currents of thought and action so broad and strong, so important and far-reaching in permanent results, that one is forced to dignify them by special names, and they become the so-called "movements" of the age. They are signs of the times. The spirit which thus moves upon the waters is the *zeitgeist*, and creation follows. One such movement of to-day is the development of the "club idea" for women. Though not among the least in importance or value, yet this is a movement which is generally misunderstood and undervalued, save by those who are in the current sufficiently to feel its force and drift.

The woman's club is decidedly a modern institution, for its history lies almost entirely within the last thirty years. This year — within this very month indeed — Sorosis and the New England Women's Club, the pioneer organizations of this sort, are celebrating their twenty-fifth anniversaries, and it seems fitting, therefore, that from this point a backward glance should be given over what has been accomplished in this quarter of a century.

Organization and coöperation, the underlying principles of the club life, are new thoughts for women. Men have been familiar with them for so long that they act upon them almost instinctively. "Unite and conquer" has been their cry from those prehistoric times when men first joined forces against the common foe, whether it were physical nature, or savage beast, or more savage men. The idea has grown and its uses have multiplied through the ages, until we have unions of labor and unions of capital, "trusts" and "combines" without number, the joining together of interests along every line, whether worthy or unworthy. "Organization" has become the shibboleth and watchword of our day, and there is danger that the real beauty and significance of the term may be lost in its too common use.

With women the facts have been quite different. Long has it been held up as a reproach to women that they had little of the feeling of comradeship which is common among men; that they were harsh in their condemnations of their sisters; not loyal to each other as men are; and that they could never accomplish anything of magnitude as a class because they could not work together peaceably and effectively. All thinking women are ready to admit that this was true of their sex in the past, while they point out that this state of things was the result, not of any defect in woman's nature, but of her circumstances, and her relations to the rest of the world. Rather let us say her lack of relations, for isolation was the distinguishing characteristic of her condition. Until the latter

part of the present century, unless in exceptional cases, and under peculiar circumstances, woman — that is, the ordinary, every-day woman — has been almost as much secluded from the rest of the world as the nun in her cloister or the beauty in the Eastern harem.

Olive Thorne Miller, in her admirable little book, "The Woman's Club," says on this point: "Women, in their comparatively solitary lives — solitary as regards each other, I mean — when each one has been mistress of her own little kingdom, evolving and administering her own laws, have naturally grown in individual ways, all angles and sharp corners. When a number of them met in society they were like a collection of roughly hewn stones of all shapes and sizes. Every moment (to continue the figure) they were ground against each other, and each was wounded by the angularity of her neighbor. The result was a lack of harmony that has given a color of truth to some of the most offensive 'sayings' about women."

This was the practically universal state of things among women "before the war," less than a generation ago. We are told by those who had the privilege of living through those troublous yet glorious days, that it was philanthropic and patriotic work for the slave and the soldier which first or chiefly broke down the barriers of creed, and caste, and conventionality, behind which women had been hidden from each other for so long. In those labors which fired and melted every loyal heart all minor differences were forgotten. Women found not only that they could work together, even though living on different streets and attending different churches, but that it was a pleasure and an inspiration to do so. At that moment the woman's club became a possibility.

Among the active influences and circumstances which helped the formation of the woman's club was a certain leisure which came to the housekeeper at about this period, as machinery and the factory began doing many things better and quicker and cheaper than they could be done by hand, such as spinning, weaving, the making of clothing, butter and cheese, the preserving in "tins" of many kinds of foods, etc.

Educational advantages for women were broadening out also. The women who were a little too old for seminary and college, yet felt the general thirst for knowledge; and so it was, that, in their new reaching out towards their sisters in love and sympathy, women came together first in classes and clubs for study and mutual improvement. Indeed the club, in its later developments, has been called very aptly, the middle-aged woman's college.

Sorosis in New York, and the New England Women's Club of Boston, started within a month of each other, have been mentioned already as the pioneer clubs, and like all pioneers they had a hard time. The New England club escaped any very unpleasant comment, possibly because Boston was used to the promulgation of new and startling ideas of all sorts, and so did not mind one more or less; but more probably because this organization was started originally as a work of philanthropy and along very conservative lines, which, indeed, it has followed ever since. The founding of the New York club, however, partly because of the circumstances attending its birth, and partly, no doubt, because its home was in the metropolis, made a sensation at once not only here, but in other countries

The amount of obloquy, harsh criticism and — hardest of all forms of persecution for women to bear — the ridicule which Sorosis had to endure seems almost incredible to the women of to-day. The men of that time seemed to have no conception of a club other than the kind they themselves frequented; and the founders of Sorosis — such well-known women as the poet Alice Cary (who was its first president) and her sister Phœbe, Mrs. "Jennie June" Croly, Kate Field, Madame Demorest, Celia W. Burleigh, and Ella Dietz Clymer —were caricatured in the public prints as sitting with their feet on tables, in a cloud of tobacco smoke, with bottles and glasses conveniently near.

Fortunately, however, these women were as brave as they were clever. Firmly convinced of the value of "the club idea" for women, they persevered, undaunted, on their way. For a dozen or fifteen years these and similar organizations were still regarded with suspicion by both men and women. But the tide turned, gradually, as the use and beauty of organized work among women came to be known, and the club was finally adopted by women with the characteristic enthusiasm of their sex. It is a noticeable fact that during the last year a score of women's clubs, in the vicinity of Boston alone, celebrated their tenth anniversary; and though volumes might be written in praise of what the earlier organizations did for women, yet in it all there is nothing more remarkable than this change of public opinion in less than a generation. It is now the easiest and simplest of matters to form a woman's club, while those already in existence find themselves popular, prosperous and influential.

The two pioneer clubs have had histories which it would be interesting to trace here did space permit. They have developed each along its own line, and they are to-day as unlike as at their birth, being typical in a certain way each of the city which is its home. The Boston club, the elder by a month, is dignified, solemn, and much given to the study of philosophy and other grave topics. Its monthly "club teas" are exceedingly plain and simple affairs, and though it indulges in a reception at very rare intervals, it has always made it a matter of principle to subordinate the social to the intellectual side of its life. Its influence is seen in the many reforms and philanthropic movements originated though not carried on by it, and in the scores of other clubs in Boston and vicinity which have been started by its members. Sorosis, on the contrary, is a sprightly, gay and eminently social club, handsome and fashionable as to its members and cosmopolitan to the last degree. An elaborate and delicious lunch is always served even at the monthly business meetings; while the open or social and literary gatherings which are also held monthly at Sherry's, are so brilliant and interesting as to rank among the "occasions" of the season. The club is renowned for its hospitality, and every woman from far or near, whose work or personality makes her interesting or the least bit of a lion, is sure to be entertained by Sorosis. Nor has the club failed to perform serious and valuable work as well, along many lines. It has been preeminently the mother of clubs, as is shown by its numerous name-sakes which are scattered from Spokane and Nantucket to Bombay. The Association for the Advancement of Women, which meets triennially in the famous "Women's Congress," owes its origin to Sorosis, as does

also the later organization known as the General Federation of Women's Clubs. The last is a union of nearly three hundred social and literary clubs of kindred aims, having now, in its third year, a membership of about thirty thousand holding biennial meetings, and supporting its own organ, "The New Cycle." This powerful and extremely interesting association was the suggestion of Mrs. J. C. Croly, to whom Sorosis owes its name (a Greek word signifying the fruit of many flowers) and much of its fame as well.

The club idea was planted in fruitful soil and has brought forth "an hundred fold." One cannot but feel amazement at the number and variety of organizations existing among women to-day, all working with more or less directness, along club lines, as distinguished from those of the society, or having been made possible by the powerful influence of the club movement. Their mere enumeration would fill pages of this magazine; one can only speak of them by classes, and even then with great brevity.

Continuing the work for the soldier begun on the field, in hospital barracks or Sanitary Commission, are many organizations like the Woman's Relief Corps, Ladies' Aid Associations, Daughters of Veterans, Ladies of the G. A. R., etc. Although their work is mainly charitable, yet the social element is made prominent, and many of them accomplish much in various directions. It is to be feared that they want no further burdens laid upon them, but if they could be induced to take up or encourage among women the study of American history, it would seem to be an eminently appropriate thing to do. As to the need thereof, contact with many women in clubs and classes forces one to the conclusion that Howells is not unjust when he speaks of Isabel March as displaying the American woman's "customary ignorance" of the history of her own land.

Pursuing club methods somewhat, though not under that name, are the temperance societies, headed by that marvel of organization, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, with its forty odd departments, its huge "Temple" headquarters at Chicago, its enormous publishing business, and its thousands of members forming a well disciplined army to wage war against the evils of intemperance. The work of such organizations as the King's Daughters, the Catholic Sodalities, the Reading Circles and the Isabella Association, is familiar to all; so familiar in fact that one seldom stops to consider the marvel of them, or the fact that few of them would have been possible for the women of an earlier generation.

Of what are known as Educational and Industrial Unions for women it is almost impossible to speak within the limits of a paragraph, so comprehensive are they in their aims and efforts. These unions, which are springing up in all our large cities, maintain exchanges for the sale of woman's handiwork, attractive club-rooms, including parlors, libraries, reading and lunch rooms; they arrange classes in any branch of learning desired, be it millinery or music, penmanship or political economy; they conduct Sunday services and week-day entertainments; they establish employment bureaus and sue delinquent employers; they set the solitary in companies if not in families; in short they help and befriend women in every possible way. The Young Women's Christian Associations do the same work, though pos-

sibly on narrower lines. The latest development in this last direction is found in the numerous working girls' clubs which have sprung up like magic within the past two or three years. These clubs, supported and governed by the girls themselves, deserve far more than the mere mention possible here.

A conservative woman, in speaking recently of these organizations, declared that she could see some use in clubs which furnished pleasant rooms, entertainment, classes, and help in many ways to working girls; but as for the ordinary woman's club there was no excuse or reason for its existence. If she had been more enlightened she would have remembered that reforms must commence at the top; revolutions begin at the bottom. Under our republican institutions, however, it is not correct to speak of society as though it were a pie, with a top and bottom crust. It should be compared rather to a sandwich which may be turned either side up; for under crust to-day may be top crust to-morrow. But to the fact that this club movement began among women of wealth, with leisure for social and literary pursuits, and with assured positions which no ridicule or harsh criticisms could shake, do we owe its permanence and value to-day. If Sorosis had not begun twenty-five years ago, and borne the brunt of opposition and scorn, the working girls' clubs of to-day would not be possible.

In the throngs of clubs in existence now "study clubs" are very numerous. It was said of Ruskin that when he wanted to learn about any subject he wrote a book on it — which is not a bad plan, for one must know thoroughly and exactly that of which one writes. But the modern woman with similar desires starts a club, gathering about her other women like-minded with herself, and together they explore the fields of knowledge desired, whether it be in cooking or Hebrew, Browning or whist. A club thus formed, however, soon enlarges its scope, adopts social features, and joins the very large and ever-increasing class of "social and literary" clubs. The work done by these clubs, with their standing committees on the home, music, art, literature, philanthropy, social science, civics, travel, history, science, current events and nobody knows what not else, is enormous. They often build and own fine clubhouses; reforms of all sorts are suggested and accomplished; philanthropic movements are supported; and as a social factor the woman's club often unifies towns or even cities otherwise hopelessly divided by sectional interests or prejudices.

The use of technical or trade clubs, like the Portia Club of Boston, composed of women lawyers, the association of cooking school teachers, and the various women's press associations, is apparent at a glance.

Doings of the Greek letter societies among college women are, of course, secret; but that they are pleasant and valuable the enthusiasm of the members attest. College and seminary alumnae associations of women are usually hard-working organizations, raising funds, endowing scholarships, erecting needed buildings and making rich gifts to the beloved Alma Mater. One of the most interesting of associations of this sort is that formed by the graduates in the girls' department of Perkins' Institution for the Blind in South Boston. Their gratitude and love for their school is very deep and abiding, and the plans they make for aiding the work, though they are few in

numbers and not rich in this world's goods, are touching and charming indeed.

The most obvious criticism to be made of women's clubs in general is that they work too hard, and do too much. But even as one enters the protest the evolution goes on and we find, at last, clubs which have reached the standard set by men, and plan to do nothing but amuse socially like the Pansy Club of Boston, or to dine, like the Twinkle Club of New York, and the Pentagon of Boston. This last is a veritable do-nothing. It derives its peculiar name from the fact of its five sided membership, which is drawn from five professions — the law, medicine, theology, journalism and pedagogy. The club was started by the late Leila Robinson-Sawtelle, the first woman lawyer in Massachusetts for whose especial benefit bills were introduced in the Legislature, laws enacted, and new offices established. The plan suggested to a few women of other professions found instant acceptance, and the Pentagon Club was a success from its initial meeting, though it was some time before it became known under that name. The club has no constitution, no by-laws, no initiation fees, no annual dues, no officers, no set programmes, no papers, no prepared discussions, no work and no object in life save to have a good time. With this end in view the members meet once a month for a dinner; and being a set of clever women whose work brings them into contact with life in many different phases, and who are full of ideas on current topics, as well as many others which are not generally current, the "good time" ensues as a matter of course. The discussions which arise, the good stories which are told, the wit that flashes responsive to another's struck out by the flint and steel of differing minds and opposing views — these things, if they could be accurately set down at any one meeting, would make what Horace Greeley used to call "mighty interesting reading." More than once have Beaumont's lines come to the mind of at least one sharer in the mirth:

"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! Heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life."

Happy the mother and housekeeper who is also a club woman! As a somewhat noted advertisement says, "Woman best understands woman," and in the unrestricted intercourse, the congenial companionships, and the warm friendships of the woman's club, are found that comprehending sympathy which helps one over many a hard place, lightens many a burden grievous to be borne, and brings rays of sunshine into the darkest days. There, too, one finds the impersonal interests, the broader outlook, the nobler aims, which make even a hard and commonplace life seem worth the living once more. Nobody but the woman, the mother, the home-maker, whose usual daily life is a round of petty duties, small perplexities and harassing details, can appreciate fully how much it means to have the cobwebs swept from one's weary brain, and the blues driven out of one's heart, and one's whole soul filled with that new and fresh enthusiasm which makes one strong again —

"With a heart for any fate."

Any and everything which brightens, uplifts and strengthens women

in this way makes them more helpful neighbors, more intelligent housekeepers, more conscientious homemakers, wiser mothers and more companionable wives. Companionable, that is, to the right sort of men. For there are men, even in this *fin de siecle* age, who do not expect or desire of their wives companionship in the highest sense of the word, and who still believe that a woman's proper "sphere" is a cube bounded by the walls of her home.

It is sometimes asked if the pleasures of club life for women do not interfere with the duties of motherhood. Most emphatically no! but, on the contrary, the pleasures of motherhood interfere with the duties of club life, as many a bereaved or neglected club will testify. One sometimes sees mothers foolish or wicked enough to neglect their children for dress, for society, for amusements, but never for a woman's club. They are taught better there.

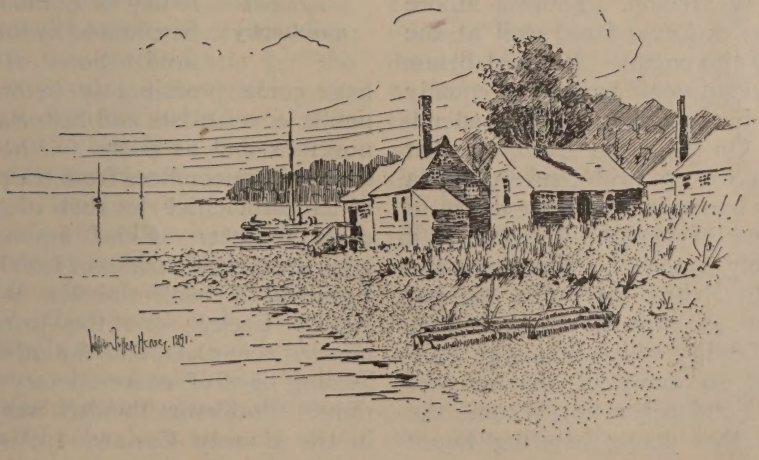
Some of the benefits which the woman's club confers have been mentioned above; but they are too numerous to be more than partially indicated here. It trains women to work according to orderly and organized methods; to give up personal prejudices, yielding her will gracefully and gladly to the choice of the majority; to possess her own thought fully through its expression often in an impromptu form and "on the feet." It overcomes woman's extreme conservatism, breaks down barriers of class, and creed, and section, and brings women together, in a large and broad sense, irrespective of environments or external possessions, or individual peculiarities of opinion and belief.

The century plant, through many a patient hour,
Within itself holds the potential power
And possibility — of its rare, perfect flower.

So as this Woman's Century its closing nears,
From slow and silent growth of bygone years,
The sisterhood of women, perfect flower, appears.

"My sister!" cries the rich unto the poor today;
And sinless Mary unto Magdalena may
"My sister still thou art," in yearning accents say.

After the flower comes fruitage; and what test
Can measure the good wrought when love's behest
Compels the gift of each to other of her best.



IRISH WRITERS IN LONDON.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

LONDON has been for years the Mecca of many Irish literary pilgrims. The Irish aspirant to fame often looks on the big city on the banks of the Thames as the leading centre of thought in the universe, and regards himself as already attaining a world-wide reputation if he succeed in having an article of his inserted in the pages of a first or second-class London periodical. Of course in both these conclusions the young dreamer is to a large extent mistaken. Yet he has little or no choice when he makes up his mind to leave a country that refuses to give him even half a loaf for the produce of the talent that is in him, and seek for fame and possibly fortune in a capital where there certainly are some valuable prizes open to literary competition. Some of those Irishmen, who would have probably starved if they had remained at home, won by their pens a comfortable competence in the land of the Saxon. Thomas Moore and Charles Lever fared well at the hands of the enemy. Richard Brinsley Sheridan would have fared equally well if he had not been a spendthrift. On the other hand, the list of Irish writers who had hardly a crust to break in the very midst of the riches of modern Babylon, is a deplorably long one. Whether it was owing to British prejudice against Irishmen as such, or to that mysterious fatality which dogs the footsteps of so many of the sons of genius, London has not become the Arcadia that young aspiring talent fondly fancies it to be. Many a bright hope and many a dazzling dream have been shattered and engulfed in the maelstrom of Cockneydom. Ireland has furnished more than her own share of victims to this pitiless Moloch. When we recall to mind the almost squalid misery of poor Goldsmith, the pinching want and heartaches of Gerald Griffin, and the financial struggles of John Banim in this dreary labyrinth of streets, one would be tempted to ask, Was the game after all worth the candle? Was the glory they fain would win worth the having at the cost of their maimed manhood and of the loss of those cherished fancies which flung such a glamor over the days of their youth? It is, nevertheless, true that there are brighter prospects for the Irish literary worker in the London of to-day than in the London of Prout and Maclise or in that of Sheridan and Goldsmith.

Tyndall and Lecky.

The Irish writers of to-day in London may be counted by the hundred. Some of them have come prominently before the public as scientists and historians, as novelists and as poets. Others fill the newspaper offices from the post of of editor-in-chief to that of police court reporter. Chief among the Irish literary celebrities of London are Professor Tyndall and Mr. William E. H. Lecky; one the prince of modern scientists, and the other the leading light of contemporary historians. Professor Tyndall was born in the County Carlow, Ireland, in

1820. He came of humble parentage, but by his own ability and indomitable strength of will he managed to force his way — plebeian though he was — into that most exclusive of all aristocracies, the English, by wooing and wedding Louisa Claud Hamilton, the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton. This prize in the matrimonial lottery did not fall into his possession, however, until he had attained, in 1874, the pinnacle of success in the scientific field to which he had consecrated all the energies of his nature. Mr. Tyndall spent many years studying science at the Marburg university in Germany, and subsequently at Berlin under the care of Professor Magnus. In 1853 he succeeded the illustrious Faraday as Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institute of Great Britain, and was made an honorary LL. D. of the universities of Cambridge and Edinburgh. Among Tyndall's contributions to the scientific literature of the age may be mentioned "The Glaciers of the Alps," "Notes on Light and Electricity," "The Forms of Water in Clouds and Rivers," "Ice and Glaciers," and "Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion." In the critical analysis of the works of nature Tyndall has been outrivalled by none. His theological deductions, however, are quite too materialistic for the palates of many. Like other great scientists, Tyndall is rather a poor politician. When Mr. Gladstone introduced his first Home Rule bill some years ago, the professor made himself actually ridiculous by his fanatical opposition to that measure. In fact, he is as much at sea in politics as the average politician would be struggling in the abstruse network of science. Mr. Lecky is a somewhat more sympathetic figure than Tyndall. Lecky was born in Ireland, and was early in life an undergraduate of Trinity College, Dublin. He had the reputation in that institution of being an omniverous reader; but, like other men who afterwards became the literary high priests and teachers of their generation, he was regarded as a dunce in the class hall. His great feat in the world of letters has been his "History of England in the Nineteenth Century"— as gorgeous a piece of word-painting as any of Macaulay's essays, and yet, generally speaking, impartial and trustworthy. A very incongruous feature in Mr. Lecky's character is that, while as a historian his Irish feeling tempts him to rebel against the entire system of British misgovernment in Ireland, he is nevertheless personally not in sympathy with the present Home Rule struggle in Ireland. Mr. Lecky has some of Carlyle's top-lofty, cynical contempt for the people. He would wish, doubtless, to see a parliament established in College Green; but it should be a legislature of the classes, and not of the masses. He would have a set of kid-gloved, sweetly-perfumed gentry dispensing laws to the "ignorant rabble." It is astonishing that such an intellectual giant as Mr. Lecky does not see that these "elect," who are generally overburdened with more titles than brains, would land Ireland precisely where their forefathers landed her in 1800, when they sold her national birthright to Pitt for a mess of pottage. The historian's views of the actual political situation cannot but be regarded as those of a visionary at a time and in an age when manhood suffrage prevails, or is on the eve of prevailing everywhere. A friend of Lecky thus describes his personal appearance: "He is about six feet, three inches in his shoes. He wears

his hair long and yellow, and from beneath a high forehead look out clear gray honest eyes. Save for a shadow of side whiskers, his face is closely shaved. . . . He is an uncouth, ungainly walker, with his head away up among the stars, and the inevitable bundle of books under his left arm."

London's Irish Novelists.

Mr. Richard Dowling, who is one of the leading Irish novelists of London, was born in Waterford. Having served a literary apprenticeship on the staff of the Dublin Nation, he proceeded to London, where he abandoned journalism for literature. In a few years afterward, he became one of the most popular of writers, and his contributions to Tinsley and other magazines were always read with pleasure and profit. Mystery is the mainspring of nearly all Mr. Dowling's novels. Like Jules Verne, he has a secret penchant for the super or rather the preternatural, but unlike the author of "Around the World in Eighty Days," the Irishman makes no aerial or underground excursions in following the trend of his thoughts. He revels in mesmerism and hypnotism, and succeeds in interesting the reader very much in the development and power of these subtle influences. Mr. Dowling's best-known novels are "The Mystery of Killard," "The Weird Sisters," "The Sport of Fate," "Under St. Paul's," "The Husband's Secret," "Sweet Innisfail," and "London Town." Mr. Dowling is a competent judge of human nature, and is also a clever essayist, as his volume of what he over-modestly calls "Ignorant Essays" goes far to prove. The scenes of some of his works of fiction are laid in the South of Ireland where he spent his boyhood's days, but the scenes of most of them are found in and around Temple Bar and Westminster. His friend and fellow-townsman, Mr. Edmond Downey, has also made his name in London as a novelist. His humorous Irish stories, garnished with the attic sauce of the true Munster *patois*, have had an extraordinary success. His "Voyage of the Ark," and "Through Green Glasses," issued to the world over his wife's maiden name, F. M. Allan, reached a circulation of over ten thousand copies. Mr. Downey is, like Mr. Dowling, a stanch, thorough-going Irishman, and in his early years was a sweet poet as well. He is at present one of the partners of the leading London publishing firm of Ward and Downey. Mr. Downey may be said to be the only living representative of that school of caustic Irish wit and rollicking humor with which the names of Lever and Lover were associated in the last generation. Justin McCarthy, M. P., who is a journalist as well as a novelist, has long since established a permanent place for himself in the London literary world, where his home has been situated for the last few decades. Mr. McCarthy is, par excellence, the caterer to the literary palates of the English middle classes. Knowing more of English than of Irish life, there are few novels of his which could not be written by an Englishman equally talented. There are, it must be added, certain passages in his productions dealing with the Irish National movement of 1865-'67 which Mr. McCarthy himself, in the light of recent events, may wish he had not written. During the last few years he has been toiling at the pen in collaboration with Mrs. Campbell Praed. "In the Ladies' Gallery" was one of the fruits of this partnership. Mr. McCarthy's

own novels are, among others, "A Fair Saxon," "Maid of Athens," and "Camiola." His "History of Our Own Times," and his "Biographies of the Four Georges," have given him a high rank among the contemporary historians of England. His son, Justin Huntley McCarthy, is a skilled weaver of rondels, ballads and quatrains, and is, moreover, a promising dramatist. His chief stories are "Our Sensation Novel," and "Doom." He has moreover translated into graceful English several oriental volumes of prose and poetry. Of late young Mr. McCarthy, several of whose pieces have been already played with success on the London stage, has withdrawn himself altogether from politics, and is devoting nearly all his time to the cult of the art of Racine and Molière. England not being very fertile in playwrights of the calibre of Dumas or Sardou, Mr. J. H. McCarthy bids fair to become one of her leading dramatists. George Moore, who is the son of the late Irish patriot, George Henry Moore, M. P. for the County Mayo, is the leader of the English school of realistic fiction. He has talents of a remarkable order, but it is sad to have to state that they are generally applied to rather prurient purposes. Most of his productions read like free translations of Zola's pornographic eccentricities. Mr. Moore has, as a writer, the fault of being too much of an imitator. His "Modern Lover" is an almost scrupulous copy of Guy de Maupassant's "Bel Ami"; while he draws upon Zola for several of his scenes in "The Actor's Wife." Among the other Irish novelists in the English capital I may mention the names of the Hon. Emily Lawless, Mrs. Cashel Hoey (the wife of one of the ex-editors of the Dublin Nation) and Miss E. Owens Blackburne (Miss Casey), all of whom have written very interesting romances for the British public.

London's Irish Journalists.

The raciest of all the Irish journalists in London is undoubtedly John Augustus O'Shea, yclept "the Irish Bohemian." His career has been a decidedly adventurous one. Born in Nenagh, County Tipperary, and educated in the University of Dublin, he proceeded to Italy in his twentieth year to take up arms for the Pope whose soldiers were then doing battle against the Garibaldians. O'Shea, having been taken prisoner in Ancona, succeeded shortly afterward in escaping in disguise through the enemy's lines, and hastened to Rome where he accomplished his first great effort as a pressman in securing an interview with the late Pio Nono. After a residence of several years in Paris, during which he was the theatrical critic and financial editor of Galignani, he became assistant correspondent of the London Standard, and in 1870-'71 represented that journal throughout the siege and the Commune. In the same year he was dispatched to Austria to write up the Passion Play, his graphic description of which consolidated his literary reputation. For the next few years he did excellent professional work all the world over, as one of the Standard's specials, making various journeys to the Low Countries and to Switzerland, to Sweden for the coronation of the King, to the Vienna Exhibition, to Lombardy and the Rhenish Palatinate for army manœuvres, to Spain with the Carlists, to India for the famine, to Ireland with the late General Grant, to Canada with the Marquis of Lorne, to Egypt on a zigzag tour, and

to Cyprus with General Wolseley. O'Shea's journalistic style is crisp, clear and bright, a little too metaphorical, but always charming. He is, moreover, as learned as George Augustus Sala, but he is never pedantic; and everything he writes is very entertaining. Few knights of the pen have such a command of the English language as he. Besides being a pressman, the Irish Bohemian is an author of considerable repute. His "Iron-Bound City," "Strolls Through Paris" (illustrated by Gustave Doré), "Romantic Spain," and "Military Mosaics," had considerable success, and contributed to ensure his reputation as a writer of much merit and wonderful versatility. O'Shea is no more the Irish "Tricotrin" he used to be. He is no longer a peripatetic Bohemian and philosopher. He is taking a well-merited repose in his home in Camberwell, London, in the company of an affectionate wife and a young and beautiful daughter. He still, however, pursues a journalistic career, being the editor of the London Universe, and a contributor to The Dublin Evening Telegraph, and other periodicals. Dr. Howard William Russell, who is known as the prince of living war correspondents, has his home also in London. He was born in Lilyvale, County Dublin, in 1821. Educated at Trinity College, he secured a post on the literary staff of the London Times, and "did" Ireland as the special of that journal during the horrors of the famine of '48. He subsequently represented the same newspaper in the Danish War, the Crimean Campaign, and at the coronation of the late Czar, Alexander II. He was in India with Clyde and Canning during the Mutiny. He afterward acted as special of the Times during the Civil War in this country, but got into hot water over his somewhat prejudiced description of the battle of Bull Run. He subsequently assisted as a correspondent at the Prusso-Austrian campaign of 1866, and at the Franco-German struggle of 1870-'71. In fact, Dr. Russell may be said to have witnessed all or nearly all of the great battles or events that have revolutionized the old world and the new for the past forty and odd years. His degree of LL. D. he received from the Dublin University in 1855. He has, moreover, been flooded with medals and decorations from the various kings and emperors of Europe. Dr. Russell is now the editor and part proprietor of The Army and Navy Gazette published in London. The other Irish journalists of mark in the English capital are T. P. O'Connor, M. P., late editor of the Star, and future editor of a weekly newspaper to be called The Sun; John O'Connor Power, late M. P. for Mayo, who writes for the Daily News; Mr. Tuohy, the brilliant correspondent of the Freeman's Journal; Mr. Michael MacDonagh, an equally brilliant contributor on the London staff of the same periodical; Frank MacDonagh, formerly of the Dublin Nation; Mr. J. J. O'Kelly, ex-M. P., the representative in the English capital of the Irish Daily Independent, the leading Parnellite organ, and Theodore Parkes, who is a free literary lance as well as an artist of promise.

UNDISCOVERED WEALTH OF THE WORLD.

BY PROF. N. S. SHALER.

THE development of civilization rests upon the unending progress in the desires of men. Man, indeed, may be defined, at least in an economic sense, as the one uncontented animal of this planet. In his most primitive state his expectations of material good are limited to the things which he finds on the surface of the territories which he inhabits. The plants and animals afford him food, raiment and fire. From the shores of the sea, rivers and lakes he gathers the bits of stone which may be shaped into rude tools and weapons. The resources of the under-earth are unknown and unimagined.

As the primitive savage passes toward barbarism men begin to pay some attention to the subterranean stores. In most cases their introduction to them begins by a search for flint and other kinds of hard stone which may be quarried at particular localities. Chance experience with the easily smelted ores of copper and tin, lessons which may be taught by the effect of a camp-fire upon these substances, long ago led to the invention of bronze, which by its qualities enabled the arts of peace and war to advance with great rapidity. Then in turn came the use of other metals, such as iron, lead and zinc, each of which served to extend the foundations of human culture. For a long time these successive additions from the stores of the under-earth were but slowly made. Three hundred years ago there were not more than a dozen of these earth substances which played an important part in the arts. There were less than half a score which were of sufficient value to induce people to venture far in their search. Only the precious metals and the jewel stones tempted men to distant conquests.

Since the Elizabethan period the rate at which the use of the under-earth materials has extended has been much greater than in the earlier centuries. The gain has been at an ever-increasing pace; within the last fifty years, indeed, far more mineral substances have been brought into general use than in all the time before, and the percentage of human endeavor which is now directed to winning these stores has increased in something like the same proportion. It is therefore with no surprise that we find the development of empires and of races ever more and more dependent on the access which peoples have to the geological stores of the various lands which they inhabit or control.

Minerals and Conquests.

The influence of mineral resources on the development of commerce, and secondarily, on the paths of conquest is evident even in the early history of Europe. Thus to take but a single

instance, access to the tin of Cornwall evidently did much to favor the development of the Phœnician people. It was clearly an element of importance in the influences which led the Greeks to the western parts of the Mediterranean; it developed trade routes by the way of the sea to Britain, and across France from Marseilles to the ports on the British Channel. Still further, the knowledge thus acquired appears to have directed and induced the Romans to that conquest of Great Britain which, though temporary, endured for centuries, and has had a lasting influence on the history of our race. From this ancient time to the present day the paths of conquests, both of commerce and of arms, have, among civilized peoples at least, been to a great extent directed by the desire for mineral wealth. The last great conquest of this generation, that which gave to Germany the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, though it may appear in history as a matter of pure politics, had for its final purpose the transfer to the conqueror of the only valuable coal fields which France possessed. The results of this change may, in the time to come, be most momentous.

Precious Metals in America.

The history of the European peoples in America has been profoundly influenced by the desire to obtain possession of the mineral resources of the New World. The first comers, the Spaniards, though profoundly affected by a desire to extend a religious domain over these new-found lands, were also ardent seekers for the precious metals. The limits of their settlements were to a great extent determined by the indications which they discovered which led them to hope for mines of gold and silver. Thus it came about that they occupied the prevailingly arid districts of the Cordilleras of North and South America, neglecting the surpassingly fertile region to the north of the Gulf of Mexico, though its goodness of soil and climate was made evident by the explorations of De Soto and other pioneers of his time. Much of the same motive is to be found in the work of the first English explorers, though as they were later comers to the field they had to content themselves with parts of the country which at first revealed little in the way of mineral wealth, though it has since afforded treasures in the way of grosser earth-products, in value far transcending those of the realm which fell to Spain. In a word, wherever we trace the movements of civilized men, and in proportion to the measure of their culture, we find that they are guided in their paths of conquest by the promise of the under-earth rather than by the resources which the soil may afford. In view of these facts it is clearly a matter of importance to know whether in the present apparently well-known condition of our explorations in the occupied fields and wildernesses of the several continents, there remains much to tempt men to the enterprises of the pioneer.

There is a common opinion that the explorations of the earth which have been made within the lifetime of men now living have narrowed the realm of the unknown to the point where little remains to reward the search of those who seek for fresh fields and pastures new, on the surface or in the under-earth. It is true that the progress of discovery has left only a small part of any of the great lands quite unknown, and these remaining realms of conjecture

lie mostly in fields which afford little promise for civilized man. Excepting a considerable territory in Central Australia, a few limited areas in Africa, and some yet smaller fields in Asia, we know something of the surface of all the inhabitable earth. The districts about the poles, whether of land or sea, tempt us only by their difficulties, and afford no other reward than those which are given for pure valor. It is difficult to convey to the reader who is not a geologist how absolutely valueless in all that relates to the under-earth resources of the country are the accounts which we have of all those parts of the earth which have not been actually occupied by civilized men, by those endowed with the peculiar spirit of the prospector, which is practically limited to the people of the English race alone. The geographical explorer rarely if ever ascertains anything of value concerning the under-earth of the realms which he traverses. Thus the redoubtable Stanley, in his crusades through Africa, has gathered nothing which will enable us to judge the mineral values of that vast territory.

The conditions of mineral exploration are indeed utterly different from those of mere geographical enquiry. In general the earth is covered by an envelope, the soil, which if it were contrived for the purpose of concealing the mineral resources could not more effectively accomplish this result. Although prevailingly thin and made up of the waste of the under rocks, the soil and the coating of vegetation which it sustains commonly mask the rocks, save where the streams and waves have swept it away. Only a few of the metals, of which gold is the most important, are likely to reveal themselves, even to the geologically trained explorer who traverses a wilderness. This material remains in evidence because of its indestructible nature, but even here the observer, unless he have the training of those who prospect for this metal, is not likely to search the sands of the stream beds with the miner's pan. Even the Spaniards of California during their long residence in that country before the coming of the folk from the United States, failed to discover the rich gravels which lay beneath their feet. So, too, the people of Virginia and the Carolinas dwelt for more than a century on ground which afterwards yielded many million dollars' worth of gold. In fact the mineral wealth of a country does not begin to be revealed to any but skilled and patient explorers until the people who occupy it have passed the first pioneer stage of their development, have subjugated their fields, and have time to consider the stores of the under-earth. Then the spirit of natural enquiry, moved by the money-getting motive of our race, is apt to lead them to a search, however clumsy, for mineral wealth.

Unknown Wealth.

A review of the conditions of our knowledge concerning the mineral stores of the earth has satisfied me that only one continent — that of Europe — can be regarded as tolerably well explored. In that land, which after all is only a fringe of Asia, the enquiries of this century have revealed comparatively little mineral wealth, except that contained in the deposits of coal, and the substances such as have come into use during recent decades. No important localities of the minerals which have been long esteemed have been revealed by modern enquiry, though many materials, such as lime phosphate, manga-

nese, earth wax, and the rarer though valuable metals, as for instance, nickel, have been discovered in the last half-century.

Next after Europe, the territory of the United States, excluding the essentially foreign possession of Alaska, has been most extensively and carefully explored. The region east of the Mississippi, including those parts of Canada which lie to the south of the St. Lawrence River and Gulf, has, so far as the standard earth resources are concerned, been tolerably well examined. In the last quarter of a century no important discoveries in the way of metals have been made in these districts, though it must be said that the finding of lime phosphates in Western Florida — one of the most important results of modern exploration in any part of the world — is almost a matter of yesterday. Of recent years our knowledge as to the extension of the valuable coal and iron deposits in the Appalachian district has greatly increased, but the general facts concerning their distribution have long been tolerably well known.

In the region west of the Mississippi, particularly in the mountain districts of the Cordilleras, the work of exploration has gone forward with singular rapidity. Although this territory began to be occupied less than half a century ago, it has been studied more energetically, and under more favorable conditions, than any other equally extensive realm. The larger part of the area, rich in mineral resources, is scantily or not at all occupied by vegetation, often without soil, and thus reveals its geologic conditions in a singularly complete way. Although here and there new mineral deposits will doubtless reward the prospector, there is little reason to believe that such resources as those afforded by the stores which have been worked at Leadville, or Virginia City, will hereafter be brought to light.

North of the United States, in the third or more of the continent occupied by the wilds of the Canadian Dominion and of Alaska, there are vast territories which are presumably rich in all the important mineral resources, except coal, which await, though they will surely long baffle, the explorer. Some idea as to the resources of this part of the continent may be judged from the recent discoveries upon its fringes. Within a few years the territory just north of the western end of Lake Superior has been found to contain what are probably the richest and most easily mined deposits of iron ore ever discovered in any country. On the coast of Alaska, where the structure of the rock is scantily revealed by the action of the sea, and where the search for mineral wealth is as yet very incomplete, rich and already very profitable veins of gold have been found.

Mineral Wealth of Canada.

There are several conditions which will make the discovery of the mineral wealth of Canada a matter of much difficulty, and which will delay anything like complete knowledge of these resources for, it may be, centuries to come. Almost all this area is mantled over by a coating of glacial waste, which, even more than ordinary soil, serves to conceal the structure of the rocks. The considerable rainfall favors the development of a dense though lowly covering of vegetation. The climate, though wholesome, is rigorous, and prevents by its frost and snow any search of the underearth for more than half of the year. It is, however, in this realm that we

may look for a gradual and important accession to the mineral resources which the future of our culture in this part of the world will demand.

South of the United States to the Isthmus of Panama there are many districts which, though among the longest to be inhabited by people of European origin, have been but scantily examined. The Spaniards in Mexico have for nearly four centuries industriously sought for the precious metals. So thorough-going was their enquiry that even with the increase in the skill of exploration and reduction which has been applied in modern mining, no important accessions to their knowledge concerning the resources of gold and silver have been attained during the last half-century. So far as these elements of value are concerned, the Spanish states of North America are probably about as well known as European lands. Yet for the other elements of mineral wealth — the grosser metals and the precious earths — this part of the world is still to a great extent an unknown realm.

In South America we find a continent where the border lands along the seas have been fairly well examined, with great and enduring profit, while the interior region is almost unknown. The greater part of this field lies in the tropical realm. The vegetation is dense and the soil-covering deep. The civilized population has not penetrated far into the land; the greater part of the people are not Europeans, but of mixed blood, partly Indian, partly negro, and on the whole but little concerned as to the resources of the earth upon which they dwell. There is reason to believe that the stores of precious metals in South America have been much less well explored than in any other continent, except Africa and perhaps Australia. In this realm, however, as in the Canadian Dominion, the obstacles in the way of climate and of superficial deposits are very great, and are not likely to be overcome, save by many centuries of labor. The same is the case with the Archipelago of the Antilles, which we know to be rich in deposits of iron and bitumen, and reasonably suspect to contain other mineral stores.

Of the Old World group of continents, Africa is by far the least known. Searches for the precious metals appear to have traversed a great part of its area before the dawn of history. The recent discoveries of ancient cities and mines in the southern part of the continent contiguous to the great gold mining field, which has recently been re-discovered by the English, seem to indicate that a prehistoric folk sought gold in this remote realm. The tropical fields of Africa, however, though apparently underlaid with rocks which are likely to be rich in mineral resources, are practically unexamined and seem likely to yield their wealth but slowly to the uses of man. Although the evidence on which we may base a judgment is as yet most imperfect, the geologist who has followed the history of African exploration is inclined to look to this continent for more important revelations than to any other of the little known lands.

Asia's Resources.

That part of the world which is commonly known as Asia, excluding the group of peninsulas which constitute Europe, is, as regards its mineral resources, in a general way well known. All its seaboard parts except those in the Arctic region have long been occupied by peoples which

have developed arts that call for some exploration of the under-earth. The precious metals, at least, of this realm may be considered as fairly well explored and not likely to afford us surprising discoveries. The grosser products of the earth, those which afford the materials on which the development of society mainly depends, have been but little examined, save in India, where an admirable geological survey has gone far to set forth the earth's resources. We know that China is rich in deposits of coal and iron, both of admirable quality, but of the limits of these fields and their relative value our knowledge is very limited. The resources of Siberia, of Arabia and even of Asia Minor, though all long possessed, and to a great extent occupied, by civilized people, have not begun to be studied in the way which is necessary where a region of complicated geology is called on to afford its resources to man. The greatest archipelago of the world, stretching from the Peninsula of Malacca southward to the continent of Australia and including the last-named land, though for centuries known to the people of our race and the source of much of the mineral wealth it has acquired, is still in good part unexplored. Australia, though occupied by what we may fairly call the most enterprising body of English folk, is substantially, as regards its interior portions, an unseen wilderness. Only the fringe of the shore has here and there been adequately searched for its mineral stores. The same is true of the great islands between Australia and Asia. They have given something to commerce, but doubtless still withhold the knowledge of their richest stores.

The foregoing inadequate sketch may be made the basis for the assertion that not more than half the land areas have yet been explored to the point where we may assume that we know something concerning their contents of gold and silver; and that not one-tenth have received such enquiry as is likely to reveal their stores of the grosser metals and other valuable substances on which our existing arts depend. The geologist who is conversant with the economic aspects of his science is forced to believe that even the poorest of the well-known districts is likely in the century to come to reveal mineral products of value to man.

In considering the future of mineral discoveries, it is necessary to take account not only of the materials which are at present valuable in the arts, but also of those which though now uninteresting or scantily demanded, are likely in the time to come to play an important part in human affairs. Men now in their prime, who have observed the advance of our arts, have noted the beginning of many employments which call for new earth resources. Petroleum, natural gas, nickel, lime phosphate and a dozen other materials which altogether represent by their products something like one-fourth of the values which are now obtained from the rocks, have come into use, or at least to considerable value, within a half-century. There is no reason to believe that this ongoing in our demands upon the earth's resources is anywhere near the point of arrest. It is rather to be expected that for centuries to come it will increase and that the year 2000 will find the miner and the quarryman seeking for scores, if not hundreds, of substances which are now unknown or deemed wholly valueless.

THIRTY YEARS OF IRELAND'S BATTLE.—II.

BY HON. JOHN F. FINERTY.

IT would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that afforded by existence in the city of New York, in the spring of 1864, and the slow, dull life of an Irish town.

The harbor was filled with gunboats and training ships, over whose bulwarks peered the faces of sunbrowned white men and grinning negroes. Wooden barracks — rude-looking structures — occupied the ground on which now stand the new post-office and City Hall. Drums beat in every thoroughfare, and posters, offering as high as two thousand dollars each for substitutes, and good-sized bounties for volunteers, appeared on dry walls and board fences in all directions. Pictures of George B. McClellan and Winfield Scott Hancock, who then commanded the famous Second Corps, Army of the Potomac, decorated the windows of print and stationery shops. I remarked but few of Grant and Lincoln. The streets, in the neighborhood of Chatham Square, were constantly crowded with newly-raised regiments going to the front, or with decimated, ragged, dusty battalions — their colors, all bullet rent, fluttering feebly, in rags, on the staffs — returning from the bloody jungles of the Wilderness.

I remember, particularly, one Brooklyn regiment, numbered either 13th or 14th, which came moving sadly along, with only eighty-three rank and file, and three commissioned officers, left to guard the battered flag! And even among this small remnant, fully a third had their faces bandaged or their arms in slings! I was informed by an emaciated sergeant, with a half-healed wound upon his cheek, that the regiment went into the Wilderness, on May 6, eight hundred strong, and what I saw were all who remained of it. This will give some idea of what the American Civil War meant, in 1864. The news columns of the daily papers could hardly contain the lists of killed and wounded from the New York City regiments alone. Thousands of young, handsome men, with the sun marks of Virginia on their bold features, were limping around the streets on crutches, only too anxious to get well and rush again into the gap of danger. Many of them were soldiers of Meagher's Brigade and Corcoran's Irish Legion. Nearly all belonged to the Second Corps, distinguished by the trefoil badge worn upon the McClellan kepi, which was the general headgear of the Army of the Potomac.

The Head Centre.

I brought to New York letters of introduction from the Rev Father John Kenyon, of Templederry, Tipperary; John Martin, of Rostrevor, County Down, and P. J. Smyth, then editing the Dublin Irishman, addressed to Colonel John O'Mahony and Thomas Francis Meagher. I forwarded them by mail, and, soon afterward, called upon the first-named gentleman, who had his office — the

headquarters of the Fenian Brotherhood in America — at No. 22 Duane Street, third floor front. The premises were humble, not to say uninviting, from the exterior, but, inside, they were decently appointed. A young fellow, with a brassy stare, auburn locks and a chronic simper, advanced to meet me. He was dressed in the very height of fashion, and seemed to have an excellent opinion of his personal attractions. I stated my business, and he at once ushered me into the presence of the famous Head Centre. The latter was smoking when I entered, his feet on a fender and his long hair hanging in ringlets on his broad shoulders. He rose immediately, with the most kindly courtesy, and welcomed me to New York. Then he introduced my usher, who had lingered in the apartment — "Mr. James MacDermott!" It was the same man who has since become infamously notorious as "Red Jim."

"My secretary, Mr. Michael Cavanagh," continued the colonel, as a modest, honest-looking little man, with gray eyes and a kindly Irish smile, came forward from a desk, at which he had been writing. We clasped hands then, and have remained fast friends ever since. Mr. Cavanagh is now employed in one of the departments at Washington.

John O'Mahony was, at that period, about forty years of age, tall, athletic and dignified, with a noble Milesian countenance, which might have served for a model of that of Thane the Proud, only for an unfortunate nearness of vision, which gave the face an uncertain expression. His voice was clear and well modulated, and the grasp of his hand was that of a gentlemanly giant, who just squeezed yours enough to make you feel how hard he could squeeze if, like some people we all know, to our sorrow, he only tried his best.

The result of my interview with O'Mahony was that I became enrolled in his regiment, which was soon to be mustered into the United States service, under the last short-term call of President Lincoln. "If the war continues," said he, "you will be fitted by drill and experience for a commission, when your time expires. If it doesn't continue, you will have gained a military knowledge that may be useful to Ireland hereafter."

General Meagher.

I took my leave, joined my company and practised drilling assiduously, with all the enthusiasm of a new recruit. Finally, the summons to march came, and, as I was on my way to the armory on Bleecker Street, one hot morning in July, 1864, I encountered Colonel O'Mahony and another gentleman, in semi-military garb, near the main entrance. I gave the salute and was passing on, when the colonel called me to him by name. "Did you ever see this man before?" he asked playfully, indicating his friend.

I looked steadfastly at the individual before me. He was about five feet and ten inches in stature, built like an Apollo, with wide, square shoulders and thin flanks. His eyes were a brilliant blue; his nose of the order seen in the authentic pictures of Marshal Ney — decidedly "tilted" — a full, brown mustache covered his upper lip. All that could be seen of his hair, under a wide-brimmed, light-colored, stiff "regulation" hat, with a military cord and tassel, was dark and thick. He had massive jaws and a determined chin, but there was a certain sensuousness about his mouth that rather marred the otherwise manly and martial char-

acter of his physiognomy. He carried a gold-headed ebony cane, and wore a dark blue coat and vest, of military cut, with pantaloons of white duck material, and patent leather boots. This much I observed in less time than it has taken me to paint the picture. My steady stare amused O'Mahony, who laughed heartily as he said, "Can't you guess who he is?"

The stranger looked at me sideways, as it were, over the ridge of his nose — his eyes were rather close set — and gave a humorous smile.

Suddenly the light broke upon me. Surely I had seen that face, or a representation thereof, somewhere before. Yes; it was a print of one of the '48 men at the house of John D. O'Ryan, Cloghonan House, Tipperary.

"Thomas Francis Meagher!" I exclaimed.

"You have guessed correctly, my boy," responded the stranger, in a deep, sonorous voice, and with a tone of great kindliness. "I am he."

Here, then, before me stood the idol of my boyhood, "Meagher of the Sword," whose name was even then a spell word among the lovely Munster glens and massive mountains of Connaught.

"Well, sir," he questioned, "do they still remember me in Ireland?"

"Yes, General, and are proud of you," I answered.

"I am glad of that," said he, "because many of my countrymen are not proud of me here. Yet I have made history for them — American history — young man."

"I know nothing about Irish sentiment here, sir," was my reply. "In Ireland you are ever to us the orator of '48 — the hero of Antietam and Fredericksburg."

He seemed much gratified, and pressed my hand cordially. "You brought letters from Father Kenyon and Smyth, I think," said he. "Well, when you write, tell them that the Irish here — many of them in New York, at least — call me a butcher. If I had failed to do my duty, they would call me a coward."

"It's mostly politics, General," said O'Mahony. "The masses of the Irish love you, just as they always did."

"That's true," said Patrick J. Gleason, brother of General Gleason of the Irish Brigade, and since Mayor of Long Island City, who had joined the group.

"I am sorry I am not on the active list," said Meagher, addressing me. "If I were, you should be appointed on my staff. But you are in good hands. Serve out your time with O'Mahony's regiment and, by the end of your term, something better may offer. The Secretary of War [Stanton] is not my friend. He refused to let me recruit up the brigade after Chancellorsville. I say, Gleason," he continued, "Stanton is an able man, but he is also a d — tyrant!"

The general puffed vigorously at his cigar, as he said this, and as the drummers began to beat "the assembly," I hastened to fall in with my company. There was no review, but the colonel formed us in square and read the President's call. Having read it he said: "We are called upon to defend the National Capital from the raids of the enemy, while the veteran troops hold Lee at Petersburg. Do your duty is all the advice I have to give you."

Military Service.

The drums beat again. The sergeants called the roll. Then the battalion movements began, and, at their conclusion, the regiment marched out by its right flank, wheeled into

company front on Broadway, which was crowded with sightseers, and in this order, marched to the Battery, at the foot of which lay a ferry-boat to convey us to Governor's Island. After a night in the rain, without a tent to cover us, and in the early morning a miserable breakfast, owing to the failure of the quartermaster to get his supplies in good time, we were placed under the orders of Lieutenant-Colonel Patrick J. Downing, an accomplished veteran officer, severe as a disciplinarian, but incomparable as a drill-master, who soon made us familiar with the hard routine of soldier life. Within a few weeks, orders came to send us forward; but Meade changed his mind and, instead of going into Virginia, we were mortified by an assignment to do guard and convoy duty at Elmira, where there were nearly twenty thousand rebel prisoners to be watched over. In guarding these, and escorting recruits, substitutes and military culprits to and from "the front," the regiment served out its time, determined to reënlist for a longer term, if hostilities kept on. It gained much experience during its period of duty, and, when it returned to New York, few recognized in the compact, orderly, weather-seasoned soldiers of the winter months, the loose-jointed, tumultuous, green-looking "Johnnie Raws," who marched down Broadway in midsummer.

A Fenian Regiment.

Out of the six hundred men, or thereabout, who were comprised in its ranks, the ninety-ninth boasted over five hundred members of the Fenian Brotherhood. Company K was, par excellence, "the Fenian company." Its captain, Charles Underwood O'Connell, now clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, New York City, left Ireland because of his political opinions. He returned there foremost among those American officers who, on the conclusion of the War, in 1865, volunteered to fight for the motherland. Arrested at Cork, immediately after his arrival, he was tried, convicted and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. The only remark he made to the judges was: "Before that period expires, there may be an exchange of prisoners!"

Captain Mackey.

William Mackey Lomasney — said to have perished at the attempted blowing up of London Bridge seven or eight years ago — was another noted member of the company. He was a little man, with a scrubbly, reddish mustache, and a face subject to eruptions. A native of Canada, he was, without any exception, the most intense and desperate Irish patriot I have ever known. His career, as "Captain Mackey," in Cork city and county, during 1866 and '67 was one of romantic daring. He sacked police and military barracks and captured coast guard towers, with seeming impunity, for several months. At length he was, after a desperate fight, captured, "tried" and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. The judge, Thomas O'Hagan, in passing sentence, wept; and the Saturday Review, commenting on the little captain's bold career, said, "The soul of Sarsfield is in the man."

The Rev. Father Kavanagh, S. J., — Joseph P. I think he was called — was still another member; as were also Assemblyman Fallon, of New York; King Cooke, of Providence, R. I.; "Red Jim" MacDermott, of Philadelphia, myself and some others, whose names I have forgotten. All those mentioned, after Capt. O'Connell, with the exception of Lomasney,

were non-commissioned officers. Lomasney was so painfully modest, in 1864, that he would not accept promotion, preferring to do duty as a private soldier. He was never late for roll-call, never shirked guard mount, never used a profane word, and was, in fact, one of nature's gentlemen. Even the roughest men in the regiment respected him, and the very wildest took no liberties with this diminutive, unarmored knight. Such is the great power which a true soul exerts over animal matter.

Among the officers of the regiment also was Morgan Doheny, son of Colonel Michael Doheny, of Young Ireland celebrity. Truth compels me to declare that he did not produce a very favorable impression upon me, and those who knew his father remarked that he did not compare in heart or mind with that sterling patriot. He did very little duty with the regiment, and appeared to regard military life as a bore. Apart from this, he was a good-natured young man, who loved a joke and sprightly company.

Colonel Donovan.

Some time in September a tall, well-built officer, with a patch over one eye, mounted on a powerful white horse, rode into our encampment and was received with unusual ceremony by Colonel Downing and his aides. This was Col. John H. Donovan, who had lost an eye in that glorious charge made by Meagher's Brigade at Malvern Hill, in July, 1862, which saved McClellan's army from being hurled by Magruder's pursuing corps into the James River. The horse he rode was the charger used by General Meagher at Fredericksburg, and which threw off and killed the gallant general, Michael Corcoran, at Fairfax Court House, Va., in December, 1863.

Colonel O'Mahony visited us but seldom, leaving Colonel Downing in full command. Every company, except one, had its Fenian Circle, and meetings used to be held in the woods surrounding the encampment, at which reports and addresses were made.

On one of these occasions, a communication was read from an Irish officer high in rank in the Second Corps, Gen. Thomas A. Smyth of Delaware, killed, most unfortunately for the cause of Ireland, a few months later at Sailor's Creek, Va., in which he said Petersburg must soon fall, and that then his sword, and the weapons of thousands of his brother officers, would be at the service of the Irish leaders. Circles of the Fenian Brotherhood, he stated, existed in almost every regiment of the corps to which he belonged.

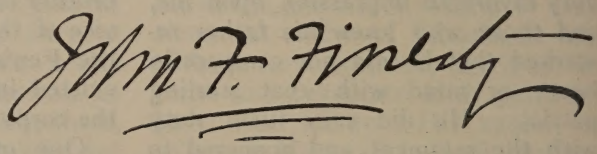
One of the men most active in propagating the Fenian spirit among the troops at the Elmira camps was Capt. Thomas D. Norris, adjutant of our regiment, and now a resident of New York. He is, and has been for years, one of the few Irish-Americans who have used every effort to revive the use of the ancient Gaelic tongue.

It is well known that Thomas Francis Meagher, for some inexplicable reason, never took heartily to the Fenian movement. He was, in any case, much abler as an orator than as an organizer — as a gallant fighter than as an accomplished strategist. Still his active adhesion would have given a prestige to the cause in its earlier years; but he remained practically apart from it.

General Michael Corcoran I did not know personally, but all who did know him spoke of him as a working nationalist and an able soldier.

His death was a great loss to Fenianism militant; but the death of General Smyth, already alluded to, was its crowning catastrophe. Handsome, youthful, generous, brave among the bravest, and passionately devoted to the cause of Irish liberty, Thomas A. Smyth would have been the ideal leader of an Irish army of liberation, whether operating in Canada or in Ireland. He was, beyond question, the most conspicuous and promising native-born Irish general in the American army at the time of his glorious death. "Forward, my comrades! Follow me! Charge!" were the last words he uttered, when, shot through the brain, he fell at the head of his division on April 6, 1865. The loss of such a man can hardly be estimated, except by those who subsequently witnessed the fatal blunders of ambitious incapables.

The year 1865 was made memorable in Irish-American annals by the holding of two great conventions of the Fenian Brotherhood — the one at Cincinnati in January, and the other at Philadelphia, in October. The latter gathering marked an epoch in the career of the great movement, and the next sketch will be devoted to some account of the doings of that troublous year, when the American civil conflict ended, and the disbanded Irish soldiery looked longingly across the Atlantic for another field of action.



TOM MOORE.

May 28, 1893.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

WHEN listless lay his hapless land
Beneath the burden of her wrongs,
He smote her harp with skilful hand,
And stirred her spirit by his songs.

Love, valor, glory were his themes;
And as she hearkened to the strains
Lo! Erin wakened from her dreams
And strove anew to rend her chains.

To-day, emerging from her thrall,
Her feet awhile their steps retard,
And tenderly her tributes fall
Where dreaming lies her deathless bard

THE SCHOOL OF THE FUTURE.

BY REV. JOSEPH V. TRACY.

In the March number of this magazine appeared an article under the title "A School Question of Moment," in which the practical aspects of the recent action of Rome in connection with parochial schools were considered. These aspects may be briefly summed up: 1. In New England there is no present prospect of a *rapprochement* between Catholic school authorities and the state; so for years parish schools will meet an acknowledged need. 2. When the times ripen, so that an agreement of this kind may be possible, parishes having their own schools are sure to be the first benefited; for then Protestants will have palpable evidence of the injustice we suffer under. 3. After such a compromise has been effected, it might still be of moment that Catholics had the title-deeds of their school-houses; "should narrow-minded men at any time fan the fires of bigotry, and manage to obtain, for a year or two, control of the school administration, then their venom could do no lasting harm; since Catholic properties, once the year's lease expired, would be safely in their owners' hands," who need make no new contract unless it were fair. 4. School buildings can never be a burden to a parish, as a result of the pronouncements of Monsignor Satolli; for "any proposed future amalgamation of the two systems would find the buildings owned by both necessary to house the children." Finally, these pronouncements held solid consolation for parishes having or hoping to have schools, for they opened up the hope of obtaining the invaluable aid of the state, so that such schools could have means at their disposal never to be hoped for while they remained appendices of hard-pressed parishes.

The aim of the paper being practical, the suggestion was made that it would be useful to supplement it with one anent certain theoretical objections to private schools, since elsewise that which was writ of as real might never clear the threshold of the merely possible. It mattered little that they were once solved: frequent repetition called for repeated refutation. Most important, maybe, of them was one thus stated:

> "The present school system enables the fellow-citizens of this republic to become acquainted with one another, as they could not hope to otherwise, and on the mutual understanding — the result of this acquaintance — is based that community of sentiment and action and confidence in our brother-man which are at once the mainstay and the safeguard of American institutions."

By very serious men, among them Dr. William Harris, the School Commissioner, this proposition has been harped upon. It was squarely met by an article, in the form of a dialogue, printed in November and December issues of the Colorado Catholic for 1892. As few New Englanders see this progressive Western journal, its words will still have a fresh flavor. One of the speakers in the dialogue says:

> "As matter of fact, how much confidence can we put in your assertion that public school association is the basis of our community of sentiment and action as a people and of our confidence in one another? We attended the same public school until the curriculum of the grammar department was mastered. To how great an extent did you or I know or appreciate each other during these school years? Why, we were youngsters full intent on other objects than character observation or earnest friendships. Each of us came into anything like close contact with very few of our schoolmates, and only with

those whom you and I would have known equally well though we never went to the public school. When we mounted to the highest class of the grammar grade, what was the sum of any one boy's knowledge of his classmates? He had a very indefinite notion of the mental abilities of each; he knew those who cursed, and swore, and chewed tobacco; and knew his own place, after boyish standards, as to others better or more poorly clothed and housed than himself. We formed a more correct judgment of each other's physical powers and prowess, but this did not tend, as might appear at first sight, to bring us much closer together. For, after school it was an exceptional thing to go in the company of other boys than those from our own locality. Indeed, neighborhood has always been a more powerful factor in determining children's associations than the schoolroom. Locality, too, determined something else; namely, our *caste:* those who came from the tenement house and mill-hand district knew by the very fact that there was an impassible barrier between themselves and those who lived on the 'nicer' streets. Even our base-ball nines were organized on the basis of neighborhood. In face of this how unreal, how actually dishonest, when one looks back, appear the assertions of our valedictorian. When he spoke of our imminent separation, of our going out from the old school and our venerated teachers with regret, of how we would ever look back to the happy days and happier associations of those times with loving hearts —and 'oh, how tenderly we would cherish the pure friendships then formed so that they would last and grow stronger as years went by.' What a hollow sound there was in it all! We were not sorry to be done with the school and the teachers; our hearts were not breaking at the prospect of no longer bearing together the routine of the classroom; and we knew that among us there would be even less acquaintance in the future than there had been in the past. Friendship! acquaintance! A part of the time there had been something much unlike either in the ranks. We had dubbed and imitated one another with the nicknames 'Paddy,' or 'Yankee,' or 'Dutchy,' or 'Poverty villager,' and after we sang together the closing chorus of the graduating exercises —'Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean' —you did not have any more respect for me, nor any more knowledge of my creed, nor I of yours, than before we met there years previously. With such an experience as this, you may believe that I have little faith in the common school as the source of our community of sentiment and action. It seems to me that it is to the ties of neighborhood, of labor, recreation, business, literary associations, politics, patriotism, that the spirit of kinship in us owes its constant sustenance and subsequent growth."

We who have been brought up in the public schools of Massachusetts will not be foremost to disagree with the confession of the other speaker:

"Candidly, your unconventional review of our school associations of twenty years since strikes me forcibly by its faithfulness. I confess that not one of those with me in the grammar school is for that reason within the circle of my present acquaintance. Give me credit for admitting that the argument I started out with was not as solidly grounded as I thought; it did rest to an extent on a sentimentality."

One would long for a change in the order of school-boy relationships outlined above; but this longing, earnest though it be, cannot alter the actual; and actually, these associations have accentuated, as was said, rather than softened religious animosities.* It is a process in the boy's after-growth to dig out the bitter remembrances which have rooted in his soul.

The schoolroom has not been near the civilizer in this line that the ball-field and workshop and political club have been. Mayhap this failure was in no small part due to the prejudices which constantly render themselves apparent in school-masters and mistresses, as well as in the text-books themselves. Indeed it is since the Catholics started to build their own schools that Catholic teachers have become common, that text-books have been revised, and that one constantly meets with the names of Catholic children upon the programmes of exhibition exercises and Washington's Birthday celebrations.

A second strong objection urged to the Catholic school idea is put in this wise:

"A stubborn and glaring fact evidences that the thought and feeling of the nation are against the Catholic position: this fact is, that notwithstanding years of discussion no change in the public school system has been effected."

The statement is not accurate; it

*These remarks only bear upon the school years which end with the grammar department. High school and college mates, being more developed, are apt to observe the proper amenities; however, even there, the circumstances may be unpropitious.

leaves out of sight considerations which should not be ignored. First: In odd places the rights of Catholics have been respected and concessions granted in their favor. This has happened in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Savannah, Ga.; Albuquerque, N. M., where Jesuit Fathers are parties to the contract; in Lewiston, Me., and in a few other localities. Secondly: A factor in favor of our probable future success is that more than one of the sects themselves believe in parochial schools. The Lutherans in the State of Wisconsin have 394 of them, with 20,394 children in attendance. Thirdly: It stands for us that we do not lack non-Catholic leaders of thought to fight our battles. "I am persuaded," declares the president of Harvard University, "that it is a grave error to secularize the public schools; first, because education would be thereby degraded and sterilized; secondly, because the attempt is too unnatural to succeed; and thirdly, because this policy never can make the public school the school of the whole people." We of Boston remember the outspoken words of Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson in our behalf at legislative hearings upon the school question in the Green Room of the State House.

An article in the Forum for March, 1891, by the Reverend John Bascom, makes this powerful exposition of Catholic rights:

"Those who are adequately educating their children under the inspection of the state should not be called on to bear exactly the same burdens as if they were in neglect of this duty, or to render the duty twice over — once in a way conceded by the state, and once in a way ordered by it. The intrinsic injustice of our existing policy has been concealed from us by the accidental, changeable and capricious impulses which have hitherto given rise to private schools, and by the fact that, for the most part, they have been established by the well to-do simply in defence of class feeling. Now that the parochial schools express a religious conviction — no matter how mistaken that conviction may be — are closely and extendedly united within themselves, and are the chosen means of those who can ill endure a double expenditure, the bearings of this public policy are entirely altered.

"The sense of injustice will deepen year by year, the religous sentiments which underlie the parochial school will be fed by the very opposition which they meet, and the public feeling arrayed against these schools will itself become an intolerant sentiment, of belief or unbelief, associated with religion. No condition could be more hostile to the steady growth of public instruction than this policy, under existing circumstances. Our wisdom now lies in reducing the division as much as may be, in giving full opportunity to the healing processes of time, and in putting aside that obstinacy and arrogance that cause us to think only one way and one result admissible.

"The partial coalescence of public and private methods of instruction, and of religious schools with public schools, may not prove as disastrous as some anticipate. It is the method the English are adapting in a tentative way, and virtually the method of higher education in New England.* . . . A large view of the objects to be gained, a wide sympathetic grasp of existing conditions, and a clear sense of justice, will be able to find a way, and an ever-widening way, through present perplexities. Our public policy must show itself flexible — fully capable of fresh adaptations. Bigotry may pertain to a too inflexible insistence on a method intrinsically desirable, as well as to a method in itself inadequate and narrow."

Catholics themselves now see a way to the partial coalescence of public and private schools which Mr. Bascom alludes to, thanks to the fourteen propositions of Monsignor Satolli; and it is not to be wondered at that the Papal Delegate's work has given new impulse to the liberal non-Catholic element and increased it. Says the Rev. Lyman Abbott, by reason of the recent school action of Rome:

"I, for one, am ready to take these gentlemen by the hand and say, 'Come, let us sit down together and make a system of public instruction that shall be satisfactory if possible to all the citizens of the nation.' . . . Some of you will go away, saying, 'It is utterly impracticable to coöperate with Roman Catholics in the matter of education.' Well, let them prove it impracticable; do not let us prove it so; ours, ours to recognize as brethren; theirs, theirs to build the wall."

Dr. W. T. Harris, who would have all children, as has been noted, educated in the same school buildings (there

* Mr. Bascom refers to certain New England colleges, under religious control, which have, nevertheless, received state aid.

being in his mind no place like the schoolroom for the building up of the acquaintance with one another on which the common weal depends), believes withal

"that there should be some arrangement made by which the public school should recognize in a formal manner the importance of religious education. I can think of no better device," he writes from the Bureau of Education at Washington to a correspondent, "than the one adopted in St. Louis, Mo., wherein any parent may obtain a permit for his children to be absent on one or two occasions each week from the school for an hour or more each time, in order to take lessons in religion at the neighboring parish church. Very many Catholics in St. Louis used to avail themselves of this privilege, and I have always believed that the formal recognition of the desirability of religious lessons tended to a good result. Whatever may be the wisdom or unwisdom of my personal views in the matter, I cordially agree with you and with the views of the majority of people of all denominations in the desire that the Catholic children should attend the public schools, and that some arrangement might be made satisfactory to all parties."

The plan mentioned by Mr. Harris as practised in St. Louis is identical with the second legitimate arrangement outlined by Monsignor Satolli, while his principle, that "the public school should recognize in a formal manner the importance of religious education," is exactly what the Pope desires.

"The Catholic Church in general and especially the Holy See, far from condemning or treating with indifference the public schools, desires rather that by the joint action of civil and ecclesiastical authorities, there should be public schools in every State, according as the circumstances of the people require, for the cultivation of the useful arts and natural sciences; but the Catholic Church shrinks from those features of the public schools which are opposed to the truth of Christianity and to morality; and since, in the interest of society itself, these objectionable features are removable, therefore not only the Bishops, but the citizens at large, should labor to remove them, in virtue of their own right and in the cause of morality. . . . . It is greatly to be desired and will be a most happy arrangement if the Bishop agree with the civil authorities or with the members of the School Board, to conduct the school with mutual attention and due consideration for their respective rights."

When one finds a pope of Rome and a United States Commissioner of Education in harmony upon such a principle as the above, who may say that Catholics will not obtain their school rights? "Nevertheless," it may be answered, "there is an overwhelming majority against the Catholic stand." True it is; just as there was an overwhelming majority opposed to the early Abolitionists; just as there will always be these majorities to oppose for years movements which combat old prejudices and interests. Nevertheless, Catholics have faith in the American sense of justice; they feel assured it is but a question of time when what is right will be done. This faith is not a mistaken one; bigotry cannot be at home in this land.

Fifty years ago who would believe that the general synod of a Protestant church would actually consider, and act favorably upon, a motion to amend its confession of faith, so that, however it might impugn the truth and purity of Catholic doctrine, it would no longer do so in terms of abuse and contumely? Yet this happened within a few years at a Presbyterian synod in Detroit, and this *could* have happened only in the United States! The iron-clad Protestant prejudice which opposed a proposition, not because it was fair or unfair, but because it was *Catholic*, is dying out.

Slowly, it may be, the views and opinions of the enlightened minds mentioned in this paper will percolate through the non-Catholic masses, but percolate they will, and come the day must — and if signs count for anything within the first quarter of the twentieth century — which will witness state and church each fulfilling its own functions in the common schoolroom, and each respecting the prerogatives of the other.

A DREAM.

BY MAUD HOWE.

I WAS driving in a hansom through the crowded London streets. Up and down the wide thoroughfare swept the opposing streams of traffic. The huckster's cart jostled the prince's carriage, the forlorn flower-girls offered their faded posies to the fine ladies, as they passed in or out of the great shops. It was like laying a finger on one of the main arteries of the race and reckoning the heart-beats by the pulsing life-blood. The man at my side was a stranger to me.

Maud Howe.

Suddenly out of the turmoil of the city there sprang to my knee a beautiful naked boy. His hair curled in bright rings over his brow; his eyes were deep and serious. By his mouth, curved like a crimson bow, and by the sharp small pearly teeth, crueller and more beautiful than all else in the world, I knew that it was Love.

"Dost thou fear me?" asked the boy. My heart quailed at the words.

"No," I whispered.

"If thou dost not fear me, kiss me," he entreated.

I was faint with terror. He smiled with a soft, persuasive innocence, and laid his rosy hand on mine. His breath was like the southern breeze on a June day, when it comes from playing with the ripe red roses. Yet I feared in my heart that, if I kissed that honied mouth, my lips would be bitten through and through by those bright, sharp teeth.

I kissed him thrice.

The child turned to the man beside me, and asked of him:

"Dost thou fear me?"

The man cowered in his corner, hiding his face with his arm. Love pointed a derisive finger at him and laughed aloud.

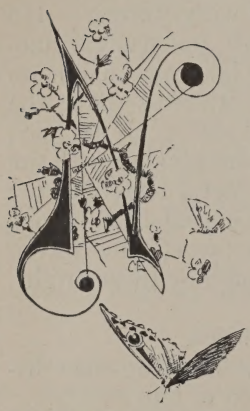
"Fool! thou wilt never see my face again."

Then Love clapped me on the shoulder, saying: "Thou didst fear, but thou didst trust me, and for this, now and forever, thou art mine and I am thine." Then the child's bright features faded and the god's face shone upon me and I knew its glorious sign. Eros lingered for a moment, smiled a parting benediction, spread his glowing wings and left me, as the sky grew rose and purple with the breaking of the dawn.

IN AMERICAN STUDIOS.

JOHN LaFARGE.

BY HENRY AUSTIN.



O phrase so well fits the case of one who attempts to give a brief panorama of the long and brilliant art-life of John LaFarge as the somewhat worn epigram — an embarrassment of riches So various, as well as vast, is it, that this article, with its quaint and curious illustrations, is only a feeble hint, a faint whisper, from the enchanted distance of its exquisite extent.

He began with flowers, painting also in his earlier days landscapes a little, and a few heads. His flower pictures were not inspired alone by his almost feminine fondness for "those fair and faultless children of the garden," but by a deep scientific desire to study the simultaneous contrast of complementary colors and the difference between tone and local color that flowers so continuously present. The water-lily, for instance, from its special display of these difficulties of delicate differentiation, has been a favorite subject with him.

This apparently narrow branch of his art seems to have had for him a constant, perhaps even a growing, fascination, for he has continued in it till within a year. Many of these "flower studies," as this great artist very modestly still calls them, are owned in Boston, where LaFarge for years has been ardently appreciated. Among the loveliest and most valuable of these may be mentioned a wreath on a wall in tones of violet and white, belonging to Mrs. Henry L. Higginson, and a wreath of flowers and fruit owned by Mrs. George V. Hecker. Art-lovers in New York and Philadelphia likewise possess many of these flowers — evanescent darlings of Nature which Art so lovingly attempts to perpetuate.

There was a time, however, when New York, sensitive as it now is growing to all kinds of artistic beauty, would not buy LaFarge's pictures. Critics praised his exhibitions very highly, Boston connoisseurs bought sparingly and, perhaps, with one eye counting on the future, but New York, while not disapproving, was not attracted. It seems incredible, and any one who owns a LaFarge must marvel at it, but it is actually true, that for twenty years, from 1857 to 1877, this artist did not sell a picture in New York to a New Yorker. Nor did he sell many to the outer barbarians who occasionally go to bask in the material splendor, the ever-opalescent opulence of that wonderful metropolis.

Luckily for himself and for Amer-

ican Art, John LaFarge, unlike most artists of all kinds, was not cursed with poverty from the start, so he could bear more easily the hurt of long non-appreciation, could philosophically shrug his shoulders in hereditary fashion at his curious fate, and, through his more than polar night of non-success, wait gracefully for the certain dawn of a longer and comparatively fadeless day.

This day began to spread its first warm colors towards the end of the seventies. Looking back over the magazines of that period, when magazine illustration was in its childhood and magazine literature in its prime, we find George Parsons Lathrop, a facile and graceful writer, with a keen appreciation of other men's gifts, discoursing sympathetically concerning John LaFarge as early as '79 or '80, and accounting him a great religious painter. This critique by Mr. Lathrop in the old Scribner's Monthly is well worth a careful perusal by any one originally interested in art and in American artists, or any one who may have become so by following these art-rambles of mine from month to month. Of course, Mr. Lathrop did not say the last word about LaFarge's art any more than I shall. In his chief point of view I differ from him and believe at this day he would differ from himself as then expressed. To this difference I shall recur again and quote what seems to me the best sentence of that able writer's opinion and critical forecast. Let us now consider LaFarge's work, looking at some of it in its order and natural genesis from the early sixties up to the early nineties.

As a specimen of his early work in heads, his St. John the Baptist, done during the Civil War, presents many features of intrinsic and collateral interest. This was one of a tryptich intended for St. Peter's in New York, the crucifixion scene to be above the altar and the full length figures of the Madonna and St. John on either side. The original

St. John the Baptist.

study for the head of St. John, which we are now studying on the printed page, was made from Henry James, the novelist. It is now owned by Dr. Bartol, of Boston, and is among his most cherished art possessions. The figures of this and the Madonna were completed, but the Crucifixion was left unattempted, for the church which had ordered them was not satisfied. The artist, being a keenly sensitive man, felt rather hurt at this. He could not then understand why they failed to please. He probably does now, for the reason is very clear. Most men are sooner or later — generally sooner — the victims of their vices, but some are the

victims of their virtues. It is a great virtue or value for a man to be ahead of his age in heart or in art, but for awhile, as a rule, he must pay the penalty.

"To be great is to be greatly misunderstood," says Emerson. Might we not amend that, somewhat thus: "To be great is to be slowly understood"? John LaFarge's pictures failed thirty years ago for the very reason that they succeed to-day. His church critics then, expressing the general average of American art knowledge at that period, were relatively all right. LaFarge was a generation in advance of the American mind. Consequently these remarkable paintings, which were done, not on canvas, but on large panels of wood, fell flat. Executed with the same depth and richness of color which one can find in his later decorative figure-painting, the St. John and the Madonna are radiant examples of this painter's intense appreciation of that poetic quality, that miraculous mixture of seen and unseen elements, which the Christian religion preeminently possesses. It is not difficult to understand, as we study LaFarge's work in this range, why nearly all the profoundest achievements in Art must remain Catholic or, at least, must be more than tinged with the essence of that religion which, from its earliest date, has crowned and hallowed Art so constantly.

These panel pictures of St. John "the Forerunner," and the Divine Mother, which are now owned by Hon. William C. Whitney, Mr. Cleveland's former Secretary of the Navy, are not crude first-fruits; they have all the early glow of youth, all the raptness of a young man's devotion to his art, but at the same time all the repose, the hint of reserve power, which is the peculiar sign of LaFarge's peculiar genius. Note along with, or rather through, the material gauntness delineated in the features of him who sought communion with God in the wilderness, and whose "meat was locusts and wild honey," that ethereal glow of superb youth consecrating itself to a life-long, or death-soon, struggle against tremendous, almost superhuman, odds. The type is so splendidly persistent in humanity that we love to see it featured for our gaze. We have it in the Father Damiens, the priests and physicians who rush to wrestle with disease, moral or mortal, in its darkest, deadliest lairs; we have it in the O'Reillys who, not disdaining social functions, never cease to preach, and stand ready to die for, the divine right of the People, the religion of human brotherhood; we have it in all artists who find the foundation or germ of a creed in the lines of Keats:

"Beauty is Truth: Truth, Beauty. This is all
We know on earth and all we need to know,"

and who, having found the germ of a controlling or guiding creed therein, live ever in the roseate shadow of an altar-fire, the fire of their consecration to a high ideal.

A certain restraint can be seen in this pictured head of St. John, a sort of curb on the sweet, almost feminine, oversensitiveness of the lips, as if to hint that ardor were, and should be, tempered with temperance, that zeal should be mated with wisdom. But there is no sadness in this face, no sense of past privations, no special shadow of presage that the noble head is going to be rolled in the dust for the fect of the light dancing-girl. On the contrary, despite that ghastly thinness which would so easily lend itself to a depiction of deep grief, this face is lit with that abiding joy

that sees beyond all present strain and stress and glimpses the coming of the Lord into the full glory of His ripened vineyard.

In startling contrast with St. John, take LaFarge's Wolf-Charmer, which represents another vein of his rich, and apparently inexhaustible, mine. This is a good specimen of his special power in illustration or art commentative, and in its rendering of the old Breton tradition — not wholly disbelieved by Breton peasants of to-day — it offers, perhaps, as good an example of what Poe called the grotesque in art as anything America has yet produced, except, possibly, some things by Elihu Vedder. This Wolf-Charmer merits very close attention. It has all the audacity of genius. "I pounce on my own, wherever I find it," says some Frenchman whose name has escaped my memory. Shakespeare did this right royally, and in literature it is exceedingly common to appropriate the precious metal, recoin and restamp it. Not so often in art, however, does a new master lift out a whole figure or attitude from an old one as LaFarge has taken this form out of Titian.

LaFarge has drawn this illustration more than once, the head inclined on the other side. The grotesqueness of the legend appears to have appealed irresistibly to his fancy. This, indeed, is what one feels about nearly all his work. He imagines, draws and paints because he must. The market, public appreciation, success have long ceased to have any special interest, if indeed they ever had, for a man of his keenly analytical as well as synthetical mind. Mark how his fancy fairly revels in this Wolf-Charmer. The weird musician, in his transmutation of the ravening wolves into an appreciative flock fawning about his footsteps, is displayed to us in the attitude of being almost mastered by his own magic. See how he seems half turning into a wolf himself; how his meagre face, as he gnaws the pipes, takes on a quaint, horrible fraternity with his animal subjects; how his fingers and

The Wolf-Charmer.

toes crook themselves into a resemblance to the wolves' feet. Is it a psychologic study of a higher nature attracting and, alas! attracted by lower natures — a pathetic, mocking mystery of mesmerism or animal magnetism? The forest behind lends itself to this very strange, yet not strained, effect.

Take another specimen of LaFarge's fertile fancy, The Ogre, an

early illustration for some fairy tale in the old Riverside Magazine. Like Shakespeare's Caliban it seems, raised to huge dimensions and endowed with power equal to its malice. Contrast this monster of the fantasy with the giant image of Daibuts. Here is gi-

The Ogre.

gantic force of two kinds. The wondrous power of gentleness, the potent spell of interior serenity, steals forth from the latter like a perfume dominating the surrounding garden. This is reproduced from a photograph, but LaFarge during his recent pleasure tour in Japan painted this colossal image of Buddha from a slightly different point of view and in so doing achieved another artistic success. For he has managed to convey the vastness of the statue without any human figures in the foreground, such as this photograph shows, to aid the eye and stimulate the fancy. The secret of this achievement lies in his command of color and his profound knowledge of tone. He has caught just the hour or moment when the play of light and the atmospheric conditions coincide to give the eye an upward tendency or to make any

large object loom in the aura of its own luminousness.

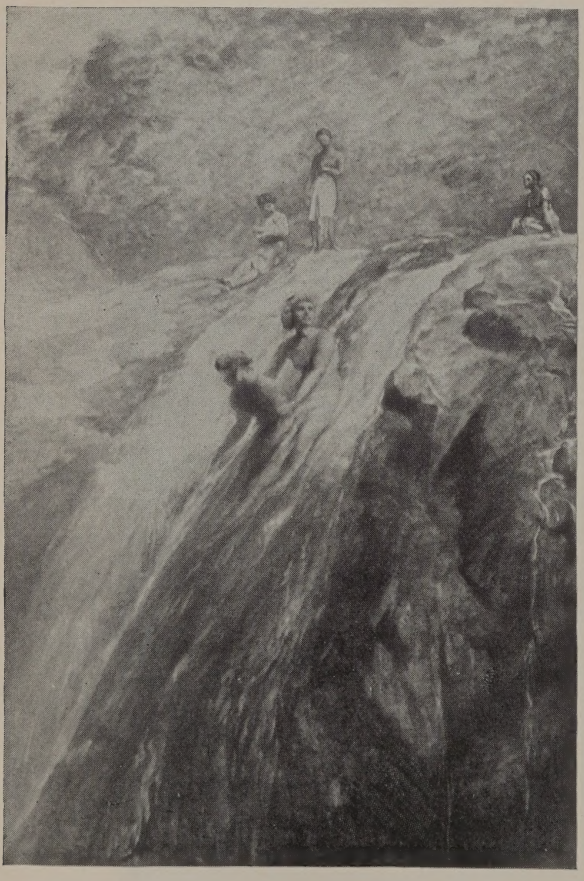
The original image which I saw twenty years ago in Japan was so intensified in my memory by the picture of it in LaFarge's studio which I studied last winter, that I feel, in publishing the photograph to contrast with his Ogre, I am giving the reader a very fair idea of LaFarge's sympathetic grasp on everything quaint or grand, or both combined, which his outer eye, as well as his mind's eye, might ever encounter.

Another delicious fruit, gathered by his eye in its last foreign wandering, is the dainty, mermaidenish picture of the Sliding Rock in Samoa. This is a waterfall of about thirty feet into a deep basin or pool, and the happy native girls, with Edenic innocence, take a sort of misty and mysterious toboggan slide down the smooth plane of darkly glistening stone into the laughing, echoful bath of dancing foam below.

From a Photograph of Daibuts.

This, also, was done in water-color — a medium that perhaps from its

greater ease in handling or carrying about from place to place appears more attractive to LaFarge than oil. But the jewels of coloring that his hand can extract from this generally weaker medium are so very rich that after the mind has been delicately



The Sliding Rock in Samoa.

delighted with LaFarge's water-colors, it takes a little while to return to the realm of oil, like a true and loyal subject with allegiance unimpaired.

This Sliding Rock had hardly been on exhibition a day in Boston at this year's sale, when it was bought by Dr. Bigelow, a collector of very keen artistic instincts and insight. I do not remember any picture of recent exhibits to which one could so truthfully apply the word refreshing, as to this charming reproduction of a scene so full of far-away and dream-like strangeness, so redolent of beauty unadorned and unashamed, so fragrant with simple, playful life in some fortunate island of the tropics; life careless, limpid and unlimited. LaFarge during his voyages

> Among those isles, where all the winds are spiced,
> In solitudinous seas emparadised,

made many pictorial studies of the atmosphere, the inhabitants, the flora of the South Pacific, nearly all of which have been taken off his hands by eager connoisseurs.

We now come to consider that part of LaFarge's work to which George Parsons Lathrop gave most attention in writing his critique, and of which the remarkable picture of the Ascension offers a fine, possibly the finest, example. This picture is one of a beauty so lofty, so transcendent, that it seems to me even the most world-hardened pagan, arrested by admiration, would be tempted into respect for the doctrines and the faith which its beauty involves and unfolds. The figure of the ascending Lord and Saviour floats upward with a kind of

The Ascension — Ascension Church, New York.

forgiving majesty, leaving a benediction like sunrise on the upturned faces of His worshippers. This Ascension is about twenty-five to thirty feet in height and, viewed from the central aisle or from the opposite gallery, examined in strong light or soft, its impress on the mind and heart is imperial. It is a great masterpiece of religious art, superb, supreme, supernal.

These are very strong words, but since I believe them thoroughly, why should I hesitate to say them? My sole hesitation arises, perhaps, from my feeling that, in spite of the great name LaFarge has made as a religious painter and church-decorator, he is only incidentally great in these things. His religious work is not the chief claim on our attention, as Mr. Lathrop used to think.

It seems to me that exterior demand rather than any overwhelming pressure from within has brought LaFarge into his extraordinary prominence as a decorative or architectural artist. His embellishment of Trinity Church in Boston is very fine and, considering the haste forced on him, is remarkable. Hence I will not insist that his drawing and his grouping there do not seem to me of his best. My contention is that LaFarge, though perhaps the best church painter and religious decorator in our country, is greater in other branches of his art in which his pro-

duction has been less voluminous; for instance, few think of him as a landscapist, yet his Last Valley, Paradise, Newport, painted in 1869, now owned by Mrs. Lothrop, of Boston, was diplomaed in the Paris exhibition of 1878 and caused the famous critic, Philippe Burty, to exclaim, "From this American the French artists might learn to paint the green of Nature." But LaFarge, after this picture, stopped painting landscapes. His genius in this range lacked the dew of encouragement and seems to have dried up completely till these last two years, when the tropic and semi-tropic scenery of his travels again made his brush bring forth a luxuriant harvest.

Abroad, John LaFarge is probably the most famous of our artists, but this fame appears to be due in much larger part than it should be to his practical invention or rediscovery of certain singular processes for making the stained glass which he and other artists use in composing their decorative windows.

Concerning an American Art Exhibit in London during 1889, the London Athenæum, never very partial to things American, was forced into the following anent the work of John LaFarge:

> Among the finest things are the stained glass panels, remarkable for the deep and brilliant hues interfused with opalescence of an amazing charm which was quite unknown to us till now. Mr. John LaFarge has mastered that secret of the coloration of stained glass of varying thicknesses and, of course, of various depths and brilliancy of hues. This secret, which was part of the A B C of mediæval artists has long been an unfathomable mystery to the greater number of the Europeans who make what they call stained glass windows — windows they may be, but, unlike the supersplendid panels of Mr. LaFarge, they are far from being works of art.

From the report of the International Jury of the Paris Exposition of the same year I translate this passage:

> It is he, the grand innovator, the grand inventor of opalescent glass. He has created an art unknown, a novel industry, and in a country without artistic traditions, he will bequeath one to be followed by thousands of disciples who will have for him the same veneration which we have at home for our great masters. To claim a share in this veneration is the most beautiful eulogy we can pronounce upon this great artist.

Among LaFarge's memorial windows those best known to the American public are the Ames Memorial at North Easton, Mass; the Garfield Memorial at Williams College; the Baker at Newport; the Lorillard at Tuxedo, N. Y., and a window in Buffalo which was exhibited at the Paris Exposition just mentioned. As LaFarge had received the gold medal at Paris for his exhibit of mere commercial glass work, the authorities for his art-work as shown in this window, gave him the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

Returning to a consideration of his most striking characteristics as an artist, perhaps I cannot do any better by the reader than to quote one sentence from Mr. Lathrop which summarizes much of one's feeling about the mass of LaFarge's work.

"It is the raying out of a spiritual sentiment, coming as naturally as a perfume from a grass field — a mysterious, poetic feeling deeper than the actual lines and tints at first seem to promise, which is the underlying chord in all that Mr. LaFarge has done." But we must add a little to this sentence, paradoxically, by dropping forever the Mr. before his name, for John LaFarge is already one of the Immortals. He does not need any Cross of the Legion of Honor. The honors he has conferred on his country and his century are enough; their name is legion.

A BIT OF HOMESPUN.

BY H. M. SYLVESTER.

Swarm of bees in June
Is wuth a silver spoon,

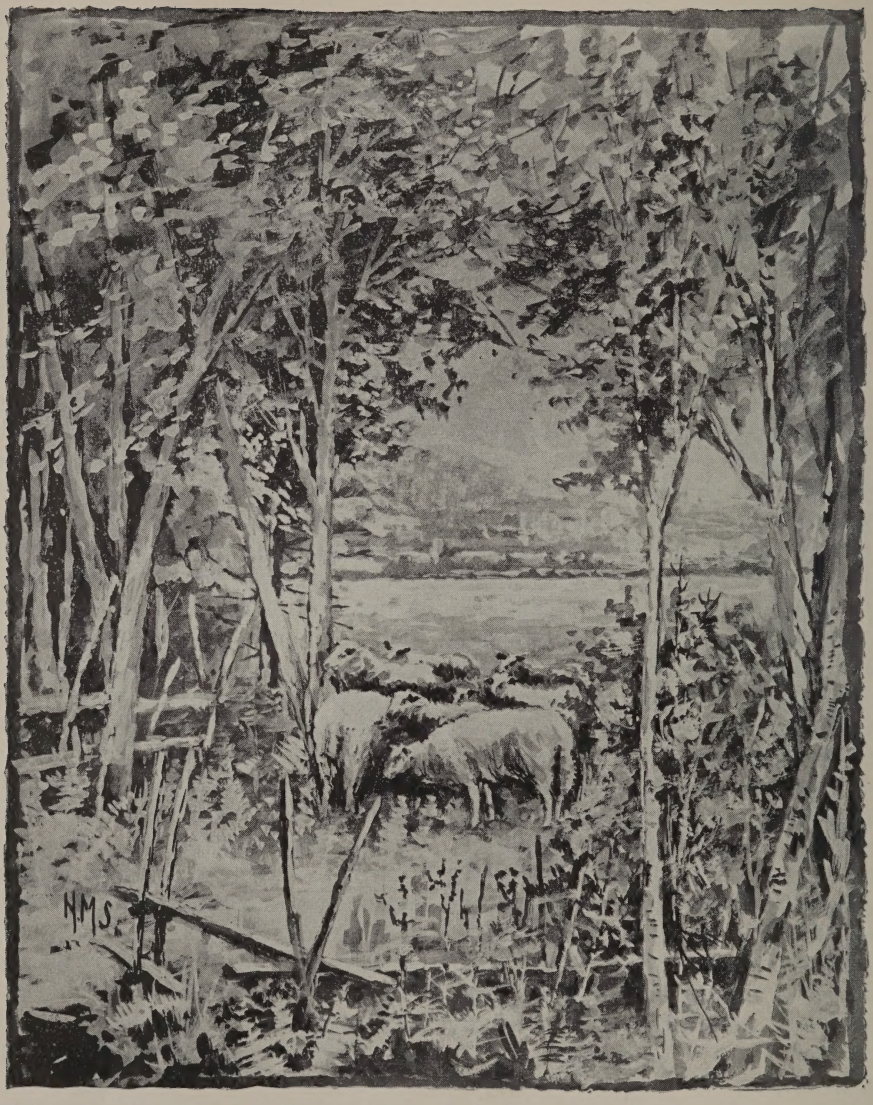
is a couplet that suggests a round of homely events, but some people cannot bear the suggestion of homely things. Kitchen smells are plebeian, and kitchen associations are vulgar; old-fashioned ways are provincial, if old-fashioned things are not.

The ways of one's mother in her childhood, milking, spinning and weaving at the old home among the hills, are never mentioned. The sun-tanned face, sweet and comely as it must have been even in its aging, with a hint of peach-blow for ripening color, consorted ill with the toil-roughened hands that should have been soft and like alabaster in their whiteness and to the manner born, and the old portrait is turned brutally to the wall.

Homespun stuffs and homespun manners of a bygone day are replaced by Lyons silks and modern fashion. In some quarters allusion to the ancestral occupation is quite outrageous, unless it was brought over in the Mayflower or had its location somewhere within the purlieus of old Leyden Street, and regarding which, if all stories told are true, the history of the old town of Plymouth is lacking; for it is said to have been a puny settlement, whereas it should have been a populous burg to have held the ancestors of so many people. Pride makes an elastic conscience. There is honor in occupation, in the performance of the most commonplace duties, but to some people the mention of such things brings annoyance, jarring the too finely ordered variety of their mentality.

But to get back to the old-time romance of the kitchen. Among its other servitors, I well remember the old earthen dye-pot of somewhat odorous companionship. It had its corner close under the chimney-jamb, as if the gentle heat of the fire had somewhat to do with the efficacy of its contents, which were an abomination to one's nostrils, whatever may have been their constituent parts. Harmless as the dye itself may have been, its fumes were to be avoided, and whenever there was occasion to remove its wooden cover we boys betook ourselves to the farthest corner of the old kitchen or into the woodshed, while the housewife dipped and rinsed her hanks of yarn in its deeps of indigo color, with an unconcern and fortitude that had something of the marvellous in our boyish eyes.

To the housewife of practical and economic turn of mind, this was one of the commonest of housewifely experiences, and as well the most frequently looked to of housewifely resources; but to the romancer of these days it is a rare line in the idyllic poem of the ancient wooden



At the Pond.

loom with its slow-growing web of rough but serviceable homespun. Within the depths of this old earthen vessel, as ancient and respectable as any within the homestead, is a philter that any gray-headed necromancer might covet — for here live visions and sounds for which weary, worn-out men might well pay fortunes, if they were to be had for the buying. It is fortunate there are some things in this world that cannot be bought.

Stir the old dye-pot with the crooked witch-hazel stirring-stick; dig up its depths of blue; now hold

the stick well above the mouth of the pot and hear the trickling of the dusky tide, its drip, drip, as it runs back into the pot. Ah, here is the intense hue of a June sky; it is a rare color that is fastened here! But this sound of the dripping water—it is the rippling current of Pleasant pond lapping the rocks that hedge it in just where we drove the sheep every springtime by way of the old wood-road, through the checkered shadows of the thick-leaved beeches, through the brakes and triple-leaved sarsaparilla tops in the open about the spring, down through the odorous pines and through their narrow aisles, to be washed in these clearest of clear waters, and out of which came one fleece after another, as white as the driven snow. Rightly named pleasant waters, they catch the color of the dome that roofs them in with the spring days fully fledged — a sky more blue than the bluest drip of this indigo dye — to hold it with Nature's eternal loyalty, with only a drift of cloud to dull its face now and then, or a cluster of stars to kindle aflame within its pellucid depths.

There was always a small flock of sheep on the farm. They had the run of the wide windy pasture in summer, as every blackberry bramble or slivered fence makes constant assertion, with here and there a tag of clinging wool — a bit of fibrous snow shining white in the summer sunlight; but in winter the flock was driven to the barns, where a long shed, with low-sloping roof, hugged the roadside wall along its southerly outlook. This old sheep-shed, built long before I can remember, was a House of Romance in itself, as ungainly outwardly and as barren inwardly when the sheep were on the hills, or in the lee of their pasture fences, as one could imagine. A single feed-rack made of slender rods slanting or flaring at their tops and held in place by a small tie-beam ran its lower side length. This was the crib, and over its top-rail into it was put the refuse fodder from the great barns along with the flail-threshed bean-stalks, a dainty to the sheep appetite, and which was always a sheep's fortune. As for that, anything was good enough for the sheep, that seemed to grow fat on these crumbs from the cattle-tie-up. The sheep housed for the winter, it was a delightful pastoral call to make at this old shed, with its dwellers crowding about one for the handful of beans, a nibble of carrot fresh from the house cellar, or some other edible in the sheep menu they had grown

A Dusty Road.

to look for with every coming of their master. They were apt beggars, nosing my pockets pertinaciously, and rubbing their white soft fleeces back and forth against my legs in a sort of coaxing way — a woolly huddle all about. I hear even now their doubting quaver as they discovered my poverty. How many and beautiful pictures come as I recall the old out-building that disappeared so many years ago, never to be replaced!

Whenever nowadays I see a cloud of dust along the country highways in the lush June, I expect to discover just beyond the roll of opaqueness a wayward flock of brown-backed sheep, a barefooted boy and a frowsy-looking cur to keep them company to the pasture bars that cannot be far away. But how we were bothered with their clambering over the stone walls about the farm when the farm dog was sent after them to start them scurrying, scrambling back to their own domain.

"Here, Towser! drive 'em — st — boy, ther!"

Away the sheep go, pell-mell, with a rattle of small hoofs that sound like castanets.

"Thet's a good dog, – gin't tew 'em! Larn 'em their place, Towser, – past're's good 'nough fer sheep 'n June!"

Over the wall they tumble, their short tails flapping up and down as if beating one-two time to the castanet rhythm of their heels.

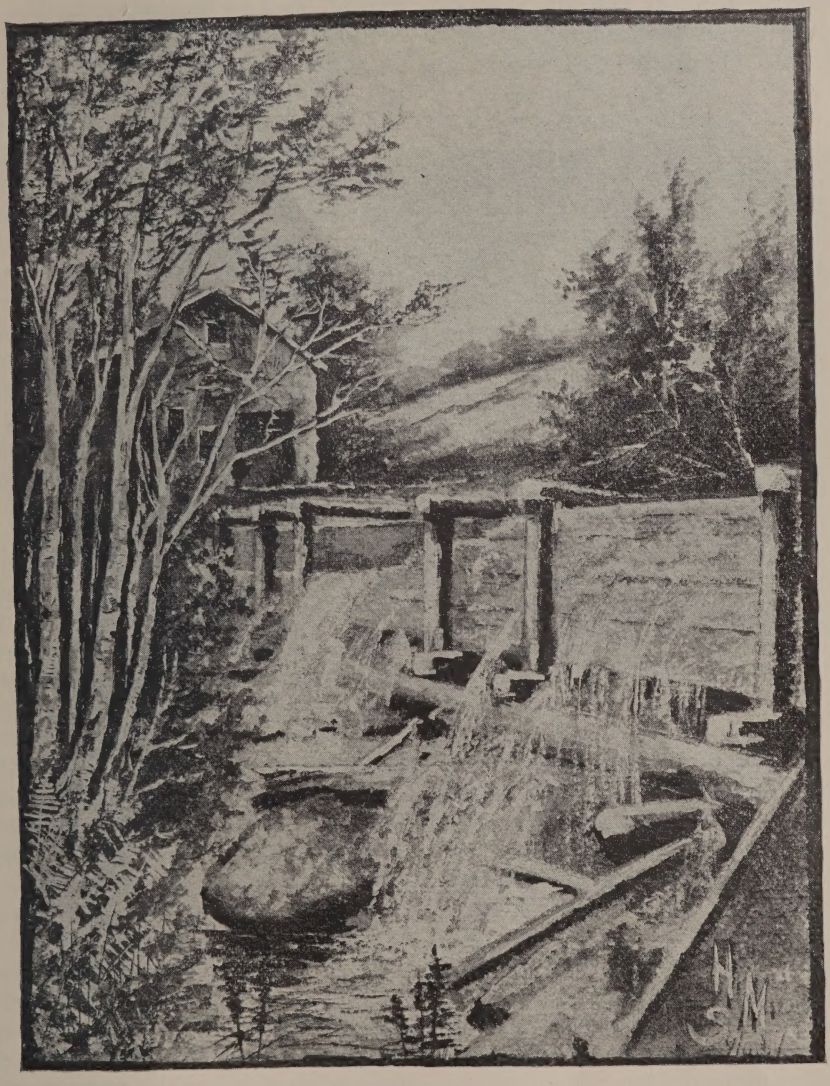
"Boost 'em — boost 'em, Towser," shouts the old farmer hilariously.

The sharp speech of the dog comes back on the west wind, but this is ordinarily forbidden sport to Towser, and more than one shrill whistle is needed to recall the canine from a task in which he is only too delighted to engage; but the sheep are back in the pasture, and the clover patch is safe from the four-footed marauders for the rest of the day.

The buck will be yoked to-morrow, and this trespassing on the forbidden dainties will be over, for one season at least. I saw an old sheep-yoke hanging upon a wooden peg in the homestead not long ago, and it was a song without words. A rare sweet song it was, so thickly muffled in its dainty, lace-like adornment of years of cobweb accumulations. The droning music of the spinning-wheel that helped to eke out the silences of the long winter evenings lingered within its triangle of season-cracked wood, a suggestion of poetry and romance. In the whirring of that wheel I heard the winds blowing over the home pasture, where patches of woolly snow were massed against the shadows of the gray fences so jealously maintained by neighbor against neighbor. I heard the smothered bleating of the timorous sheep, the sound of their scuffing through deeps of dead leaves as they were being driven over the shady wood-road to the pond, and the splashing of the limpid water as one after another of the flock was dragged or pushed into the stream.

What patient, helpless-looking creatures they were, waiting their turn at the washing! What a day of anticipation on which we hedged about the enclosure, piling the brush into some semblance of a fence, and after the fashion of a hollow square, leaving on the woodland side an opening through which the flock was to enter, and which was securely closed as the last "fleece" was driven into the washing-pen. The pond side open, all that remained to be done was to dispense with shoes and stockings and after rolling

trousers-legs and shirt-sleeves as high as possible, to make a dive at the unwilling sheep, and once captured, to pull the struggling, kicking



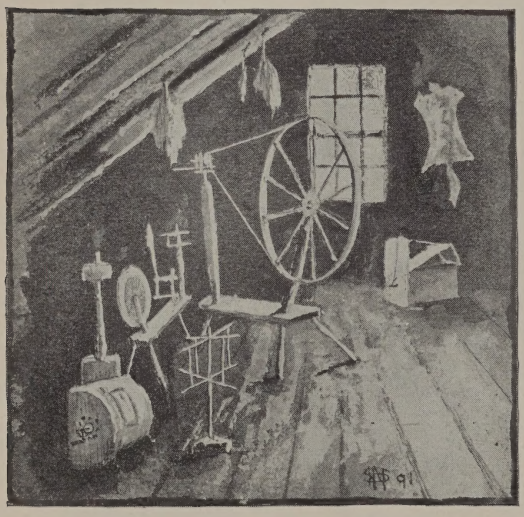
The Old Fulling-Mill.

animal into the water. What a rubbing and squeezing of each soft fleece until the last one had been through the ordeal! More than one

ludicrous incident happened, but what booted it if one got a head-foremost ducking along with a stout buck no less obstinate than his captor, determined that the victim should submit to this sylvan purification! It was fun for the urchin about the farm, but a season of fore-

boding for these pasture-folk, who were so soon to lose their coats at the hands of the shearer, whose attentions were not likely to be of the most considerate sort.

This washing of the sheep was a delightful episode, abounding in a mild kind of excitement, where we



The Old Garret.

boys were proud to show our strength and handiness. That we could handle one of these wool-bearers was proof that we were verging upon the domain of manhood and our individual importance was increased thereby, with ourselves certainly, deeming ourselves lucky if at the end of the washing we did not carry on our tender shins the marks of more than one sharp hoof, the scars of victory or ignominious defeat.

The sheep-shearing followed close upon the heels of the washing at the pond. With the first warm day the shearing began. The fleeces clipped from their owners, leave them ill-prepared for a marked change in the weather. The apple-blossoms have drifted into the grass and over the roadside wall, and the pippins have begun to set. The sun is weaving depths of color in the fields. The foliage in the lowlands has hidden the gray tops of the woods, and summer is on its way to its flood. The bobolinks have come, and the robins are busy with their nest-building. The swallows troop through the fields skimming the tops of the grass-lands, and fly in and out the barn doors thrown wide open with every morning. How they play their shrill fifes as they work at their mastic houses under the rough rafters that one can hardly discern amid the deep shadows and the maze of spiders' webs that drop down toward the great beams!

"Che-ep, che-ep!" shrills the swallow the forenoon through, a musical note that is charming for all its constant iteration, and that lends a liveliness to the goings-on about the barnyard, where Chanticleer struts to and fro, with an occasional note of questioning as these feathered acrobats swing downward through the air, making it whistle about our rooster's ears, like the noise of a missile that just escapes its mark.

The sunset in the west holds a prophecy of warmer days, and at last the flock is yarded over night, only to see the cattle go to the pasture without them the next morning. The great floors in the barn are swept clean, and the sheep are led through the tie-up one by one, as they are needed by the shearers. Did you ever see a pair of sheep shears? If you never have, then

you might well wonder what they were, for they are certainly the most bungling, awkward, unhandy-looking things one ever saw. Sprawled out upon the barn floor, the shearer holds the victim securely in his lap, its head under his elbow, while the wool in one broad mat is clipped close to the skin and not infrequently the shearer takes, Shylock-like, a nip of flesh. Only a skilful hand was entrusted with this important occupation, but the most skilful shearer was likely to leave a crimson mark here and there, though he exercised the utmost care. But what comical things they were after their wool was off! They were but ghosts of their former selves, as impoverished-looking a set of quadrupeds as one would see in a famine-stricken country, and we found it exceeding difficult to discover our favorites thus stripped of their glory, who could only stand in their shivering nakedness and make veritable sheep's-eyes that seemed a sort of shame-facedness that was truly pitiable.

Turned away to pasture, we hardly saw them until after midsummer, when they had a more respectable appearance and looked something like the sheep we drove to the pond in the June days. Close upon the shearing came the picking over the wool for the carding-mill, for in those days the farmer kept hardly more than was needed to supply the wants of the household — which was quite a deal. From the carding-mill, the wool came home in rolls of the size of a pipe stem and a yard, perhaps, in length, which were spun into yarn during the long winter evenings and the short days that lay between. Out of the yarn were made the mittens and stockings for the household, coarsely knit, yet comfortable, and the webs of homespun. It was into this old earthen dye-pot all the yarns were dipped, skein after skein, as they were taken from the wide-armed reel. Then, wrung out to dry by the open fire, they filled the old kitchen with the pungent odor of this home-made compound.

Some very handsome clouded yarns — so we thought them then — were made by tying a coarse band about the skein tightly at irregular intervals, the loose fibre taking the color quickly, while the compacted fibre was but lightly colored, if at all. Then came the winding of the bobbins for the big loom — clumsy affairs they were — and the "drawing in of the warp," when the music of the wooden loom resounded with recurrent bass note through the house. When the web was finished, it was taken to the fuller the first rainy day, or when the farmer could not work his land or crops, where, with cockle-burrs — grown in the fuller's garden, most likely — the cloth was "dressed" and brought home again, all in a fortnight's space, to be cut up into garments that wore for years like iron.

Like the Deacon's one-hoss shay this cloth was made upon honor, and it went through as many uses almost, to be woven at last into carpets for the spare rooms and chambers about the house, where it was admired without stint and kept to a good old age, as befitted its merit and honorable lineage. So the Romance of the Dye-pot was complete.

One sees this memento of the old days in many a country homestead in these later years; but the old loom is covered with dust; its faded yellow sleys are all askew, and not a single shuttle or bobbin is left to make the past other than a tradition, The sheep of the windy pastures have long since gone with them.

TAMMANY HALL.

BY HON. JOSEPH J. O'DONOHUE.

SOME half a dozen years ago, the people of New York City, weary of the incompetence and petty malfeasances which for some time previous had been characteristics of their municipal government, turned over the administration of nearly every one of their public offices to Tammany Hall. This action was taken by a majority vote that was, in some respects, surprising, but it was a fair, open vote, and the reasons for it become apparent on a little consideration. Years before, Tammany Hall had forfeited its power and prestige by reason of the personal corruption of its principal leaders, and their prostitution of their own official positions. Shrewd, capable politicians that they were, they had still blundered into the belief that they could retain leadership and power, while robbing the city boldly. As a matter of course, when their corruption was proved, their downfall was immediate, and as they had achieved power in the first place by means of Tammany Hall, and had retained it so long as they did retain it by Tammany votes, the organization shared for a time in their disgrace. Justly or unjustly, the word Tammany came to be, in common parlance, a synonym for dishonesty.

It would be idle, and it is altogether aside from the present purpose to enquire into the justice of the impression that was very prevalent at the time of Tweed's conviction. It was then supposed by many good people that because he was corrupt, the organization which put him in power was composed of corrupt men only. What is of present moment is to consider whether Tammany's enemies are justified in imputing corruption to its methods to-day.

Manifestly, the first question is: What is Tammany Hall? It is a simple question, but it is one that would be variously answered by different persons. Probably, however, all would agree to the answer that it is, at least in a political sense, composed of the people who vote the Tammany Hall ticket. And who are they? The figures of the last election are instructive. There were registered in 1892 the names of 309,647 voters. At the election there were cast 286,149 ballots. Of these 173,510 were cast for the Tammany ticket. Tammany Hall, therefore, consists of a little more than 60 per cent. of the voters of New York City. In other words, those vituperative members of the 39+per cent. of the population, who, exasperated by their own inability to control the large majority, solace themselves by slandering Tammany Hall in vile and intemperate language, are simply sayi g that more than three-fifths of the community are wilfully and deliberately dishonest, and are occupying themselves in the systematic plunder of the other two-fifths.

This monstrous assertion is so barefacedly and manifestly false that no person of repute will make it openly. Those who try to make the community believe it disguise it thinly by saying that it is the organi-

zation which they attack, and not the individual members of it. In other words, they assail the leaders, and declare that their followers are either corrupt at heart, or poor, miserable dupes and fools. Less than this they cannot say without emasculating their own arguments, yet to say as much as this is to lay themselves open to the ridicule of sane persons. The best test, after all, is the common sense of the community, and for every forty persons who allow themselves to be influenced by cheap talk of this kind, there are sixty who perceive the truth, and endorse Tammany Hall at the polls for good and sufficient reasons.

These reasons can best be set forth in a brief summary of what the organization has accomplished since it suffered an eclipse of its glory from the misdeeds of the Tweed Ring. It was inevitable that, having suffered itself at that time to be corrupted, the party should at once lose the support of the people — in other words, lose its own membership. The very fact that it failed to retain its power when it was shown to be corrupt, is a sufficient answer to the charge that it is now successful by corrupt methods. Corrupt methods bring no permanent success in American politics.

Humiliated then, and cast down by reason of its own offences, it might well have been supposed that the organization would have become extinct after the overwhelming defeat it experienced on the collapse of the Ring. It would doubtless have perished then and so but for the vitality of the principles which it has always professed, but from which it turned aside during a brief season of madness. These principles, of Jeffersonian democracy, are those to which the American people have always returned after every temporary aberration, and to which they must always give support, so long as they desire to maintain a genuine republican government. The best element of the party perceived at once that, modelled as it was on correct principles, it could not die, and that all that remained to do was to purge it of extraneous evil, to bring back the confidence of the public. This has been done. Tammany Hall cleansed itself, and because of the true superiority of its principles, and because of what it has accomplished, the people, by a great majority, now endorse and trust the organization.

All this is, in no sense, a defence of Tammany. No true man would attempt to defend its errors in the past. No sensible man would think of defending its record since. People do not defend great achievements ; they glorify them.

Returning to the question — What is Tammany Hall? — it is well to correct a curious misapprehension that exists in the minds of a portion of the community. Certain unscrupulous writers and politicians cunningly foster this notion, although for themselves they know how false it is. They constantly talk and write as though Tammany Hall were the machine of one man who controlled it by the right of his own position. It is represented that he, as a despot, surrounds himself with thirty satraps in the persons of the district leaders, whose sole function it is to receive his orders and convey them to subordinate officers, and it is declared that these captains enforce them upon the rank and file.

If this theory were even approximately correct, Tammany Hall would not exist for a month. It is the exact converse of the truth. Abso-

lutely, the only power that any officer of the organization has, or can have, is that which is freely delegated to him by those whom he leads. Mr. Croker, for instance, is called the "Boss." The name is applied to him half-jocularly, and altogether respectfully, inside the organization. It is used as an epithet outside. He would not hold his position as leader for a single day if a majority of his followers should become dissatisfied with him. The same thing is true in regard to every other officer in the organization. The great power of these leaders is the power of the votes behind them, and is derived from no other source. In other words, they are strong only in the sense that every politician in America, from George Washington down, has been strong. Such men can always afford to smile at the impotent calumny of a few and the opposition of forty fellow-citizens, when they can rely on the support and confidence of sixty others.

This support and confidence Tammany Hall possesses, and is likely to possess, only so long as it remains true to the immortal political principles to establish which it was founded, and of which it has been the home ever since its foundation. It is a fact, not sufficiently known to the public, that nearly every platform on which the Democratic party has fought in the general elections was formulated in Tammany Hall. It has differed from other sections of the National Democracy only when those other sections have departed from Jeffersonian doctrines. It has opposed candidates who were not, as its voters believed, true Democrats, but when these candidates have been selected against its protest, it has supported them loyally, because it was Democratic to do so. The magnificent majority it gave to a candidate last year is proof of this. It was not for Mr. Cleveland that that battle was fought. It was for the triumph of Democracy.

And in maintaining these principles, Tammany Hall has done more for New York City in the last five years than was ever done for a single municipality in the same time since history began. The municipal debt, when it came back to power, was rather heavy. It was not oppressively so, for New York was very rich, but it was heavy. To-day the debt is not a dollar greater than it was then, but the city is the richer by very many millions, by reason of the great improvements that have been made. Enormous sums have been applied honestly to the furtherance of a systematic plan of betterment, and the result is the almost incalculable enrichment of the city.

Nor has this enrichment been accomplished by the laying of extra burdens upon the people. On the contrary, the burdens have been lightened very considerably. The tax-rate when the anti-Tammany forces were in control, was $2.35. To-day it is $1.85, and there is good reason to believe that there will be a still further reduction this year. This reduction of expense to the taxpayer and concurrent enrichment of the city have been the result of two things, and two only. One is the intelligent system on which the improvements have been projected, and the other is the economy and honesty with which they have been carried out. It is a singular thing that, with all the denunciations of Tammany's "corruption," in which its enemies indulge so freely and recklessly, they have not been able to point out a single instance of it. No money has been stolen or misappropriated. No

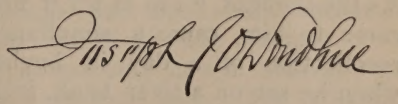
city official is shown to have been dishonest. General statements are plentiful, because they are cheap. Specific charges are not made, because there are none to make.

A conspicuous instance of this loose and ill-considered form of attack is the outcry that is frequently made about "Tammany's appointments." It must be remembered in this connection, that these "appointments" are, under Tammany administration, invariably made in accordance with the desire of a majority of the voters. And it speaks well for the voters of New York City, that out of the hundreds of appointments that have been made, not more than three or four have been criticised, either on the ground of capacity or personal character.

It would be impossible, within these limits, to speak in detail of the improvements that have commanded the admiration of the city, and of the world, regardless of political preference. One thing, however, may be mentioned as an example. In the recent expenditure of three millions of dollars on the repairing of a large proportion of the street surface of the city, more was accomplished than had ever before been done with twice the money. Not only was the very best pavement known to science secured as a result, but it was laid at a price per foot that was considerably less than is paid by London, Paris, and other capitals for similar work. And in addition, the contractors were compelled to give bonds to keep it in repair for terms varying from five to fifteen years, without cost to the city. Such a thing was unheard of, unthought of, before Tammany took control.

As to the care or cleaning of those streets there is no room for serious controversy. There are critics who will go around the New Jerusalem looking for the peelings and cores of "twelve manner of fruit," under the trees. If they remain long enough they will organize city reform clubs. It is enough to say that all the prominent officers of the foreign ships recently in our port spoke with admiration of such cleanliness as they had found in no other large city in the world.

As with the streets, so with the almost countless other improvements, the bridges, the docks, the aqueduct improvements — in short, all that have adorned and enriched the city within five years. All have been done economically, and no specific charge of fraud has ever been made. So long as this shall be the character of Tammany Hall's work, and so long as it shall remain the leading exemplar of genuine Democratic principles, just so long will the overwhelming majority of the city continue to support it and entrust it with the management of municipal affairs. What the minority may say or think is of no consequence politically. Doubtless the intelligent voters among them will gradually come to see that the new Tammany flourishes because of its patriotism and honesty, just as the old Tammany lost power because it turned aside from its mission.



THE PRICE OF JOHN JACKSON'S ONE LIE.

BY JAMES REALF, JR.

(*Concluded from May Number.*)

"I'M in for it now," was the first conscious thought John Jackson had, after writing his lie on the hotel register. A momentary daze had succeeded his daring deed. Then a ray from the large diamond on the sinless surface of the hotel-clerk's breast, like the accusing flash of some detective and judicial eye, made a shiver run down his spine. He had heard of stage-fright. This must be that sensation, only rendered more intense by the certainty of some punishment looming up in the mysterious distance — some formless cloud no bigger now than a man's hand — perhaps the man's hand that he had forged. Small now, but with such possibilities of growth, this shadow of a cloud to come did not daunt him after the first strong tremors.

Memory plays such queer tricks. As the thought, "I'm in for it now," came to him, came a simultaneous recollection of a day in boyhood, when he sat on a river bank, feeling the water with his feet, meditating a plunge. He had probably never read the comparison made in one of the greatest of modern dramas, by a criminal character just on the edge of committing a crime,—

"Thus men sit shivering on the dewy brink
And try the chill stream with their feet.
Once in,
How the delighted spirit pants for joy!"

But he felt the similarity of situation. With the reaction that followed his audacity rose the proud determination to play his part with a nerve that would command some sort of admiration or respect, if detection resulted. Yes, wherever the current carried him, at least he would go on gracefully, swimmingly, smilingly.

Even while the clerk called a boy to show him to his room, John Jackson-Johnson was planning his social campaign. Turning to Mr. Thomas Emmett, he said, with an easy laugh:

"Emmett, my dear fellow, would you mind doing me a service? I'll return the compliment when I get a chance."

"Why, certainly, old man, with all my heart — what is it? Something to do with Miss Grove?"

"Not exactly — yet you might help me in that direction, too. The fact is, I want your help in a matter I'm quite sensitive about. I want you to keep mum about it, besides."

"You can count on my help and my silence — *parole d'honneur*."

"Well, come up to my room, then. This place is too public even for whispers."

"All right; I'm with you."

Once in the room by themselves,

the transmogrified floorwalker of River, Bogg & Co. laid a caressing hand on Mr. Emmett's shoulder and resumed: "Emmett, I've a confession to make. Something has happened to me lately — something inside — and I'm awfully cut up about it. The fact is, my memory's queer. Now don't feel insulted by it, for it's no fault of mine, but, would you believe it, I didn't really recognize you just now."

"Great heavens! Is it possible? What's the matter — paresis?"

"No, I can't tell you."

"Hope it's not paresis — but lots of men in our class are threatened with that, don't cher know? Brains will soften if you drive 'em too hard."

"No, it's not that; but whatever has caused it, I'm sensitive on the point. Don't like to have it known or noticed — came very near not coming here on account of it. So you must help me — must be my memory. Of course, I know Miss Grove — "

"Ho-ho — I should hope so!"

"But, 'pon my honor I don't remember the name of a single lady friend of hers — not even her chaperone, if she has one. You must post me on these points."

"All right; that's easy enough. Give me something harder."

"Same thing about the fellows here. When they come our way, give me the right pointer as to who's who. I don't want to call people by the wrong name, and that sort of thing."

"Of course not. I see your point. As for the fellows, the only ones we met last year are in the billiard room now. There's Sunderland, tall chap with light hair and big mustache; fancies he was meant for a heavy military swell, you know; got on Gov. ——'s staff and likes to be called Colonel. Then you must remember little Blake — little Billy Billiards you called him one day on account of his fine playing. Then there's Pickering Howard, dark fellow, with funny Japanesy eyes — capital yachtsman — took us out sailing that day Sunderland whispered you looked so lovesick it made him seasick. Have you forgotten how you overheard him and remarked aloud that Shakespeare or some other chap said military heroes were always out of place at sea? Pretty keen cut, we all thought it, but I 'sure you Sunderland bears no malice. He'll be glad to shake your fin once more. Shall we join them at billiards? On the way we might order some fizz cocktails sent down from the bar. Billy Billiards said the other day he guessed that was the reason they call this place Bar Harbor, because it seems to be the only part of the State o' Maine where you can get real New York tipples properly compounded. Bright of him, wasn't it?"

John Jackson-Johnson assented, and they strolled down to the billiard room, ordering on the way refreshments for five, which the new arrival bade the spirituous gentleman behind the solemn black-walnut counter to charge to his account. Then he suggested to the obliging Mr. Emmett that after the interview and liquid ceremony they should take a stroll and a smoke, during which Mr. Emmett could refresh his memory concerning the hotel ladies, the people who live in the cottages, etc., etc. To this Mr. Emmett assented, all the more eagerly because he was a little bit of a snob and the season previous had been held rather at arms' length by John Johnson.

The meeting in the billiard room was extremely easy. The adventurous Jackson after it did not have to draw any deep breath of relief. Armed with Mr. Emmett's pointers,

his natural mother-wit had bridged any gaps quite quickly. Strange to say, he felt perfectly at home in swell society. During his stroll with Tom Emmett, that gentleman played valet to his mind so well that by sunset Mr. John Jackson-Johnson was well equipped with nearly all the necessary information concerning Miss Edith Grove, the Baltimore orphan heiress, and her lady friends.

But still, though exhilarated by his success among the men that day, that evening and throughout the next day, the new Johnson shrank from the ordeal of facing the pure, honest eyes of Miss Grove. It seemed to his drowsy, yet not wholly drugged, conscience one thing to impose his society on the men and quite another thing to steal into communion with that lovely woman. Possibly, too, the face of Norah Dove appealed to him out of the past of day before yesterday, that now seemed millions of ages ago. Yet, with this superficial holding back was a strong undercurrent of passionate mad desire to bask for a while in the smile of a society beauty. Nothing more. His madness did not dream of trying to win her heart.

So for fully thirty hours after Miss Edith Grove knew of his arrival, much to her amazement, she found herself apparently avoided by the man whose attentions the summer before had smacked of intentions. To be shunned was for her a strange experience. To be shunned by Mr. Johnson — what did it mean? It set her thinking of him rather constantly, rather closely, somewhat comparingly. She had always liked him for a certain occasional shyness of feeling, along with headlong frankness of expression and a gayety so contagious it seemed better even than a gift of special wit. Always seeming so eager for her society, now he showed indifference. Was it real — an attack of shyness — or planned with malice prepense? If it lasted much longer, she would find out, even if she had to ask him point-blank. She did not have the usual scruples about doing what the world might deem forward. For several years she had been empress of herself and, as far as social conventions went, she held the dogma that a born empress can do no wrong.

Yes; if Mr. John Johnson within three hours did not seek her in the parlor or on the porch, or overtake her in a lonely walk that she began to contemplate, she determined she would throw herself in his way and demand what she had done to be avoided by an old friend. That was all he was, of course, but friends are precious and must not be allowed to drift away.

The three hours were not quite up when she started out in the lingering twilight, with something like indignation towards Mr. Johnson. She walked towards a part of the beach where she really believed she would be alone. There, smoking a cigar, and looking happily handsome, stood the figure of her thoughts. She seemed to have come very close before catching sight of him. He saw her at the same instant. She bowed, he doffed his hat and impulsively flung away his cigar. She rewarded that sudden burnt offering with a faint smile even while she began to speak with a tinge of just resentment.

"Mr. Johnson, why do you keep away from me, as if I were an old witch?"

"Miss Grove — perhaps it is — because you are — a young one."

The chance for a complimentary antithesis was so obvious that it would have seemed to her a cheap

reply from any one else, perhaps from him if uttered differently. But the man spoke in such a stammering, panting way that the woman set it down to shyness. Miss Grove's indignation melted into warm liking. The beatified floorwalker of River, Bogg & Co. was likely to walk into her affections quite rapidly, if he kept this gait. She put out her hand. He shook it fervidly — held it a moment longer than necessary. She spoke.

"Well, I suppose I must be gracious and forgive you, if you will now become my escort and at the same time give an account of yourself. What have you been doing since we parted?"

"I'd rather not talk of myself. There are plenty better subjects, I guess. You talk a while, please, and let me listen."

Just as Miss Grove had given him credit for shyness, she now gave him more for even a greater modesty and simplicity than the Mr. Johnson of last summer had shown. Here was a man worth talking to, she thought, after those vapid chatterers of the Tom Emmett order. The moon rising slowly from the sea, dripping silver and gold on the dimpling water, strains of music wafting from the distance, the near plash of the soft summer surf — all conspired to inspire Miss Grove with a mood not rare to women of her type if they only dared to give vent to it. They strolled along for an hour — perhaps more — she talking, asking questions, not waiting for answers, now looking at him with her soft brilliant eyes, now gazing at the sea and the night.

As for the commonplace John Jackson whose thoughts had run on marrying an heiress several days before, he had entirely evanesced. The man who listened to the spoken music of this Southern girl's idle summer night revery, was no longer a temporarily emancipatedwage-slave, a fugitive floorwalker — he was an enchanted, etherialized being. Half of the delicacy of Miss Grove's shades of thought escaped him of course, but enough remained to make him realize a new world where "music and moonlight and feeling were one" — a world, to be sure, in which, by the same token, he, John Jackson, was lost, but then, how splendidly!

But splendidly audacious he was not. His years of wage-slavery had cheapened his fibre. He had the adaptability of a woman to his new surroundings and the habits of his companions. But he lacked that gift of the strong man to take his own by the divine right of brains or the diviner right of heart. He simply went on sunning himself day after day, of that fatal fortnight, in the beauty of Miss Grove. He spent all the time possible in her presence.

This supreme and reckless surrender on the part of the man began to affect the woman. He did not say flattering things, but his every look and attitude were like double-distilled incense at the shrine of her womanhood. He was no fool, either, when he did talk. Indeed, he made some practical observations which, being entirely out of her experience, impressed her as profound.

So the days flew by, and the people about the hotel said there was no doubt of it. They would be engaged before the season was half over. Tom Emmett and little Billy Billiards even had bets as to how soon it would be announced. But the last day came for John Jackson. Tomorrow he must leave his paradise and return to the commonplace. Up to this day he had let no cloud show on

his face. But now he became grave. Miss Grove, of course, noticed it and grew subtly sympathetic. The day wore away. Night came, beautiful — very beautiful. Miss Grove and the doomed man lingered late on the hotel piazza. A strange silence had fallen on them. She broke it, rising.

"The hour is very late. I must go in now — what would Mrs. Grundy say to all this! I really *must* go."

"So must I, to morrow."

"What do you mean, Mr. Johnson — your tone jars on me?"

"Does it? Forgive me, but I mean what I said and more. I must leave here to-morrow — and very early — I had a telegram calling me away on important business. We must say good-by to-night."

"How nervously you speak? What's the matter? Is any one you love lying ill?"

"No."

"Then why must you go? Or if so, you will return soon, I hope."

"Do you really, Miss Grove?" He stepped close to her.

"Of course I do. I had counted on you for all summer."

"Would you miss me, if I never came back?"

"What a strange question! You know I would. I shall miss you every moment till you return."

The man, suddenly bending, put his arms about her and kissed her lips, a long, strong, sweet and frightfully bitter kiss, with desire and renunciation hopelessly blended on his part, with womanly indignation melting into a tender sensation of momentary peace on hers. Then she slipped from him, saying before she fled away:

"O, Jack! Jack" —

"Forgive me, Edith — Miss Grove. I didn't mean to" —

"O, Jack! Jack! — I never knew till this moment how much you were to me. Come back soon from that wretched old business. Come back soon, Jack — dear Jack, good-night."

She was gone, and John Jackson was alone on the piazza. He stared a few moments at the stars, supposed by some to rule men's lives, wondered if any star took any particular interest in him, lit a cigar, smoked a few minutes, went in, asked to be called for the earliest boat, and went to bed, but not to sleep. Next day, John Jackson vanished.

Two days later, John Johnson, limping a little and somewhat languid, arrived, and was instantly congratulated by Tom Emmett on his engagement to Miss Edith Grove; for that charming girl of course had confided what seemed to her an engagement to her dearest girl friend in the hotel. Then, too, her radiant face and the sudden disappearance and sudden reappearance of Mr. John Johnson confirmed Tom Emmett and others in their not unreasonable conclusion.

This conclusion was one so long secretly desired by John Johnson that he did not contradict the congratulations. Some instinct told him to hold his peace and await revelations. The remarks made by Tom Emmett sounded very queer. Had Tom been drinking? No! Had he himself been dreaming for two weeks that he was a cripple in Stonington, when, in reality, according to Emmett, whom he pumped with quiet dexterity, he had been in Bar Harbor winning the hand of Edith Grove?

Jack Johnson laughed softly to himself and still held his tongue. He held it even firmer, when Edith met him all smiles and tender interest over his languid looks, and confessed to him that she had told of

their engagement of two nights before.

Being rather a clever man, though a member of some four hundred somewhere, he accepted the situation and lived right into it. Accordingly, very soon they were married, and have lived happily together, the only shadow on Jack's philosophic serenity being a remark his wife made to him several months later.

"Jack dear, you're the dearest, sweetest husband in the world, but one thing puzzles me — why is it that you have never kissed me quite so deliciously, so tremendously, as you did that night on the West-End piazza?"

"My dear," said John Johnson, with a smile that strove to be quizzical, "you must ask me something easier. There are just a few million things in this world which your husband doesn't know."

As for John Jackson, he is still floorwalker to River, Bogg & Co., and the price he is paying for his one lie (and the many he had to tell and enact for the support of that one) is a price that always increases. He lives in constant fear of meeting either his double or his double's wife, and he has grown so furtive and over-vigilant in his ways, when walking abroad or in the store, that the detectives of River, Bogg & Co., employed to watch customers, are beginning to watch him. The probability is that, on account of his increasing nervousness, River, Bogg & Co. will before long send him on a very long vacation.

MAN'S TWO WINGS.

(*Paraphrased from "De Imitatione."*)

BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

When life seems dreary,
And thou art weary
  Of earthly things —
If then thou yearnest
In holy earnest,
  For what peace brings,
Thou mayst soar to heaven
On pinions given
  To souls like thine:
    Simplicity
    And purity
    Will be for thee
  Those wings divine.

THE BRACING OF TIPTON.

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK.

"AREN'T you ashamed of yourself? Aren't you? Aren't you? Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Jim Tipton?"

At each repetition her voice grew more tearful, and when she had finally succeeded in half dragging, half supporting her husband into the kitchen, Mrs. Tipton threw her apron over her head and wailed aloud. Tipton sat on the chair on which she had thrown him, looking at her with drunken stolidity. Her loud sobbing appealed to his maudlin sensibilities. He pulled his hat lower over his face and wept sympathetically. At the sound of his crying, Mrs. Tipton's wailing gradually assumed a diminuendo quality; she withdrew her apron from her head and surveyed her husband from head to foot in a glance largely compounded of surprise, disgust and the indifference begotten by many years of unsatisfactory conjugal life.

"A body's life ain't worth living," she began, in a weak, tremulous tone. "Saturday comes and you're off again the very moment your pay goes into your pocket. And the grocer ain't paid, and the butcher ain't paid, and they'll give us no more on trust. There's no flour in the house, nor no coal, and half of your children, Jim Tipton, have no shoes to their feet. Poor little creatures! They've all gone hungry to bed."

Tipton wiped his eyes with his knuckles, solemnly shook his head from side to side, and remarked in the thick, slow gravity that liquor fumes engender, "There's such a blamed lot of them."

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Jim Tipton? Heaven knows what God sent those twelve lovely angels to you for. You don't deserve to be the father of the little treasures."

"Don't cry, Kate! They're all right. You're all right. I'm all right. Next Saturday I'll bring you every cent, every darned cent."

"What have you got now?" demanded his wife, making a motion as if to search his pockets.

He waved her off with unsteady dignity.

"Don't you touch my pockets, Kate! It hurts a fellow's feelin's when his wife searches his pockets. I'll give you all I've got," magnanimously.

After laboriously going through one pocket after another, he brought out four pennies, which he presented her, one by one, with a vast deal of tipsy dignity.

"There," he solemnly averred, "that's every penny, every darned one, I've got."

"Four cents out of a whole week's wages!"

Indignation quenched the tears in Mrs. Tipton's weak blue eyes. A flush came into her cheek. For a moment the tired, faded, squalid-looking woman was animated by a spark of spirit that gave back to her, for one fleeting instant, a little of the dash and beauty of her youth, — those distant days of early girlhood when handsome Jim Tipton had captured her innocent fancy. The re-

sult had been a runaway match between the girl of sixteen and the lad of eighteen, followed by twenty years of married life in which such scenes as this were of very frequent occurrence.

His wife's indignant glance had somewhat the effect of a dash of cold water on the drunkard's face. His voice was less thick and unsteady as he said: "I'm not much of a fellow, Kate. There never was such an unlucky poor devil. But you're a good wife, Kate. And Mary's a good sister. Don't know what we'd ever have done without Mary."

"I guess you'd better get to bed before she comes in."

Tipton rose heavily, straightened himself on his legs and, with his wife's help, advanced slowly and cautiously to the door. As she opened the door, the street door opened and they stood face to face in the entry with Mary Tipton. She was a small, slight woman of forty or over, with red hair, unattractive features, and nothing whatever about her face of the attractive good looks that even yet distinguished her brother, who was a year or two her junior.

She looked silently at him for a moment. Then she spoke, quietly and incisively:

"You've been at it again, have you? I knew you would, for all your promises last time. Don't talk to me, please! You'd better put him to bed, Kate."

She passed into the kitchen and sat down in the chair he had lately occupied. She looked about her in a tired, dispirited fashion as she listened to her brother's bumping progress up the stairs. She sighed heavily and, getting up, began to look about the room. The fire was out and, as she soon discovered, there was neither wood nor coal to start it again. The larder was equally bare. Late as it was, she resumed her hat and coat which she had thrown off on entering, opened her purse and anxiously counted the contents. Down the stairs came the patter of little feet. Half a dozen of the children who had been eagerly waiting for her coming, clustered around her.

"Aunt Mary, we're so hungry!" they cried. "We can't go asleep, we're so hungry!"

"Wait, dears," she answered gently, a marvellously tender look transforming the plainness of her face. "I'm going off to get something. Run up to bed, like good children! I'll be back in a jiffy. You go and put on your clothes, Minnie, and help me cook supper when I come back."

Aunt Mary's word was law, so the children quietly dispersed while Minnie, the eldest, dressed and returned to the kitchen to have everything ready for her aunt. In half an hour the latter returned, laden down with a basket of meat and groceries. A boy came with her, wheeling a cart filled with coal and wood. In a few minutes the fire was crackling, the kettle was boiling and the grateful odor of frying steak and potatoes filled the house.

There was a resolute look mingled with the kindliness of Mary Tipton's face as she presided over the supper table. But everybody was too hungry to notice her unusual expression. The children and her sister-in-law ate and were comforted and went to bed, dimly grateful for Aunt Mary's existence.

When Mary Tipton came down the next morning, her brother, sober, but red-faced, his wife, slatternly as

ever, and an indefinite number of more or less dirty children were seated around the untidy breakfast table. Mary had her hat and coat on, and the resolute expression was still lingering on her face.

"Won't you have some breakfast before going to church, Mary?" asked her sister-in-law.

"No, thank you, Kate. I'll have something down town. I won't be back after church. In fact, I have decided to board down town after this. It will be more convenient for me, and more desirable for many reasons."

She nervously pulled at her glove. One of the children caught her eye in a wondering, frightened look. Her lip twitched and she hesitated for a moment. She knew she was going to be cruel to the children, and the knowledge wrenched her heart-strings. She looked from her brother to her sister-in-law, and her small gray eyes darkened and her mouth became resolute again.

"I've been thinking things over, Jim, lately, and I've come to the conclusion that you're pretty nearly old enough to take care of yourself and your own. God knows I've always been glad to do what I can for the children and for Kate, too — yes, and for you, because you were a little curly-headed child when our mother died and she bade me be good to you always. And she said to me — do you remember, Jim? — 'I thank our dear Lord, child, that you will always have your brother to take care of you!'"

She stopped, with a little laugh that was more a sob. Jim's head sank down on the coffee-stained tablecloth.

"For God's sake, Mary, don't remind me of that!" he groaned.

"I don't mean to be unkind to you, Jim," she answered in a softened tone. "But thirty years have gone since our mother's death, and I know, with God's help, I have kept my promise to her. You have had other ties and other cares. I have not wished you to help me. In any case, I would have been too proud to be anything but a self-supporting woman. And I have worked hard and honestly all these years. Now I am beginning to grow old and I have nothing saved. The money that I might have had to go into business with has gone — you know how. But that does not matter much. God will help me when the rainy days come. But who is to help you when you have never helped yourself?"

A groan from Tipton and a sob from Mrs. Tipton were the only answer the earnest voice received.

"It is not as if you were a fool, Jim, or a bad man, except for the drink. You'd have been a master-builder now instead of a poor carpenter if you had stuck to your trade and let whiskey and the boys alone. I don't want to preach, but as long as you have me at your back, you'll never get on your own feet. Well, I am going to board down town. I shall not give you any address, and I warn you there will be no use in trying to find me. It is best that we each go our own ways for a while. I mean it. Before God, I swear to you, Jim Tipton, I'll never help you again until you let whiskey alone! And now, good-by, and God bless you all!"

She hurried from the room, but returned to the door to say, in her usual quiet tone: "I'll send for my things to-morrow, Kate, and I'll order the shoes for the children."

The door closed softly. In a moment her steps sounded outside on the

walk. The children, dimly comprehending that Aunt Mary was angry and was never going to live with them again, broke into a series of dismal howls.

Tipton sat with his elbows on the table, his head buried in his hands. His weak face seemed suddenly to have lost its good-natured helplessness and to have assumed a bewildered but determined expression.

Mrs. Tipton poured herself another cup of coffee and slowly sipping it, said to her husband, "Do you think she's going to be married, Jim?"

About eight o'clock the next Saturday evening Mary Tipton finished her work for the week, put the sewing-room neatly in order and started for home. It was a cold, wet night, but her boarding-house was fortunately near at hand, and in a few moments she let herself into the house and stood in the stuffy, ill-furnished room that was now her home. She lit her student lamp and glanced about her. As she pulled off her wet outer garments, she indulged in her favorite habit of talking aloud.

"It's not much of a room, to be sure, but there are plenty of worse places and, after all, I'm not in it very much. I'm so cold and so tired, I really think I need a cup of tea.

"How miserable I have been all the week over the poor children, and how wicked it makes me feel to have left them! But I did it for the best, God knows. And suppose they should be starving to-night, while I sit here drinking tea like a princess? If I could only stay with them — if I could only keep them all with me!" A moment's pause and then, "Poor Jim! Poor Jim!"

Then she shook her head determinedly, dashed the tears from her eyes, and opening her purse, counted over her week's earnings. Dividing the money in two very unequal portions, she took the larger share and wrapping it carefully in a paper, locked it away in a drawer.

"That's for them, poor dears, when they need it," she said, and she smiled and looked happier.

One Sunday, nearly a year later, when she was feeling very lonely, she observed that she had some new neighbors at the dinner table. They were a middle-aged gentleman, Mr. Gilmore, and his son, Eddie, a boy of eight or ten. A crutch lay beside the child's chair. He was a pale and fragile-looking little lad who cherished for his father the worshipping love that tall, strong men, who are kind and gentle in their ways, inspire in feeble children.

Children discern their friends as unerringly as a Newfoundland does, so Eddie and Miss Tipton speedily became great chums. The motherless child grew to watch for her coming every Saturday night as eagerly as he waited for his father every evening. Soon the friendship of the child and the woman became a friendship of three, and the man, too, began to discover in Miss Tipton the lovable qualities that Eddie's innocent heart had divined. The party of three enjoyed many pleasant little excursions together, in which Mary readily consented to join when Mr. Gilmore's invitation took the form of an entreaty, "for Eddie's sake."

Mary began to love the gentle, delicate child with an affection almost tenderer, though not warmer, than that she felt for poor Jim's children. She had not forgotten her brother and his children, though almost a year had gone by since she had seen or heard of them. Often

she longed to go to them, but she had so far resisted the temptation and contented herself with praying and hoping and steadily adding to the little hoard in her bureau drawer. At last, one Sunday, she suddenly resolved to put an end to her suspense and spend the afternoon in visiting her brother and his family.

At dinner, Mr. Gilmore said: "Will you join us this afternoon, Miss Tipton? Eddie has been anxious to see the Art Gallery and I am sure that your society will make it more interesting for him than being all alone with his stupid old father."

"Do come, Miss Tipton! And tell papa that we know he's just fishing for compliments when he calls himself names," said Eddie.

Miss Tipton returned the child's smile and replied to his father: "Thank you very much, Mr. Gilmore. I should be pleased to accompany you, but I have another engagement for the afternoon."

"I am very sorry. Can't it be broken? Won't you let Eddie persuade you? Would there be any use in my trying to induce you to come — just to please me? And I have something important to say to you — something very near to my heart — can't you come?"

His handsome gray head bent towards her. He looked eagerly at her. The clatter of knives and forks covered his low, earnest tones. She smiled and shook her head as she rose from the table. Her eyes, as they met his, were very friendly and kind.

"If it were possible, I should be easily persuaded," she said.

Putting on her things, she set out immediately for her brother's house. She stood on the steps for a moment before she could rouse her courage to the turning of the knob. She noticed, with surprise, that the out side of the place looked trimmer than she had ever seen it before.

Within, there seemed the same transformation. She opened the sitting-room door and stood for a moment, silent and unobserved, watching the group within. The room had been freshly painted and papered, the carpet was new, everything had an air of cleanness and neatness. The children were running about, noisy as ever, but tidier and healthier-looking than she had ever seen them.

Her sister-in-law sat by the fire with the youngest child in her lap, and they, too, were marked by the wonderful transformation that had come over the Tipton household. But most wonderful of all was the difference she perceived in the Jim Tipton of to-day, healthy and active-looking, freshly shaved and well-dressed, who sat smoking and reading the papers, and the Jim Tipton, sodden, shabby and miserable, of a year before.

The children rushed upon her. There was a shout of "Aunt Mary! Aunt Mary! Aunt Mary!" and for ten minutes Mary was smothered in hugs. Jim and Kate were equally glad to see her.

Her brother put his arms around her, and his eyes were full of tears as he kissed her.

"God bless you, Mary!" he said. "You made a man of me at last. And you never braced me up as much as when you threw me off."

After a minute Kate said: "If you wouldn't mind my asking the question, Mary, I'd like to know — are you going to be married?"

In reply to this question, Mary blushed so vividly and becomingly that her complexion for the moment was as beautiful as Kate Tipton's in the days of her youthful loveliness.

THE ATHLETE OF TO-DAY.—I.

BY BAYARD BRADFORD.

IF the boy is father to the man, then the basis of the interest of all nations in physical training is found, possibly, in the ineradicable impulse of all healthy children to play. This play instinct has its fullest expression in athletic sports; and the recognition which a generation gives to the athlete is somewhat akin to that which it gives to a poet. The one sings for it and expresses its emotions: the other runs and leaps for it and exults in the strength it has. The place which physical development has in public attention is convincingly expressed by Charles Wadsworth, Jr., in his "Addresse on Higher Athletics":—

"No one can rejoice more heartily than myself in the wisdom which cares for the body and its development. . . . . The last generation neglected physical development. It, perhaps, did not matter so much years ago, for a large proportion of the young men of the land were then raised upon farms. They found their gymnasium in the harvest field and behind the plow. Milking developed their grip, and pitching hay developed their shoulders. Instead of swinging Indian clubs they sawed wood; and instead of pulling chest weights they hoed corn. This is, after all, the best of methods. Constitutions built up by such exercises have a toughness of fibre and power of endurance which no gymnasium can impart. It was such a system of athletics that gave Webster an Choate their superb strength.

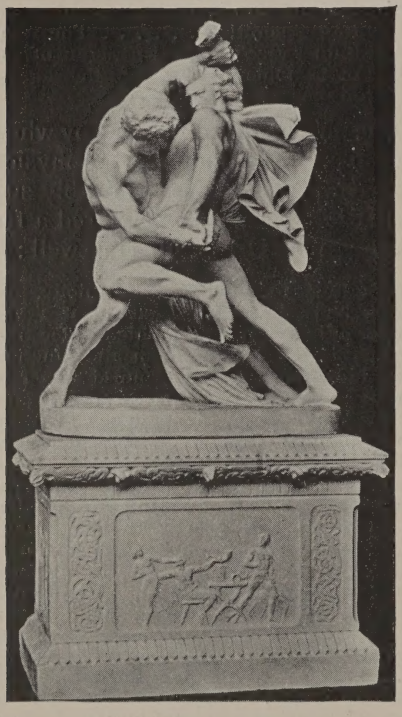
To-day, however, the conditions are changed. The thousands of young men in great cities do not swing flails or mow grass. They are cramped in artificial and unfavorable circumstances. Instead of pure air they breathe cigarette smoke and sewer-gas. Under such conditions it is a kind Providence that has brought athletics into such prominence and awakened such an interest in physical development. . . . . It will greatly increase the health and happiness and usefulness of the coming generations. . . . . The result will be a finer race and that paragon of animals, that noblest result of the ages—"a strong man."

The physiological process by which the best conditions of physical strength is attained is admirably suggested in an address delivered a few years ago by Dr. E. M. Hartwell:—

According to modern physiology, the human body is an aggregation of a vast number of individual cells which differ from one another in lineage, form and function. These individuals are so grouped with relation to one another in our various organs, that the body, as a whole, is to be considered as a communal structure, a sort of federal union of tissues and organs. . . . . It is estimated that the tissue-changes of which an adult human body weighing one hundred and forty pounds is normally the seat involve the transformation of more than a ton of material in the course of a year. Muscular activity is one of the chief agents in promoting tissue-changes in all the bodily organs and in determining the normal growth and development of the organism as a whole. . . . . Next to the movements due to muscular action, the most direct and obvious effects of exercise are increased circulation and ventilation of the blood. . . . . The ends of exercise may be characterized . . . . . as the promotion of health and the acquisition of correct habits of action. The first is a hygienic end, while the second is a distinctly educational end. . . . . The main field of education is the nervous system, and the principles of all forms of physical training, however various and divergent their special ends may be, are based upon the power of the nervous system to receive impressions and register them or their effects. . . . . It is coming to be clearly recognized that the function of our public and preparatory schools and colleges is not to fit their scholars to engage as specialists in either intellectual, commercial or industrial pursuits. The same rule holds good as to the kind, or rather degree, of physical training which should be aimed at in our schools and colleges. . . . . Training so general that it is vaguely, or spasmodically, or half-heartily

carried out, or worse still, that is left to run itself in accordance with the whim or frenzy of the persons to be trained, will deservedly fall short of success.

The position taken by the writer of the address just quoted is indisputable. The history of Greece is



The Girdle Duellists.

sufficient proof. "In the breadth and sanity of its aim," says Dr. Hartwell, "in the magnitude of its proportions, and the completeness of its development as a national institution; in the perfection of its organization, in the splendor and solemnity of its festivals, in its many-sided and abiding influence, as well as in the length of its history and the brilliancy of its record, the physical training of the Greeks has no parallel. Its history forms a coherent whole, presenting well-marked phases of growth, culmination and decay, and reflecting at every stage the spirit of the nation.

"Athletic contests entered into the worship of Greek gods and heroes, and the lapse of time was reckoned in Olympiads to mark the recurrence of the principal sacred games. Gymnastics were assigned an enlarged and honorable place in the training, both for peace and war, of every free-born boy and youth. The codes of Lycurgus and Solon provided for the organization and regulation of bodily training; and the management of it, during its best estate, afforded positions of honor and emolument to distinguished and ambitious men. It furnished themes for poets, philosophers and historians. Sculptors and painters sought the palæstra and gymnasium for their fairest models, and even the greatest of Greek physicians thought it no condescension to study and adopt exercises and procedures which had been originated by pædotribes and gymnasts.

"The principal exercises taught in the palæstra and the gymnasium were: running, leaping, wrestling, throwing the discus, hurling the spear, boxing, and the pancration, a combination of boxing and wrestling. Various games of ball were in vogue, and much attention was paid to swimming and bathing.

"The Greek training was severe, that of candidates for the Olympic games lasting for ten months. It was mostly conducted in the open air, often under a blazing sun. In their practice exercises and in their matches, the athletes were oiled and sanded before their exercise and scraped with a strigil, shampooed and bathed after it. Their dietary was as carefully regulated as their hours of sleep and practice.

"The Greek gymnasium was much more than an aggregation of wrest-

ling pits, running tracks, exercise halls and bathing establishments, surrounded by colonnades and shady walks. The Athenian gymnasia were clubs and schools as well, provided with lecture halls and quiet nooks, to which the young men and elders of the city resorted for instruction and social intercourse. It is noteworthy that, even among the Greeks, the German "gymnasium." Antisthenes, the founder of the Cynic school of philosophy, taught in the Kynosarges gymnasium.

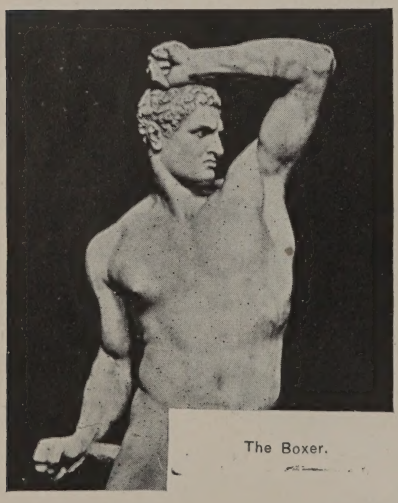
"No modern nation has been or is likely to be leavened with the Greek leaven. The Grecian type of physical training has never been reproduced. It must ever remain unique, for the same reasons that

Head of David (Michael Angelo).

the word "palæstra" came to mean a school; and that the most highly educated of modern peoples — the Germans — designate the highest of their secondary schools by the term "gymnasium." The French word "Lycée," derived from Lyceum (the name of the gymnasium in which Socrates and Aristotle taught philosophy), is used in the same sense as forbid us to look for the rise of a new Sparta or a second Athens. . . . . The most representative and typical forms of physical training are five in number and may be styled: (1) the Grecian; (2) the Mediæval or Knightly; (3) the British; (4) the German, and (5) the Ling or Swedish.

"Of modern forms of physical train-

ing, the Swedish and the German have more of the broad, idealizing, pedagogical spirit that characterized Greek gymnastics, than has the British. Each of these national systems of physical training presents an interesting and instructive field for study, especially as each of them has exerted and still exerts a marked influence upon the minds of those who are concerned about the bodily education of American youth. It is well to remember, however, that British athletics have been created by the British boy, who has forced his masters to grant him place and time for his sports, sometimes at the expense of the school programme ; while the school and military gymnastics, which



The Boxer.

enter into the training of the Swedes and Germans, have been devised by the teaching class and imposed as school tasks upon the taught. Naturally enough, the American boy, in school and college, is more emulous of his British cousin than of his more remote kindred, the Teutonic or Scandinavian pedagogue."

Scarcely more than twenty-five years ago the maintenance in this country of what were known as athletic games was wholly due to the enthusiasm and energy of a few men. In 1868, six young men in New York determined to found an athletic club, and they found a cradle for it in the top story of a Sixth Avenue building. The club grew, and when, three years later, it was decided to add rowing to the work of the club, a small boathouse was built on the Harlem River. Rowing being one of the most characteristic of British sports, attracted the attention of American athletes to a pronounced degree. What a stride, what a leap, has been taken since the beginnings long back in the sixties !

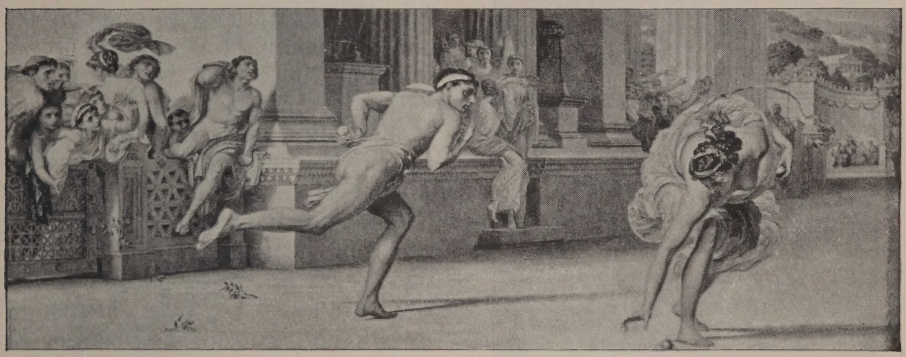
British sports reflect more fully, perhaps, than any modern system of physical training, the national spirit of their devotees. They are the necessary inherited pastimes of a manly, vigorous, self-sufficient folk, and have been followed largely for their own sake. Owing to the combined influence of tradition, public opinion, and the peculiar organization of the schools and universities, which set the tone in the athletic world, British interest in British sports, by reason of its universality, intensity and intelligence, stands alone. Though teachers and governing boards are sympathetic and helpful as a rule, British athletics, as an institution, have been shaped chiefly by successive generations of boys and "old boys," as public-school graduates are called.

In a large measure the same thing is true of American athletics. Dr. Sargent, the director of the Hemenway Gymnasium at Harvard, touched upon the unrecognized rise of the athletic spirit of the country in an essay published a few years ago. He said : —

At no time in the history of our country has more attention been given to the subject of physical training than is given to it at the present day.

Schools, colleges and Christian associations are building costly gymnasia, while athletic organizations, ball clubs, boat clubs tennis clubs, etc., are forming in many of our towns and cities. Fifteen thousand dollars is expended annually to bring the Yale and Harvard boat crews together at New London, and it is estimated that fifty thousand dollars does not meet the yearly expenses of the athletic organizations of these two universities. Add to this sum the cost of athletic sports to the smaller colleges and city clubs, and the total would foot up in the millions.

The object of this outlay is to vanquish some rival club, to win a championship, to beat the record, or to furnish recreation and amusement to those who are willing to pay for it. With the representatives of our institutions of learning, and with a portion of the intelligent public, the object of the encouragement given to athletics is to counteract the enervating tendency of the times, and to improve the health, strength and vigor of our youth.

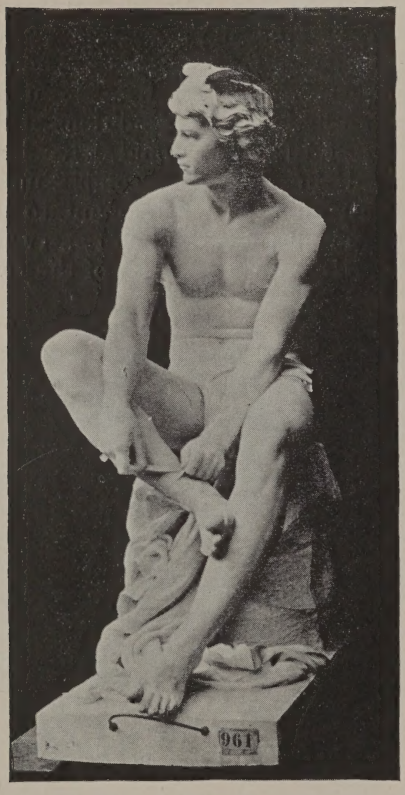


Atalanta's Race.

The one athletic event in this country which, perhaps, most closely resembles a British contest is the annual boat race between Harvard and Yale at New London. At that time the careful observer can distinguish the presence of two factors in the crowd — the large number of what an Englishman would call "old boys" and the equally large number of individuals who come, unprejudiced and unpledged, as it were, solely interested in having a good time — personally, out in the open air, on a bright June day — with no further desire than to see the best boat win.

In 1884, the Yale boat was sent over the four-mile course in twenty minutes, forty-six seconds. There is no question that the distance, under the rarely favorable conditions at the time of the race, could have been rowed in several seconds under twenty minutes. Paramount to the question of time, the victory served a valuable purpose. Both of the rival crews were supposed to be more evenly matched and of greater skill than usual; both of the crews had rowed trial miles in less than five minutes; both of the crews consisted of large, well-built men. After the roar of the deafening cheers at the starting line had ceased to echo and reëcho on the banks of the river — after the smoke of the booming cannon and the snapping firecrackers had floated away — after the crowd had melted away and college men had scattered to the four corners of the earth — the question was seriously discussed why the Harvard crew came across the line one

minute and fourteen seconds after the Yale crew. The question, to be properly answered, could not be separated from the remark made to



Mercury (Luxembourg).

some Yale men, in 1884, by Mr. Robert J. Cook: "We are now back to where we were in 1873."

The immediate defeat of the Yale crew the following year did not show clearly that Mr. Cook was right in his opinion, but the results of strong organization, with a management thoroughly harmonized, bore fruit three years later and thereafter.

The intelligent discussion during those years as to means, methods and men evolved the undeniable facts that one fundamental set of principles underlies the stroke of an eight-oared crew, whether that crew be made up of Oxford or Cambridge, Yale or Harvard men.

In rowing the stroke, the chest and stomach are pushed well forward, with shoulders kept back, and the arms out rigidly straight. In grasping the oar the wrist of the inside arm is curled up a little, and quite a grasp is obtained with the palm of the hand of this arm; the shoulder of the outside arm is kept down and back, and the outside arm itself kept in a perfectly straight line on top from the shoulders to the knuckles of the fingers grasping the oar. In holding the oar, it is pressed upon no more than is necessary to maintain the blade in its proper straight line as it goes back. The head is kept up, with the chin drawn in somewhat, and the eyes are kept fixed on the neck of the man directly in front of the oarsman. As the body and arms come forward to their full extent, the hands are raised sharply, and the blade of the oar is brought to its full depth at once. At that moment, without the loss of a thousandth part of a second, the whole weight of the body s thrown on the oar and the stretcher, by the body springing back, so that the oar may catch hold of the water sharply and be driven through it by a force unwavering and uniform. As soon as the oar has got hold of the water, and the beginning of the stroke has been made, the knees begin to come down, the muscles of the legs being used swiftly and uniformly while the backward motion of the body continues, the whole strength of the whole man coming into the most effective play at just the time when the oar is at right angles to the boat. All this time the

arms from the beginning of the stroke have been rigid; but when the body reaches the perpendicular, the elbows are bent and drop close past the sides until the oar-handle touches the body — the shoulders dropping down also and opening up the chest in front. The back is, if anything, curved inwards rather than outwards, but not strained in any way. The body is used to best advantage when it assumes a natural, upright, sitting posture, with the shoulders thrown well back. It is in this position that the oar comes to it and the feather commences. The moment that the oar touches the body the hands are dropped quickly straight down, the wrists are turned sharply and the oar is shot out forward by a lightning-like push with the hands, which movement is followed smoothly and accurately by an inclination of the body from the thigh joints and a simultaneous following up with the sliding-seat, regulating the time by the forward swing of the body according to the stroke.

The most important thing is such a control of the body that it is never still. The motions backwards and forwards imitate the pendulum of a clock, which, when it has ceased to go forward, already begins to go back. There are over twenty-five distinct points in the execution of one stroke, and the prime object of them all is to economize strength by properly using weight.

The ideal race would, without a doubt, be one in which the crews, on their arrival at New London, would each be coached by the same man, use precisely the same kind of boat, adapted in size to the weight of the crew, and rigged alike as far forth as possible. The race would then be a test of men, for, after all, the real test is a simple one, and is merely a question of which crew has the superior constitution. Strokes, boats, weight, strength, training, are all not decisive in the supreme moment. In which boat is the nearer approach to heroism? Which eight has the larger number of true men in it? Which crew can endure suffering the better? — these are the prime questions.

THE LAY BROTHER'S STORY.

(Monastery of La Trappe — 1856.)

BY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

THAT is his grave, and this is mine —
The Father was good to me so old,
Though I spake no word and I made no sign
Nor ever nourished a hope so bold
As to dream that my dust by his might lie,
Who was saint on earth and is saint on high.

Forty years together we wrought,
And not one look from him to tell
That his mind went back for a fleeting thought
To the life we both had known so well.
For he had been here two years before
I left the world and curbed my tongue,
And I knew him well in the days of yore
When I was not old and he was young.

Never a sign through all the years
Till yesterday when his summons came,
And I saw him smile through a veil of tears,
And he took my hand and he called my name:
(For one hour of life, ere it fades away,
To the dying Trappist is kindly given,
That his soul may see, when its sins are shriven,
How as death to life, and as night to day,
Are the joys of earth to the Joy of Heaven!)

Then the Angel of Memory rolled the stone
Back from the sepulchre of years,
Till the forty winters of monotone
And the forty summers our cells had known
Were gone, and we two were grenadiers —
Grenadiers of the Grande Armée,
Side by side on that woeful day
At Kowno Bridge with the godlike Ney,
Facing ten thousand Cossack spears.

I saw him fall as they pressed us back,
Inch by inch, to the further shore;
Then a mist of blood hid the battle wrack,
And I prayed to awaken nevermore.

But God's great mercy denied the boon
And gave me life and some deeds to do,
Till the end that came so sore and soon
In shame and sorrow and Waterloo.
Small loss was it then to leave the earth
That held no longer or hope or dread;
But great the reward beyond my worth,
For I found him here I had mourned for dead.
I marvelled oft if he never thought
Of France and glory and dreams so dear
To our dear dead youth — ah! I forgot
The saint had been man and — a grenadier!

He held my hand, and the long desire
Spake through his eyes and the glaze of death;
Something was, too, of the old-time fire
Men feel when they taste the battle-breath.
And something more, of the love so strong
No years could weaken, no reason chill,
For the Chief we followed through right or wrong,
As the planets swing to the great Sun's will.

God will not love him less, I know,
For the love that gnawed at his silent breast
Through years of speechless doubt and woe,
For Himself had said that love is best.
And all that he asked I freely told,
And would tell again though I died therefor —
"Tell me," he said, "my comrade old,
Tell me about my Emperor!"

KENWOOD ACADEMY.

BY ALICE GAYNOR O'GORMAN.

TOWERING high above the lordly Hudson, most conspicuous adornment of Albany's far-famed hills, and occupying an equally prominent site in generations of loyal womanly hearts, is the Kenwood Academy of the Sacred Heart.

This convent is probably not so well known as its sister one of Manhattanville, it being smaller and more secluded, but it makes up in picturesqueness what it lacks in fame. The place was originally the Rathbone estate, and when first occupied by the Religious of the Sacred Heart could accommodate only about fifty pupils. As their school soon exceeded this limit, the house was torn down, and in its place gradually rose the present noble building, in shape like the letter E, surmounted by a majestic tower with its solemn-faced clock. The driveway leads gently up the hill whose summit Kenwood crowns, passing about half-way the parish school, where children from the neighboring village receive instruction. The ascent made, one feels that, in spite of previous prejudices, the scene in view could reconcile one to the idea of spending a year or several years at this particular boarding-school — a feeling sure to be strengthened by further investigation.

The fresh beauty of the green plateau before us is enhanced by the terraces that rise on every side, and the everlasting hills beyond. In the centre of the lawn a sparkling jet of water rises and falls in a placid pond, whose finned inhabitants are quite tame and a source of unflagging interest to the children. Surrounding the lawn and skirting the terraces is a wide walk, known at Kenwood as "the boulevard." This is an unfailing resource in winter. When the other inviting nooks of the place are inaccessible, the boulevard always offers an agreeable course for the daily walk. Permission to mount the terraces, however, is rare, as it is a long walk only to be enjoyed on holidays. The way lies through the gardens and the orchards endowed with most of the charms of Adam's domain to schoolgirl eyes. There grape-vines festoon endless trellises, here grow the luscious strawberry and the equally popular radish; here, too, are found the humbler vegetables which supply the convent table. Farther on apple and pear-trees flourish in numbers, and on the topmost terrace, shaded by gnarled old trees, is a row of rustic seats, all connected, and the middle one canopied with boughs. These seats have a peculiar charm in spite of visions of merry, breathless children grouped round them clamoring for stories, they seem to have some dim, inexplicable connection with the neighboring graveyard. Perhaps because of their isolation and skeleton-like construction we might suppose them frequented by the spirits of those who had known and loved the place; but these were never phantoms to be feared, and the view from here carries one's soul

away from earth, and "lifts it to the golden doors." The last red rays of day crowning with an aureole the purple hills, and stealing between to turn the river into running gold ; the little sails skimming lightly on, transfigured in the sunset ; the deep blue sky arching over all, with its gloriously colored clouds — here is indeed the realization of a dream of perfect beauty.

Another favorite walk leads up by the little graveyard, with its life-sized figure of the Crucified looking down upon the peaceful graves, each surmounted by a simple cross. If our visit fortunately occurs at recreation hour, we shall see the children everywhere ; searching the woods for wild flowers, playing tennis on the lawn, croquet in the courtyard, cricket, cache-cache, prisoners' base, or it may be discussing on the playground our national game, which is here played with intelligence and energy. The pupils wear the uniform common to all Sacred Heart convents — a plain black gown on which no adornments are permitted, save those conferred in the school.

At the first sound of the bell, all the games are abandoned, and we cannot do better than follow the animated groups that now advance toward the house, only we must enter by the imposing porte-cochère adorning the right wing. The building is, as has been said, in the shape of a great E, and it is to the lower branch of the letter that the portress now admits us. Madame (the form of addressing a Religious of the Sacred Heart) ushers us into a little reception room off the hall, or, if she knows we are curious to see the house, she may vouchsafe us a peep at the large double parlor, whose inlaid floor and straight-backed furniture, methodically ranged about the walls, are profaned only on great

Kenwood Convent of the Sacred Heart.

occasions. The excellent library of Kenwood is just across the hall. Here the pupils have access, under the direction of the religious, to the best authors of every style, age and nation. Behind the parlor, and running the whole length of the building, forming the back, as it were, of the letter, are the vast corridors which are a feature of the place.

We shall probably only be permitted to look down the one adjoining the parlors, as it is reserved for the Community, and lay persons may not enter their domain. The light is rather dim and religious; there are shrines at each end and along the length, with plants and flowers and prie-dieux. We begin to feel the convent spirit stealing over us as we gaze; to realize that besides the oxygen and nitrogen of the ordinary atmosphere, we are breathing in here elements of holiness, of restfulness, spiritual and physical, which are not found elsewhere.

We mount the broad stairs, and just look in at the large, lightsome study hall, with its little platform, double row of desks, absorbed students, and its shrine to the Blessed Mother. Beside it are the music-rooms, on either side of a long aisle, with glass partitions in front. Hence we are introduced to the ideal class-room; in the centre, the long green table with "Mother's chair" at the head; long windows commanding the view from the back of the house, where the land slopes down to the river, and rises high and verdant on the other side; set between are massive bookcases, retained from the original mansion, and rich in books of reference.

Farther down the corridor, Art has taken up an extensive, well-lighted abode. At the end, a statue of St. Theresa guards the entrance to the novitiate — a region of deep mystery and profound interest to the pupils, closed, like the Community apartments, to all the world. Underneath these sacred precincts, however, the kindly infirmarian is established in gentlest tyranny. On the floor above are the dormitories, each snowy cot separated from the next by partition walls and screened in front by a spotless curtain. Everything here is light, airy and immaculate, a veritable "region of repose it seems, a place of slumber and sweet dreams," with apologies to the poet.

We have now seen almost all of this little realm, so effectually shut off from the great world outside the wall of hills, that only its higher movements can be followed from here, — its noise and friction are lost ere they reach Kenwood.

As for the religious who preside here, any tribute which would at all satisfy the love and gratitude which are the unanimous sentiments of their children would appear exaggerated in the eyes of the world. The Society of the Sacred Heart was founded at the beginning of our century, in France, for the instruction of children of the higher classes. Madame Duchesne, one of the earliest daughters of the saintly Mother Barat, had long cast yearning eyes toward America, and at length, the Order, prospering in Europe, received permission to set out for the new world The day on which she and her four devoted companions touched our shore, was, as the French chronicler says, "by a coincidence in which it was impossible not to recognize the design of heaven," the Feast of the Sacred Heart, 1818. Their first foundation was at St. Charles, a little above St. Louis, and from here they have extended

The Chapel.

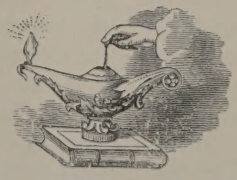
their good work to all our large cities.

The Law of Love is the rule of the Sacred Heart. The system of teaching is founded on it, and its influence is felt in the gayest circles of society, in the foremost ranks of wage-earners, and, what is the dearest wish of the nuns, in the home-life of their children. Their aim is to educate the entire being of the child entrusted to their care; to train the youthful soul to accept only elevated and responsible views of life; to turn the heart unerringly toward that Divine Heart, its model and home, and, allowing the mind to follow its natural direction in the fields of science, to hedge the way with religion, the safeguard and promoter of true learning. Literature seems indigenous to the Sacred Heart, wherever found, and in its cultivation, a remarkable number of pupils have attained success.

The school is also strong in history, languages, mathematics and art-studies. The standards are placed high, and the winning of one of the great prizes confers distinction for life on the victorious one. Nor are the exterior graces neglected, but the strictest etiquette, based always on charity, is maintained among the children, and we may have noticed in our journey through the house many little

evidences of the quaint "manners" of our grandmothers' day. Simplicity of mind and manner is impressed on them, and they are continually urged to become "strong women." Above all, "Be true to your dignity as children of the Sacred Heart," is the watchword of the school — the last loving advice given as they leave the convent forever. This is the title which inspires their greatest pride, as also their tenderest humility; it is the stamp of their nobility in this world and the brightest jewel in the celestial crown to which they trustfully aspire.

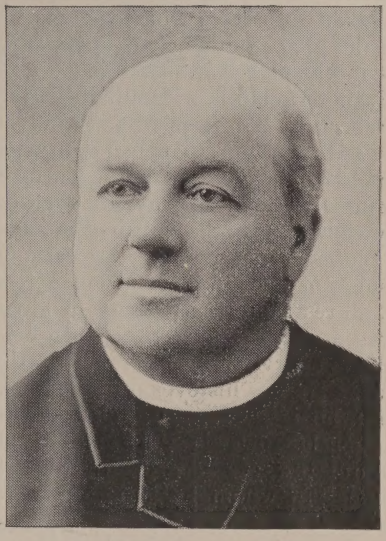
While these thoughts are suggesting themselves to us, at the inspiration of our guide we are slowly retracing our steps until we find ourselves again in the lower corridor. We pause to admire a large and beautiful stained-glass window, depicting St. Anthony, and turning, find the chapel door opened to us. The architect has realized the precious secret of the lives that are passed within these walls, in making the chapel the centre of all. He who dwells here is indeed the centre of their every thought and desire. The crimson light of the sanctuary lamp falls on the novice bent in adoration before the altar. Other motionless forms dot the benches and stalls. We feel as if entering the Holy of Holies indeed — as if even an unbeliever must bend one moment in homage here. The whole tone of this chapel is subdued, but by no means gloomy. The benches, stalls, wainscoting and the arches of the roof are of old oak; the floor is of inlaid light and dark wood. Long, narrow stained-glass windows are ranged in pairs on either side. The sanctuary is raised three steps, and the triple arch that supports the roof is here brought down in two clusters of columns, dividing the space into one large middle section, with a smaller one on either side. The main altar is of pure white marble, with "the little golden door," and above it is a singularly devotional picture of the Sacred Heart, one hand pointing to that loving Heart, the other extended as if again inviting little children, and the face beaming with grave and tender beauty. The side altars are also of white marble surmounted by beautifully executed statues of the Blessed Mother and St. Joseph. On either side of the sanctuary great arched windows allow a view of the altar from the side chapels, situated here for the convenience of visitors. Two more side chapels at the back are used by the nuns and children who come from the infirmary, and above the entrance is the tribune. The first impression the well-beloved Kenwood chapel makes is of a real place of prayer, and those who have left it think of it ever as such. The next is of age, perhaps, because the arrangement of the nuns' stalls, the side chapels, the arched roof and the old oak, carry out one's idea of ancient shrines, and we feel "it is good for us to be here."



REV. FATHER RONAN'S SILVER JUBILEE.

THE parishioners of St. Peter's Church, Dorchester, Mass., will celebrate, on the 6th of June, in a manner worthy of the occasion, the Silver Jubilee of their beloved pastor, Rev. Peter Ronan. While the public demonstration of joy will be confined to the parish, the clergy and laity of the whole diocese will rejoice with Father Ronan and his flock on the completion of a quarter of a century of noble and successful labor.

Rev. Peter Ronan, now one of the most eminent priests in New England, was born forty-eight years ago, in the town of Mullingar, West Meath, Ireland. At the age of five he emigrated with his mother to America. The family settled in Lawrence, and there, after passing through the public schools, the young man pursued his classical studies under the direction of Father Taffe. In 1865, he entered the provincial seminary at Troy, where he distinguished himself in philosophy and theology. In 1868, he was ordained a priest and appointed an assistant to Rev. Lawrence McMahon, who has since been consecrated Bishop of Hartford. There Father Ronan labored three and a half years, and when Providence was made an Episcopal See he was recalled by Archbishop Williams and appointed pastor of the Dorchester district. The parish of Dorchester was not at that time a promising vineyard. There was no church, and the people, numbering about fourteen hundred, were scattered over a large territory. The young pastor, with boyish face but manly vigor, commenced his work with enthusiasm. He found his congregation responsive and generous, and the new parish developed rapidly. For three years Mass was said in Lyceum Hall. A site had already been purchased on Meeting House Hill, and Mr. Keely, then the greatest living American architect and the builder of nearly all the cathedrals of this country, drew the plans for a magnificent Gothic church.



Rev. Peter Ronan.

More than twenty years have elapsed since those early struggles, and the desert has blossomed with beauty. On the bleak heights a massive temple "rose like a dream, rose as it were out of the earth, like a prayer taking shape and carved in stone, a perfect majesty of noiseless power." The old residence gave way to a model rectory, and to-day this valuable property is entirely free from debt. The congregation has increased marvellously, and now within its present limits it is asserted that there are more than six thousand souls. The Sunday-school is attended by eleven hundred children, and confraternities for men and women are in a flourishing condition. A temperance

society has been recently organized and its instant success is phenomenal. A parochial school will, in the near future, crown Father Ronan's life-work. All this labor has been accomplished quietly. The people have not felt any burden, because the pastor proceeded cautiously, prudently and economically. He himself superintended the church-building, and there is not an important stone in the beautiful edifice which the master's eye did not examine and approve before it was placed in position.

Father Ronan is a familiar figure in Dorchester. To those who see only the outward man he is a typical gentleman. Cardinal Newman defines a gentleman as one who "carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome."

How appropriate a description of Father Ronan! And yet, exquisite as is this picture to those who know him intimately, the Rector of St. Peter's is all this and more. The world's gentleman may acquire these qualities as a veneer and be at the same time devoid of moral worth, but with the subject of this sketch these external attributes are only the unconscious manifestation — the flowers and the fruit of a blameless and unselfish life.

It is, therefore, as a faithful priest that he has done his best work, and the record of this apostolic toil will be written by angels and not by men. As a preacher of the Word he has been eminently successful, and it is no small tribute to his oratorical gifts to remark that after twenty years in the same pulpit he still commands the eager attention of his congregation. The most striking characteristic of his preaching is his earnestness. He moves his hearers by the intense strength of his own convictions.

A student all his life of the masters of religious literature, there is always a pleasing variety in his messages to his people. Although he has not courted publicity, his voice has always been heard when there has been occasion to do good, and his public utterances have always reflected credit upon himself and the cause which he represented.

The real life-work of the priest, however, affords scanty materials for history. It is, as a rule, far from the gaze of men, and it is so necessarily. The constant round of his unostentatious duties at the altar, in the pulpit, at the bedside of the sick and the dying, in the houses of the poor or friendless, or in the homes of the sorrowful escapes alike the notice and the appreciation of the outer world. Yet this is the priest's true work. It endures forever. "The life-long patience," says a spiritual writer, "down the silent years, the still, unobtrusive, self-forgetful habits, the influence that is felt not seen, these are what the Christian life means. No single great acts, no dashing forward, clothed with victorious strength, to rescue one or two and to weigh down with a weight of gratitude those we deliver. This is not the idea. The idea is an ever-present sense of Christ."

Such has been Father Ronan's life. He has walked during these twenty-five years of his priesthood prayerfully in the presence of God, and this fact is the key to his life. He goes among his people like the sunshine from heaven, spreading light and love and cheerfulness around him, welcomed in every circle, beloved by all his neighbors, no matter how wide a gulf may exist between their religious beliefs and his.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE adds its voice to the chorus of exultation which from so many hearts will melt into the sweet cadence, "Ad multos annos."

IGNORANT ESSAYS.

BY A PERIPATETIC PHILOSOPHER.

IF that charming gourmet and savant, Brillat-Savarin, were alive in these days, I lay the flattering unction to my soul that he would appreciate my talents very highly. I indulge in this vainglory because I claim the distinguished honor of having introduced frogs into the menu of Australia. Not to appear to claim too much, I may say that the legs of the tasteful batrachian were to be found in a few obscure French restaurants, but alas! they were imported from France in tins, and were as flavorless as most preserved food.

Almost all frogs are edible, although the fact is not generally known, because those of the French table are known as the "edible" frogs. They are difficult to capture unless one understands their ways. They are nocturnal in their habits, generally speaking. Frogs are voracious feeders and think nothing of devouring each other at every opportunity, so long as the victim is slightly smaller than the aggressor. They are omnivorous in the matter of food, which they insist upon taking alive. Their stomachs being of aldermanic elasticity, the variety of sustenance taken by a frog in one night would seem incredible to a non-observer. Another thing that I have observed about frogs is that if you whip them with a little stick, or pinch them, they will scream like a child.

Armed thus with a slight knowledge of the habits of frogs, I said to some Australian friends who, like myself, enjoyed gastronomic variety: "There are plenty of frogs around here; why not eat some?" I was staying at that time at a home-like private hotel at St. Kilda, a beautiful suburb of Melbourne on the shores of Hobson's Bay. Provided with lanterns and rattan walking-sticks, we sallied forth late at night to the shores skirting adjacent lagoons, where, amid the flashing of the lanterns, there was heard much shouting and whacking as we chased the batrachians into the darkness. So successful was our hunt that the night ended in gentle revelry after the pleasures of the chase.

Next day there was a feast of frogs and, as the news spread, our little hotel was besieged by an army of gourmets, who in a strange land are ever ready for a new and unconventional dish, the whereabouts of which they seem to find by instinct.

IN this connection I am reminded of a little dinner I once gave in the same place in honor of some Bohemian friends. In that far-off land it is impossible to obtain most of the delicacies that are familiar to us, although in the matter of kangaroo-

tail soup and parrot pie — the parrots feeding on the nectar of the wattle blossom — Australia is supremely gifted. It was for this reason that I concluded to do a little gastronomic "faking." I do not remember all the courses served at the dinner, but among them was sharks' fin soup with pigeons'-eggs — a dish that ranks in the Chinese estimation with bird's-nests, and the thought of which makes the Celestial mouth water. The stewed terrapin, Maryland style, consisted of rabbit, principally, but cleverly disguised. The *grenouille à la poulette* was the result of a midnight hunt after the native bull frog. The "ortolans, Italian style," proved a great attraction. They were grilled on a silver skewer between delicious squares of toast and bacon, and consisted of English sparrows that I had shot with a parlor rifle.

Naught is so deceptive as the palate, and, as the dinner progressed, my guests were loud in their praises. Perhaps the wines carefully selected for each course helped to sustain their credulity. The native snail, baked, with piquant sauce, they took for the Burgundian delicacy that feeds on the vines of France, and even the Australian cream-cheese, wrinkled with age and well disguised with pepper, they accepted as genuine *fromage de brie*. The mysterious dinner proved so acceptable that I did not feel called upon to explain just then. I satisfied my conscience with the reflection that at least I had not manufactured the wines, and that I had not treated my guests either to grasshoppers or white ants, both of which were obtainable and are said to be very delicious.

A NUMBER of Arabs have recently passed through New York on their way to the World's Exposition, at Chicago. They appear very picturesque and interesting in their camels'-hair cloaks and all the paraphernalia pertaining to an Arab of the desert as we used to see him in our geography books. They will doubtless prove docile enough here, but in reality they are as fierce as they look. Not so very long ago, I underwent an experience that taught me to appreciate the ferocity as well as the cupidity of the Arabs, and caused me to believe that, taking them by and large, as sailors say, there are few of them that would not cut one's throat for a shilling, if time and opportunity were propitious.

Entering the harbor at Suez in one of the steamers of the Messargerie Maritime, we dropped anchor little more than a mile from shore. The bulletin posted in the cabin warned all passengers who desired to go ashore, to return before dark at a time when the steamer's launches would make their last trip. This was imperative as the ship would, at daybreak, steam into the canal. Before we were fairly at anchor the great steamer was surrounded with a fleet of Arab boats and barges, and a heterogeneous mob of Egyptians, Arabs, Greek Jews and Ethiopians scrambled on board and were allowed to spread out wares of every conceivable description on the decks. Among them was an enormous Arab who spoke enough English and French to advocate with wit and eloquence the wonderful qualities of the donkeys that he represented. In this respect he was not unlike other advocates whom, perhaps, I could name.

The donkeys he offered for hire to take such passengers as wanted to go to the town of Suez, a distance

of about three miles. Each donkey was named after some noted person, and the big Arab, in singing their praises, ran the whole gamut, from Gladstone and Lily Langtry to the most eminent pugilist and latest music-hall favorite.

Three fellow-passengers then joined me in a desire to go and see the town, and I was appointed treasurer and manager of the expedition. I bargained with the rascally Arab for four donkeys, and we all went ashore in one of the steamer's launches. The sea was then running pretty high and portentous clouds were to be seen in the southeast. We mounted our donkeys, and with a score or so of half-naked Arabs at our heels scurried along the rough highway. My beast, I remember, was Sir Charles Dilke, while Sara Bernhardt, James G. Blaine, and Bessie Bellwood were apportioned among my friends. Our feet nearly touched the ground, and the yelling demons at our heels kept well up with the flying donkeys, whom they belabored unmercifully. At last we arrived at Suez quite breathless, and were not sorry to dismount from the little creatures and leave them in care of their swarthy keepers. I had arranged for the round trip and refused at this point to give up a cent, although bullied considerably by the savage in charge of our steeds.

Suez by day is bad enough, but Suez by night probably has not its counterpart on earth for wickedness. Here are congregated the worst elements of nearly every nation. Having foolishly overstayed our time, we dined comfortably at a French restaurant and saw a little more of the extraordinary place. Then we started back.

The night was pitch dark, a light breeze had arisen and it began to rain. I found the big Arab with whom I had bargained on the steamer, who immediately demanded double price on account of the delay, and wanted to be paid then and there. I refused, and we were at once surrounded by a mob of threatening dusky figures, some of whom attempted to pull us from the donkeys which we had by this time mounted. A big Australian in our party asked my permission to "clean out the whole gang," and drew his Smith and Wesson, which had the effect of bringing the Arab boss to terms.

Never shall I forget that Egyptian ride through the darkness and storm, accompanied by those weird figures whose harsh voices mingled with the howling of the wind as they urged forward the unfortunate donkeys. We arrived at the landing place drenched to the skin. I paid off my big brigand and was pleased to see him and his donkeys and drivers disappear into the night.

Our real troubles now began. The last launch had left for the steamship hours before. It was close on midnight. The wind had risen and was now blowing half a gale. The rain came down in sheets, producing that peculiar chill observable in hot climates at such times. There were a few scattered shanties about, in which lights gleamed dimly. Seaward all was so black and boisterous that it was impossible to descry the steamer's lights. In that strange spot we four shivering mortals stood for a moment consulting. Then we ran for the nearest shanty.

It proved to be a sort of den kept by a Greek Jew — a kind of café

frequented by the riffraff that hung about the canal, worked occasionally and drank continuously. There was a billiard table in the room that must have seen better days, a bar in one corner and several rough tables here and there. The villanous-looking proprietor was just turning the loungers out preparatory to closing the place for the night. I thought it wise to purchase their good-will and propitiate the proprietor by asking them to partake of a little refreshment before going. Then I stated our case to the man. Forbidding as he was in appearance, he proved a friend in need. He turned out the loungers, bolted the door and told two of my wet friends to lie down on the billiard table, where he covered them with an old rubber cloth. The third he wrapped in an old piece of carpet. Then he gave us all something hot to drink which made life seem less dreary even in an out of the way den of an ugly Greek Jew.

Meantime the storm outside increased in fury and the shanty seemed to rock and shiver with the force of the wind. My Greek friend — who proved to be as mild a mannered man as ever scuttled ship or cut a throat — told me that there were two ways possible of reaching the steamer. One was to go with the pilot if he would take us; the other to hire an Arab boat and sail out. Leaving me in charge of his questionable resort, he unbolted the door and disappeared into the storm. In ten minutes he returned dripping.

The pilot had gone! Two Arabs were then admitted. They were enveloped in their camels'-hair cloaks with peaked hoods, from which the water was running in streams. I offered them a sovereign a head if they would take us to the ship. They replied that it was impossible, but their eyes glistened at the offer, the usual fare in calm weather being but a shilling. I raised my offer to a sovereign and a half and then stopped, pretending indifference as to whether we caught the steamer or not. That settled them and they agreed to go. Thanking our friendly host, we followed the Arabs to the landing where the boat — about the size of a whale boat, with one mast — was tossing violently. It was about three o'clock A. M. The rain had lessened and ceased to beat down the sea, which was fast rising to the angry gale.

With great difficulty we embarked under a close reefed sail. Twice our dusky crew put back and swore they could not make the run. We shipped seas continually and the boat was half full of water. Presently we could discern the lights of the steamer about a quarter of a mile away. The chief boatman came aft to where I clung to the windward rail, up to my knees in water. He demanded money. I told him when we reached the ship I would pay. It was a critical moment, for just then a sudden gust tore the tanned canvas mainsail into a thousand ribbons. The boat lost way and was becoming unmanageable. I gave the brute the money agreed upon, with difficulty abstracting my wet hands from my pocket. He then said it was impossible to reach the steamer now, but that for two sovereigns more he would make the effort. "Use your jib, get us there and I'll give them to you," I yelled. He was as calm as a May morning. Up went a tiny jib, the boat came up to the wind, and in ten minutes we were within hailing distance of the great steamer.

We were just in time. As we came alongside, her screw was revolving and she was going half-speed ahead. A quartermaster threw us a line and our little boat flew through the water leaving a white streak astern. How we ever climbed up that rope and reached the deck I do not know, for we were cold, weak and half-drowned. I reluctantly gave the Arab rascal the additional blackmail. Safely on deck, I pulled my watch out of the well of sea-water that had been a pocket. It was five minutes to five. We had been two hours making a mile and a quarter, and in that time our Arab boatmen had made two months' wages. When in the canal the captain gave me a lecture for my rashness. I resigned the treasuryship and my companions presented me with a leather medal. I have it still.

MEMORIAL DAY.

BY CHARLES S. O'NEILL.

As fragrant and sweet as the odorous flowers
The memory lives of the true and the tried,
Who yielded their lives in the glorious hours
When Freedom and Manhood arose in their pride
To strike from the Nation's escutcheon forever
The blot of a bondsman, that where it might wave
"Old Glory," the Heaven-blest banner, should never
Again in its shadow see crouching a slave.

O heroes at rest with your noble work over,
The sunlight in tenderness kisses each mound,
While Nature her raiment of grass and of clover
In loving remembrance spreads over the ground;
Our flowers we leave at the place of your sleeping,
A pledge of the love that ne'er yields to Time's waves,
And hold, as the holiest spot in our keeping,
The Union's Walhalla, its glorious graves.

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JUNE, 1893.

Catholic manhood must be a saving force in the nation.

AS DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE goes this month to the public, to the rapidly increasing army of readers that are enlisting and reënlisting under its patriotic banner, we are irresistibly reminded that the last day of spring, the birthday of summer, as it were, is a great national holiday. Truly a holy day, for on the 30th of May in millions of hearts, the most sacred memories, not only of the individual in regard to individuals, but in regard to that cooperant whole that constitutes a nation, are tenderly incited into more conscious and dominating activity. This custom of strewing the graves of those who perished in the struggle for entire political freedom thirty odd years ago, this practice in many places of gathering to hear earnest orations and patriotic poems on this day, is one perhaps more uniting in its effect on the people than at first count we might be tempted to consider. While we sincerely hope that this republic may never again reëcho to the tread of armies, or be dominated by the discords of sectional jealousy, it is nevertheless well to keep alive, not with any resentment, but with a triumphant sense of its sacredness, the memory of '61. There may be other dangers before the republic. Now that political equality has been gained, the next logical step in the march of human freedom is industrial equality. Irrespective of party or creed of any kind, all lovers of justice are agreed that men must be raised to a plane of industrial equality, and that the acquisition of immense power by any individual, either through war or through the legalized plunder of irresponsible private enterprise, must be checked and limited. This is the pressing problem of the present or the near future, and to solve it justly, patiently, peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary, the whole people can find inspiration, we believe, by keeping alive in a true fraternal way, the memories of "the grandest war that ever was known, to which men eagerly went, not on conquest or glory bent, but to fight for a cause that was not their own."

FRANCE had a popular poet in Béranger, who nestled close to the hearts of the people and sang his songs constantly from that nest with a childlike confidence. Scotland, in Burns, had a poet of far less fire and delicacy, but of almost equal magnetism and popular power in his day, and the greater part of that power seems to remain. Ireland, too, can boast a master-singer, not indeed of the type of Homer or Dante, but one combining all the force of Burns, so often crude and

rude, with all the tender grace, volatility and artistic finish of Béranger. In the month of May, on the 28th, was born Thomas Moore, surely a national poet, since no man better represented the collective genius of a people; for it is doubtful, if in the vast mass of delightful poetry which his amazing industry poured forth, there is one dull stanza. Wit, humor, pathos, passion, fancy, imagination, a love of freedom unlimited by any traditions of rank or race or color, an ear for rhythm almost perfect, a command of language absolutely easy — all these were his, and there was added to all these the final grace that he was able, in his light, bird-like voice, to sit at the instrument and warble his own songs to airs, or variations of airs, which he had picked up among the Irish peasantry. He was also — and these are by no means minor graces — a most affectionate and faithful husband and a charming, child-understanding father. Thanks to the genius of Tom Moore, the harp that once through Tara's halls a soul of music shed will never again hang mute on Tara's walls, and in the not far distant day of Irish independence, perhaps in the central courtyard of a national Irish university, a figure of Ireland's poet will smile a joyous benediction on students who still find unceasing, nay, increasing, delight in studying his poems and singing his songs.

Mention of the harp of Tara's halls reminds us of a delightful fact in connection with Ireland's exhibit at the World's Fair. Owing to the personal efforts of the Countess of Aberdeen, the Irish village at Chicago is one of the truest exhibits of the industrial capacity and performance of a people in the whole Exposition.

The supply of Irish laces, exquisite crochet embroidery, homespun tweeds, hand-knit stockings, scarlet capes, underwear, earthenware, fancy baskets, and numerous other products of what may be termed cottage industry, are very delightful, because very fresh and characteristic in the eyes of appreciative strangers. Aided by the late Peter White and Mr. Eugene Kelly, the distinguished New York banker, and other public-spirited persons, Lady Aberdeen has achieved a great success, and the industrial staff of this Irish village in the heart of Chicago, under the daily personal supervision of her ladyship, is said to be a most interesting spectacle. But Lady Aberdeen, not content with bringing to American notice the potentialities of Irish industry in mechanical lines, has added to this exposition a unique exhibit of artistic Irish talent, for she has brought from Ireland Miss Josephine Sullivan, whose rare reputation as a harpist had preceded her. Thus to thousands of Americans and Irish-Americans has been vouchsafed an opportunity of hearing Ireland's national instrument played by most accomplished Irish hands.

The other night we had the rare good fortune to be present at a meeting of a Boston dining-club which has humorously announced itself as "without a muzzle and without a mission"; a club of journalists, artists, etc., with a few soldiers, printers and that supposedly rare bird, an honest publisher, sprinkled in. At this dinner one of the master printers, the owner of a very large establishment, whose name we withhold

on account of his modesty and the sub rosa nature of the club, made in the course of his after-dinner remarks a statement that attracted the greatest attention. He said he honestly believed that employers, as a rule, in his business — and he supposed that it was so in most others — worked their employes altogether too hard. He added that at the meeting of the National Typothetæ he and all the other representatives of the printing business in Boston had stood as a unit in favor of the reduction of the hours of labor to nine. "We were defeated," he said, "but Boston goes on record in this matter, and before many years we shall win." This gentleman believes that nine hours is too much, and thinks that the printing fraternity would be greatly benefited by an adoption of eight, as is the case in Australia. Such little straws as this not only show us the way but the force with which the breeze of industrial freedom is blowing.

Each year sees a large number of city houses apparently deserted on the first of May. The owners are ostensibly at their summer places. They have fled from the pleasures of city life and become residents of little towns, where the money which they contribute is very welcome, though it is far less than what they would be obliged to pay if they remained in town and paid their taxes, where the rate was higher. We call these people tax-dodgers, and it is only the universal hatred of tax-paying that allows us to treat them with anything but the contempt which they really merit. They get the advantage of city protection, and then, instead of paying for it in proportion to their means, they ignobly desert the ranks and leave less able but more conscientious citizens to bear the brunt of the burden. Undoubtedly there is great inequality in the imposition of taxes, and some people are taxed twice over, and those who can best afford to pay taxes escape with the lightest ones. But suppose the community should rise in its might and declare that all citizens should contribute everything beyond so much per capita? If it were so decided by a great majority of voters — women as well as men — who would have a right to complain any more than when a wealthy man is compelled to give up a portion of his ancestral estate for some public convenience and it is taken by what is called the "right of eminent domain"? Such a right evidently resides in the community and might be advantageously employed more frequently than it is.

The article on "New England Athletes" in this number is the first of an illustrated series on athletics in the country at large, including New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis and other cities of the West and South. The purpose of this series is to emphasize the helpfulness of the increasing love of Americans for outdoor life and exercise, and to point out the difference between athletic sport as it is to-day and as it was twenty or even ten years ago. In those days an athlete was a man who threw himself, or another man, or heavy weights about in such a fashion as to call attention to himself as a strong animal. To-day, an athlete is called on to show his grace as well as his strength, his skill as well as his endurance, his thoughtfulness as well as his enthusiasm. All these qualities are brought

into play, and must have an appreciable influence on the evolution of that peer of all men — the American gentleman.

If the principle of personal liberty was the gift of England to America, America repays it by the gift of the principle of home rule and local government working in harmony with the higher nationality. The relation of Ireland under the Home Rule Bill to the British Empire is strikingly similar to the relation of one of the States of the American Union to the National Government of the United States. Before noticing specific analogies, however, one striking point of difference between the two cases should be observed. It is this: The American National Union was created by the act of the States. The States created the Constitution and retained all powers not surrendered by them to the Federal Government. In the case of the new Irish State, the Imperial Government is the creator, and Ireland has only the powers by it conferred. The difference, however, is not really substantial.

American States, though sometimes called "sovereign," are far from possessing the complete elements of sovereignty. The provisions of the American Constitution limiting the powers and functions of the States are freely drawn from in the Irish Home Rule bill. Ireland may not declare war; nor enter into treaties; nor grant titles or dignities; nor regulate commerce, save of a purely local character. Neither can she legislate on coinage, patent rights or copyrights. Power over these subjects is reserved to the Imperial Parliament. In America these powers are fully reserved to the National Government to the exclusion of the States. The prohibition of laws respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof finds a striking parallel in the Constitution of the American States.

The provisions of section 4, forbidding legislation whereby any person will be "deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law or may be denied the equal protection of the laws," will probably be the subject of unanticipated judicial investigations and enquiries in Ireland as they have been in America under the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution.

They may prove to contain unexpected limitations on the Irish legislative powers.

In respect to the internal organization of the Irish Government, apart from its relation to the Empire, the dual Legislature still holds its place as an accepted feature of modern government. The safeguards provided by these two chambers by the organization of the judiciary and by the constitutional limitations above referred to seem to place the security of property in Ireland, no matter who the owner may be, or where he resides, upon a footing of absolute security. Notwithstanding these limitations and restrictions the proposed Constitution of Ireland — for such in effect it is — confers upon the Irish people and their own domestic legislature, a vast mass of power, affecting their dearest rights, and to be exercised in practical independence of imperial authority.

On the whole, the measure must be recognized as a long step forward in the path of right, and as the first fruits of a tree of liberty which shall be the bearer of yet greater blessings, both to

Ireland and to England and to the United Empire.

THE alleged appointment of John Ruskin to succeed Tennyson as poet-laureate of England has been confounding all the editors of both continents. Why Mr. Gladstone should give this place to a man who is not a poet, who has only written, fifty years ago, a few poor verses — youthful indiscretions, so to speak — is a mystery to the editorial mind. While not wishing to pose as brighter than our brothers of the brain, we offer, in all sincerity, a new, perhaps a true, solution. Men forget that the English giant of eloquence has a grain of humor in his make-up. The Great Commoner serves a Queen, but in his heart he has no respect for royalty. King himself, by the divine right of service to mankind, he sees the dawning day when regal pomps and vanities will be museum curiosities, and by appointing as court-poet a once brilliant writer of poetic prose, now groping in second childhood, like poor John Ruskin, Premier Gladstone says by implication, "Oh! of course he's not a poet and he's in his dotage, but then he's a good enough poet for royalty, since royalty is in the same condition." Just a sly bit of humor from the Grand Old Man — that's all!

WE dislike discourtesy, but, while we dislike it cordially, we think the editors of this country have been a little unjust to Governor Pennoyer of Oregon, that curious Democrat who can get elected and reëlected in a normally Republican State. The New York Tribune calls him "a cheap, feather-headed blackguard," simply because he sent a testy telegram to Secretary of State Gresham, in which he declared that he would attend to his business as Governor of Oregon, and Mr. Cleveland could mind his own business as President. On another occasion Governor Pennoyer would not go to the State line to welcome Benjamin Harrison, a very excellent president, who was touring the country in search of a renomination. Pennoyer of Oregon, like the law he represents, was no respecter of persons. He was impartially rude to a Republican and a Democratic president, a little ruder to the Democrat, but then, being a Democrat himself, perhaps he felt a greater license to treat his own as he pleased. Yet rudeness may sometimes be necessary. If a man feels that a great principle is on the edge of jeopardy, must he mince phrases, must he hunt for elegancies of expression? Pennoyer appears to have honestly believed that the President, through his Secretary of State, was exceeding his presidential rights and assuming an autocratic air toward a Sovereign State and a Sovereign People.

Believing this, Pennoyer of Oregon did his duty as he conceived it. He may have a narrow brain, but his instinct seems to be on the side of true democracy. We therefore cannot yet agree with the verdict pitchforked at the people by the New York Tribune: "Place him at the very top of the list of blackguards that have disgraced official positions, and let him be rewarded by the Nation's hiss."

Before condemning Pennoyer of Oregon, would it not be well to hear what he has to say in defence of his rudeness to Mr. Cleveland? DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE will offer him the courtesy of its columns.

FOR WOMEN BY WOMEN.

THE GIRL OF TO-DAY.

Is she less sensible than the girl of other periods?

The charge has been made that the silly girl is very much in evidence, and the counter-charge may well be made, that a much more ridiculous animal, the silly man, is not wholly unknown amongst us. But he cannot have his deserts in this department. It would take the whole magazine to do him justice. To return to the subject of this sketch — the girl who is not considered sensible. In what does her folly consist? Well, perhaps the gravest offence she commits against her own sex, and the biggest mistake she makes in her treatment of the other, is in making too much of men. Not content with being helpful, sympathetic and courteous, as all true women are, she wears herself out in her efforts to anticipate wishes and humor whims. She stands over the fire cooking dainties till her complexion is ruined, and after all they do not know the difference between her choicest dish and its outer semblance brought from the nearest restaurant. She puts flowers in their rooms, when a mounted lizard or a stuffed raccoon would engage their attention more pleasingly. She blinds her eyes with fancy-work for which they have neither use nor appreciation. There isn't a man living who wouldn't rather drag a shirt through a two-inch opening in the top drawer of a bureau than take the trouble of removing the lid from the daintiest case ever fashioned by feminine hands. The over-anxious, non-sensible girl has been trained by a son-worshipping mother to hang up her brothers' overcoats, to wait upon them at every turn and always to consider herself born for their especial benefit. The result is she can't throw off the thraldom, and from being her brother's slave is fitted to become a husband's bondswoman. She follows him meekly all her days, and when dying feels like apologizing for taking precedence of him in going to the grave. This is one type of silly girl, but, humiliating as is the admission, there is a worse one — a vapid, brainless creature, a caricature of womanhood. Though happily not numerous, she is irrepressible, cropping up everywhere to bring the blush of shame to a sensible woman's cheek.

On the street her very walk, a something between a pitching gait and a mincing strut, marks her as deficient in sense; in the cars she is the observed of all observers, particularly if she be obliged to stand. There seems to be no centre of gravity in her make-up; she sways with every motion of the car, doubtless acting out a conception of a lily nodding on its fragile stem. Her mood before the public is generally of the volatile, sunshiny order, but she has a reserve force for sentimental moments, and is equally aggravating and discreditable in either rôle. Her giggles, her glances, her loud-voiced remarks replete with emptiness of intellect, are simply maddening; she revels in driving rational women to the verge of frenzy and then attributes their condition to jealousy of her superior charms. No reproof can quiet her, no insult even penetrate the shield armor of her vanity.

In a ten minutes' ride you get acquainted with all her accomplishments,

the Christian names of her numerous admirers, the many compliments paid her, the short-comings of her feminine friends, and their perfidious efforts to supplant her in Frank's growing affection or Charlie's passionate love. Every ring (and she generally wears a lot of them) represents a conquest, a trophy prudently kept after the giver had been discarded — heart-broken, of course. Even the watch she wears dangling outside is boasted of as a token of regard; she doesn't consider her self-respect too big a price to have paid for the bauble.

That is, perhaps, the worst feature in the girl: she never reckons the cost of her conduct, or its reflex influence on her sex. She lowers the standard of general perfection by her treatment of men, haunting them like shadows, subjecting them to her varying moods, and not unfrequently developing in them a vanity of thought directed against all women. She can do all this, and yet be guilty of no greater fault than hopeless silliness.

The one consolation the situation presents is that her reign is brief. A woman made up of giggles, gush and tears soon palls upon the taste of man or woman. She is an anomaly, and should not be tolerated by either sex. Complete extinction of the type would be a boon to humanity. There is only one more objectionable creature on the face of the earth, and that is the Jack of hearts who reads admiration of himself in every woman's face.

MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

Give Yourself a Chance.

THE woman who starves her love of the beautiful from a sense of economy, or from that false but horribly prevalent idea, that anything will do for her so that the others have the best, does as grave a wrong as if she ate only the remnants and indigestible parts of the family meals and starved her body. The woman does not live who does not love beauty in some form or other. That is one of the few God-given gifts that Eve did not leave behind her in the Garden, and if the Power above did not want her to gratify that desire He would not have given it to her.

A reasonably happy woman can do twice as much service in this world as she who is unhappy, and certainly no woman is at her best whose nerves are being rasped and rubbed by unlovely sights and sounds the whole week round. Pretty clothes and becoming hats don't cost a cent more than ugly ones, and a picture or a bright cushion for the living-room is cheaply bought at the price of some article our practical sisters would call a necessity.

When it comes to a choice between a pretty frock for the baby or a rose for your own bonnet, get the rose. The baby will crow just as merrily in a plain slip, and you will enjoy taking him for a walk much more because of the knowledge that the rose looks pretty above your face. A pretty gown will take a woman out among her fellows where a week's pleading, or a physician's orders, would not move her, and a picture or a rose to catch her eyes will go a long way towards resting a seamstress as she pulls her shoulders out of their cramp after a long seam.

Why should women be so much harder on themselves than they would be on another? If you heard any one you cared for express only once or twice a desire for some pretty trifle or small pleasure, wouldn't you at least try to obtain it for her? And yet you will often go for months with a longing in your very soul for some little thing and not take the bit of time or money it would cost. It is all very well to be self-denying and generous, but these virtues can be carried much too far, and a little of the solid comfort of gratified desire to-day is lots better worth having than buckets full of tears and "what a self-denying soul she was" after you are dead.

Then another thing: don't delude yourself into the belief that people are going to appreciate that particular sort of self-denial; they won't. If you give others all the pretties of life and keep the ordinary things, they will say: "Yes,

she is a good creature, of course, but has no sense of the beautiful. You never saw such homely things as she has, and there isn't any use giving her pretty things; she doesn't care for them;" and the chances are they will think some one helped you select the dainty gift you took such pleasure in preparing.

Aren't you spending your time and strength for others day in, day out? Don't you think you deserve a reward or relaxation? You wouldn't expect your hired servant to do as much as you are doing, without making an effort to even things up by some extra gratification. You give her an afternoon out and let her do anything she pleases, but you wouldn't think of running to a picture gallery, or spending the afternoon in a garden, just because you ached for something pretty; not a bit of it. You would lecture yourself severely and settle down to work with energy, and a determination not to be so lazy, and shut up your best hat in the wardrobe with a bang and an inward feeling that you are the vainest woman living and ought to be ashamed of yourself, and so on all through life. Oh! do stop it. Don't be so conscientious, so wrong-headedly good. Take all the pleasures and pretties you can get from life. If you are the right kind of woman, they won't interfere with those duties which come to all of us, and you will be happier and better and more like the birds and flowers God loves, and which worship Him by just being as bright and pretty as they can, and never clip off their bright petals or pull out their gay feathers, from a mistaken idea that He who created them did not know what He wanted them to be.

Feminine Philosophy.

Somebody says very truly that a thing is wrong if you are ashamed of it the next day, but as it never is the next day when you are doing it, there is very little value in the rule.

Absolute abuse is not half so hard to bear as indifference, and there is nothing on earth that will bring such a quick return as a little unexpected interest. Follow with your eyes some one whose skies don't seem very bright just now. If she has on a new gown, or especially an old one made over, don't fail to make remarks about its extreme becomingness, and give little caressing pats and touches to folds, ribbons and hair-pins. The more so, if the woman be plain and self-conscious, will she feel happy and at ease if you make her moral atmosphere warm and sweet. It is an easy way to make yourself loved; just cultivate the little habit of making people contented with themselves. It was just this talent that made the great queens of society whose names are immortal.

Fear is the most skilful general in the world because he has the most exhaustive knowledge of human nature. He seldom attacks any two people from the same side, and never makes a mistake as to the vulnerable part of one's armor, and every one shares with Achilles the peculiarity of this one danger point. A well-known Indian fighter, who has time and again, with merely a handful of soldiers, held at bay and finally vanquished a whole hoard of yelling, painted savages, cannot be induced by any bribe to go into his own cellar after dark; and another one whose name is synonymous with high-toned chivalry and honor, declares with conviction that nothing but fear of scandal keeps him from committing acts of absolute defiance to law and order. And then remember how deadly afraid was the great Napoleon of a cat.

After all, nothing is so bad when it really comes as when one worries about it, for one worries about the whole and only a part happens at a time. There was only one heart which had to bear all its load of sorrow at one time. That was the Heart of the Lord at Gethsemane and it broke.

The most perfect chivalry is that of the Golden Rule. Think a minute; isn't it so? Chivalry in the accepted sense

of the word means valor, courtesy, bravery and dignity. It implies an absolute sacrifice of one's self for another, and a perfect indifference as to reward or recognition. Chivalry prizes and cherishes the slightest token of appreciation or friendship, and, by idealizing them, compels others to admire certain traits in the object of devotion. Doesn't this correspond perfectly to the teachings of the Golden Rule, and does it not go to show that all good things are related to each other in a more or less great degree?

It was a clever Frenchwoman who said: "Those who have suffered much are like those who know many languages. They have learned to understand and be understood by many." It is an impossibility to fully sympathize with another's experience unless it has been at some time one's own. In a trouble or grief we turn instinctively to some one who we know has been through the same experience. It is the old human longing for companionship that shows itself. The feeling is strong within us that "she will know and feel with me." Not for me, mind you, but with me. Therein lies the whole power of the sympathy.

Patience is a lamp that we keep in an out of the way corner, only to be slowly and reluctantly produced and lighted, when the sun of hope has set. It does not at first burn clearly enough for us to walk quickly by its light, but it enables us to plod along slowly till either the sun rises again or our eyes become accustomed to the dimness and we forget that we ever knew anything else.

Monotony wears out more men and women than hard work ever did or will. Take for instance, a farmer's wife in a remote district and notice her expression. It is set and dull; there is no life, either in the lines of her face or her eyes. She is simply worn dull with the monotonous grind of her daily life. Then notice any woman who is all day long fighting her way to success among the hurry of men and life. She may be tired — she usually is — but she is bright and alert, always at her best and enjoying every breath she draws; even her fatigue is pleasant, for it is caused by enjoyable labor, not by soul-killing, monotonous drudgery.

Can any one define or classify this soul? It has made up its mind to a certain course as best and happiest for it. Knowing itself thoroughly, it can see peace, happiness, usefulness, where another would be sure of misery and shipwreck. The one shadow is cast by the adverse judgment and grief of loved ones. Now this soul is torn till its body is sick almost unto death by the thought of bringing this grief to those it loves, but nothing can change its determination to carry out its ideas. Is it a wholly selfish soul to take such thought for itself, knowing the pain it is giving? Is it a little worthy of happiness in surmounting the high hills of sorrow to gain its end, or is it weak and faulty to hesitate and falter and suffer with tears and crying at the pain it gives?

The hem of the Lord's garment was all that was given to certain of the faithful to touch, and it glorified them. Isn't it the hem of the beautiful garment He puts on His earth that we see, who, living in cities, watch the budding of the one tree in our backyard, the gradual greening of the bit of grass at our door and the blooming of the single potted plant in our sunniest window? Such things are all indications, and from them we can build according to our lights and conforming to our needs, and it may be better and more useful than a whole, which we might not comprehend or which would overpower us.

Wit and humor are the masculine and feminine of fun. No man would care to have his own private and particular bit of femininity humorous, for humor is down on a level with people and they crowd around and jostle it. Wit plays over their heads; they look up to and admire it. But he only wants her to be

a wit on occasions and not in family life. A bright jest with the soup will put him in a good humor, but mental pyrotechnics all through the dinner would be wearing, and, besides, it would not give him a chance. A humorous man may be the star of a party, but he must also be a witty one if he wants to be a guiding star. It is so all through life; a man to be perfect must have, along with his own strong masculinity, some womanly traits, but a woman is spoiled, or at least marred, if she adds unto herself anything mannish.

JESSIE M. BURGOYNE.

Round About the House.

INDIVIDUAL clothes-bags are nice things in families. The old-fashioned hamper in the corner of the bathroom is a thing of the past; in fact, an impossibility in these days of flats. A nice little gingham bag hung up in every one's closet is the best substitute. It is better to have two bags for each person, so that one may be done up every week. It is an impossibility for them to remain fresh longer than this, shut up in a closet with underwear that has been worn.

Individual tea balls are the very latest fancy. They look like two tiny silver strainers provided with hinges and a clasp. They are filled with tea, and served on the tray with the creamer and sugar bowl. One is dropped into every cup, boiling water from the samovar poured over, and each one can remove his or her ball when the tea has become strong enough for the individual taste.

A clever housekeeper says that when you are going to move you should get a big box or barrel, set it open in the middle of your flat or house, and into it pitch ruthlessly every single thing you don't need. To-day you will discover one contribution, to-morrow twenty. Lots of useless objects accumulate during the year, and while they find for themselves places in the old home, they would be horribly in the way in the new. Let your charwoman go over the heap and select what she wants. She will revel, and dress her whole family in what you throw away. Move all your books into your bureau drawers, pack them full, send them off on the load, have them carefully emptied and return for more. This will save the bindings. Do things up in bundles of cotton cloth, or ticking, and number them, enter the numbers in a book, and opposite each number write the contents of the package. It won't take long and will save much confusion and worry of mind. If you want bed linen, simply open bundle three and there you have it without the bother of going through the package of curtains or tablecloths in a vain quest.

Live as near the top of your house as you can. It is the most healthful part of the whole building. There is more air, a freer circulation and less of the unwholesome dust from the street. People often wonder at the rugged health of servants, in spite of their constant and wearing duties. It is to a great extent owing to the fact that they usually sleep in a purer atmosphere than any other occupant of the house. The attic, generally devoted to storage and servants' rooms, is far more valuable than the second floor bedrooms preëmpted by the heads of families. There are certain physicians who insist on their patients being taken way upstairs at the beginning of an illness. In the average flat house the top floor is always rented for a smaller sum than any of the others, and yet it is sure to be light and cool, while in the stuffy downstairs rooms one must burn gas all day. No one passes your door, or tramps over your head, and you can have the roof for a garden. Some people object because their ceilings get the benefit of every leak in the roof. But there is deep consolation in the fact that no one can be legally compelled to pay rent when the roof leaks.

A papier-mache pail is a treasure in any household. Who has not known the misery of sending for a pail in a hurry and having it leak all over everything? The worst of it is, the more expensive the wooden pail the more apt it is to leak; even those made of con-

trasting colored woods with brass rims are not above the frailties of their common kindred, but a papier-mache article, cheap and light, never fails one, and is as reliable as the collector for your gas company.

By the way, just to be frivolous, when you are bothered by calls from that gas man or the boy with the paper bill, or any of those individuals who strive to bereave you of your dear beloved money in payment for some article you have eaten or worn out or lost long ago, you can relieve your mind without troubling your conscience by calling him an "Ornithorhynchus." It sounds awful, and only means, according to the natural history books, "A beast with a bill."

To Be Comfortable and Pretty.

Try a Turkish bath instead of a bottle of medicine for "that tired feeling." It will do in an hour what the medicine will take two weeks to accomplish. Under the influence of that soft persuasive heat all the ache will melt out of your bones, the dulness from your mind, and you will feel as if your lot in life was not such a hard one, after all. It is as restful as a full night's sleep, and has the advantage of not taking so long. If a Turkish bath is not practicable, try some night when you are so worn out that you don't know whether to quarrel or cry; get into a tub half-full of warm water and turn the faucet gently on till the water is as hot as you can bear without actual pain, and you are as red as a baby from head to foot; then bundle into bed, and the resemblance to a baby will be continued by the peacefulness with which you fall asleep.

Warm milk is a panacea for almost every ill to which the human flesh is heir. It is a comforting thing when one is too tired to eat, or hasn't time, or hasn't been paid. It is a good foundation on which to build a day's work, and a rest when it is over. It is better for the little woes caused by cold or lobster salad than quarts of peppermint, and can be prepared in less time than almost any of the decoctions.

Another valuable thing is celery. It is very calming to the nerves, and will, if eaten in time, often avert a nervous headache. Keep the roots that are usually thrown away and fly to them for relief in the hour of need. Then if your digestion is reliable enough for you to eat a soft-boiled egg every morning, you need fear no bodily ill.

Do your eyes ever burn you, sting you and feel as if the lids were lined with brambles? Don't put witch-hazel on them, no matter who advises it. This otherwise valuable preparation renders them very susceptible to granulation. Take your perfume atomizer and fill it with water of blood heat (ninety-eight degrees); then spray the eyelids gently for a couple of moments morning and night. It is surprising how much good is immediately done by this simple treatment; the muscles of the lids are strengthened, and any inflammation is at once reduced. There have been cases where this method has restored eyesight which seemed permanently affected.

Of course none of us ever lace (far be it from me to suggest that we do anything so apart from good taste), but nevertheless always have one pretty dress made with the waist right under the bust so that no corset is needed, and make it a practice to wear this one whole day or two evenings in every week. It will save you unheard-of things in the way of backaches, and, besides, teach you lots of pretty little attitudes and loungy ways that a corseted woman would never dream of; and the woman who can lounge need not fear nervous prostration and its kindred evils. It is all very well to be business-like and tailor-made when we are out in the world, but no woman honestly likes it, and the getting into an easy pretty gown that does not, by the way, suggest a wrapper, is as great a relief and refreshment to our stiffened-up bodies as the sight of a good comedy is to our tired minds.

THE FITZPATRICK FAMILY SCHOOL.

The Hope of Our Homes.

A Model Family School.

"What shall I do with my boy?" is a question which the wise man asks himself betimes. Too late the careless parent in his helplessness puts the same question to a neighbor, and that neighbor, if he prefer truth to charity, may well reply with the homely phrase, "You have him as you reared him." So it is not to be wondered at that even in this age of problems, the "School Question" should come to the front with its challenge for a wise solution. In every age it has claimed the special attention of the thoughtful, and to-day we get a fair idea of a man's general make-up from his conception of true education. There are, to be sure, among those who ought to know better, many who say, "What was good enough for me is good enough for my son."

The wise man realizes, however, that the world moves, that "new occasions need new measures," and that to be a good man, a good citizen, a factor in the world's real progress, calls for better equipment now than ever before.

The Christian father recognizing that his children are "an heritance from the Lord," considers that education unworthy of its name which does not include the fostering of the spiritual l[illegible] Indeed, his chief concern is that "the image and likeness of God," which has been entrusted to his care, shall not be obscured by neglect, or marred by the hands of the evil or unthinking. Happily for Catholic parents, who know their duty in this respect, they are left in no doubt as to how this may best be accomplished. But the adoption of the means does not lie in every one's power, so it remains for each one to make use of the means at his command to reach the desired end.

An interesting private school at West Newton, Mass., forms the subject of our illustration. It was established five years ago by Mr. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, a representative Catholic gentleman of Boston. His aim was to provide for his children a Christian education, while at the same time retaining all that was good in the methods and plan of study pursued in the public schools. For this end, in 1888 he erected a schoolhouse on his own grounds, and fitted up the building with all the modern appliances tending to promote health and comfort. The services of Miss L. M. Bagley, one of the most successful of Newton's public school teachers, and an estimable Catholic lady, were secured. The school opened with the attendance of six pupils, three of whom were children of Mr. Fitzpatrick, and thus the very necessary element of competition was provided. It will be observed that this feature of competition or emulation is one usually lost in the governess system. The second year the school consisted of eight pupils, and the third, ten, a child outside of Mr. Fitzpatrick's family having been invited each time that one of his own children entered.

It was at the end of this third year [illegible] change was necessitated on account of Miss Bagley's departure for the West. The little band had advanced rapidly, and it was plainly apparent that high school work in the near future must be anticipated for the older ones. It became necessary, accordingly, to provide a teacher who could not only adapt herself to the wants of the younger children, but would likewise be equipped with the ability and experience for high school duties.

Mr. Fitzpatrick was most fortunate in securing for this difficult place Miss M. A. Supple of Hopkinton, Mass., who had taught the high school of that place for a number of years, and who, aside from her exceptional qualities as a teacher, is unquestionably one of the most intellectual women in Massachusetts. She has imparted to the school the healthful influence of her own personality, and strengthened her teaching with ready and beautiful conceptions of lessons given, and principles proposed.

That part of the school's curriculum which embraces religious instruction finds its strongest exemplification in her own daily life, and in the object lesson thus presented the intuitive pupil is quick to appreciate the application of the truism, "Example is more powerful than precept."

Since the opening of the school, the musical instruction has been given by a sister of Mr. Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Dr. O'Reilly, of Waltham, and if the merits of a teacher are to be judged by the progress which the pupils have made in this art, a most deserving credit is due Mrs. O'Reilly.

At present, the school continues with ten pupils, the oldest of whom are doing high school work in algebra, Latin and French, while the youngest enjoys the modern luxury of kindergarten gifts. The course of study, as has been intimated, coincides with that of the public schools, but in addition, gives space to a definite plan of instruction in all that pertains to a Catholic doctrine. Thus tests in Bible history and Christian doctrine determine the pupil's fitness for promotion quite as much as an examination in arithmetic and geography.

In connection with such a school, however, the mention of a course of study must not call up the idea of a cast-iron code, for here we find nothing to work against the principle that the object of education is "to train each individual to reach the highest perfection possible to him." With such a guiding principle, much time is economized. Busy work is introduced not to kill time, but to promote the child's growth — to help the little fingers grow deft and skilful, while the perception is quickened, and the glad child-heart rejoices over something learned, and something done.

As the pupils grow older, much attention is paid to nature studies. The results of outside observations are brought into school, there to be discussed, compared and classified. Then some approved text-book on the subject under consideration is taken up, and the already awakened intelligence finds much to delight in, where otherwise descriptions and details would prove wearisome.

Time for the enjoyment of good literature has always been a marked feature of this school. Readers furnish matter for elocutionary drill and practice, but each year two or three standard authors are chosen for special study, and become, as it were, friends of the family. The volunteer criticisms, comparisons and questions that abound during the reading hour are only one indication of the pleasures and advantages arising from such acquaintances.

At the completion of the course, it is expected that the pupils will be prepared to enter some such institution as Boston College. It is not, however, expected, or even desired that they should enjoy the distinction of being the youngest members of their class in such a case. Where so much regard is had for the quality of the work, time is required. To those who believe in cramming — "in pumping in so that the examiner may have something to pump out" — the plan will not commend itself. There are always some to judge of the pupil by the grade in which he stands, rather than by the work which he does in that grade. They are quite satisfied with a child provided he "passes."

But here we see no such forcing process. Fresh air and sunshine, sometimes even gray skies and stormy winds, promote hardier growth than the artificial atmosphere of the hothouse. It will be strange, indeed, if such a school

as the one we have been describing does not bring forth worthy fruit — strange if the influence of boys and girls trained under such a system is not felt in the community in which they dwell, and felt as a power for good.

An Hour at the Fair.

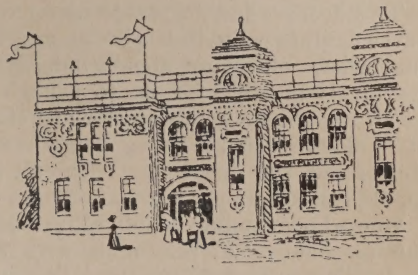
THE holidays are coming. They are so close at hand that we must begin to think how we shall spend them. All the grown folk are talking and dreaming of the World's Fair, but they can't "make believe" like the children, so a great many of them will never see all the strange, beautiful sights. Every girl and boy can spend an hour in Chicago every day, and revel in the wonderful scenes without spending a dollar or leaving home, wherever it may be.

Let us talk a little about the best way of taking this very cheap trip. We shall get there with the help of pictures, papers and lots of imagination. If you like to travel alone, take the illustrated papers, an atlas and general history (if they don't remind you too much of school), and a note-book to some quiet spot in the open air: select the feature that interests you most, and master every detail of that exhibit. If your mind lean to mechanics, do not loiter in the art galleries, but make your way to Machinery Hall, where seventy-five great throbbing engines proclaim the ingenuity of man.

No boy needs to be incited to examine boats, hooks, rods and reels — they are fine studies for holidays — and you will find all these under the care of the United States Fish Commission. The denizens of the deep are there in great glass tanks, and, though doubtless surprised by their unusual surroundings, show no fear of the many contrivances designed for their destruction. Norway Viking boats, Canadian fishing vessels and birchbark canoes jostle each other, it may be in their efforts to avoid the stuffed sharks and whales and groups of Australian seals.

The windmill exhibit is very enticing. Boys will turn to it naturally, but they must be gallant and consider the girls' wishes, which lead to the Women's Building.

The work of women the world over



Children's Building at the World's Fair.

is exhibited here. Crowned heads and skilful peasant fingers have alike contributed their share. The girls must choose for themselves; each one is sure to find something to interest and instruct her, besides gratifying her beauty-loving nature.

And now a word to the tots who can only read easy words, and need to be told about their share of the fun.

Imagine a great doll's house papered with pictures from fairy tales; furnished with the daintiest furniture in white, blue and gold, and crammed to the roof with all the loveliest toys ever made for children; and even then you will have only a faint idea of the delightful treat specially prepared for the little folk. You will see some children there, bright, alert little creatures, with an odd, puzzled look in their round eyes. They are deaf-mutes just learning some of the things you have known ever since you can remember.

It would take hours to lead you through the house itself; the nursery, the kindergarten, the little library, and the wonderful kitchen where tots like yourselves make "truly" pies and patty-pans out of real flour, and bake them in the cutest ovens imaginable.

LIBRARY CHAIR.

THE keenest and deepest thinkers are never content with the operations and conclusions of reason alone; indeed it is scarcely possible for one to conceive of an analytical mind, by the exercise of unaided reason, arriving at any conclusion but the one, if we may call it so, expressed in an interrogation.

One who examines at all cannot use the mechanism of the mind without marvelling at the miracle that lies behind the existence of mind. All pure philosophy begins and ends in a question. Pure philosophy erects an elaborate scaffold to certify to the existence of facts which intuition reveals — though, it must be admitted, without explaining them; on the other hand, the explanations of philosophy are mostly in a jargon that is less true than the heart of our intuitions. Philosophy is a child in wonderland, and it leaves us in wonder; but this is something, for when we realize the mystery of our environment we have entered into the spirit of the highest religion. It is only, however, when philosophy is what we may call "moral" that it can secure our interest and enter into our conduct and life in any vital way. It is precisely this element which has served to keep much of the old philosophies from falling into the condition of mere antiquated lumber. To put the whole matter into one terse paradox, the greatest and truest philosophers have usually little patience with pure philosophy, for it is laboring in a vicious circle — a game in which every player attaches a different significance to the terms employed. The philosophy that can help the world is not that abstract and purely speculative knowledge, of which it has been well said, "Woe to that barren knowledge which never turns to love, and is false to itself!" But there is one service which philosophy does for every independent mind. It broadens our vision so that we cannot be content to worship the gods that satisfy the unreflecting wordlings, who live merely in their sensations. If it does not illuminate the darkness except in the most fitful way, it teaches us to look for the dawn. With the crutches of philosophy we can at least reach heights that we should not have essayed without them; and if they are useless in the stony places and leave us, after all, stumbling and crying in the dark in our search for God, we cannot help but realize that we have a new sense of the mystery which is God. "We touch God's hand in the darkness." It is a sore climb, but many who have borrowed the crutches of philosophy to find a natural explanation of the facts of the universe have completed the circle and limped painfully into God's presence — as we may say without irreverence, by the back door of the scientifically unexplainable. Therefore we must not be impatient and intolerant of even pure philosophy, which, considered from a purely pagan and intellectual point of view, is not without strong attractions to those who delight in subtleties of expression. We must not expect to find the truth with ease. It costs us an effort to come into any correspondence with the highest intelligences in this world, and it must cost us more to come into any communion with the eternal and divine intelligence. We must labor to possess our souls.

All philosophy is religious in spirit if not in avowed intention and aim. The impulse underlying every system of philosophy is to discover the secret

of motion and matter, and hence naturally it encounters the problems of life and death, and asks the question, "Is this the hand of God: — Is this God?" and if so, "What is the nature and purpose of God?" It is the answering these momentous questions, which would come more vitally home to the great majority of men if they only exercised their reason, that occupied the life and studies of A. Gratry, and are embodied in his scholarly work, "A Guide to the Knowledge of God" a study of some of the chief theodicies from Plato and Aristotle to Kant and Hegel. It is adequately translated by Abby Langdon Alger, with an Introduction by William Rounseville Alger.

The various divisions of philosophy are: I. The Knowledge of God (theodicy); II. The Knowledge of the Soul, considered in its relations to God and the Body (psychology); III. Logic, which is a further development of psychology, and which studies the soul through its intelligence, and the laws of that intelligence; IV. Morals, which is another outgrowth of psychology, and which studies the soul through its will and the laws of that will. But theodicy implies the whole of philosophy. It shows it to us as a unity, a totality; it contains all its roots. Everything proceeds from it; it is therefore the starting-point. Moreover, theodicy, which is the loftiest, most profound department of philosophy, is also the simplest. Ideas of infinity and perfection, as Descartes, Bossuet and the majority of philosophers remark, are the first which awakening reason reveals to us — which proves that reason first impels us towards God. It is the course of nature, at the same time that it is the absolute order of truths taken in themselves. But by theodicy must not be understood only the knowledge of God; it also means most particularly the knowledge of the human mind aspiring towards God.

One of the central traits of this work is the appeal the author makes for the action of human nature in its integrity as regulated by the sovereign unity of the rational principle. He protests against the division of the soul into a collection of abstracting faculties which operate separately and breed all sorts of error, fiction and confusion. He quotes approvingly the bold remark of Fénélon, "Reason is even more wanting on earth than religion." Having also cited the great saying of Saint Thomas, "In the moral order, crimes against nature are worse than sacrilege," he adds, "So in the intellectual order, that crime against nature which attacks reason is worse than the sacrilege which attacks faith; for to ruin reason is to prostrate the religious edifice by undermining the ground." There are but very few men in whom reason is distinct from the mass of instincts, sensations and wants, constituting a free force and an independent power. With almost all it is a sorely oppressed force, a power subordinated, not only to the imagination, the senses, interests, and desires, but also to the current of the blood and the disposition, the influence of the matter which feeds our body, and the forces of physical nature. Reason, the logical varnish of a purely animal life, the blind and trivial bond of our passions, desires, humors and sensations — reason blended with the whole, and carried away by the general movement, obeys slavishly, instead of ruling.

The author sweeps with the ease of a consummate mastery through the wisdom of twenty-five centuries, gathers up the chief treasures deposited there, and presents them constructed into one harmonious whole. The question with which he grapples as strenuously as any one has ever done, is whether the human mind is able to attain to a real knowledge of God. To the examination of this theme he brings both an intense earnestness and an unfailing sobriety; while adding to these high qualities all that historic erudition and training can yield. He sets forth, in systematic outline and with appropriate detail, the experimental and critical conclusions at which a large number of the most illus-

trious thinkers of our race, from Plato and Aristotle to Fénélon and Leibnitz, have actually arrived on that subject. He lays bare the methods they employed, the difficulties they encountered, the arguments they constructed, the aids they received, the results they attained, and their fundamental agreement through all. He does this with an incisiveness of thought, a summarizing skill, a patience, an impartiality, and a lucidity most admirable and most delightful.

THE object of philosophy is logically practice — although we most of us regard philosophy as something belonging exclusively to our study, and to college curriculums, with no place in every-day affairs and conduct. We create this distinction in ethics, as we do in the matter of our garments, having certain coats and certain ethics for six days in the week, and wearing our best coats and our abstract ethics on the seventh. But we cheat ourselves in this, as in all the compromises of life, for if we are morally round-shouldered for six days a week, we cannot add greatly to our stature on the seventh. And thus it is without any violent sense of transition, that one leaves the exaltation of Gratry's "Guide to the Knowledge of God," and addresses one's self to a study of the thoughts and teachings of a parish priest, rubbing elbows with his fellows in the intimacy of daily intercourse. This collection of addresses, sermons and essays by the Rev. John J. Tighe, of Boonton, N. J., is, as the author modestly remarks in his preface, very heterogeneous in character, and is so designed for desultory and occasional reading. If Descartes had reflected that we do not pass from ideas as the direct gift of God to their application to the realities within and without, but from facts and sensations to ideas and principles, from the concrete to the abstract, from the known to the unknown, from the finite to the infinite, from the created to the uncreated, and God, he had spared the world a great deal of illusion. The essays of Fr. Tighe have this virtue, that, while they are inspired by, and enforce, the highest lessons of abstract philosophy, they deal with the actual complexion of things in the world, and, in the revelation of the true value of realities, reveal their hidden spiritual meanings. Fr. Tighe can deal with pure philosophy when he chooses, and he does so (with some slight admixture of moral and spiritual alloy) with excellent effect in a long and interesting historical exposition of "Progress and the Catholic Church." This is, of course, an immense subject, involving a survey of the whole field of the Church's work and philosophy, but it is very necessary that our knowledge should not get locked away in old libraries, unproductive through their very fulness; and Fr. Tighe, and all such consecrated spirits do well to perpetually repeat in popular summaries the great principles upon which Christianity stands and makes its appeal to the minds and affections of men. As Fr. Tighe truly says: "Progress whether intellectual or material, is, and must be conjoined to moral development, and it is unphilosophical to separate them." It is not progress but retrogression which leads men to the worship of the symbols of thought and contempt of the impulse and mystery behind the symbol. We lose everything of worth if we are bitten with the mad fever of utilitarianism, and in the discovery of eternal and natural forces, imagine we have discovered the secret of force, and so forget our God. Fr. Tighe utters his protest against this false idea of progress, so fraught with menace to the individual and to the community, for of all the disintegrating forces at work in society, this one which makes life a mere scramble for wealth, and itching to harness electricity and men alike, is the most threatening. It is not this way that men can grow morally, and if they do not grow morally, the mere multiplication of conveniences and machinery will reduce them to irrational savagery. Irrational? Yes; because if the race is to remain morally sane, it will never allow itself to be

degraded by its own handiwork, and it will never think that the discovery of God's forces resolves God into nothingness, or even Perpetual Energy, or that these forces are intended to be used as the machinery of oppression — for the grinding of the faces of God's poor.

We have only space to give an idea of the spirit of Fr. Tighe's volume, as the contents embrace such a wide variety of topics in such different lines of thought, that to discuss separately the essays which win our admiration would take us too far afield for a causerie of this kind. But the scope and interest of the work is shown in some of the titles of the essays and addresses comprising it. "The Crusades and their effects on Modern Civilization"; "Progress and the Catholic Church," — upon which we have slightly touched; "Education — The State vs. The Individual;" "Politics and Parties" and Sabbatarianism and Amusements."

The proper observance of religion is bound up with the true conduct of life, as shown in the accumulated wisdom of secular philosophy, and the Rev. Bonaventura Hammer's "Manual of the Holy Family," compiled from approved sources with prayers and general instruction for Catholic families, should go with Father Tighe's volumes into the nucleus of every Catholic library. The purpose of this little book is to be a manual of information and devotion for Catholic parents, and, used in the proper spirit, it will be a perpetual source of inspiration and consolation.

ABOUT OURSELVES.

THE offer first made in the last number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE of a genuine, original water-color to every subscriber who sends us one new subscriber has created an interest unprecedented. It is an offer, too, which will last, for not only has it never been paralleled by any publication in the world, daily, Sunday, weekly or monthly, but the work itself is as surprising in its excellence, as is the offer in its enterprise. This is pretty strong language; we appreciate its full intent, and stand ready to guarantee, to fulfil to the utmost all ideas aroused by it, as to the merit of these paintings. This guarantee is safe, because we know the ability of the men who are producing the pictures; we know the cost of the pictures to us; and for the artistic merit of the paintings, we have not only our own judgment, but the opinion of the most expert and cultured minds.

So many things are offered by various publications that will not bear the test of scrutiny and time that we realize the necessity of impressing fully and repeatedly the value of this premium offer. We have two difficulties to overcome in this offer: first, the fact that many "fake" premiums have been offered in the past by other publications; secondly, the fact that so meritorious are these water-color paintings that there may well be a reasonable doubt in all minds that such valuable work could be given for so small a return. Both these obstacles will be overcome by the distribution of our pictures among the people.

There is no limit at present to the number of these pictures each subscriber can obtain. We would like to see at least two of these paintings in the home of each subscriber now on our books. If any one has any doubts yet remaining as to the real intrinsic value of these paintings, we will, upon his request, send him one for examination, even before he obtains a subscriber. We trust our subscribers. We know that they are excelled in honesty, in enterprise and intelligence by none in the world, and we feel safe, therefore, in making this offer, knowing that our enterprise will be understood, and our confidence not abused. We beg to call attention to the premium offer of these pictures, in which the details are fully set forth in another part of this number.

To those who love a good story — and who doesn't? — there will be a feature of unusual interest in the July number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. It is a complete story from the pen of Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, daughter of the greatest American novelist, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and wife of the brilliant literarian, George Parsons Lathrop. The writer of "Robinson's Hidden Life," which is the graphic title Mrs. Lathrop has given to her story for DONAHOE'S, has achieved a distinction in the field of letters. Her story will be beautifully illustrated.

It may be pertinent to announce here that DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE will commence the publication of a serial story in one of its early numbers. There are now under consideration three serials by authors of world-wide repute. One of them will begin in the fall.

WE welcome as contributor to our editorial columns this month Hon. Edward A. Moseley, secretary of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The brilliant and forceful editorial on comparing the details of the Home Rule Bill with the powers given to the American States, is from the pen of Mr. Moseley. He brings to the consideration of this subject, as to all others which he essays to handle, unquestioned knowledge and comprehensive sympathy. Though engrossed with the cares of his onerous office, Mr. Moseley still finds time to keep fully informed upon all public questions and to see such questions in original and helpful aspects.

The value of organization in political effort as well as in other lines of human undertaking is admitted, the only question in the minds of all honest men as to the merit of organization being whether or not such organization is well managed, or directed only for personal ends.

In Tammany Hall of New York, America has its most powerful organization. Tammany Hall and the Democratic party in New York City have come, at the present, to be almost synonymous and interchangeable terms. Next to the power and the discipline of Tammany Hall, its most notable features are the frequency and persistence of the attacks made upon it, both as to its work as a body and as to the merits of its leaders as individuals. The daily press teems with attacks upon and denunciations of Tammany.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, as a free, fair and truthful vehicle for the best contemporaneous thought, has asked if anything can be said in favor of Tammany.

Joseph J. O'Donohue, who writes the article on Tammany Hall in this issue, is a man whose name stands for honesty and ability in the commercial world the country over, and whose appointment to the position of City Chamberlain of New York City has been commended by Republicans and Democrats alike. Although an official in New York City at the present time, Mr. O'Donohue is not a member of Tammany Hall. From every standpoint, his position is such as to make the article he writes in this number of the magazine of special value and interest.

Columbian Catholic Bureau.

THOSE contemplating going to the World's Fair cannot do better than to become members of the Columbian Catholic Bureau of Information, whose object is to furnish to members a place of rendezvous in Chicago; to furnish reliable information regarding boarding-houses, hotels, places of amusement, etc., and, by suggestions and advice, secure for strangers in Chicago all the conveniences and advantages which the oldest inhabitants might have while seeing the exposition. At this Bureau members will be given space to conduct their correspondence and to have their light baggage, parcels, etc., checked. All these advantages are secured by paying the membership fee of two dollars. The Boston agents of the Bureau are Messrs. Lincoln & McGrath, of the City Press Association, Globe Building, Boston, through whom membership can be secured.

THOUGHTS OF THE TIME.

The Coming Labor Movement.

I AGREE with those thinkers who now-a-days assert that the most important fact of present human history is the great labor movement. I do not mean by this simply strikes, lock-outs, boycotts, eight-hour laws, trades-unions, single tax anarchism, socialism. No; from a broad, philosophical standpoint these are all only so many features of one colossal effort. I mean, rather, the extraordinary phenomena wherein a mighty class all over the world appears at last to be seeking to uplift and elevate itself by its own efforts. It is this self-help tendency, manifesting itself in a great variety of ways among the wage-earning element, which I look upon as the nineteenth-century labor movement. What is needed more than anything else is that it should develop an ideal class of leaders. They need to be men with superior gifts, able, by their own efforts, to rise out of their class and figure conspicuously in the business or political life of the world, and yet who would be willing to give up those ambitions, stay among the element where they are born, and use all that unusual degree of energy and capacity for ameliorating the condition of their class. The trouble has been in our day that when a man shows any superiority, he wants to rise, enter some other profession and join another stratum of society. And so it is that the true leader does not appear. The essential thing now is, that a new religious order should arise with the same spirit that has actuated the devotion and the sacrifices of the saints and martyrs in past history, but which, instead of devoting its enthusiasm to an attempt to draw human attention away to another world, should concentrate its energies in teaching the struggling classes how to get the most life out of present conditions. May there not come to be a brotherhood of laborers of this latter class, adopting the life of the poor and lowly, as do Father Huntington and Father Damien? What I dream of is a class of men who will be able to earn their living as mechanics by the sweat of their brow, who will stay persistently with the wage-earning element in which they were born, but who will expend all their reserve energy and unusual capacity in seeking to raise their class, both by teaching and example, and in illustrating all the possibilities of joy and higher life which may be made to attend the existence of the handicraftsman. I believe in the coming of an ideal workingman, the leader of a new trades-unionism, whose purpose it shall be to reap all the good out of what is already possessed by infusing an ideal enthusiasm into the existing situation. The problem how to make the most of one's leisure time, and how to spend one's wages, requires for its solution a vast Union of Labor just as much as the problem how to increase wages and how to establish the eight-hour day. What is required is a colossal Self-Help and Self-Improvement Labor Movement led by such noble characters as the Felix Holt of George Eliot.— *W. L. Sheldon in the Conservator.*

A Presbyterian on Catholicism.

WE are compelled to own that this old Mother Church shows an astonishing vitality. More than half Christendom still bows at her altars. The common people cling to her robes. Through pitiless storms that leave the seats of our Protestant sanctuaries nearly vacant, we see them crowding to her worship, morning, noon and night. Wherever a few of her children make their homes a cross-surmounted church will soon be seen. She builds wisely to meet convenience among the poorest communities, to win æsthetic culture wherever wealth creates such a taste to be pleased. And her people pay for her churches. . . . . Wherein lies the secret of this great strength? One short sentence gives the answer. That Church has come to fixed conclusions. In doctrine and practice her mind is made up. It is not doubted; she has the stability and force of the single mind. Her ritual is one for all the world — for the Pope at Rome and for the Digger Indian in California. The very sound and accent of its words are the same. No thought of innovation is tolerated for a moment. There is no debate over methods. The preliminaries of work are all settled. All hesitation is cut off. There is nothing to be done but the work. And what that is was decided ages ago — to extend and preserve the Church as she is. Each member soon learns his part. Age after age the command goes forth from the triple crowned Head at Rome. The whole mighty organism, from the scarlet Cardinal to the rag-picker in the street, moves responsive to that command.— *Rev. Mr. Hamilton, of Oakland, Cal.*

A Rabbi on Irish Home Rule.

WHAT sympathy more touching than that of the Irish-American, prosperous and free, for that of Irishmen at home, suffering and enslaved? What union more organic than that which links the Irishman all over the world to his kind and kin in the Emerald

Isle? So organic is that union, so much like a living organism, that the whole body writhes in pain if but the smallest of its members is afflicted. Let an outrage be committed on a member of his race, and be it at the ends of the world, the wail of lamentation is borne by an invisible sympathetic chord over lands and seas, and thrills with agony every true Irish heart.

"But what is it to you?" I fancy some one asking who is not in sympathy with Ireland's cause — "what is it to you, who are not Irish but a Jew?" To him I would say: It is because I am a Jew that Ireland's cause is near and dear to me. Who can better sympathize with the people of Ireland than the people of Israel? What people closer related to each other by the ties of suffering than they? Place the histories of Israel and Ireland side by side on the world's stage, and you behold two of the most persecuted and calumniated people that ever trod the earth — two peoples deprived of the right of their own country, robbed of their human rights, trampled under the iron heel of superior brute force. You behold, side by side, two of the most heroic strugglers for their independence, two of the most fearless defiers of suffering and death, invincible, though a thousand times defeated, though a thousand times silenced by dungeon, or gibbet or cannon's fiery mouth. Defeat and death had no terrors for them. A thousand times they arose again and struggled on, unwearied and undismayed, wrestling, inch by inch, their God-given rights from their unpitying foes. — *Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf at Home Rule mass meeting in Philadelphia.*

Private Capital on Trial.

We have all been studying the Encyclical "Novarum Rerum," and he would be more disingenuous than I have any desire to be, who would not recognize in the Holy Father's language a vehement condemnation of theories which describe "private property" or even "private capital" as not according to the moral and Christian law. But it should be noted just as clearly that the Pope's reasoning establishes this legal claim on the man's own labor and abstinence, or on the services (industrial or ministerial) which the owner of property has rendered to his fellow-men. The idea that "unpaid labor," that the surplus of a man's toil may be rightly appropriated by prince or government, by duke, banker or tax gatherer, without a fair equivalent, is not to be found in the Holy Father's pages from beginning to end. If so much be allowed, we must eliminate from our Commonwealth all those who give nothing to it except their idle lives and luxurious examples. A "leisured class" of drones and parasites ought never to be counted among the social hierarchy. Can no function be assigned to them? Then they should cease to exist? Or is there a service which they can render? Then let their remuneration be fixed according to its importance and dignity. — *Rev. Dr. W. Barry, in Dublin Review.*

Abolishing the Death Penalty.

It is argued that the death penalty is necessary for the following three reasons: (1) It has a tendency to keep an evilly disposedm an from committing murder; (2) it frees society from any danger of further suffering at the hands of one convicted of murder; (3) it is a means of self-protection for the state and for the individual. The main interest centres upon the first point. Against this Olivecrona has argued that, if the death penalty were inflicted promptly, it would have an effect; but when months, or even years, intervene by reason of appeals, etc., it loses much of its effect; and, again, only a small percentage of those condemned to death are actually executed. These facts tend to mitigate the fear of detection and punishment. They give the criminal hopes. It must also never be forgotten that murder is usually committed in moments of passion. A passionate man does not consider the consequences of his acts. Experience has proved that murders are most common after an execution, and that many murderers have been present at executions, not once only, but many times. In no way has the recollection of the spectacle deterred them from action. Olivecrona maintains in his excellent work on the death penalty that, were it not for public opinion, the penalty of death would long have been abolished everywhere. But this public opinion is only an expression of man's natural brutality. The *lex talionis* has prevailed with the mosaic law system, which, as a foreign importation, has been saddled upon the civilized world, and has taken deep root because of the modern doctrine of the personality of the state. What we must do is to reform man and preach against his desire for revenge. — *Stael von Holstein, in Nordisk Tidskrift.*

Physical Training for Women.

The physical training of women is, in certain respects, more important than that of man. At this moment the question is of peculiar importance to those interested, from the fact that gymnastics in the schools is being actively opposed. There are, perhaps, fewer difficulties in the way of a reform of female than of male education. No preparation for military service is demanded of women; the only objects of physical training are physiological and hygienic. Gymnastics is very commonly regarded simply as a

means of developing the muscles without reference to its influence on other organs; its most important purpose, however, is in its bearing on the internal organs and their functions. It is to be regretted that gymnastics is usually brought to a close at too early a period in a girl's life. It is most beneficial to girls from the fourteenth to the twenty-fourth year, the very years in which girls take the least exercise. Young ladies despise gymnastics as something childish. Gymnasiums attract only a few well-read girls, or those conscious of exceptional physical gifts. Our duty is to bring the weak under its influence that they may be trained into strength. Above all things it is necessary to convince the mothers that the design is to secure the healthy physical development of their children. The fact that poor food, undue mental strain, dejection, or great weakness, all tend to hinder the ripening of maidenhood, should convince us that at this critical period of life our care should be redoubled to provide for the physical development under the most favorable conditions. Many people are of opinion that a life of repose is beneficial to girls at the age of puberty, but physiologists all tell us that at this period exercise is especially necessary to promote digestion and the circulation of the blood. Hysteria, of which we hear so much nowadays, is a degeneration of the nervous system. It is a melancholy characteristic of women and feeble men, and a disease which is regarded as a condition of chronic weariness. To avert it, the organism must be strengthened. Exercise, and sunshine fresh air strengthen the nervous system and frequently suffice to dispel the disease. — *A. Mosso, in Deutsche Revue.*

An Improved Unicycle.

TRICYCLE, bicycle, unicycle-three, two, one — the march of invention is ever toward greater simplicity. Who can predict where it will end, or what the wheel of the future will be? A wheel which can be easily steered and propelled, and which is designed to enable a rider to attain a high rate of speed, is shown in the accompanying engraving. This wheel has an inner wheel supporting a suitable framework and having a double rim, the two parts of which engage ball bearings of inner annular flanges connected by spokes with the tire of the outer wheel, so that as the latter travels on the ground the inner wheel rolls off on the flanges, and the rider in his seat holds the framework in normal position, the inner wheel not revolving. Between the two ball bearings in the rim is an internal gear in mesh with a gear wheel on a shaft in the framework, a sprocket wheel on this shaft being connected with a similar wheel on the treadle shaft, by the operation of which the large gear wheel is rotated to give motion to the exterior wheel. By means of a brake lever pivoted on the steering lever, a brake may be applied to the shaft of the large gear wheel to stop the machine. The steering lever is arranged in front of the rider's seat,

The Unicycle.

and by means of the mechanism connected therewith friction rollers may be brought into engagement with opposite edges of the double rim, the roller coming in contact with one edge of the rim, turning the wheel in the opposite direction, and when engaging the other edge, moving the wheel in the reverse direction. One can easily get into the machine by turning the framework half way around, allowing the saddle to come back into place after stepping in. — *Scientific American.*

Mexico and the United States.

FROM a political point of view, Mexico is destined to come by successive steps more and more within the orbit of the United States. The Monroe Doctrine, in fact, signifies their hegemony over the two Americas; and as in our day, by a happy humanitarian progress, economic interests tend always to dominate political, it was upon this ground that, three years ago, was convoked the diplomatic conference to which was given the name of Pan-American Congress. Nothing positive came of it; but the road to Washington was learned by the republics of the South; they began to be habituated to seek at the North their polar star. In the late revolutions of Brazil and Chili, the hand of the Americans, more or less upheld by their Government, was plainly visible. By her geographical position and her economic relations, Mexico is more than any other country under the influence of the United States. — *Claudio Jannet in Revue des Deux Mondes.*

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THE SAINTS' CALENDAR FOR JUNE.

June 1.—St. Justin, Martyr, was born of heathen parents at Neapolis in Samaria, about the year 103. He was well educated, and gave himself to the study of philosophy. The Scriptures and the constancy of the Christian martyrs led Justin from the darkness of human reason to the light of faith. In his zeal for the Faith he travelled to Greece, Egypt and Italy, gaining many to Christ. He defended the Faith in learned books. At Rome he sealed his testimony with his blood.

June 2.— Martyrs who gave up their lives for the Faith at Vienne and Lyons about the year 177, among them St. Blandina, a slave, who was the last to be put to the torture, after seeing her brother endure a cruel death.

June 3.— St. Tarbula, Virgin-Martyr, sister of the martyred bishop Symeon of Selencia, chief see of the Persian Empire, who won for himself the crown of martyrdom in the persecution directed by Sapor, Emperor of Persia, against the Christians, about the year 345.

June 4.— St. Francis Caracciolo was born in the kingdom of Naples, of a princely family. Almost miraculously cured of leprosy, he renounced his home to study for the priesthood in Naples, and at the age of twenty-five founded an Order of Clerks Regular. Being elected general, he redoubled his austerities, and devoted seven hours daily to meditation on the Passion, besides passing most of the night praying before the Blessed Sacrament. He died of fever, aged forty-four, on the eve of Corpus Christi, 1608.

June 5.— St. Boniface, Bishop and Martyr, was born at Crediton in Devonshire, England, in the year 680. He entered the monastery of Exminster, and was there trained for his apostolic work. His first attempt to convert the pagans in Holland having failed, he went to Rome to obtain the Pope's blessing on his mission, and returned with authority to preach to the German tribes. He began with Bavaria and Thuringia, next visited Friesland, then passed on to Hesse and Saxony, everywhere destroying the idol temples and raising churches on their site. He was now recalled to Rome, consecrated bishop by the Pope, and returned to extend and organize the rising German Church. At length, feeling his infirmities increase, and fearful of losing his martyr's crown, Boniface appointed a successor to his monastery, and set out to convert a fresh pagan tribe. Their swords finished his life of sacrifice, and sent him to his reward.

June 6.— St. Norbert, Bishop. One day, when he was thirty years of age, he was thrown half dead from his horse, and on recovering resolved upon a new life. He was ordained priest, preached penance in France and the Netherlands. In 1126 he was appointed Bishop of Madgebury, and died worn out with toil in his sacred calling at the age of fifty-three.

June 7.— St. Robert of Newminster was in 1132 a monk at Whitby, and joined the thirteen religious who had been violently expelled from the abbey of St. Mary in York. Hugh, Dean of York, endowed the community with all his wealth, and thus laid the foundation of Fountains Abbey. In 1137 Raynulph built them a monastery in Northumberland, called Newminster, of which St. Robert became abbot. At the moment of Robert's death, in 1159, St. Godric, the hermit of Finchale, saw his soul, like a globe of fire, borne up by the angels in a pathway of light.

June 8.— St. William of York was the son of Earl Herbert and Emma, sister of King Stephen. He was elected Archbishop of York at the time of the struggle concerning the election of bishops between the Holy See and princes. He was temporarily removed from his see; but, on the death of Henry, who had been elected in his place, was again chosen for the archbishopric. He died in 1154.

June 9.— St. Columba, Abbot, the apostle of the Picts, was born at Gartan in the county of Tyrconnel A. D. 521. After having been made abbot, he offended King Dermot, and left Ireland for Scotland. He died June 9, A. D. 597. His relics were carried to Down and laid in the same shrine with the bodies of St. Patrick and St. Brigid.

June 10.— St. Margaret of Scotland, was the granddaughter of an English king, and in 1070 became the bride of Malcolm, reigning as queen of Scotland until his death. She built churches and monasteries, busied herself in making vestments and took pains to have the laws of God and of His Church observed throughout her realm. On her deathbed she received the news that her husband and her eldest son were slain in battle. She thanked God who had sent this last affliction as a penance for her sins, and then died in peace.

June 11.— St. Barnabas, Apostle, was chosen for an important mission to the rapidly growing Church of Antioch. Barnabas hastened to take St. Paul from his retirement at Tarsus, and the two Saints were called to the apostolate of the Gentiles, going together to Cyprus and the cities of Asia

Minor. St. Barnabas, at a later period, suffered martyrdom at Cyprus.

June 12.— St. John of St. Facundas, after serving as a missionary priest, became a hermit of the Augustinian Order, in St. Facundas, in Spain, the city of his birth. The power of his personal holiness was seen in his preaching, which produced a complete reformation in Salamanca. He had a special gift of reconciling differences, and was enabled to put an end to the quarrels and feuds among noblemen, at that period very common and fatal. He went to his reward on June 11th, 1479.

June 13.— St. Anthony of Padua. Devoted from earliest youth to prayer and study among the canons regular, Ferdinand de Bulloens, as his name was in the world, had been stirred by the spirit and example of the first five Franciscan martyrs to put on their habit, and preach the Faith to the Moors in Africa. For nine years France, Italy and Sicily heard his voice, saw his miracles, and men's hearts turned to God. He died in 1231.

June 14.— St. Basil the Great was born in Asia Minor. Two of his brothers became bishops, and together with his mother and sister are honored as Saints. His energy and zeal counteracted the evil influences of the Arian heresy. He died in 379, and is venerated as a doctor of the Church.

June 15.— Blessed Germaine Cousin was born of poor parents at Pibrac, near Toulouse, in 1579. She used to gather round her little children, and speak to them of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin; and her pupils never forgot the angelic expression of her countenance. Germaine died at the age of 22.

June 16.— St. John Francis Regis was born in Languedoc, A. D. 1597. At the age of eighteen, he entered the Society of Jesus, and as soon as his studies were over he gave himself entirely to the salvation of souls. After twelve years of unceasing labor, he rendered his pure and innocent soul to his Creator, at the age of forty-four.

June 17.— SS. Marcian and Nicander, soldiers in the Roman imperial army, who refused to offer incense to the idols, and heroically died for the Faith in Mœsia.

June 18. St. Moses the Ethiopian, a slave, who was converted in his fortieth year and spent the rest of his life in prayer and joyful obedience. After many victories over himself, God rewarded him with heavenly visions, and the gift of prophecy. He was ordained priest by the Patriarch of Alexandria; and at the age of seventy-five he was martyred, with six companions, by the barbarians, about the end of the fourth century.

June 19.— St. Juliana Falconieri was born in answer to prayer in 1270. Her devotion to the sorrows of our Lady drew her to the Servants of Mary; and at the age of fourteen she refused an offer of marriage, and received the habit from St. Philip Benizi himself. Her sanctity attracted many novices, for whose direction she was bidden to draw up a rule, and thus with reluctance she became foundress of the "Mantellate." She was sometimes rapt for whole days in ecstacy. Juliana died in 1340.

June 20.— Blessed Giles, a native of Assisi, who joined the Franciscans when that body had but three members. His life was one of singular zeal, humility and austerity, and he was venerated and consulted by Pope Gregory IX. Giles died A. D. 1260.

June 21.— St. Aloysius Gonzaga, the eldest son of Ferdinand Gonzaga, Marquis of Castiglione, was born on the 9th of March, 1568. At an early age he resolved to leave the world, and in a vision was directed by our Blessed Lady to join the Society of Jesus. St. Aloysius entered the novitiate in 1585. During his last year of theology a malignant fever broke out in Rome; the Saint offered himself for the service of the sick, and he was accepted for the dangerous duty. He was brought to the point of death, but recovered, only to fall, however, into slow fever, which carried him off after three months. He died a little after midnight, between the 20th and the 21st of June on the octave-day of Corpus Christi, being rather more than twenty-three years of age.

June 22.— St. Alban, Martyr, was a citizen of Verulem and a man of distinction who, had been to Rome in quest of knowledge. He was converted to Christianity during the last persecution of Diocletian.

June 23.— St. Etheldreda, Abbess, was born and brought up in the fear of God, her mother and three sisters being numbered among the Saints. She retired to Coldingham Abbey, which was then under the rule of St. Ebba, and received the veil from St. Wilfrid. In 672 she founded a double monastery at Ely. She died in 679.

June 24.—St. John the Baptist, whose office it was to prepare the way for Our Lord. With the baptism of St. John, Christ began His penance for the sins of His people, and St. John saw the Holy Ghost descend in bodily form upon Him. Then the Saint's work was done.

June 25.— Blessed Peter Canisius was born at Nrinegoren in Germany in 1521, and in 1543 was the first of his countrymen to join the Society of Jesus, some three years after its approval by Pope Paul III.

June 26.— St. Robert of Molesme, died 1110.

June 27.— St. Paulinus of Nola, died 431.

June 28.— St. Potamiana, Virgin and Martyr.

June 29.— St. Peter, chief of the Apostles.

June 30.— St. Paul, born at Tarsus, suffered martyrdom at Rome.

In Merry Mood.

Original Verse and Prose Vagaries.

JUNE GLORIES.

TIME unveils the month of roses,
  Queen of Summer, lovely June,
And each day new joy discloses,
  Setting human hearts atune ;
Fair as any dream elysian
  Is the Junetime's magic spell ;
But it has its gruesome vision —
  Hear the hawker's " Mackere

Days replete with blooming flowers
  And with balmy, fragrant air,
Mankind marks thy radiant hours
  As a bliss beyond compare.
Under foot the verdure spreads,
  And above are sunny skies ;
But our bald and polished heads
  Now are fodder for the flies.

Beauteous nights ! They give to home
  Added zest to feel its charm,
Or if we're inclined to roam
  What a joyous sense of calm
Doth the evening bring to all,
  Sense of joy where nothing lacks —
Yes, unless a beetle's " gall "
  Bids him ramble down our backs.

With what sweet and welcome zest
  Sleep salutes the drowsy eyes,
Yielding health-upbuilding rest,
  Till the sun reclaims the skies,
And the fresh and dewy morn
  Gives the heart a waking throb —
Hark ! the matutinal horn
  And the cry, " Buy lob. ! Buy lob. !"

A HOME THRUST.

AUNT KATE.— When I was your age young ladies waited to be sought.

KITTIE.— But think how long you have waited, Auntie.

HANDICAPPED.

The fact is plain to every one
  Who gives to it a glance —
In life the living skeleton
  Doth have the slimmest chance.

EXODUS OF TAX DODGERS.

Already they're gone to the mountain or shore,
  As the sun with the summer's heat waxes ;
The charms of the city just now are all o'er,
  To the ones who are dodging their taxes.

HAD REASON TO DOUBT.

LUMLEY.— That Miss Smith has a very taking way ; don't you think so ?

CHUMLEY.— I do not.

L.— Indeed !

C.— No ; she wouldn't take me.

A PERENNIAL BLOOM.

Now the summer's sun discloses
  Nature's blossoms, blushing fair ;
But the blush on many noses —
  'Tis not June that paints it there.

NOT THE TRADE FOR HIM.

MR. DIAL (a watchmaker).— That boy of yours is a very bright young fellow, and I would like to have him as an apprentice.

FATHER.— I fear the business would not attract him. He is too independent to be a time server.

Writers for Donahoe's for 1893.

George Parsons Lathrop.
Prof. A. E. Dolbear.
Cardinal Gibbons.
Archbishop Ireland.
Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.
Nathan Haskell Dole.
Arlo Bates.
Eliza Allen Starr.
Henry Austin.
Helen Campbell.
Justin McCarthy.
James Jeffrey Roche.
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James W. Clarke.
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George Russell Jackson.
Jessie M. Burgoyne.
Archbishop Walsh of Dublin.
Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax.
Patrick Sarsfield Cassidy.
William D. Kelley.
Rev. Alfred E. Young, C. S. P.
Robert J. Burdette.
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Alice Gaynor O'Gorman.

Charles S. O'Neill.

A TELEPHONE AND PHONOGRAPH.

BY REV. JAMES MCKERNAN.

A TELEPHONE that "in possession" had been,
And of rival without apprehension,
Was admired by all whosoever had seen
This long-range conversing invention.
But a rival, one day, was set up in the place,
A phonograph closely laid by it, —
And the 'phone was forgot, in the rush and the race
To look at the 'graph and "to try it."

That night when deep silence and darkness prevailed
And naught but the tick of the clock heard,
The 'phone of the absence of others availed
To vent its vexation by spleen stirred.
"Hello!" cried the 'phone, — the 'graph sighed, — "Hello!"
The 'phone, then, secure of attention:
"You glib chatterbox! I would have you to know
You're an eavesdropping, catch-thief invention!

"Your mumbling of speeches and croaking of airs
May amuse fickle folks for a season,
But your stupid monotony with me compares
As parrot-talk likened to reason.
I rejoice with the gay and condole with the sad,
And vary as times and things vary,
But you, vile hurdy-gurdy, grind out your stale fad
In season and out — late and early.

"A new-fangled toy" — "Stop, stop!" cried the 'graph.
"I own I must count with new-comers,
But, my dear ancient friend," (here the clock gave a laugh)
"You're my senior by how many summers?
As to that, your advantage indeed is but small,
For all else, it is easy to excel you,
Though, in sounding your praise, you did not mention all;
What you missed, by your leave, I'll now tell you:

"Empty tubes, it is plain, are like all empty pates,
Vain and boastful, and apt to give bother;
Now your tube's a dull dunce, since the knowledge it gets
'Goes in one ear and out on the other.'
A mere drain between wells you must always remain,
And as gutters compared to deep fords are;
For I, as a reservoir, knowledge retain,
Whilst you a mere sewer for words are."

"Fie, fie!" said the clock; "this pother must cease;
Politicians, packmen, and some others
May squabble for pref'rence, but you hold your peace,
And despise the vain crowd, my dear brothers!
I once was its idol, though now long forgot;
And I've seen many since, to their sorrow,
Forgot, as you'll be, for you'll share the same lot,
And give place to some new thing to-morrow."

The sage said no more, and the rivals spoke not,
Resolved the clock's wisdom to borrow.

LYDIA E.

PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Is a positive cure for all those painful

Ailments of Women.

It will cure entirely the worst forms of Female Complaints all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements of the Womb, and consequent spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the *Change of Life*. Every time it will cure

Backache.

MRS. HARRIET WAMPLER

"*My Sick Sisters*,

"Let me tell you something.

"I have no motive other than to do you good.

"For years I have been almost a constant sufferer from female trouble in all its dreadful forms: shooting pains all over my body, sick headache, spinal weakness, faintness, dizziness, depression, and everything that was horrid. I tried many doctors in different parts of the United States, but *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* has done more for me than all the doctors.

"I feel it my duty to tell you these facts that you also may be cured. My heart is full of gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham."—Mrs. Harriet Wampler, 507 Kasota Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

It has cured more cases of Leucorrhœa than any remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels Tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. That

Bearing-down Feeling,

causing pain, weight and backache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the laws that govern the female system, and is as harmless as water. It removes

Irregularity,

Suppressed or Painful Menstruations, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility Also

Dizziness, Faintness,

Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" and "want to be left alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues" and backache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the Uterus or

Womb Troubles.

MRS. KERHAUGH.

Female Sufferers: —

"Hear me.

"Many times I wished I was dead before I took *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound*.

"I was discouraged, broken-hearted. I was so ill with female trouble I could not walk or stand, and had to be assisted to my feet when arising from a chair. My head whirled and back ached, but worst of all was that awful crowding down feeling in my abdomen.

"A friend told me of the Vegetable Compound; her faith won mine, and now I am well. Oh! how can I return thanks to Mrs. Pinkham!

"Every woman troubled with uterus or womb troubles can be cured, for it cured me and will them."— Mrs. Kerhaugh, Juniata St., Nicetown, Pa.

For

Kidney Complaints

and backache of *either sex* the Vegetable Compound is unequalled.

MISS SALLIE PALMER.

"*Working Girls*,

"Are your cheeks pale?

"Your eyes dull, and step heavy?

"Does your back and side ache sometimes terribly?

"Are you at times faint and dizzy, with pain in the lower part of your stomach?

"Do you watch the clock, and wish the day would end, as you feel ill, and so tired. If so, listen! Standing all day, week in and week out, you have slowly drifted into woman's greatest enemy, displacement of the womb.

"That, or some other derangement of the organ, causing irregularity and other troubles.

"Take warning in time! *Lydia E. Pinham's Vegetable Compound* is the surest and safest remedy in the world for you."— Miss Sallie Palmer, Iuniata St. Nicetown, Pa.

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cure Biliousness, Constipation, and Torpid Liver.
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HUNGRY PASSENGER.— "Then you think, Captain, that we will have to starve, unless we are lucky enough to sight a vessel pretty soon?"

CAPTAIN.— "Yes, sir. We have had all the beef out of the bulwarks, and eaten all the chickens from the hatchways. I had the ship lay too, and I gave you one of them, but you'll get nothing more to eat till we meet a ship, or till the wind blows foul and chops about."

S.S. TEACHER.—"What was the cause of the downfall of Samson?"

S.S. SCHOLAR.— "Please, ma'am, he let a woman cut his hair."

GENT.— "I say, policeman, there's a big fight going on round the corner."

POLICEMAN.— "Thank ye kindly, sir. I hope to be able to do you a good turn some day." (Hurriedly makes off in the opposite direction.)

BONSOR.— "I tell you that there's millions in the grocery business."

BIXBY.— "I suppose so. I have noticed that the cheese is often inhabited, and I have seen ten ants in the sugar."

Mike Donovan when he visited the cemetery, a few days ago, noticed on a tombstone the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of a lawyer and an honest man." "By the powers," said Mike, "that's a strange custom, to bury two men in one grave, and bad cess to me if I don't feel sorry for the honest man."

SANFORD. — "Did you ever see the lone fisherman fishing on the stage?"

MERTON. — "No; but I've often seen a man tri-angling in the orchestra."

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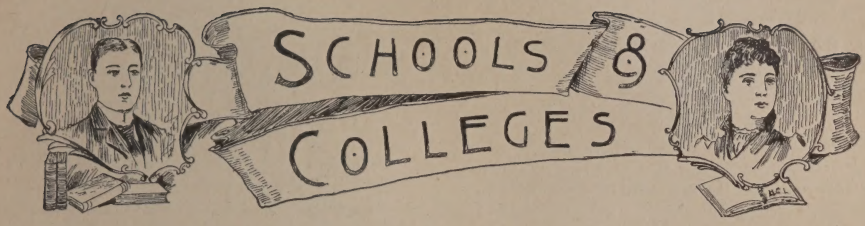

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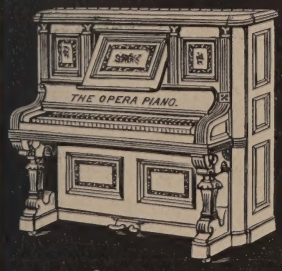

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Materials	Proportions	Analyzed by
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Oxide of Zinc	34.18 per cent.	& Bro.,
White Lead	6.46 per cent.	St. Louis.

Less than 7 per cent. white lead.

Misleading Brand

"Pacific Warranted Pure [A] White Lead."

Materials	Proportions	Analyzed by
Sulphate of Lead	4.18 per cent.	Ledoux & Co.,
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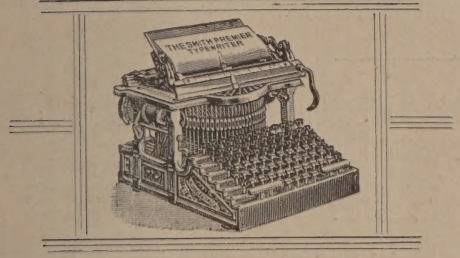

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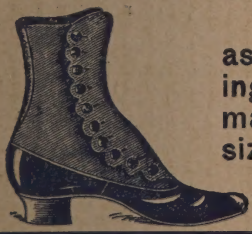

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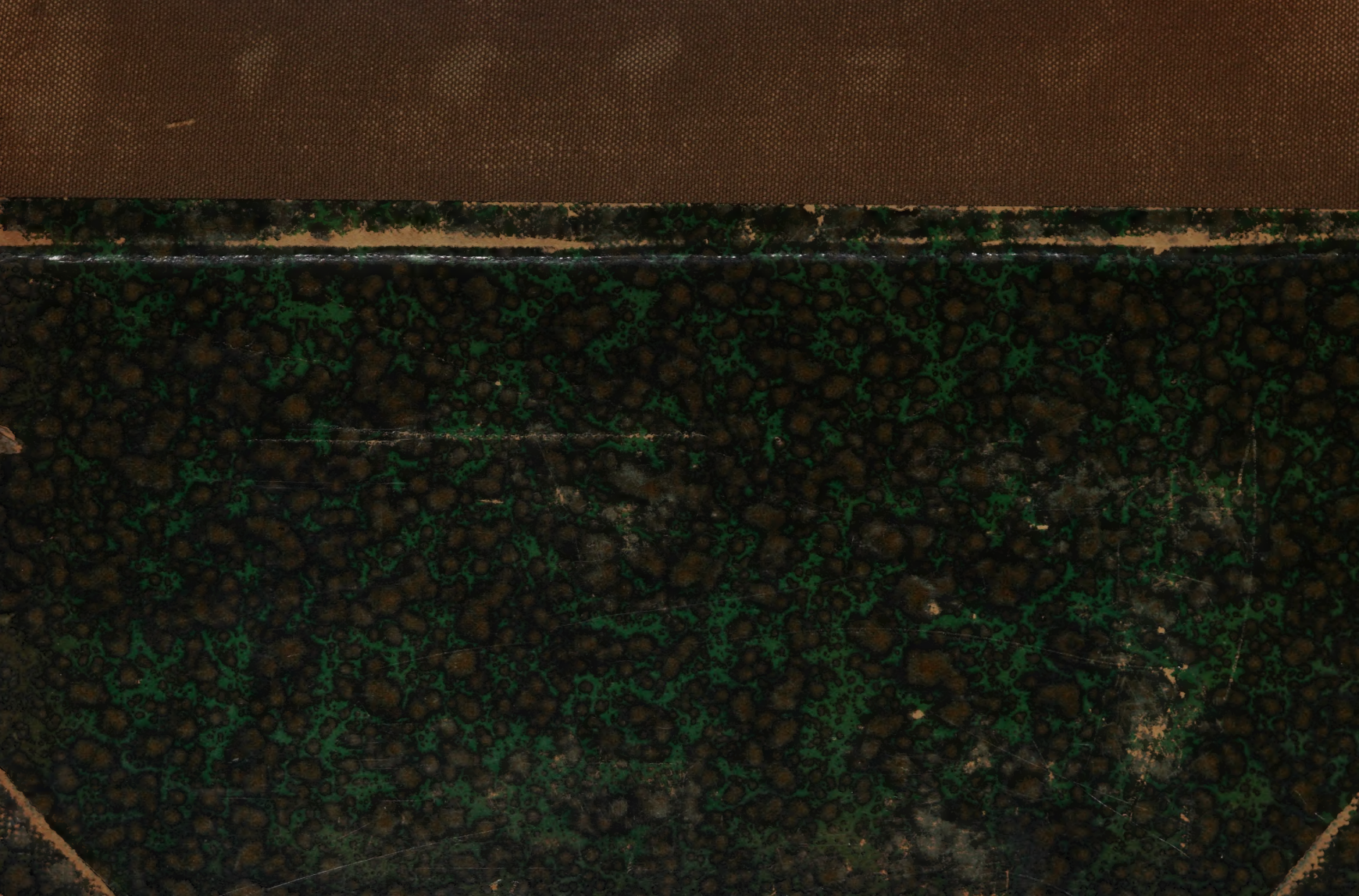
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